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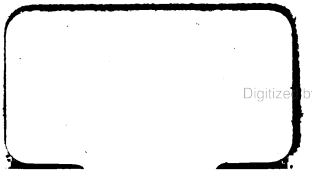
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LORD BYRON.

Published by J. Limbird, 143 Strand.

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LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT,

AND

INSTRUCTION:

CONTAINING

ORIGINAL ESSAYS;

VOL. III.

1824.

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THE

Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT,

AND

INSTRUCTION:

CONTAINING

ORIGINAL ESSAYS;

HISTORICAL NARRATIVES; BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS; SKETCHES OF SOCIETY; TOPOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTIONS; NOVELS AND TALES; ANECDOTES;

POETRY, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED;

The Spirit of the Public Journals:

DISCOVERIES IN THE ARTS AND SCIENCES;

USEFUL DOMESTIC HINTS;

&c. &c. &c.

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VOL. III.

London:

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PREFACE.

In concluding the Third Volume of the Mirror, it becomes a pleasing duty to return thanks to the public for the increased and increasing patronage with which it is honoured,—a circumstance not less gratifying to the Editor than it is indicative of that spirit of inquiry, and love of literature, which are now so rapidly extending in this country. So numerous are our public institutions connected with education, and so ready is the open hand of British benevolence, that there is not a child in the empire that may not learn to read and write; this first great step towards improving the manners and morals of society being achieved, it next became necessary to provide suitable works to be read; and it must be confessed that in this respect the present age has much the advantage of any preceding one, and that the elementary treatises now in use in the several branches of education and science are truly excellent.

Other stimulants to a love of reading have however been found necessary even among the highest classes of society; and literary journals, which a century ago were unknown, now appear in almost every possible shape, and on every variety of subject. The price, however, of these was still a bar to their general circulation, and it became not only necessary, but due to the extended education of the country, to give to the public at large a journal which, while it embraced the most ample range over the vast domain of English literature, should be published at a price that would place it within the reach of all.

To supply this desideratum in periodical literature, the Mirror was commenced; how far it has achieved the avowed object for which it was commenced, the public will decide, but if the Editor may be allowed to judge from the extensive circulation it has obtained, the favourable notice it has elicited from the critical world, the valuable support with which it has been honoured by many writers, whose names will one day stand high in the literary annals of their country; and, above all, by that undesigned but unequivocal homage, imitation, the Mirror has done much to fill up that void in periodical literature which existed until it was commenced.

It would ill become the Editor to be the eulogist of his own work, and yet he trusts he may refer to the present Volume of the Mirror, as a proof that, like good wine, it improves with age, without subjecting himself to a charge of egotism. On one point at least he may speak without any fear of such an imputation—that is, on the decided improvement in the printing of the Mirror with a new type and on superior paper; and the public may rest assured that the Proprietors are determined that, in point of typography, the Mirror shall equal the most expensive periodical of the day. In Original Correspondence, though not ostentatiously displayed, the Third Volume of the Mirror will be found peculiarly rich, and here it

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becomes the duty of the Editor to return his most grateful thanks to his many kind and valuable Correspondents, by whose liberal and excellent contributions he has been enabled to boast of this feature of his work.

A new, and the Editor believes, very acceptable improvement has been made in the MIRROR by introducing the SELECTOR, in which the essence of new works, however expensive, is given as soon as they are published, unmixed with the cant of criticism, which is often found so contradictory as rather to bewilder than guide the reader in his choice of books. Other improvements are also in contemplation; but the Editor had rather rest his claim to the confidence of the public for his future exertions on his past labours, than on any pledges that he could give, since

"A promise may be broke;
Nay, start not at it—'Tis an hourly practice."

Unless, however, the Editor of the MIRROR neglects both his interests and his duty, he will spare no exertions to retain that good opinion with the public it was his first ambition to obtain, and shall be his constant endeavour to deserve.

London, June 21, 1824.

LIST OF THE ENGRAVINGS,

IN VOL. III.

PORTRAIT OF LORD BYRON, ENGRAVED ON STEEL.

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2. Dartford Nunnery.
3. The Ruins of Athens.
4. St. Winifred's Well.
5. Shakspeare's Cliff.
6. Newstead Abbey.
7. Rye House.
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9. Cathedral of Antwerp.
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11. The Kremlin at Moscow.
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17. Dean Wotton's Monument.
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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. LXIV.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1824. [PRICE 2*d*.

Illustrations of Shakspeare.

No. I.

LONDON STONE.

IT is one of the distinguishing characteristics of Shakspeare and places him far above all other writers, that he not only possessed the most correct knowledge of the human character, but his mind was so richly stored with historical facts and local traditions, that the most trifling incident or circumstance that could bear on any subject he had in hand, never escaped his notice. Not that our immortal Bard was a mere matter of fact writer; no man ever possessed a more fertile, or a more lively imagination; with him to create was as easy as to revive, and as Dr. Johnson well observes, "Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign," for he "exhausted worlds and then imagined new."

LONDON STONE, which may be justly considered as one of the most interesting relics of antiquity in the metropolis, is noticed by Shakspeare in the Second Part of the play of Henry VI., which embraces an account of the formidable insurrection headed by Jack Cade, at the instigation of Richard, Duke or York, who aspired to the crown. Jack Cade, in the sixth scene of the fourth act, is described as entering Cannon-street with his followers, and striking "his staff on London Stone," exclaiming, "*Now is Mortimer Lord of this City.* And here sitting upon London Stone, I charge and command, that the City's conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other, than Lord Mortimer.

The very stone which Jack Cade so triumphantly struck more than three

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centuries and a half ago is still preserved, and that nearly on the spot where it formerly stood. It is now reduced considerably in size; and not as Stowe described it in his time, "fixed in the ground very deep, fastened with bars of iron, and otherwise so strongly set, that if cartes do runne against it through negligence, the wheeles be broken and the stone itself unshaken."

All that now remains of this once formidable stone—this proud emblem of sovereignty, is a mere fragment which has been placed in a niche prepared for it in the South Wall of St. Swithin's Church, Cannon-street. It was formerly of very great dimensions, and stood on the South side of the same street; until the year 1742, when it was removed to the edge of the kirb stone on the north side.

Men of business are not generally very remarkable for their attachment to memorials of antiquity, particularly if they consider them an obstruction, and we are, therefore, not surprised that when the church of St. Swithin was repaired in 1798, some of the parishioners should declare this relic a nuisance, which ought to be removed. Fortunately, however, one gentleman was found to interfere, and rescue famed 'London Stone' from annihilation: the name of this citizen is worthy of being handed down to posterity, if it was the only "great and good deed" of his life. To Mr. Thomas Maiden, of Sherborne Lane, are we indebted for the preservation of this singular relic, which he caused to be placed in its present situation.

The origin of London Stone has defeated all the researches of Antiquaries, who are still compelled to acknowledge with Stowe, that "the cause why this stone was there set, the very time when, or other memory hereof is there none; but that the same hath long continued there is manifest, namely, since or rather before the time of the conquest."

The earliest record in which this venerable monument of forgotten ages is mentioned, is in a Gospel Book which was given to Christ Church, Canterbury, by Ethelstan, King of the West Saxons, where a parcel of Land is described "to ly neare unto London Stone." It is again noticed in an account of a fire which in the year 1135, is said to have "began in the house of one Ailwarde, neare unto London Stone," and consumed all the city eastward to Aldgate.

Stowe has collected the opinions and conjectures of his day on the subject. Some conceived it to have been a mark to designate the middle of the city within the walls—but it was not placed in the centre which overturns this theory. Others conceived it must have been placed for the lending and paying of debts at appointed times, before St. Paul's Church and the Royal Exchange had been fixed upon for such purpose: but the most improbable of all conjectures is, that it was erected by a person of the name of Londonstone—for at this time, men rather took names from places than gave them.

The most rational inference is that of Strype, who considers it to have been originally a Roman miliary of the same kind, though less splendid than the Miliarium Aureum, a gilded pillar, erected by Augustus Cæsar, in the forum at Rome. Here all the highways of Italy met, and were concluded; and from this spot they counted their miles, setting up a stone at the end of every mile, whence came the phrase of *Primus ab urbe lapis, &c.*

As Cannon Street was anciently the principally street of London, it is more than probable, that this Stone was the place where proclamations were read, and notices given to the people, as was afterwards the case at the Cross in Cheapside, St. Paul's Cross, and other places. It seems to have been the first point where Jack Cade rested, on entering the city from Southwark, and where he promised his followers, that the city conduit should flow with claret for the first year of his reign.

London Stone appears to have been held in superstitious veneration by the citizens, from some circumstance which is unrecorded. They considered it as connected with the safety of their city, and it is probable that there was a popular tradition among the English on the subject, similar to that which the Scots have, respecting the marble chair on which their kings were crowned.

"*Ni fallat fatum, Scoti quocunque locatum,*
Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem."

Which may be thus translated:

"Where'er this stone is found, or Fate's decree is vain,
The Scots the same shall hold, and there supremely reign."

If there were really any such tradition respecting London Stone, and we are far from thinking it improbable, then have we sufficient reason why Jack Cade should strike it triumphantly, and exclaim, "Now is Mortimer Lord of this city!" A few days, however, proved the fallacy of his boast, for his whole army was routed and he was killed.

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THE ADVANTAGES OF VOCAL MUSIC.

(Translated from the Spanish for the Mirror.)

On instruction in Singing, considered as one of the most essential objects towards the perfection of primary and general education.

THE moral influence of music consecrated by the legislation and public institutions of many nations of antiquity, and especially the Greeks, has been almost entirely unknown, or ill-directed in modern times. In some German states they have began to restore that empire, once exercised in the amelioration of mankind, by singing and music, by uniting them both to the plan of general education; not as an act of mere luxury, or amusement, solely reserved for the better classes of society, but as a part, if we may so speak, of the common patrimony of humanity, which education ought to cultivate, and render productive. For this reason the greater part of those, who, in the states before mentioned, have the direction of the establishments for the primary instruction of youth, are obliged to exercise their pupils in singing music, essentially contributes towards the improvement of man; by its power it embraces, at one and the same time, physical and gymnastic education, since it unfolds the organs of speech, and adds vigour to the chest and lungs; and moral and intellectual education, as it awakens in the human heart sentiments of beneficence and love, and gives to the understanding a superior degree of emotion and vivacity. Music, by producing in the soul pleasant, profound, and varied impressions, is calculated to soften the manners, and to render the existence of man more delightful. It gives additional elevation to religious rites, awakens valour in battle, and enlivens joy on occasions of festivity; it causes its beneficial influence to be felt in the bosom of families, contributes to fill the leisure hours of the learned, by agreeably diverting him from his graver occupations, renewing the vigour of his mind, inspiring his imagination with new ideas, and animating him to the renewal of his labours. It banishes frivolity, and gives solidity to the character of him who is addicted to the noisy pleasures of the world, by recalling him from time to time to himself. It consoles the unfortunate, increases the delights of prosperity, and, in short, diffuses in the soul an oblivion of the ills of this life, accompanied by presentiments of another existence not only free from them, but at the same time, pure, grateful, heavenly, and purged from the cloudy atmosphere, by which our most joyous days are obscured on earth.

It is of the greatest importance, that music should be emulously taught to even the humbler classes of society: its study merits particular attention, and the results which it produces are so important, that we cannot too highly estimate the necessity of teaching its rudiments, in primary schools, in conjunction with reading, writing, arithmetic, geometry, and drawing.

Society, comparatively speaking, contains but few individuals adequately favoured by fortune, to be able to procure a musical instrument, and incur the expense which the acquisition of its use requires. But nature, ever liberal in her gifts, has bestowed on man the richest and most agreeable instrument in his voice, and in song, capable of producing an endless variety of sounds. The human voice is, in fact, superior to all invented instruments: beyond any of them it penetrates the soul, electrifies its most secret and delicate fibres, and submits them to its controul: it is, in short, alone able of itself to form as many tones as are produced by all instruments. Among those persons who have acknowledged the necessity of comprising instruction in singing, or vocal music, in the number of objects belonging to primary education, the late Charles Dalberg, Grand Duke of Frankfort, deserves particular notice, as one equally recommendable for the nobleness and elevation of his mind, as for the rare qualities of his heart. Like what the chief man of a state should always be, he was the friend of humanity, and directed his thoughts to the happiness of the people, over whom he was called to preside.

This excellent prince, who honoured Mr. Jullien with his friendship, and frequently explained to him his ideas on the improvement of elementary instruction, and the intimate connection of this improvement with public prosperity, designed by means of instruction in singing, to render the condition of the working classes better and more agreeable, by procuring them pleasures, both pure and simple, and of easy acquisition. To this end he proposed to awaken and nourish in their minds two of the sublimest sentiments which most honour and dignify man in his own eyes; namely, gentle and consoling piety, which raises him up to the author of his being, and the love of country, which extends and enlarges his existence, by associating his fate with that of a great number of his fellow-creatures. In the celebrated scholastic esta-

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blishment, formed at Iverdun, on the plan of Pestalozzi, and in the two handsome colleges which belong to the agricultural society of Hofwil, the teaching of vocal music has been introduced from the commencement, as an essential part of education. Mr. Pictet, speaking of Mr. Fellenberg, (the director of the colleges already mentioned,) assures us, that this great man was persuaded of the utility of singing to the improvement of education, by softening the character of the young, rectifying their passions, weakening or repressing their vicious inclinations, and establishing an harmonious concord between the heart and the understanding; unfolding the love of order and the beautiful, awakening that of country, engraven on our hearts by nature herself, and exciting a religious veneration which leads them to direct their imagination and their sentiments towards heaven. In those scholastic establishments, all the students are taught the theory of music, and the Sundays are devoted to this study, as well as reading and other objects, at which time they are exercised in tuning and modulating sacred canticles and national marches.

In Switzerland, there are many elementary schools, in which the system of musical instruction has been reduced to practice, as laid down by Messrs. Pfeiffer and Naegali, of Zurich. Desirous of giving a greater degree of popularity to the art, and of generalizing it as much as possible, these two gentlemen have preserved the principles of Pestalozzi's method; but, returning to its primary elements, they have succeeded in simplifying them in such a manner, that children cannot fail to comprehend them with ease. The principles of this method are not, however, new, but consist solely in fixing with precision, the bases of the science and the art; in giving very little to be learned at once; in separating and simplifying the elements, familiarizing children with them, by presenting them one after the other, advancing them by insensible degrees, above all, in accustoming them not to mix or confound things of a distinct nature, and so conducting them as to be imbued by little and little with the science, in order that this may take deep root, and be, as it were, inseparable from their minds. The object of this method is, that the pupils, on concluding their course of education, may execute with promptitude, precision, and firmness, the most difficult pieces. The system, in short, turns out to be no other thing than an application, directed to musical science, of the analytical and philosophical path, traced out by Bacon, Locke, J. J. Rousseau, Condillac, Destutt, Tracy, Cabanis, &c.; the same which is now so successfully adopted in all arts and sciences to facilitate their study, and accelerate their progress.

The society established in Paris, for the improvement of elementary instruction, which has already done so much good for the poor and industrious classes, and so powerfully contributed towards the perfection of primary education, (too long neglected in France, where it was imperfect, and even pernicious,) has powerfully exerted itself in introducing leslons in singing into the schools for mutual instruction. This happy reformation has produced the most excellent effects; the moral results are, above all, palpably evident.

Mr. Amoros, a Spaniard, naturalized in France, and a member of the society alluded to, to whom that country is indebted for the formation of a civil and military gymnasium, in which youth are taught, under able masters, the various exercises calculated to unfold their powers, and give them dexterity, has added music to those exercises, being convinced of the efficacy of this art, in contributing to strengthen the lungs and the organs of speech, as well as of its salutary moral influence. In a work he has written, he says, "Now that music has lost so much of its primitive dignity, and of its power over man, since it ceased to be popular or general, and has taken refuge in the cloisters, or been confined to the theatre, what reason is there why we should not restore to it its ancient splendour, by applying it to the improvement of our manners, our character, our organization even, and temperament?" What obstacle is there which can be placed in opposition to such happy ideas?—*Oculus.*

WINTER.

By Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson.

(For the Mirror.)

The Summer skies no more are blue,
The Birds sit tuneless on the tree;
The fields have lost their verdant hue,
And all looks sad, and drear to me;—
Stern Winter has began his reign,
And chill and murky is the air;
And though I rove the hill and plain,
No blooming flow'ret meets me there!

A few brief months,—and Winter flies,
And Nature clad in gayest hue,
With milder gales, and brighter skies,
The Summer's glory shall renew;—
But for the lone, and blighted *heart*,
What future Summer can remain?—
Can nature's charms one joy impart,
Or bid it hope, and bloom again?

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Ah! no;—though Summer suns will rise,
And Birds will sing, and flow'rets bloom;
Once chill'd,—the *heart's* lost energies,
No future season can relume;—
The smiling Sun, the verdant grove,
But mock the tortured bosom's pain;
They ne'er can Sorrow's sting remove,
Or bring lost hopes,—lost peace again!

The Sketch Book.

No. XIV

WILL WIZARD AND TOM STRADDLE.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING, ESQ.

SOME men delight in the study of plants, in the dissection of a leaf, or the contour and complexion of a tulip; others are charmed with the beauties of the feathered race, or the varied hues of the insect tribe. A naturalist will spend hours in the fatiguing pursuit of a butterfly; and a man of the town will waste whole years in the chase of a fine lady. I feel a respect for their avocations, for my own are somewhat similar. I love to open the great volume of human character: to me the examination of a beau is more interesting than that of a daffodil or narcissus; and I feel a thousand times more pleasure in catching a new view of human nature, than in kidnapping the most gorgeous butterfly—even an Emperor of Morocco himself.

In my present situation I have ample room for the indulgence of this taste; for perhaps there is not a house in this city more fertile in subjects for the anatomists of human character, than my cousin Cockloft's. Honest Christopher, as I have before mentioned, is one of those hearty old cavaliers who pride themselves upon keeping up the good, honest, unceremonious hospitality of old times. He is never so happy as when he has drawn about him a knot of sterling hearted associates, and sits at the head of his table, dispensing a warm, cheering welcome to all. His countenance expands at every glass, and beams forth emanations of hilarity, benevolence, and good fellowship, that inspire and gladden every guest around him. It is no wonder, therefore, that such excellent social qualities should attract a host of guests; in fact, my cousin is almost overwhelmed with them; and they all, uniformly, pronounce old Cockloft to be one of the finest old fellows in the world. His wine also always comes in for a good share of their approbation; nor do they forget to do honour to Mrs. Cockloft's cookery, pronouncing it to be modelled after the most approved recipes of Heliogabolus and Mrs. Glasse. The variety of company thus attracted is particularly pleasing to me; for being considered a privileged person in the family, I can sit in a corner, indulge in my favourite amusement of observation, and retreat to my elbow-chair, like a bee to his hive, whenever I have collected sufficient food for meditation.

Will Wizard is particularly efficient in adding to the stock of originals which frequent our house; for he is one of the most inveterate hunters of oddities I ever knew; and his first care, on making a new acquaintance, is to gallant him to old Cockloft's, where he never fails to receive the freedom of the house in a pinch from his gold box. Will has, without exception, the queerest, most eccentric, and indescribable set of intimates that ever man possessed; how he became acquainted with them I cannot conceive, except by supposing there is a secret attraction or unintelligible sympathy that unconsciously draws together oddities of every soil.

Will's great crony for some time was Tom Straddle, to whom he really took a great liking. Straddle had just arrived in an importation of hardware, fresh from the city of Birmingham, or rather as the most learned English would call it, *Brummagem*, so famous for its manufactories of gimblets, pen-knives, and pepper-boxes, and where they make buttons and beaux enough to inundate our whole country. He was a young man of considerable standing in the manufactory at Birmingham; sometimes had the honour to hand his master's daughter into a tim-whiskey, was the oracle of the tavern he frequented on Sundays, and could beat all his associates, if you would take his word for it, in boxing, beer-drinking, jumping over chairs, and imitating cats in a gutter and opera singers. Straddle was, moreover, a member of a Catch-club, and was a great hand at ringing bob-majors; he was, of course, a complete connoisseur in music, and entitled to assume that character at all performances in the art. He was likewise a member of a Spouting-club; had seen a company of strolling actors perform in a barn, and had even, like Abel Drugger, "enacted" the part of Major Sturgeon with considerable applause; he was consequently a profound critic, and fully authorised to turn up his nose at any American performances. He had twice partaken of annual dinners, given to the head manufacturers of Birmingham, where he had the good fortune to

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get a taste of turtle and turbot, and a smack of champaign and burgundy; and he had heard a vast deal of the roast beef of Old England;—he was, therefore, epicure sufficient to d—n every dish and every glass of wine he tasted in America, though at the same time he was as voracious an animal as ever crossed the Atlantic. Straddle had been splashed half a dozen times by the carriages of nobility, and had once the superlative felicity of being kicked out of doors by the footman of a noble Duke; he could, therefore, talk of nobility and despise the untitled plebeians of America. In short, Straddle was one of those dapper, bustling, florid, round, self-important "*gemmen*," who bounce upon us half beau half button-maker; undertake to give us the true polish of the *bon-ton*, and endeavour to inspire us with a proper and dignified contempt of our native country.

Straddle was quite in raptures when his employers determined to send him to America as an agent. He considered himself as going among a nation of barbarians, where he would be received as a prodigy; he anticipated, with a proud satisfaction, the bustle and confusion his arrival would occasion; the crowd that would throng to gaze at him as he passed through the streets; and had little doubt but that he should excite as much curiosity as an Indian chief or a Turk in the streets of Birmingham. He had heard of the beauty of our women, and chuckled at the thought of how completely he should eclipse their unpolished beaux, and the number of despairing lovers that would mourn the hour of his arrival. I am even informed by Will Wizard that he put good store of beads, spike-nails, and looking-glasses in his trunk, to win the affections of the fair ones as they paddled about in their bark canoes. The reason Will gave for this error of Straddle's respecting our ladies was, that he had read in Guthrie's Geography that the aborigines of America were all savages; and not exactly understanding the word aborigines he applied to one of his fellow apprentices, who assured him that it was the Latin word for inhabitants.

Wizard used to tell another anecdote of Straddle, which always put him in a passion: Will swore that the captain of the ship told him, that when Straddle heard they were off the Banks of Newfoundland, he insisted upon going on shore there to gather some good cabbages, of which he was excessively fond. Straddle, however, denied all this, and declared it to be a mischievous quiz of Will Wizard, who indeed often made himself merry at his expense. However this may be, certain it is he kept his tailor and shoemaker constantly employed for a month before his departure; equipped himself with a smart crooked stick about eighteen inches long, a pair of breeches of most unheard-of length, a little short pair of Hoby's white-topped boots, that seemed to stand on tip-toe to reach his breeches, and his hat had the true transatlantic declination towards his right ear. The fact was—nor did he make any secret of it—he was determined to *astonish the natives a few!*

Straddle was not a little disappointed on his arrival, to find the Americans were rather more civilized than he had imagined;—he was suffered to walk to his lodgings unmolested by a crowd, and even unnoticed by a single individual;—no love-letters came pouring in upon him;—no rivals lay in wait to assassinate him;—his very dress excited no attention, for there were many fools dressed equally ridiculous with himself. This was mortifying indeed to an aspiring youth, who had come out with the idea of astonishing and captivating. He was equally unfortunate in his pretensions to the character of critic, connoisseur and boxer: he condemned our whole dramatic corps, and every thing appertaining to the theatre; but his critical abilities were ridiculed;—he found fault with old Cockloft's dinner, not even sparing his wine, and was never invited to the house afterwards;—he scoured the streets at night, and was cudgelled by a sturdy watchman;—he hoaxed an honest mechanic, and was soundly kicked. Thus disappointed in all his attempts at notoriety, Straddle hit on the expedient which was resorted to by the Giblets; he determined to take the town by storm. He accordingly bought horses and equipages, and forthwith made a furious dash at style in a gig and tandem.

As Straddle's finances were but limited, it may easily be supposed that his fashionable career infringed a little upon his consignments, which was indeed the case—for to use a true cockney phrase, *Brummagem suffered.* But this was a circumstance that made little impression upon Straddle, who was now a lad of spirit—and lads of spirit always despise the sordid cares of keeping another man's money. Suspecting this circumstance, I never could witness any of his exhibitions of style, without some whimsical association of ideas. Did he give an entertainment to a host of guzzling friends, I immediately fancied them gormandizing heartily at the expense of poor Birmingham, and swallowing a consignment of hand-saws and razors. Did I behold him dashing through Broadway in his gig, I

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saw him, " in my mind's eye," driving tandem on a nest of tea-boards; nor could I ever contemplate his cockney exhibitions of horsemanship, but my mischievous imagination would picture him spurring a cask of hardware, like rosy Bacchus bestriding a beer barrel, or the little gentleman who be-straddles the world in the front of Hutching's Almanack.

Straddle was equally successful with the Giblets, as may well be supposed; for though pedestrian merit may strive in vain to become fashionable in Gotham, yet a candidate in an equipage is always recognised, and like Philip's ass, laden with gold, will gain admittance everywhere. Mounted in his curricle or his gig, the candidate is like a statue elevated on a high pedestal; his merits are discernible from afar, and strike the dullest optics. Oh! Gotham, Gotham! most enlightened of cities! how does my heart swell with delight when I behold your sapient inhabitants lavishing their attention with such wonderful discernment!

Thus Straddle became quite a man of the town, and was caressed, and courted, and invited to dinners and balls. Whatever was absurd or ridiculous in him before, was now declared to be the style.—He criticised our theatre, and was listened to with reverence. He pronounced our musical entertainments barbarous; and the judgment of Apollo himself would not have been more decisive. He abused our dinners; and the god of eating, if there be any such deity, seemed to speak through his organs.—He became at once a man of taste—for he put his malediction on every thing; and his arguments were conclusive—for he supported every assertion with a bet. He was likewise pronounced by the learned in the fashionable world, a young man of great research and deep observation—for he had sent home as natural curiosities, an ear of Indian corn, a pair of moccasins, a belt of wampum, and a four-leaved clover. He had taken great pains to enrich this curious collection with an Indian, and a cataract, but without success. In fine, the people talked of Straddle and his equipage, and Straddle talked of his horses, until it was impossible for the most critical observer to pronounce whether Straddle or his horses were most admired, or whether Straddle admired himself or his horses most.

Straddle was now in the zenith of his glory.—He swaggered about parlours and drawing-rooms with the same unceremonious confidence he used to display in the taverns at Birmingham. He accosted a lady as he would a bar-maid; and this was pronounced a certain proof that he had been used to better company in Birmingham. He became the great man of all the taverns between New-York and Haerlem; and no one stood a chance of being accommodated until Straddle and his horses were perfectly satisfied. He d—d the landlords and waiters with the best air in the world, and accosted them with true gentlemanly familiarity. He staggered from the dinner table to the play, entered the box like a tempest, and staid long enough to be bored to death, and to bore all those who had the misfortune to be near him. From thence he dashed off to a ball, time enough to flounder through a cotillion, tear half a dozen gowns, commit a number of other depredations, and make the whole company sensible of his infinite condescension in coming amongst them. The people of Gotham thought him a prodidigious fine fellow; the young bucks cultivated his acquaintance with the most persevering assiduity, and his retainers were sometimes complimented with a seat in his curricle, or a ride on one of his fine horses. The belles were delighted with the attention of such a fashionable gentleman, and struck with astonishment at his learned distinctions between wrought scissors and those of cast-steel; together with his profound dissertations on buttons and horse flesh. The rich merchants courted his acquaintance because he was an Englishman, and their wives treated him with great deference, because he had come from beyond seas. I cannot help here observing that your salt water is a marvellous great sharpener of men's wits, and I intend to recommend it to some of my acquaintance in a particular essay.

Straddle continued his brilliant career for only a short time. His prosperous journey over the turnpike of fashion, was checked by some of those stumbling-blocks in the way of aspiring youth, called creditors—or duns:—a race of people who, as a celebrated writer observes, " are hated by gods and men." Consignments slackened, whispers of distant suspicion floated in the dark, and those pests of society, the tailors and shoemakers, rose in rebellion against Straddle. In vain were all his remonstrances, in vain did he prove to them that though he had given them no money, yet he had given them more custom, and as many promises as any young man in the city. They were inflexible, and the signal of danger being given, a host of other prosecutors pounced upon his back. Straddle saw there was but one way for

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it; he determined to do the thing genteelly, to go to smash like a hero, and dashed into the limits in high style, being the fifteenth gentleman I have known to drive tandem to the—*ne plus ultra*—the d—l.

Unfortunate Straddle! may thy fate be a warning to all young gentlemen who come out from Birmingham to astonish the natives! I should never have taken the trouble to delineate his character, had he not been a genuine Cockney, and worthy to be the representative of his numerous tribe. Perhaps my simple countrymen may hereafter be able to distinguish between the real English gentleman, and individuals of the cast I have heretofore spoken of, as mere mongrels, springing at one bound from contemptible obscurity at home, to day light and splendour in this good natured land. The true born, and true bred English gentleman, is a character I hold in great respect; and I love to look back to the period when our forefathers flourished in the same generous soil, and hailed each other as brothers. But the Cockney!—too when I contemplate him as springing from the same source, I feel ashamed of the relationship, and am tempted to deny my origin.—In the character of Straddle is traced the complete outline of a true Cockney, of English growth, and a descendant of that individual facetious character mentioned by Shakespeare, "*who, in pure kindness to his horse, buttered his hay.*"

THE BLACKHEATH ASSEMBLY.

On Monday myself was politely invited
To go to a Ball on the top of Blackheath:
I was told that with beauty I'd there be delighted,
And must tumble in love, in spite of my teeth;
So I dress'd by my glass, till I look'd like Apollo,
And put on a smile that was perfectly killing,
Made sure that a dozen of conquests would follow,
And then, heigho! for the cooing and billing.
Ti loura, ti loura, dum dee.

Oh! the dear little creatures were daintily drest all,
To choose which was loveliest only was puzzling;
Not an elderly lady but look'd like a vestal,
Nor a young one that was not an angel in muslin.
I felt myself lost in a crowd of Divinities,
I found that my heart was beginning to tingle:
Thinks I to myself, my dear ladies, what sin it is
That one of the party should ever be single.
Ti loura, ti loura, dum dee.

So I made up my mind, ere the evening was over,
To some pretty partner to make my advances,
A waltz or quadrille has fix'd many a lover,
And Cupid is famous for flirting at dances.
Then I gave my fair partner a look like a love letter,
And verily thought the expression had caught her,
But my friend wish'd me joy, said my next hit might prove better,
For the lady was blest with six sons and a daughter!
Ti loura, ti loura, dum dee.

As soon as I heard it my heart was my own again,
For I couldn't maintain a *whole set of quadrillers*;
But, in the next dance, oh! the wanton was gone again,
For the Ball-room was full of these pretty men-killers,
The *Spanish* dance tempted to cast a fond look again,
My precautions again were beginning to vanish,
But my friend spied my meaning, and brought me to book again,
For my partner he told me, had none of the *Spanish*.
Ti loura, ti loura, dum dee.

Oh! Emily, Anna, Kate, Fanny and Mary,
Amelia, and Lucy, and Bessy, and Catherine—
Not one of you present but look'd like a fairy,
And set a fond Irishman's heart a woolgathering.
'Twas Oberon's Court, at the Green Man assembled,
And ye were the sprites that his lady Queen Mab sent;
With affection I glow'd, and with reverence trembled,
For *all* who were *present*, and *one* who was *absent*.
Ti loura, ti loura, dum dee.

Then the music, so sweet, kept my ears in the pillory,
The fiddles were all of them genuine Cremonas,
And the Colonels and Captains of Royal Artillery,
Were gentle as Junos, and brave as Bellonas;
When all the quadrilles in the world had been given us,
Then the kind-hearted folks, lest the dance might fatigue us,
Gave us plenty of tea and new rolls to enliven us,
For the ladies all vote it far better than negus.
Ti loura, ti loura, dum dee.

Now, long live the ladies who visit the Green Man,
Wives, widows, and maidens, long life to them all;
And if ever you're seized with a fit of the spleen, man,
Pray post to Blackheath, and make one at the Ball.

Blackheath, Dec. 24, 1823. J. B.

RIDDLE.

A word by grammarians used in our tongue,
Of such a construction is seen,
That if from five syllables you take away one,
No syllable then will remain.

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Dartford Nunnery, Kent.

"Revenge! Revenge!" in accents hoarse,
The Saxon Offa cried,
As he pursued his anxious course,
Along the Darent's side.

"Betray'd by friendship and by love,
While blood bounds thro' my veins,
I vow 'fore all the powers above,
Fierce vengeance on the Danes.

"Revenge! Revenge! my soul inspires—
To loved Editha's manes,
I vow till fleeting breath expires,
Fell vengeance on the Danes."

THE idea upon which this little rhapsody is founded, though arising from an historical source, is merely *legendary*. It is stated, that the *Danes*, in their piratical excursions, frequently ravaged the coast of *Kent*, and sometimes carried their inroads, and pursued their depredations up the country. Dartford where there was a seminary of noble virgins, which probably might have been founded by *Ethelbert*, under the auspices of Austin, was ravaged, and burnt, and, says tradition, the holy inmates, among whom was Editha, the daughter of a Saxon king, treacherously violated and barbarously murdered. This, whether true or fabulous, is merely stated to show its antiquity, because we know that few of the *Fables* of early ages either *floated* on the pinions of *local tradition*, or were *chained* to the *desks* of *monastic libraries*, except they were in some degree, however small, supported by facts.

In the age to which we allude, the Nunnery of Dartford, of the remains of which we furnish an engraving from an original design, was founded by that gallant and magnificent monarch, Edward III., and it is curious enough to observe, that in this instance, war and religion took their turns like day and night.

In the year 1331, the king held a Tournament at Dartford,—Tournaments were in those times not only scenes of unbounded splendour and luxury, but we fear, sometimes of pleasure that degenerated into licentiousness. Be this as it may, whether the ladies, in process of time, found any reason to *repent*, or the monarch deemed such an establishment commemoratory, he, in the year 1355, founded a Nunnery, which, it will be observed by the plate, was built in the plainest monastic style. Yet it seems, either from its extent, interior decorations, or lands appended to it, to have been a place of very considerable importance: for it was at the time of the Reformation valued at £380. per annum. This building the historian Lombardy, says, Henry VIII. converted it into a house for himself and successors. Of the structure, once governed by Bridget of York, the fourth daughter of Edward IV. only a gateway, the south wing adjoining, and the stone walls in the garden, remain. These vestiges are, however, sufficient to urge the mind to a contemplation of that system once so prevalent, under which numbers of both sexes were taken out of society, at a time of life when their talents would have rendered them useful, and whenever their conduct, if we may presume that they in seclusion, encountered rather

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than avoidod temptation, would probably have been more exemplary.

The town of *Dartford* which contains 2,406 inhabitants, has an air of great antiquity. In it was solemnized the marriage (by proxy) of *Frederick II.* Emperor of Germany, with *Isabella*, sister of Henry III., and hospitals and alms'-houses were here built in the reign of Henry IV. And this town is also memorable for that great rebellion headed by Wat Tyler, which was occasioned by the indecent behaviour of one of the Collectors of the Poll-Tax. Rapin erroneously says, that Wat Tyler resided at Deptford; this error, excusable in a foreign historian, has been suffered to pass *uncorrected* by his Editor. A. M.

CHRISTMAS GAMES OF THE JAMAICA NEGROES.

ALTHOUGH slavery is a bitter cup, however it may be disguised, yet the situation of the negroes in the West India Islands has been considerably ameliorated of late years. They have neither been worked so hard, or treated with so much severity as formerly. They have also been allowed a few days of uncontrolled passtime to lighten the weary chain of slavery. Christmas shines a holiday to the sable son of woe as well as to his fairer taskmaster, as will be seen by the following account of the Christmas racket of the negroes, which is communicated in a letter from Jamaica, written some years ago:

Falmouth, Jamaica,
3rd May, 1810.

MY DEAR C.—About a fortnight before Christmas last, I was awakened one morning before day, with a very unusual sound of mirth. I heard a drum beating, and, as near as I could conjecture, about three or four dozen of voices singing, La, la, la, in great style. On inquiry, I found that it was a parcel of black women, marching up and down, beginning the Christmas racket. Now, you must know, that at that merry season, the Negroes have four days entirely to themselves, namely, Christmas day, the day before, the day after, and New Year's day; during that time they are *free*, and a pretty sort of freedom they make of it.

To prepare for this momentous period is the business of the whole year; every penny is scraped together, by begging, borrowing, and stealing. In Falmouth, there are two parties, the blues and the reds, and the whole of the business is, which of these shall excel in dress, numbers, *beauty*, and fine singing; their masters and mistresses are also brought into the scrape; for example, Mr. ——'s is a Blue house, that is, all our Negroes are of the Blue party, and we must, of course, be of the same colour. The Negroes of our next neighbour may be Reds; that again is called a Red house: with the Whites it is merely a nominal distinction, but with the Browns and Blacks, it is a serious affair.

About a fortnight before Christmas, then, the negro women begin to prepare. They get up long before day, shoulder their water-buckets, and off to the tank for water. The tank is a reservoir, which stands in the middle of the town, where every body gets their water, like your public wells in Edinburgh; but, instead of minding their business, down go the buckets. The Blues collect in one corner; the Reds in another; and there they begin. Some stout negro man joins each party, who can beat, and rattles away at their head on an old drum, keeping time to their voices; this continues till after day-break, when they are obliged to muster up their scattered utensils, and trudge home. This is what I call the rehearsal, and the nearer it draws to Christmas, the more assemble, and the longer the said rehearsal lasts.

The much wished for morning dawns at last, to the great joy of the whole black race, and to the great annoyance of all lovers of peace and good order. Buckra's (white person) house is left to take care of itself; out set the negroes, one and all, to the jubilee, and about day-light the uproar begins; drums, fifes, tambourines, fiddles, and voices, la, la, la. I pulled on my clothes last Christmas morning, and set out determined to see the *dust*. I followed the sound of the hurricane that was nearest me, and met the Blues plump in the face. Lord have mercy on us, such a sight! They were dressed exactly alike: first and foremost, a white muslin turban, spangled with silver, was twisted round their curly locks; in the front of which stuck something like a feather, and beneath peeped their round and black faces as "Fair as the star of the morning." Their necks were uncovered; and to mark their colour, they each wore a short spencer of light blue silk, or Persian, tastefully trimmed with white, and bound at the bottom with an orange-coloured sash, tied in a large knot behind, with the ends hanging down to their heels, likewise adorned with spangles. A short white muslin petticoat, with a wrought border, white stockings, and fancy shoes and gloves, made up the dress. In the front marched the drummer; on each side of him a standard bearer (men) carrying, one a silk flag of light blue, and

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the other a white, famously decorated. Round these were collected all the idlers, or mobility, some playing on one thing, some another, all keeping good time. Close following came the Queen, (each party has a King and Queen,) supported on each side by a *maid of honour*, glittering in finery ; after her followed the principal ladies, two and two, arm and arm ; betwixt them, again marched the rest, in regular succession, two and two, according to their size, the smallest bringing up the rear. The drums beat and the ladies sing. The glittering colours wave in the sun-beams, and the multitude rejoice. The Reds follow the same order, only red is their predominant colour.

You will naturally ask where do slaves get all this? I'll tell you: the Mulattos take a principal part in the fray. The elderly brown women in Falmouth, many of whom are well to do, head the different parties in private, regulate the ceremonies, and purchase the dresses out of their own purse, while the young brown girls make them ; and to such a height is the spirit of emulation carried, that the brown woman who headed the Reds last year, said publicly, that, " before the Blues should gain the day, she would sell a negro, and spend every farthing of the money." In this order, then, and with the greatest glee imaginable, do the two parties parade up and down, from one corner of the town to the other, all day. The first day of the year is the last and grandest exhibition, and it is then that the great trial of strength takes place, and the King makes his appearance. In the forenoon it is not known who will gain the day, for many additions take place on both sides. About five in the evening both parties make their appearance complete. The music comes first ; then comes the King, superbly dressed in blue or red, covered with gold or silver lace, a sword at his side, and a cocked hat. On his right walks *her Majesty ;* on his left the chief maid of hour. Immediately behind comes his Majesty's chief officer, with other two principal dames on each arm ; and so on in succession, a gentleman being now placed between each two ladies, all attired in court dresses. The King and his retinue are generally the handsomest young negroes in the town. The King himself is always a free black. Immediately at dusk, a thousand candles are lighted up, and the procession moves by candle light. About seven of each party takes their station before the principal house of their colour. The Blues last year encamped before our door, and the King made the piazza the hall of audience. The Reds were almost opposite at another house. In our piazza, a table was set forth covered. On it stood a cake six stories high, round each story smaller as it drew towards the top, powdered over with sugar, and on each side of it stood half a dozen of Madeira, glasses, &c. &c. At this table sat their Majesties attended, and the piazza was perfectly full of people of all descriptions. Mr. and Mrs. ——, and some company which we had that day at dinner, came all down to pay their respects. They drank a glass of wine with the sovereigns, and marched up stairs again. The rest at this time had formed a circle at the door, and there they dance, surrounded by the candle holders and an immense mob. At ten the procession moves off in order ; the King and Queen are escorted to their abode ; he bows, and she curtsies to their subjects ; the subjects bow in return. Three loud cheers are given ; the drums beat, and the colours wave. Their Majesties retire. The candles are put out, and I conclude my letter.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF RIEGO.

(By the Illustrator of Ossian's Poems.)

(For the Mirror.)

Shall freedom's agents, forc'd by slavery, fly
From climes unworthy, to their native sky---
Fill up the measure of a bigot's pride
Whom every scoundrel monk is free to chide
And British pens be still---no!---'twere a shame
---Freedom shall make slaves blush at Riego's name!
Benighted fools, in bigotry's dark gloom
Ye gave the generous Riego glory's tomb,
But knew it not---your priests now vaunt and tell
And preach the justice of their actions fell
And from your toils their bloated bodies swell.
Yet he shall live!---ere long the day will come
That o'er his dust will see a patriot's tomb,
Which time shall save from his destroying blast,
To prove that virtuous deeds will ever last,
And paint the follies of your seamster's reign
Whom every virtuous monarch must disdain,
Ah, superstitious slaves--ah, Moors, of gothic Spain!

PETER PINDARICS,

OR, JOE MILLER VERSIFIED.

THE ROBBER ROBB'D.

A certain priest had hoarded up
A mass of secret gold ;
And where he might bestow it safe,
He knew not to behold.
At last it came into his thoughts
To look it in a chest,
Within the chancel ; and he wrote
Thereon, Hic Deus est.
A merry grig, whose greedy mind
Did long for such a prey,
Respecting not the sacred words
That on the casket lay.
Took out the gold ; and blotting out
The priest's inscript thereon,
Wrote, Resurrexit, non est hic ;
Your god is rose and gone.

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INCONSISTENCY IN "KENILWORTH."

(For the Mirror.)

SIR,—In reading that much admired novel of the great unknown 'Kenilworth,' I was struck with the following passages, which seem directly to contradict one another, they are in the 6th chapter, vol. ii. "But his eye-brows were as *dark* as the keen and piercing black eyes which they shaded;" and in a few pages farther, he says, "while an observing glance of the most shrewd penetration shot from under the penthouse of his shaggy *white* eye-brows." You will plainly perceive the error in these passages, and that there are frequently blunders among beauties; but if this great unknown calls black white he should not tell us so, when describing any thing otherwise beautiful. I am, yours,

Dec. 27. PETER TOMKINS.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

CHARACTER OF THE REV. EDWARD IRVING.

THAT in Mr. Irving we have discovered our imaginary preacher, we can by no means admit; we have read his volume with bitter and painful disappointment: bitter, because the work falls so far short of the expectation which his fame had excited; painful, because it is an ungracious and unwelcome office to depreciate, in the least, the labours of a zealous man, which appear to have produced so striking an effect on so great a concourse of hearers; to have startled so many of the thoughtless and dissipated; and captivated so many undisciplined, but ardent and enthusiastic minds. But Mr. Irving would despise us if we were not as fearless in performing our duty, as he is in his. We consider popularity, in London especially, so uncertain a criterion of excellence, that its verdict can neither awe nor control our opinions. From the tone of our former observations, the author will perceive that we are not blindly wedded to our own system of preaching; and as to the charitable insinuation of 'illiberal jealousy,' with which we find that Mr. Irving's admirers attempt to beat down every one who will not bow to their idol, that we can only treat with disregard,—as we do the wanton falsehood, so industriously circulated, that our ministers, in whom the inseparable interests of the church and state are vested by the crown, have followed the prevailing fashion of deserting their parish churches, and hurried, day after day, to what, by the law of England, (we speak without intended, and, we hope, without suspected disparagement to the Scottish church,) is no more than a licensed conventicle. Had the orator attained or approximated to the lofty station assigned to him by popular report, we may have felt a blameless regret that our own church had not produced the consummate preacher; that the crowds which flowed to Hatton Garden had not rather thronged to one of our splendid new churches, at Mary-le-bone, Paneras, or Chelsea; but still, we should have hailed the eloquent advocate of Christianity with pride and satisfaction, as an ornament to our common literature, and a support, to be valued as much as it is wanted in our capriciousness and uncertain days, to our common religion. But we cannot recognise as the champion of our faith, a reasoner so vague and inconsistent, a declaimer so turgid and unintelligible, a writer so coarse and incorrect. We deprecate the introduction of a system of preaching which must eventually be dangerous to the interests of Christianity, and which is equally objectionable in its design and execution. However imperfect our rules of pulpit eloquence may be, we are convinced of their substantial truth; against all and each of those of Mr. Irving offends; nor do we think that his own merits, which, better regulated, would be considerable, counterbalance the violation of every principle: for we must be excused in saying that his is not the brave neglect of a transcendent genius, but an effected and elaborate outrage against nature, simplicity, and truth. Even that primary and indispensable excellence, which arises from the ηθος, (we studiously adopt the Greek word,) as far as it is displayed in the work itself, is wanting in Mr. Irving. Far from creating a favourable impression of himself, his book commences, and we lament to say, proceeds, in a tone of self sufficiency, we had almost written arrogance, which not all the piety of Taylor, nor the theologic depth of Barrow, nor the conscious strength of Horsley could excuse; but here with nothing to vindicate it beyond the erudition of a school boy, and a theology so indistinct and inconsistent, as to appear to take refuge from the detection of its unsoundness in its redundant and confused language; it is not merely in itself offensive, but destroys the effect of that boldness, which otherwise all would admire, with which many fashionable folies and vices are assailed.

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Mr. Irving's system seems to be, not to confine religious advice to topics of religion alone, but to introduce every subject which may occur, either literary or political, in the way of digression and illustration. The sermon is to be made as amusing as possible; no longer to restrict itself to the exposition of Scripture, the unfolding of points of doctrine, or exhortation to Christian duty, but the preacher is to add to his office those of pamphleteer, journalist, and reviewer. But has not Mr. Irving the good sense to perceive, that to admit matters of taste and opinion into the pulpit, however attractive at first, must invalidate its authority, and detract from that religious reverence, which the sanctity of the place and the priestly character ought to ensure? It is dangerous for a preacher to give his audience an opportunity of differing from him with justice and propriety. If they question the truth of his discourses on these points, they will suspect his authority on those which are more important. If he is a bad critic in their estimation, they will naturally doubt his being a good divine. There is, however, a more serious charge. We cannot endure the liberty of the old Grecian comedy being assumed in the pulpit. Mr. Irving introduces personal allusions to the authors of the day, and even attacks them by name. We must reprobate a practice so irreconcilable with the charity, and which may lead to consequences degrading to the dignity of the pulpit.

Mr. Irving's manner of distributing and arranging his subjects by no means fails in comprehensiveness; but it is so perplexed with digressions, and encumbered by intermingling the separate heads, sometimes anticipating what is to come, or reverting to what he has exhausted, that we find it difficult to discover with what part of the plan we are occupied; and after all the care with which our journey has been laid down and mapped, we find ourselves wandering in an inextricable wilderness. His style and diction are still more perversely inconsistent and contradictory. His prose is elaborate, and at the same time singularly deficient in rhythm; a sentence cast in the prolix mould of the ancient pulpit is succeeded by a smart epigram; the full and turgid flow of his great model, Dr. Chalmers, is suddenly broken up into short quaint clauses. For the singularity of his language we cannot permit him to plead his country. It would be the very insolence of pedantry, should we affect to make allowances to the countrymen of Hume, Robertson and Dugald Stewart, for national peculiarity and for incorrectness of writing. But the dialect of Mr. Irving is neither Scotch nor English, neither ancient nor modern; it is sometimes so forced and strained as to be unintelligible, strange words used in still more strange senses; sometimes it is familiar even to vulgarity: one moment inflated to the highest poetry, the next sinking to the language of the streets. We are almost ashamed of our perpetual antithesis; but, in fact, the faults and merits of Mr. Irving are so strangely balanced and contrasted, so much in opposite extremes, that we know no other way of expressing our opinion with perspicuity and decision.

Is then Mr. Irving eloquent? If he is, the prize of eloquence must be awarded with greater frequency, and may be obtained with greater facility, than such writers as Aristotle, Cicero, and Quintilian supposed. Who may not be eloquent, that is endowed with an imagination in the least ardent and creative, if he has boldness enough to disdain whatever impedes the fluency, and restrains the copiousness of more modest and correct speakers? If it is eloquence, to pour forth every thought in metaphors incongruous, incomplete and clashing with each other; to seize every illustration which occurs from the sacred volume or the meanest occupation of life; if every third sentence may 'mean not but blunder round about a meaning;' if the language may disdain not merely purity and precision, but even grammar; if the expressions are to be confined by no regard, we will not say, to propriety but to decency, (for there are terms, favourite terms with Mr. Irving, which we dare not quote,) then indeed our orator is worthy of the name. But if abundance without selection, fluency without correctness, perpetual repetition without perspicuity; in short, a total want of judgment in the application of extraordinary fertility and exuberance, are imperfections, much is still wanting, before we can accede to the high pretensions of this celebrated preacher.

Finally, we intreat Mr. Irving, for his sake as for our own, in the name of that cause which he is pledged to advocate, not to waste his extraordinary powers; not to sacrifice a permanent and extensive influence to a transient, theatrical success. His usefulness must depend upon his real and lasting excellence; let him therefore despise the poor pride of sending forth his works, crude, disjointed, and unconnected; let him lower his pretensions, without in the least compromising the boldness of a minister of divine truth; let him be more cautious in his assertions, and the subjects which he introduces into

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the pulpit, without being restrained or timid; let him set us an example of that solemn sequestration of the mind,' of which he speaks, for the great conception and perfect execution of some enduring work in favour of Christianity, and we assure him that none of his fondest admirers, or more eager followers, will hail his appearance more proudly, gladly, or affectionately.

Quarterly Review, No. 58

Select Biography.

No. I.

CAPTAIN PARRY.

William Edward Parry, the fourth son of Dr. Parry, was born at Bath, on the 19th of December, 1790, and received the rudiments of his education at the grammar school of that city, under the care of the Rev. Nathaniel Morgan. Here he continued till he was about twelve, pursuing his studies with diligence, and uniformly maintaining that deportment which gained him the regard of the masters and the esteem of his school-fellows. At that time Admiral Cornwallis commanded the Channel fleet, to whom young Parry was recommended by a near relative of the Admiral, and was permitted to make trial of the naval service, under the immediate auspices of that gallant officer. He, therefore, joined the *Ville de Paris*, in 1803; and, during his probationary year in this active scene, his conduct was such as secured the high opinion of both the officers and the crew. His intrepidity of character was often displayed, and his deference to his superiors, and his amiable attention to his equals, were constantly manifested. His classical and other attainments, which had been so assiduously acquired while at school, were by no means neglected in his new situation. Admiral Cornwallis had provided for the improvement of the younger members of the provision, and especially for those on board of his own ship. The Rev. William Morgan (afterwards Chaplain of the Royal Navy Asylum, Greenwich), was, at that time, Chaplain of the *Ville de Paris*, and was particularly attentive to the younger branches of his charge; so that, under these circumstances, the first year of Parry's professional career not only developed several valuable qualities of his character, but increased his store of knowledge, and seemed to have rivetted more firmly these principles of virtue and religion, which had been deeply impressed on his mind by the care and attention of his parents.—It showed, too, that his taste and disposition were suited to the service to which he had been introduced. In reference to this period, the testimony of Admiral Cornwallis is decisive. On the 4th of August, 1804, he writes, "I never knew any one so generally approved of. He will experience civility and kindness from all whilst he continues to conduct himself as he has done, which, I dare believe, will be as long as he lives." The first three years he spent on board the Admiral's ship, in the tedious and unprofitable task of blockading the French fleet in the harbour of Brest; a service in which he had great opportunities of acquiring a knowledge of good discipline and practical seamanship. He still continued equally attentive to his duty, and assiduous in improving his mind, and extending his knowledge, under the superintendence of the Rev. Mr. Morgan, for whose care he always manifested a strong sense of obligation.

In May 1806, Parry joined the *Tribune*, 36 guns, then commanded by Capt. Baker, and employed off L'Orient. In the following year, and a part of 1808, this vessel cruised off the west coast of France and the Peninsula, from Rochfort to Lisbon. The acts of service which presented themselves at this period were reconnoitering, and others, which belonged to the blockading party, into all of which young Parry entered with his usual spirit and promptitude. In April, 1808, Capt. Baker was appointed to the *Vanguard*, of 74 guns, then in the Baltic, and which Parry also joined in the following month. Early in the next year, great preparations were made for an active summer in that sea, against the Danes, in which service Parry was again employed. On the 9th of January, 1810, he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant, and on the 9th of February, joined the *Alexandria*, commanded by Capt. Quilliam. Soon after this, the subject of this memoir began to study the situation of the principal fixed stars in our hemisphere, with a view of applying them to the purpose of finding the latitude and longitude at night; he was also, at the same period, employed in preparing charts of the northern navigation. During the two following years, the *Alexandria* remained on the Leith station, protecting the northern whale fishery, and Lieut. Parry still continued to observe the stars. He also employed himself in making a survey of the Baltic Sound and the Voe, in Shetland, a harbour which was very little known, though the only one capable of sheltering men of war in the north-eastern part of these islands. This chart was transmittted to the Lords of the Admiralty in 1813, who were pleased to signify their approbation

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of it, and to consider it as highly acceptable. Mr. Parry also, about the same time, presented other charts, of the coasts between Denmark and Sweden, to the hydrographer of the admiralty. While engaged in this service, in 1812, the *Alexandria*, was ordered to proceed as far as 76 deg. of north latitude, and return with the last of the whalers; but she was prevented from reaching that parallel by large masses of floating ice, and made the North Cape. The following January, Parry was discharged from the *Alexandria*, and ordered to proceed to Halifax, in which station the years 1813 and 1814 were spent; and where he distributed, among the junior officers, several copies of his practical rules for observing the fixed stars, a corrected copy of which was afterwards printed. In May, 1816, Parry, was at the top of the Admiralty list for promotion; and, in June, was appointed first Lieutenant of his Majesty's ship *Niger*, on the Halifax station, commanded by Capt. Jackson, where he still secured the same esteem and confidence he had obtained on board other vessels. In consequence of a severe affliction experienced by his father, Lieutenant Parry obtained leave to return to England, and he arrived in May, 1817. He spent the summer in the vicinity of Bath, where his parent then resided; and in the autumn of that year, when the first of the late expeditions in search of the north west passage to the Pacific Ocean, was contemplated, Lieutenant Parry was strongly recommended to the Lords of the Admiralty; in consequence of which, he was appointed to the command of the *Alexander*, the second ship destined to explore that passage, under the orders of Capt. Ross. The particulars of this voyage are too well known to require repetition; and the result of the discussions which followed was the appointment of a *new expedition* to the same quarter, to sail in the following spring. Such was the high opinion which the Lords of the Admiralty entertained of Parry's conduct on the former occasion, that the second attempt was entrusted to his sole care and direction; as he not only received the command, but was consulted in the choice of the ships and officers of the expedition. The two ships (Lieut. Parry in the *Hecla*, and Lieut. Liddon in the *Griper*), left England in May, 1819, under the extreme degree of public interest and anxiety. In November of the following year, both vessels almost unexpectedly returned; and, though the object of the expedition had not been fully realized, the most sanguine anticipations as to the safety of the crews had been surpassed; as not a single man was lost, except one who was unwell when the expedition left England.

Such was the satisfaction which the conduct of the commander, under these new and trying circumstances, rendered to all concerned, that he was immediately promoted, and a *third expedition* planned, under the vigilance and care of the same experienced and intrepid navigator; and such was the confidence inspired by his former deportment, that the officers and men, who volunteered to accompany him, were treble the number that could be accepted. Capt. Parry, therefore, once more left his native country for these hyperborean regions, as already stated in May, 1821.—*Times Telescope.*

Useful Domestic Hints.

In case of danger arising from having drank water when warm.—Take half an ounce of camphor in a gill of brandy, properly dissolved, at intervals of three minutes.

Meltonian Recipe for Cleaning Boot-Tops.—Wash off the dirt with a soft sponge and clean water, and if any stains remain, rub them off with a piece of flannel, using Bath brick finely powdered, mixed with water—then apply the following mixture to the tops, viz. 1 oz. of Oxalic acid dissolved in a quart of *boiling water.*

The brick powder is only necessary when the tops are very dirty. And the grit should always be carefully washed off.

N. B. The Oxalic mixtures must be applied *cold*, and always whilst the tops are wet, and then dried in the *sun* if possible, but never before the fire.

Best way of taking Castor Oil.—Take the yelk of an egg, beat it well up with a little white sugar, then pour in the oil, and thin the mixture by adding boiling water.

James's Powder.—An analysis lately made by Mr. Phillips, of some of James's Powder, bought from Messrs. Newberys, St. Paul's Church-yard, yielded

Peroxide of Antimony	56·0
Phosphate of Lime	42·2
Oxide of Antimony, impurity and loss	1·6

The quantity of protoxide of antimony, contained in the powder, "was so small that it would have been nearly impossible to have ascertained its weight."

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Dr. Mac. Culloch's Recipe for Paste.—To be made with flour in the usual way, but rather thick with a proportion of brown sugar, and a small quantity of Corrosive Sublimate. The sugar keeps it flexible, and prevents it scaling off from smooth surfaces, and the corrosive sublimate, independently of preserving it from insects, is an effectual check against its fermentation. This salt, however, does not prevent the formation of mouldiness; but a drop or too of the Essential Oil of Lavender, Peppermint, Anise, or Bergamot, is a complete security against it. Paste made in this manner and exposed to the air, dries without change to a state resembling horn, so that it may at any time be wetted again and applied to use. And if kept in a close covered pot, may be preserved in a state for use at all times.

Acetic Acid, a remedy for Warts and Corns.—According to Mr. A. T. Thomson, "Acetic acid is stimulant and rubefacient. It is principally employed as a refreshing scent in syncope, asphyxia, and nervous head-aches; and for obviating the unpleasant smell of the confined air of crowded assemblies and of the sick-room. It is also an excellent application to warts and corns, which it seldom fails to remove; but in applying it, care must be taken to avoid eroding the surrounding skin."

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff.—*Wootton.*

A Rabbinical Story.—In one of the Rabbinical stories in the Talmud, a bird is represented as spreading its wings and blotting out the sun. An egg from another fell out of its nest, and the white thereof overflowed a whole village. One of these birds is said to have stood up to the lower joint of its leg in a river, and some mariners imagining, that the water was not deep, were hastening to bathe, when a voice from heaven said, "step not in there, for seven years ago a carpenter drop't his axe, and it hath not yet reached the bottom.

Bon Mot of Voltaire.—One of the happiest repartees of Voltaire is said to have been made to an Englishman, who had previously been on a visit to the celebrated Haller, in whose praise Voltaire enlarged with great warmth, extolling him as a great Poet, a great Naturalist, and a man of universal attainments.—The Englishman answered that it was very handsome in Monsieur de Voltaire to speak so well of Monsieur Haller inasmuch as he, the said Monsieur Haller was by no means so liberal to Monsieur de Voltaire, "Alas!" (said Voltaire with an air of philosophic indulgence) "I dare to say we are both of us very much mistaken!"

The Customs.	£.	s.	d.
The Annual produce of the Customs in the year 1268, was.....	150	13	10
The gross produce of the Customs in the year ending the 5th of January, 1821, was.....14,440,881	5	11¼	
And the Net produce was..... £10,743,	189	13	1¼

EPIGRAM.

Joe hates a hypocrite: which shews
Self-Love is not a fault of Joe's!

A good simile.—As concise as a king's Declaration of Love.

Superstition is the spleen of the soul.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our Correspondents are requested to address all communications for the "Editor," to 143, Strand, where the Mirror will henceforth be published.

Leisure Hours, No. I., in our next, when we shall insert "The Amateur Music Party," "Lent, or a visit to my Catholic Friends," "The Mistletoe," "The Princess Charlotte to Prince Leopold," and communication of T. Z.

Rob Roy's Letter, Mus. (who we more than suspect to be in error, in the last paragraph of his letter,) Francisca, Edric, Ignatius, and several articles from some of our early correspondents, shall appear forthwith.

G. F. in some half dozen or dozen lines advises people not to go to law. We at least shall endeavour to follow his advice.

The Ode of Bonas is written in a good feeling, and is by no means destitute of merit, but it is not quite *bonus* enough for the Mirror.

Jacobus is one among some thirty who have sent us New Year Odes so equal in merit, that we are like the Royal Society of Literature, unable to decide, to which we shall give the preference, and therefore respectfully beg leave to decline inserting them.

We thank Leonidas, but we would not wish to perpetuate the memory of a young officer who could desert his own colours to fight under those of the enemy of his country.

We will endeavour to find room for Mr. Hales.

We are still in arrear even in acknowledging a host of communications, but we intend to decide on the whole of them in the course of a few days, when, to use a parliamentary phrase, we shall "report progress, and ask leave to sit again."

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. LXV.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1824. [Price 2*d*.

The Ruins of Athens.

Athens, the once proud city of Greece, the nurse and pride of arts and arms, is great even in her ruins, and exhibits a striking picture of fallen grandeur. The approach to it by the sea is one of the most superb spectacles in the world—the Acropolis can be seen at a distance of fifteen miles. As we drew near to the walls (says that celebrated traveller, Dr. Clarke) we beheld the vast Cecropiam Citadel crowned with temples, originated in the veneration once paid to the memory of the illustrious dead, surrounded by objects telling the same theme of sepulchral grandeur, and now monuments of departed greatness, gradually mouldering in all the solemnity of ruin. In other respects the city exhibits nearly the appearance so briefly described by Strabo eighteen centuries before our coming; and, perhaps, it wears a more magnificent aspect, owing to the splendid remains of Adrian's Temple of Olympian Jove, which did not exist when Athens was visited by the Disciple of Xenarchus. The prodigious columns belonging to this temple appeared full in view between the Citadel and the bed of the Ilissus; high upon our left rose the Acropolis, in the most impressive grandeur; an advanced part of the rock upon the western side of it is the Hill of the Areopagus, where St. Paul preached to the Athenians, and where their most solemn tribunal was held. Beyond all, appeared the beautiful plain of Athens, bounded Mount Hymettus. We rode towards the craggy rock of the Citadel, passing some tiers of circular arches at the foot of it; these are the remains of the Odeum of Herodes Atticus, built in memory of his wife Regilla. Thence continuing to skirt the base of the Acropolis, the road winding rather towards the north, we saw also, upon our left, scooped in the solid rock, the circular sweep on which the Athenians were wont to assemble to hear the plays of Æschylus, and where the Theatre of Bacchus was afterwards constructed.

The best view of Athens is from Mount Anchesmus, and presents in one panoramic scene, all the antiquities and natural beauties in the Athenian plain.

The lofty rocks of the Acropolis, crowned with its majestic temples, the Parthenon, Erectheum, &c. constitute

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the central object. In the foreground is displayed the whole of the modern city of Athens, with its gardens, ruins, mosques, and walls, spreading into the plain beneath the citadel. On the right, or north-west wing, is the temple of Theseus; and on the left, or south-west wing, the temple of Jupiter Olympius. Proceeding from the west to the south and east, the view beyond the citadel displays the Areopagus, the Pnyx, Ilissus, the site of the temple of Ceres in Agræ, the fountain Callirhoe, the Stadium Panthenaium, the site of the Lyceum, &c. In a parallel circuit, with a more extended radius, are seen the hills and defile of Daphne, or Via Sacra, the Piræeus, Munychia and Phalerum, Salamis, Ægina, the more distant Isles, and Hymettus. A similar circuit, but still more extended, embraces Parnes, the mountains beyond Elusis and Megara, the Acropolis of Corinth, the Peloponnessian mountains, and the Ægean and distant islands. And lastly, immediately beneath the eye, lies the plain of Athens.

In a future number we shall present our readers with views and detailed descriptions of some of the most remarkable monuments of antiquity in this celebrated city.

Athens, became, in a very few years, from the capital of a small province, the head of an empire, exhibiting a new and singular phenomenon in politics, a sovereign people; a people, not, as in many other Grecian democracies, sovereign merely of that state which themselves composed, but supreme over other people in subordinate republics, acknowledging a degree of subjection, and yet claiming to be free. Under this extraordinary political constitution, philosophy and the arts were beginning to make Athens their principal resort. Migrating from Egypt and the east, they had been long fostered on the western coast of Asia. In Greece itself they had received some temporary encouragement, but their efforts were desultory and comparatively feeble, till the communication with the Asian Greeks, checked and interrupted by their subjection to Persia, was restored, and Athens, the head of the glorious confederacy by whose arms the deliverance had been effected, began to draw every thing toward itself as a common centre, the capital of an empire. Already science and fine taste were so far perfected, that Æschylus had exhibited tragedy in its utmost dignity, and Sophocles and Euripides were giving it the highest polish, when Cimon returned in triumph to his country. Together with trophies, such as Greece had never before won in so distant a field, he brought wealth to a large amount, the fruit of his victories; part of which enriched the public treasury, part rewarded the individuals who had fought under him, and a large proportion, which he had had the virtue and the good fortune to acquire without incurring any charge of rapaciousness, became an addition to the large property inherited from his ancestors.

It was the peculiar felicity of Athens in this period, that, of the constellation of great men which arose there, each was singularly fitted for the situation in which the circumstances of the time required him to act; and none filled his place more advantageously than Cimon. But the fate of all those great men, and the resources employed, mostly in vain, to avert it, sufficiently mark, in this splendid era of Athens, a defective constitution, and law and justice ill assured. Aristides, we are told, though it is not undisputed, had founded his security upon extreme poverty; Cimon endeavoured to build his upon a splendid and almost unbounded, yet politic liberality. In going about the city he was commonly attended by a large retinue, handsomely cloathed; and if he met an elderly citizen ill-clad, he directed one of his attendants to change cloaks with him. To the indigent of higher rank he was equally attentive, lending or giving money, as he found their circumstances required, and always managing his bounty with the utmost care that the object of it should not be put to shame. His conduct, in short, was a continual preparation for an election; not however, as in England, to decide whether the candidate should or should not be a member of the legislature; but whether he should be head of the commonwealth or an exile. In his youth, Cimon had effected a roughness of manners, and a contempt for the elegancies of life. In his riper years, he discovered that virtue and grossness have no natural connection: he became himself a model of politeness, patronized every liberal art, and studied to procure elegant as well as useful indulgencies for the people. By him were raised the first of those edifices, which, for want of a more proper name, we call porticoes, under whose magnificent shelter it became the delight of the Athenians to assemble, and pass their leisure in promiscuous conversation. The widely celebrated groves of Academus acknowledged him as the founder of their fame. In the wood, before rude and without water, he formed commodious and elegant walks, and adorned them with running fountains, for the benefit of the Athenians.

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Leisure Hours.

No. I.

Poscimur, si quid vacui sub umbra
Lusimus tecum, quod et hunc in annum
Vivat et plures. Hor.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

Sir,—I know not how you find it, but it has, before this time, been my case, that what are commonly called "leisure hours," have frequently proved the most tiresome part of my life, just on the same principle that your genuine "light reading" is, decidedly, the heaviest and most indigestible of all others. What those worthy gentlemen, east of Temple Bar, who consume six days out of the seven in vending lamp-oil, tobacco, and huckaback, may think of the matter, while boxed up, from Saturday night to Sunday morning, in their various rural retreats, I cannot pretend positively to say; but I may venture to guess, that, in nine cases out of ten, perhaps in ninety-nine out of a hundred, they would give half their week's profits to be at the moment, behind their respective counters. Indeed I recollect somewhere to have read of a respectable old citizen, who, being over-persuaded by his daughter to retire from business, actually died of *ennui* before the year was out, owing to the loss of his usual employment. With such individuals vacation becomes vacuity, and leisure inertness. It is upon this ground that the merchant in Horace, however anxious for the leisure of his country villa, while overtaken in a tempest, no sooner reaches home, than he prepares again to abandon his "otium et rura," and to encounter fresh perils.

---------- "Mox reficit rates
Quassas, indocilis pauperiem pati."

But the truth is, that it is not the love of wealth only, as the poet would here insinuate, but the tendency of our nature to some active employment, that makes one's "leisure hours" generally so cumbersome. I can easily imagine, therefore, that to a man of industrious habits there cannot be a greater punishment than solitary imprisonment, which is to deprive him of his customary occupations. There have, indeed, been some noble instances of the profitable account, to which even the loneliness of a dungeon has been converted in the case of a fine and vigorous imagination. Such are the Don Quixotte of Cervantes, the Pilgrim's Progress of Bunyan, and Dr. Dodd's Prison Thoughts. But there are exceptions to the general rule; we are not all of the same mould as Cervantes or Bunyan. Such choice spirits are the

------- "rari nantes in gurgite vasto"

of human society, and are no more to be taken as examples of their fellow-men, than a comet is to be regarded as a specimen of the rest of the solar system. There are some, however, who, although they may not have diverted themselves by composing an Iliad in their captivity, have proved, in other ways, the irksomeness of unqualified leisure. Such was that unfortunate inmate of the Bastile, who, to amuse the tædium of his reflections during an imprisonment, I believe, of twenty years, employed himself in arranging pins, in various forms, on the floor of his cell. All this seems to me, to prove incontestibly, that sheer unadulterated leisure (if I may so call it) is one of the greatest bores imaginable, and not to be tolerated by any man of the least spirit. It must have been for this reason, that Publius Scipio was accustomed to say, as we learn from Cicero, that he never had less actual leisure than when he was, as the world calls it, at leisure,—"nunquam minùs se *otiosum* esse quàm cum *otiosus*."

Now, Mr. Editor, I have no wish whatever to place myself in comparison with the aforesaid Publius Scipio; but I must be permitted to say, that literally to be "at leisure" would be to me an insupportable torment. I should, infallibly, be haunted by a whole legion of blue devils more annoying than all the plagues of Egypt, even although old Megrim himself,

"Black as ten furies, terrible as Hell,"

were not to take a fancy to my sensorium for his head quarters. On this account, whenever "a consummation so devoutly to be" dreaded, is, of all, likely to take place, I "cast about," as our old writers say, for some specific against the approaching evil. Now, my good Sir, what would you think of doing in such a critical extremity? Observe, in the first place, there is no time to be lost—the enemy is at the gate, and whatever you determine upon doing must, like a rump steak, be "done quickly." Would you hop upon one leg, or jump upon two? Would you take up the poker, and, transforming it in your "mind's eye" into a truncheon, strut around your room, like the ghost in Hamlet, to the manifest terror of all frangibles in your reach? Would you dance, sing, take snuff, or play at "patience," or would you, in imitation of Lucian's orators, harangue your posts and pillars, your chairs, tables,

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and book-shelves? In a word, what would you do in an emergency so important, so trying?

" Dic ---------- et eris mihi magnus Apollo."

But, before you answer my question, I will tell you what I do; and this, according to the most approved system of communication, shall first be by negatives. I neither dance a hornpipe, nor poke the fire. I neither write love-letters, nor smoke my pipe. I neither walk a minuet, nor go to sleep. I neither hum a tune (for I know none), nor do I count my money, and that for the best of all possible reasons, inasmuch as I have none to count. In fine, it would take a full calendar month to tell you what I do *not* do during my " leisure hours;" but, as to what is my actual occupation, you shall know it in a few words.

What I have now said, Mr. Editor, brings me, at length, to the sole purpose of this, my introductory epistle, which is to apprise you, that I have, for divers years, devoted my " leisure hours" to the collection of sundry *morceaux* of literature under the various delectable titles of " Adversaria, Annotationes Collectanea, Loci Memorabiles, Miscellanea, Facetiæ, Excerpta, Spicilegia, Scrapiana, Bonmotiane, and Quiziana," with all the other *anas* in the vocabulary. And this valuable collection it is my wish, *non invitâ Minervâ*, to appropriate occasionally to your use, not doubting that you will accept, with becoming benignity, the offer I make.

It has, indeed, long been my anxious desire, that these my erudite labours should, in some way or other, be devoted to the improvement of my fellow-creatures, as well of generations to come, as of the present. Many plans for accomplishing this *desideratum* have occurred to me. I once thought of publishing on my own account, and had actually begun to calculate the cost of paper, printing, advertisements, and the *et cæteras* of the occasion, when a respectable printer's devil of my acquaintance accidentally called on me, and by many cogent arguments, dissuaded me from his enterprise, which, I soon found from his represetations would be a *planum opus aleæ*, to say the least of the matter. " All the people in the Row," he assured me, as well as elsewhere, would set their faces against the work, however witty and learned (as he did not doubt) it might be. In a word, he affirmed, like a knowing devil as he is, that I ought to have somebody's luck besides my own to succeed against so many odds. As I was in no humour to " kick against the pricks," I let my scheme drop, and next thought of placing my bantling under the care of one of the fashionable publishers of the day, to whose obstetric offices the modern muses, are so deeply indebted. Fine paper, a new type, and hot-pressing, with Murray's name in the title page, might operate, I thought, like the glass of Lao,* to exhibit the beauty of my work, at once, in body and mind, both without and within. But, upon a little reflection, I disdained to resort to so daring a piece of quackery, and, being wary of discussing the other projects that had presented themselves, I determined, without more ado, Mr. Editor, to make application to you, not doubting that you would oblige me by your kind offices in occasionally introducing my progeny at your Saturday's levy, where, I know, they will always be sure of seeing the best company. In this hope, I am yours, OTIOSUS.

* See " the Citizen of the World."

ROB ROY.

THROUGH the kindness of a correspondent we are able to favour our readers with the following authentic copy of a letter addressed by Robert Mac Gregor, *alias* Campbell, commonly called Rob Roy, to General Wade.

SIR,— " The great humanity with which you have constantly acted in discharge of the trust reposed in you, and your ever having made use of the great power with which you are invested, as the means of doing good and charitable offices to such as ye find proper objects of compassion, will, I hope, excuse my importunity in endeavouring to approve myself not absolutely unworthy of that mercy and favour your Excellency has so generally procured from His Majesty for others, in my unfortunate circumstances. I am very sensible nothing can be alleged sufficient to excuse so great a crime as I have been guilty of, that of rebellion; but I humbly beg leave to lay before your Excellency some particulars in the circumstances of my guilt, which, I hope will extenuate it in some measure. It was my misfortune at the time the rebellion broke out, to be liable to legal diligence and caption at the Duke of Montrose's instance, for debt alleged due to him. To avoid being flung into prison, as I must certainly have been, had I followed my own inclination in joining the King's troops in Stirling, I was forced to take party with the adherents of the Pretender, for the country being all in arms, it was neither safe nor

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indeed possible, for me to stand neuter. I should not, however, plead my being forced into that unnatural rebellion against his Majesty, King George, if I could not, at the same time, assure your Excellency, that I not only avoided acting offensively against his Majesty's forces upon all occasions, but on the contrary, sent the Duke of Argyle all the intelligence I could, from time to time, of the strength and situation of the rebels, which, I hope his Grace will do me the justice to acknowledge. As to the debt to the Duke of Montrose, I have discharged it to the utmost farthing. I beg your Excellency will be persuaded, that had it been in my power, as it was in my inclination, I should always have acted for the service of his Majesty, King George, and that one reason for my begging the favour of your intercession with his Majesty for the pardon of my life, is the earnest desire I have to employ it in his service, whose justice, goodness, and humanity are so conspicuous to all mankind.

I am, with all duty and respect,
Your Excellency's
Most humble servant,
ROBERT CAMPBELL.

Unto
His Excellency,
Gen. G. WADE.

STANZAS TO THE MEMORY OF GRAY.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—The following simple lines were suggested by occasionally visiting the church, and church-yard, of Stoke, during the summer of 1822, as it was here that Gray wrote his Elegy, and the place where he is buried. Mr. Penn, the gentleman whose name is mentioned, appears to have been a great lover of poetry, as many quotations from Gray, and other poets appear in a small inclosure near the church. He is a descendant of the great founder of Pennsylvania.

T. Z.

LINES.

I love to lean upon thy tomb, oh, Gray,
Altho' not raised, in memory of thee,*
In ruminating mood, at close of day,
And muse upon thy worth and piety.

I love to sit within the antique porch,
And listen to the murm'ring of the breeze;
Or trace the pathway round the modest church,
Which meekly rises, midst surrounding trees:

For on the spot perchance, where I've reclined,
Thou hast been seated, or the pathway trod†
Which I so lately pac'd, with pious mind
To praise my maker, glorify my God!

And much, oh, noble Penn, I thee revere;
Whose taste could raise yon monumental stone,‡
'Midst the wild scenes, to Gray, so truly dear,
And make his modest worth, and virtues known,

To such as I, who wandering near the spot,
But for that stone, had never known, that he
Whose sweetest lays can never be forgot,
Rested so near in calm obscurity.

* Gray is buried in a tomb he piously raised to the memory of his mother and aunt, but it bears no mention of his own name.

† He wrote his Elegy in Stoke Church-yard.

‡ Mr. Penn has caused a neat monument to be erected in his grounds, very near the church, to the memory of Gray.

LENT; OR, A VISIT TO MY CATHOLIC FRIENDS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—Strolling along one of our public streets a short time ago, I accidentally cast my eye on a picture shop, and being no despiser of the Fine Arts, or in other terms, a bit of an admirer of such matters, I amused myself for an hour or so, in admiring beauties, and looking after defects; for a man is thought nothing of now, unless he can do the latter, and as for the former, why any body's opinion is as good as one's own, and second-hand judgment (which is always the safest) may be mistaken for good sense, in the present day, when to think and judge for one's self has degenerated into *ennui*. To proceed—all of a sudden my attention was attracted to a picture by Cox: how inimitable! said I to myself: how rural!—what would I give to be so near to the spot—this is a mere representation of, as to see the trees agitated by the gentle breeze of heaven—to inhale the breath of flowers, and brush the morning dew away; when it suddenly struck me, that I had had frequent invitations from the country, and as frequently had promised myself an airing. I posted home—got ready, muffled on my roquelaure—was on the coach (for I always prefered an outside birth, having a mortal antipathy, in case of vehicles overturning—to being crushed by a stout insider—when a toss from the roof might

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not be met with so many objections: and before I was hardly aware of the thing, was actually on the lawn in front of my friend's cottage. I was received with a serious welcome, I say serious, because my friend's face had a sombre cast, while his shake of the hand implied—I am rejoiced to see you.

It was a fine fresh morning, and I as hungry as a ploughman, and fain would have done more than looked at some "roast or boiled." The clock struck eight on my arrival, eleven, and breakfast was served up in due form. I looked about—no butter—a few dry biscuits and salt fish! I made no remarks, expecting every moment to see the servant with butter and eggs, for both of which my friends were famed, and of which I anticipated a *quantum sufficit;* at last I made bold to ask for both: my friends were shocked, the elder looking at me with surprise, exclaimed, "Know you not it is Lent? It immediately struck me that I was among Catholics, and I had already formed the resolution of quitting this house of fasting, when one of the younger hinted to the father that I was a traveller. Now travellers I find are allowed to gormandize, and so might I have done, but this would have disarranged the family regularity, and I, desirous of giving as little trouble as possible, was content to fare as they did. Dinner time—(guess my surprise!) the table actually groaned under the weight of good things. Fish of every sort in season—pies, tarts, custards, and every delicacy, to surfeit, in the fruit way. (here's fasting with a vengeance thought I.) I naturally asked, what made the crusts so rich? "only *butter*" was the reply, "Bless me!" I exclaimed, "I thought butter was prohibited in Lent." "Aye, in its unpurified state; but that which has been heated in the furnace is purified." Very feasable, thought I, so that it satisfy the conscience. Thus fared we through Lent, but not to the satisfaction of all parties, for many a sigh was heard, and many a wish that Lent were past, moved over the lip of each in turn, as the vision of more substantial viands dawned in the perspective. Observing this, I thought to myself of the girl who became a convert, that afterwards wished she had not been reformed till the fair was over: a fine proof truly of her reformation.

I do not mean to say there never was an exception to the above, for I verily believe there are as many good Catholics as Protestants, but where abstinence is to partake of every luxury, to do penance an irksome task, instead of pleasant duty, and the heart saddens when it should be joyous, as the hour of fasting approaches. I say, that religion is little better than a mockery. Yours, NIM.

THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE TO PRINCE LEOPOLD.

THE following lines were written by the late lamented Princess Charlotte as an inscription for a *papièr machee* snuff box, intended as a present to Prince Leopold. The box had on the lid a portrait of Her Royal Highness, from Hayter's excellent likeness. The inscription was written on white satin, and inserted in the inside of the lid.

To Claremont's terrac'd heights and Esher's groves,
Where in the sweetest solitude embraced,
By the soft windings of the silent mole,
From courts and cities, Charlotte finds repose.
Enchanting vale! beyond whate'er the muse
Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung;
A vale of bliss! O softly swelling hills,
On which the power of cultivation lies,
And joys to see the wonder of his toil.

ON THE MISLETOE.

(For the Mirror.)

THE misletoe is a remarable plant, as not growing in the earth, or soil, but upon the trunks or branches of other plants, mostly on those of the soft-wooded tree sorts, very often found in woods and orchards, in the ash, the hazel, the maple, the crab, and the apple tree. It is of the porasitic kind. It has a woody branchy growth and yellowish-green appearance, producing white transparent berries of a considerable size, which ripen themselves in the winter. It is for the most part increased by the seeds which are accidentally dispersed and deposited upon some parts of the trees by means of birds, commonly taking root and fixing themselves on the under sides of the boughs or branches, to which parts they have been washed by the rains or in other ways, being kept in such situations until they strike root, or plant their radical fibres in the bark between it and the wood, by their soft glutinous quality; the young plants growing downwards in a pendulous manner. The plants may also be propagated in garden or orchard plantations, by procuring some fully ripened berries or seeds in the winter, and sticking or rubbing them on the smooth parts of the under sides of the branches of some of the above kinds of trees, where they will grow as already noticed. They

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are chiefly grown for curiosity; but sometimes for medicinal purposes. It is found throughout Europe, and flowers in Spring. A sort of bird-lime is made of the viscid pulp of the berries. It is supposed to be the golden bough of Virgil, which was Æneas's passport to the infernal regions, and the sacred plant of the Druids still retains some respect in our churches and kitchens at Christmas, intermixed with holly.* The misletoe in Botany belongs to *Viscum*,† and is called *Viscum album*. The oaks of the Arcadian mountains contain the true ancient misletoe, called *Loranthus europæus;* which still serves to make bird-lime; whilst our misletoe, in Greece grows only on the silver fir—perhaps this circumstance accounts for the old preference of such misletoe as grows on the oak, among the ancient Britons, and consequently help us to trace the origin of their superstition to Greece.

P. T. W

* So called by Pliny.

† Some suppose this is Virgil's Acanthus, mentioned in his Eclogues or Georgics.

MISGIVINGS OF AN OLD BACHELOR.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—The task of gibbetting myself on paper is irksome at all seasons, nevertheless for the benefit of mankind, in the hope that similar illusions may thereby be dissipated, and that it will stipulate many to realize *seasonably* the solid happiness of the connubial state which I, alas, embraced too late in the day, I magnaniniously present you with this sincere self-memoir.

And valorously subscribe myself,
Hummums, Nov. 5. RAMFOOZLE.

Ætatis 30. Looked back through a vista of 10 years—remembered that at 20 I looked upon a man of 30 as a middle aged man—wondered at my error and protracted the middle age to 40—said to myself "40 is the age of wisdom"—reflected generally upon my past life—wished myself 20 again, and exclaimed "if I were but 20 what a scholar I could be by 30! but it's too late now"—looked in the glass—still youthful but getting rather fat—Smellfungus says "A fool at 40 is a fool indeed"—40 therefore must be the age of wisdom.

31. Read in the Morning Chronicle that a watchmaker in Paris aged 31 had shot himself for love! more fool the watchmaker—agreed that nobody fell in love after 20—Quoted Sterne—The expression *fall* in love, evidently shows love to be beneath a man—went to Drury Lane—saw Miss Incumpips in a side box—fell in love with her—received her ultimatum—was three months making up my mind (a long time for making up so small a parcel) when I learnt that she had eloped with a title—pretended to be devilish glad—took three turns up and down the library and looked in glass—getting rather fat and florid—Met a friend in Gray's Inn who said I was evidently in rude health—thought the compliment much ruder.

32. Passion for dancing rather on th decline—voted sitting out play and farce, one of the impossibilities—still in stage box three nights per week—sympathized with the public in their vexation at my non attendance the other three—can't please every body—began to wonder at the pleasure of kicking one's heels on a chalked floor 'till four in the morning—sold bay mare who reared at three carriages and shook me out of the saddle—thought saddle making rather worse than formerly—hair growing thin, bought a bottle of tricosian fluid—mem. 'a flattering unction.'

33. Hair thinner—serious thoughts of a wig—met an old collegian who wears one—devil in a bush—serious thoughts of letting it alone—met a fellow Etonian in the Mall, who told me I wore well! wondered what he could mean—gave up cricket club on account of the bad air about Paddington—could not run in without being out of breath.

34. Measured for a new coat—tailor proposed fresh measure, hinted something about bulk—old measure too short—parchment shrinks—shortened my morning ride to Hampstead and Highgate, and wondered what people could see at Hendon—determined never to marry—means dubious and expensive—counted eighteen bald heads in the pit at the opera—so much the better—the more the merrier.

35. Tried on an old great coat, and found it an old little one—cloth shrinks as well as parchment—red face in putting on shoes, bought a shoe horn—Remember quizzing uncle George for using one—then young and foolish—brother Charles's wife lay-in of her eighth child!—served him right for marrying so young as 21—age of discretion too!—hunting belts for gentlemen hung up in glovers' windows—longed to buy one but saw two ladies in shop cheapening elastic ties—three grey hairs in eye-brows.

36. Several grey hairs in whiskers—all owing to carelessness in manufacturing shaving soap—remember thinking father an old man at 36—settled the point—men aged sooner in former days—laid blame

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on flapped waistcoats and tie wigs—skaited on Serpentine—gout—very foolish exercise, only fit for boys—gave skaits to Charles's eldest boy.

37. Fell in love again—rather pleased to find myself not too old for the passion—Emma only 19—what then? women require protectors—day settled—devilishly frightened—too late to get off—luckily jilted, Emma married cousin James one day before me—again determined never to marry—turned off old tailor, and took to a new one in Bond-street—some of those fellows make a man look ten years younger—not that that was the reason.

38. Stuck rather more to dinner parties—gave up country dancing—money musk certainly more fatiguing than formerly—fiddlers play too quick—quadrilles stealing hither over the channel—thoughts of adding to "grown gentlemen taught to dance"—a friend dubbed me one of the over-grown—very impertinent and utterly untrue.

39. Quadrilles rising—wondered sober mistresses of families would allow their carpets to be beat after that fashion. Dinner parties increasing—found myself gradually tontineing it towards the top of the table—dreaded *ultima thule* of Hostesses elbow—good place for cutting turkies—bad for cutting jokes—wondered why I was always desired to walk up—met two school-fellows at Pimlico—both fat and red-faced—used to say at school they were both of my age—what lies boys tell!

40. Looked back ten years—remember at thirty thinking forty a middle aged man—must have meant fifty. Fifty certainly the age of wisdom—determined to be wise in ten years—wished to learn music and Italian. Tried logics—'twould not do—no defect in capacity—but those things should be learnt in childhood.

41. New furnished chambers—looked in new glass—chin still double—art of glass making on the decline—sold my horse, and wondered people could find any pleasure in being bumped—what were legs made for?

42. Gout again—that disease certainly attacks young people more than formerly—caught myself at a rubber of whist, and blushed—tried my hand at original composition, and found a hankering after epigram and satire—wondered I could never write love sonnets—imitated Horace's Ode, *Ne sit Anulla*—did'nt mean any thing serious—thought Susan certainly civil and attentive.

43. Bought a hunting belt—braced myself 'till ready to burst—corpulency not to be trifled with—threw it aside—young men, now a day, is much too small in the waist—read in the Morning Post—"A never failing specific—bought it—never the thinner though much the thicker.

44. Met Fanny Stapylton, (now Mrs. Meadows,) at Bullock's Museum—twenty-five years ago wanted to marry her—what an escape!—women certainly age much sooner than men—Charles's eldest son began to think himself a man—starched cravat and a cane!—what presumption—at his years I was a child—suppose he will soon be thinking of a wife—hinted my apprehension to brother Charles, but did'nt like his knowing look when he asked what benefit I had derived from prudent delay—thought of his eight children, but spared his feelings.

45. A few wrinkles about the eyes, commonly termed crows' feet—must have caught cold—began to talk politics, and shirk the drawing room—eulogized Garrick—saw nothing in Kean—talked of Lord North—wondered at the licentiousness of the modern press—why can't people be civil, like Junius and John Wilkes, in the good old times?

46. Rather on the decline, but still handsome and interesting—growing dislike to the company of young men—all of them talk too much or too little—began to call chambermaids at inns "my dear"—listened to a homily from a married friend, about family expenses—price of bread, and butcher's meat—did'nt care a jot if bread was a shilling a roll, and meat fifty pounds a calf—hugged myself in "single blessedness"—and wished him good morning.

47. Top of head quite bald—pleaded Lord Grey in justification—shook it on reflecting I was but three years removed from the age of wisdom—teeth sound, but not so white as heretofore—something the matter with the dentifrice—began to be cautious in chronology—bad thing to remember too far back—had serious thoughts of not remembering Miss Farrer.

48. Quite settled not to remember Miss Farrer—told Laura Willis that Palmer, (who died when I was nineteen), certainly did not look forty-three.

49. Resolved never to marry for any thing but money or rank.

50. Age of wisdom—married my cook! It would be tedious to pursue them beyond this critical period. May this brief chronicle of my dear bought experience prove abundantly useful.

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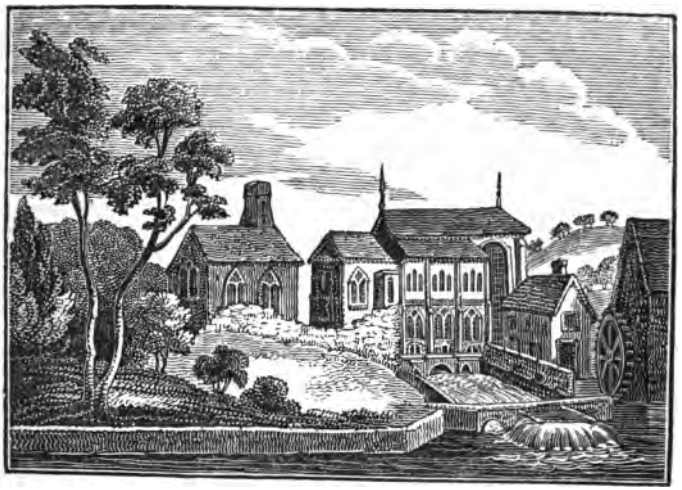
St. Winifred's Well.



In the second volume of the Mirror, p. 298, we gave a legendary history of the far-famed St. Winifred's Well, of which we now present an engraving, with some additional particulars of a more topographical description.

St. Winifred's Well in Flintshire, is one of the finest springs in the world, and gives the name to the town. The well pours out each minute, twenty-one tons of water, which runs through the middle of the town, is made use of by every house as it passes, after which it turns several mills, and is employed in various manufactures, which greatly increase the population of the place, and its neighbourhood. Over the spring, where a handsome bath has been erected, is a neat chapel, supported by pillars, and on the windows are painted the chief events of St. Winifred's, or, as it was anciently written, Wenefrede's life. About the well grows moss, which the ignorant and superstitious devotees most stupidly imagine to be St. Winifred's hair. This saint is reported to have been a virgin martyr, who lived in the seventh century, and, as the legend says, was ravished and beheaded in this place by a pagan tyrant: the spring having miraculously risen from her blood. Hence this bath was much frequented by Popish pilgrims, out of devotion, as well as by those who came to bathe in it for medicinal purposes. Mr. Pennant says, "the custom of visiting this well in pilgrimage, and offering up devotions there, is not yet entirely laid aside: in the summer a few are still to be seen in the water, in deep devotion, up to their chins for hours, sending up their prayers, or performing a number of evolutions round the polygonal well."

It might have been supposed that the present enlightened age would have been secure against a repetition of impostures of this kind; but Doctor Milner, a Catholic bishop, of Wolverhampton, has taken much pains to persuade the world that an ignorant proselyte, of the name of Winefred White, was there cured of various chronic diseases so late as the year 1804, by a miracle.

CHRISTMAS CAROL,

BY THE HONOURABLE R. SPENCER.

Be merry all, be merry all,
With holly dress the festive hall;
Prepare the song, the feast, the ball,
To welcome merry Christmas.

And, oh! remember, gentles gay,
For you who bask in fortune's ray,
The year is all a holiday,
The poor have only Christmas.

When you with velvets mantl'd o'er,
Defy December's tempest's roar,
Oh! spare one garment from your store,
To clothe the poor at Christmas.

From blazing loads of fuel, while
Your homes with in-door summer smile;
Oh! spare one faggot from the pile,
To warm the poor at Christmas.

When you the costly banquet deal
To guests who never famine feel;
Oh! spare one morsel from your meal,
To feed the poor at Christmas.

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When gen'rous wine your care controuls,
And gives new joy to happiest souls;
Oh! spare one goblet from your bowls,
To cheer the poor at Christmas.

So shall each note of mirth appear
More sweet to Heav'n than praise or pray'r,
And angels in their carols there
Shall bless the rich at Christmas.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

CASTLE BUILDERS.

It is well for man that his mental amusements are frequently calculated for restoring his intellectual faculties when they are wearied with exertion; and not a little singular that this renovation should be sometimes effected by the exercise of those functions which have been most recently in use. The mind, perhaps, never really tires; it is only the corporeal organs, through which impressions are received, that suffer fatigue, and require intervals of rest. Suppose we are exhausted ever so much by thinking on an abstruse subject for a long time together: let us lay it by and commence building castles in the air, we at once forget our exhaustion, lucid forms come before us, a fairy region opens to our view glittering with unrivalled splendours, bright suns scatter with their golden rays the lassitude that oppressed us, we make for ourselves a little heaven, and enjoy its glories,—all nature and art, the worlds of truth and fiction, lay their wealth before us, and the mind recovers itself in the enjoyment of its own air-woven paradise, and finds relaxation from what appears to be almost the cause of its suffering. I am fond of castle-building; and who is not? It is delightful to lay one's head on the pillow at night, and rear these airy edifices, which, though flimsy fabrics, it must be granted, amuse and restore the mind at the time we are at work upon them. Those who cannot thus indulge, may be very safely put down for dull unimaginative beings, having no buoyancy, mere ponderous clods—"leaden souls that love the ground." The castle-builder's is a region

> ---------- of calm and serene air
> Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
> Which men call earth.

He may visit the "sphery chime," command time, and subdue space. He may surmount physical impossibility, and with inexhaustible ardour follow his object over every impediment. Neither dungeons nor bars, situation nor climate, can rob him of his recreation.—Castle-building, to be brief, is an enjoyment less liable to be disturbed by external appliances than any other. It is essentially a thing of mind, an intellectual banquet. On retiring to rest when sleep flies from us, during a morning walk, or in an after-dinner chair, it is delightful to give place to this beguiler of mental *ennui*. The subject will necessarily always prove an agreeable one. Last night, after a series of complicated operations, and begging a question or two, I cut an excellent canal, from the Nicaragua lake into the Pacific ocean, communicating with the gulph of Nicoya. I calculated all probable obstacles, and soon overcame them. I entered into a treaty with the local government. I took levels, built my locks, and finally, in an hour or two, rendered the navigation a matter of small difficulty for vessels of six or seven hundred tons. I drew for money to carry on my work upon the sums allotted and expended for Northern expeditions, which I again collected into masses for my purpose, and found that I was possessed of ample funds; that Capt. Parry need labour no more among the Polar ice, that our merchants might ship goods to Panama *via* the gulph of Florida, and receive their returns in little more than the short space of time required for a Jamaica voyage, and that the East India Company might trade to China, and import teas and mandarins by the route of Cape Blanco. I had at last the satisfaction of seeing a British squadron, consisting of three-deckers, pass through my canal into the Pacific.

It is not a week ago since I purchased Fonthill, and having turned Farquhar and Phillips, and the buyers and jobbers, out of the temple, I completed the edifice on its original model. Here, within a day's journey of the metropolis, and with a property *in nubibus* not equal to what some of our rich ones possess, I determined to fix my earthly rest, and to labour for posterity. A gallery, as long as any conducting to the halls of Eblis, I devoted to sculpture, and to exact models of the antique. I visited Rome to obtain the casts of ancient works, and those of Michael Angelo and Canova. Another gallery I filled with a noble collection of paintings as numerous as select. Every thing was severely and tastefully arranged, and I suffered no gewgaws and toys of *virtu* to enter my apartments. No Chinese nor Kamschatkan saloons made even the day-light hideous, but a severe simplicity governed every thing. The great hall I fitted up as a library to contain books of every nation, tongue, and people. The tower was my observatory, and I

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constructed a great telescope, to which Herschel's at Slough, might serve as an eye-glass. I established a school for a hundred boys, taking good care to provide that the master should not have it in his power to subvert the founder's intention, and add to his profits by reducing his scholars to some half-a-dozen, a thing not uncommon in similar institutions—thanks to Mr. Brougham for the disclosure. I then made my will, and devised the whole to the Nation as a great seminary for public instruction without distinction of creed. I drew up a code of laws for its government, and provided that the students should learn something more than to be tolerable classics and mathematicians—something adapted to fit them for the active purposes of life, according to their respective prospects. In short, not to be tedious, I regulated my university agreeably to the state of modern discoveries and the present enlightened era, and rejected what smacked of monkish times, past superstitions, and all that in the present day is worse than useless. But I must not waste time in enumerating the kingdoms set free from despotism—public works constructed—triumphs of art achieved, and labours for the general benefit without number, which I have thus brought to perfection.

But I shall be told, perhaps, that all castle-building is "blear illusion," and that though every instance of it may not be followed by the consequences which overtook the unlucky castle-builder Alnaschar, the glass-seller, in the Arabian Nights, it is equally empty and unsubstantial. But I contend that it is better to build castles than not to employ the mind at all—than to lie down like the boor and steep both body and soul in oblivion, or to sit in one's after-dinner chair a very corpse with respect to intellectual action. The first hint thus casually afforded to the mind has been sometimes brought within the limits of possibility, shaped and fashioned for practical use, and ultimately proved of important service to society. Castle-building differs essentially from what students call "thinking;" in the latter case the mind is employed in one particular way upon a given subject with the greatest degree of intensity. No play is allowed to the imagination; but the mental fibre, if I may so express myself, the vibrations of which belong to that one subject, becomes overstretched and overworked, and is injured by being kept a long time acting in the same direction. Castle-building, on the contrary, adapts itself to all the different functions of the mind, and to those in a peculiar manner which are agreeable to us at the moment. It may thus be styled a sort of spiritual game, invigorating while it affords delight, and enabling us to return with fresh energy to close study. There is something highly agreeable in the quiescence we experience when we are rearing these shadowy edifices: fancy has full play, and we invent the most graceful images—our thoughts reflect "colours dipt in heaven"—an interval of that happiness is felt, which consists in an absence from every disagreeable sensation and the enjoyment of a delightful illusion. Thus in the midst of the turmoil of life, in the very jaws of care and sorrow, we snatch a momentary respite from the troubles that environ us. Our enjoyment is not like dreaming, defective in its essentials, the judgment at one time being asleep with the body, and at another time the memory, so that the images which appear before us are incongruous and defective. The castle-builder is awake in the full plenitude of his mental functions; he may ride, or walk, or sit, or lie, and enjoy his amusement.

But it is obvious that the architecture of the edifices so constructed will partake of the leading character of the individual that plans them, and be coloured with the hue of the habits and manners to which he has been accustomed. What an infinite variety of these schemes must be eternally at work, and how amusing a couple of hundred close-printed folios would be, descriptive of the better part of them, especially of those that are begotten by genius, and that

"Float in light visions round the poet's head."

Different nations also have their characteristics, agreeably to the peculiar impressions of each. The East is the centre of magnificent sensual castle-building, if we may judge from the fictions of the people. Incited by opium, the disciple of Mahomet sits stately and speechless upon his rich carpets for hours together, building palaces of topazes and emeralds, stocking his harems with the beauties of Paradise, and guarding them with the most faithful eunuchs of Africa, now lulled to repose by soft music in the midst of the luscious dances of the most beautiful Circassian slaves; quaffing rich wine for sherbet, slyly, out of ruby cups, in spite of the commands of the Koran; inflicting the bastinado even upon grand viziers; cutting off the heads of Christian dogs; impaling Israelites; exploring enchanted islands, and supping with Mahomet and Cajira in the third heaven. At a less magnificent extreme of castle-building, but equally delightful to the architect

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is the sober London citizen. His harem contains but one plump carneous fair-one, the emblem of plethoric vacuity, in whose presence he rears his more humble edifice over a pipe and brown stout after a calorific supper. The fabric which his less excursive and more humble fancy erects, will be limited by the possession of a brick house of two or three stories in the City-road, or in the purlieus of Hackney, a one-horse chaise, a hot joint every day, with added pudding to "solemnize the lord's," in a state of retirement from his shop in Cripplegate. His utmost stretch of mind never grasps a coach-and-four, nor does his notion of space extend much beyond Finchley in one direction, and Norwood in another; a steam-boat line to Margate, perhaps, excepted. Beyond this, the world, save through the speculum of a newspaper, is a *terra incognita*, and never enters into his fancies. Yet while contemplating the *Ultima Thule* of his desires, he is equally satisfied with the Turbaned Mussulman in the pomp of his paradisaical meditations. How infinite the variety between the before-mentioned extremes—the merchant gazing on his visionary plums, and aping the nobility at the West-end; the parson contemplating accumulated tithes, pluralities, mitres, and translations; lawyers dazzling themselves with the glitter of gold gathered from litigations, bankruptcies, and felonies, amid a harvest of human misery; statesmen enjoying premierships with submissive parliaments and easy sovereigns; painters with cartoons out-Raphaelling Raphael, and imagining themselves without rivals; booksellers, each with an army of Scotch novelists; courtiers with toy-shops, ribbons, and baubles; princes with newly usurped powers and uncontrolled authority; and authors with literary leisure and literary glory.—[*To be concluded in our next.*]

NATIONAL SONGS.—DIBDIN.

THE *Songs* of every nation must always be the most familiar and truly popular part of its poetry. They are uniformly the first fruits of the fancy and feeling of rude societies; and, even in the most civilized times, are *the only* poetry of the great body of the people. Their influence, therefore, upon the character of a country, has been universally felt and acknowledged. Among rude tribes, it is evident that their songs must, at first, take their tone from the prevailing character of the people. But, even among them, it is to be observed, that, though generally expressive of the fiercest passions, they yet represent them with some tincture of generosity and good feeling, and may be regarded as the first lessons and memorials of savage virtue. An Indian warrior, at the stake of torture, exults, in wild numbers, over the enemies who have fallen by his tomahawk, and rejoices in the anticipated vengeance of his tribe: but it is chiefly by giving expression to the loftiest sentiments of invincible courage and fortitude, that he seeks to support himself in the midst of his torments. 'I am brave and intrepid!' he exclaims,—'I do not fear death, nor any kind of torture! He who fears them is a coward—he is less than a woman. Death is nothing to him who has courage!' As it is thus the very best parts of their actual character that are dwelt upon even in the barbarous songs of savages, these songs must contribute essentially to the progress of refinement, by fostering and cherishing every germ of good feeling that is successively developed during the advancement of society. When selfishness begins to give way to generosity,—when mere animal courage is in some degree ennobled by feelings of patriotic self-devotion,—and, above all, when sensual appetite begins to be purified into love,—it is then that the popular songs, by acquiring a higher character themselves, come to produce a still more powerful reaction upon the character of the people. These songs, produced by the most highly gifted of the tribe,—by those who feel most strongly, and express their feelings most happily,—convey ideas of greater elevation and refinement than are as yet familiar, but not so far removed from the ordinary habits of thinking as to be unintelligible. The hero, who devotes himself to death for the safety of his country, with a firmness as yet almost without example in the actual history of the race,—and the lover, who follows his mistress through every danger, and perhaps dies for her sake,—become objects on which every one delights to dwell, and models which the braver and nobler spirits are thus incited to emulate. The songs of rude nations, accordingly, and those in which they take most pleasure, are filled with the most romantic instances of courage, fidelity, and generosity; and it cannot be supposed, that such delightful and elevating pictures of human nature can be constantly before the eyes of any people, without producing a great effect on their character.

The same considerations are applicable to the effects of popular ballads upon the most numerous classes of society, even in civilized nations. They, like the inhabitants of rude countries, have little but their songs to carry their fancy or their feelings beyond the dull realities of life;

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and these strains thus occupy much of their attention, and have a proportionate effect upon their minds. They constitute, therefore, a powerful engine either for good or ill. We can still remember their effect, at the beginning of the French Revolution, in working up the passions of the populace to phrenzy and madness. While indulging in the most horrible excesses, they rent the air with the '*Ca ira*,' or the '*Carmagnole*;'—and there cannot be a doubt, that the bloody and ferocious strain of the songs that were put into their mouths, had no inconsiderable share in the most strange and sudden transformation in the character of a whole nation, that ever was heard of in the history of the world. A very opposite instance of the effect of song-writing is to be found in the works of Dibdin, whose inimitable sea-songs have become, as it were, naturalized in the British Navy. By seizing, with exquisite skill, the finest parts of what we may call the national character of our sailors,—their courage, generosity, and simplicity of heart,—and embodying these in songs, wonderfully adapted, both to their tastes and those of more refined auditors, he succeeded in impressing on their minds such an admirable *beau ideal* of a British seaman, that it became, in no small degree, their endeavour to attain a resemblance to it. Dibdin was the Tyrtæus of modern times, and, like the Grecian Bard, well deserved the gratitude of his country.—*Edin. Rev.*

SONNET, FROM THE ITALIAN.

THERE is no God, the fool in secret said—
There is no God that rules on earth or sky:
Tear off the band that folds the wretch's head,
That God may burst upon his faithless eye.
Is there no God?—the stars in myriads spread,
If he look up, the blasphemy deny,
Whilst his own features in the mirror read,
Reflect the image of Divinity.
Is there no God?—the stream that silver flows,
The air he breathes, the ground he treads, the trees,
The flowers, the grass, the sands, each wind that blows,
All speak of God; throughout one voice agrees,
And eloquent his dread existence shows:
Blind to thyself, ah, see him, fool, in these.
London Magazine.

ANNUS MIRABILIS;

OR, A PARTHIAN GLANCE AT 1823.

January.—Dr. Doyle, a Roman Catholic Bishop, in his pastoral charge, recommends Orangemen to be *civil*; Orangemen and Papists not to be bigoted; nothing new under the sun. The Duke of Sussex swallows an embrocation at Bognor; Royal Dukes at public dinners, have swallowed stranger things, and no danger apprehended; Canonical clergy of Durham, convivially defended by the Reverend Dr. *Phil-pots*; to the best of his knowledge and belief, not a stall in the diocese that does not contain an animal overworked and under fed.

February.—Several wild swans seen flying over Brighton, to the no small amazement of several tame geese, who happened to be waddling along the Steine; the bills of the former said to be three inches long; those of the latter much longer. Two Englishmen, by mistake, confined all night in the Catacombs at Paris, let out next morning, by means of a skeleton key. Valentine's day Mr. Freeling applies to the Postmasser general for two waggons, to convey the extra letters, and for permission to get them drawn by the asinine inditers, yoked in pairs.

March.—Lord *Manners* refuses to dine with the Lord Lieutenant. *Query*, Title in abeyance when the note was transmitted? Action brought by Mr. *Cruikshank* against the proprietor of a stage coach, for breaking his leg; most ungrateful return for an intended benefit.

April.—Old woman taken for a witch at Taunton; and Mr. Ex. Sheriff Parkins for the Goddess Justice in London, owing to his skill in holding a balance in hand. Mrs. M'Kinnon executed for murder at Edinburgh. General averment in all the Scottish Journals that the family of M'Kinnon is originally Irish, and not Scotch. Cork mail runs one day without being fired at from behind a hedge. —"Then is dooms-day near."

May.—Easter hunt; droves of unhorsed Londoners find their way as they can, from Epping Forest to Bishopsgate-street—"all on foot he fights." Lady Mayoresses Easter Ball; great scrambling after *ices* in the Egyptian Hall. *Query* isis.

June.—An old soldier advertises to quell *the* Irish rebellion for 10,000*l.* *Query* which of them?

July.—The proprietors of Vauxhall Gardens inform the public, that "nothing can damp their ardour;" certainly, if the present weather cannot, nothing can. By a fatal accident, (and it may be

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added, an unaccountable one,) the *perpetual* curate of Sawley loses his life. Much money taken at a door in Fleet-street by a speculator, who exhibited, at a shilling a head, a live man who had *not* been to Fonthill Abbey.

August.—The ghost of John Knox makes its appearance in Cross-street, Hatton Garden, arrayed in black whiskers, and a dandy shirt collar. Prince Hohenloe miraculously cures "a lady of respectability, who had been for many years one of the religious community of *Ranelagh*;" the chief part of the miracle being the conversion of a fashionable community into a religious one.

September.—A London Gazette is published without a single *whereas*: in the evening the several tradesmen illuminated their houses. Fall of the Trocadero announced upon the Royal Exchange; benevolent hope expressed by an Alderman that it did not hurt any body.

October.—In consequence of the projected improvements in St. James's Palace, several *old* women have received notice to quit.—Memorial of a murdered gentleman inserted in the Dublin papers.

November.—Mr. Sinclair the singer desires the temperature of his sitting room, not wishing to be "thought a greater fool than he is," Mr. Maberley's horse bazaar is removed to the winter theatres. The Author of Waverley said to have a curious mode of acquainting his domestics of his wants, by having the words "breakfast, lunch, dinner, supper," painted upon a board. N.B. The only poet on record who can call for four meals a day. A 50*l.* bill said to be swallowed by a donkey at Liverpool, and the printed statement of it swallowed by several of the species in London.

December.—Dreadful storm of wind blows over the metropolis: an eddy of the remorseless gale carries divers schoolboys prematurely to town for the Christmas holidays; numerous caitiffs in white great coats are blown from their own houses into those of other people, muttering something about the compliments of the season, and dinner-cards, whisk through the air bringing heterogeneous relations together on Christmas-day.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

JOSEPH'S LAMENT.*

GRIMALDI gone!—we scarcely know where we are; we scarcely know how to write! He was so entirely rich! There was his first distorted escape out of his disguise—his cavern of a mouth—his thievish eye—his supple limb—and most undoubted laugh—What decay on earth can have mastered all these?—Go to!—He is *not* retired!—We will not believe it. Yet, alack! his name is not in the bills—"Clown, Mr. J. S. Grimaldi." Oh, villanous J. S.! It should be "Clown, Mr. Grimaldi,"—or Pantomime should betake itself to its weeds—and pine in perfect widowhood. We will say, without a fear of contradiction, that there not only never was such a clown, but that there never will be such another!

Grimaldi requires rest;—that must be all,—and that we can imagine to be possible. No doubt, instead of pulling on his motley inexpressibles,—and preparing his large lucky bag of a pocket, he is now sitting by a cozey fire, with a spoonful of Madeira in his eye, and *J. S.* (good in his way, but no Joe) listening to the clownish reminiscences of his inimitable papa: perhaps he speaketh thus—but one should *see* him speak!—

Adieu to Mother Goose!—adieu—adieu
To spangles, tufted heads, and dancing limbs,—
Adieu to Pantomime—to all—that threw
O'er Christmas' shoulders a rich robe of whims!

Never shall old Bologna—old, alack!—
Once he was young and diamonded all o'er
Take his particular Joseph on his back
And dance the matchless fling, so loved of yore.

Ne'er shall I build the wondrous verdant man,
Tall, turnip-headed,—carrot-finger'd,—lean;—
Ne'er shall I, on the very newest plan,
Cabbage a body;—old Joe Frankenstein.

Nor make a fire, nor eke compose a coach,
Of saucepans, trumpets, cheese, and such sweet fare;
Sorrow hath ta'en my number:"—I encroach
No more upon the chariot,—but the chair.

Gone is the stride, four steps, across the stage!
Gone is the light vault o'er a turnpike gate!
Sloth puts my legs into its tiresome cage,
And stops me for a toll,—I find, too late!

How Ware would quiver his mad bow about
His rosin'd tight ropes—when I flapp'd a dance:

* Grimaldi, so long the favourite clown at Covent-Garden Theatre, does not appear in the Pantomime this season on account of ill health. He is succeeded by his son Mr. J. S. Grimaldi, "a worthy son of such a sire."—ED.

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How would I twitch the Pantaloon's good gout
And help his fall—and all his fears enhance!
How children shriek'd to see me eat!—How I
Stole the broad laugh from aged sober folk!
Boys pick'd their plumbs out of my Christmas pie,—
And people took my vices for a joke.

Be wise,—(that's foolish)—tumblesome! be rich—
And oh, J. S. to every fancy stoop!
Carry a ponderous pocket at thy breech,
And roll thine eyes, as thou wouldst roll a hoop.

Hand Columbine about with nimble hand,
Covet thy neighbour's riches as thy own;
Dance on the water, swim upon the land,
Let thy legs prove themselves bone of my bone.

Cuff Pantaloon, be sure—forget not this:
As thou beats him, thou'rt poor, J. S. or funny!
And wear a deal of paint upon thy phiz,
It doth boys good, and draws in gallery money.

Lastly, be jolly! be alive! be light!
Twitch, flirt, and caper, tumble, fall, and throw!
Grow up right ugly in thy father's sight!
And be an "absolute Joseph," like old Joe!

PETER PINDARICS;

OR, JOE MILLER VERSIFIED.

Tho' Fontenelle with pleasing toil,
Had taught his cook to dress with oil,
Asparagus, and made a splutter
If e'er he saw drest with butter;
Yet when he kindly asked to dine,
To crack his walnuts, sip his wine,
A fat and butter-loving priest,
He ordered half the dish at least,
Should, in compliance with this whim,
With butter be prepared for him.
In vain, alas! was this intended,
By sudden death his days were ended.
The Abbe sunk to rise no more;
His friend rushed quickly to the door,
And loudly his commands exprest,
Let all, let all with oil be drest.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

I should like much to know, how to manage a house!
Why, then, take for example the good Mrs. Douce!
She's certainly saving, for she's nearly fourscore!
And has ever, as yet, kept the wolf from the door.—
She certainly has, you are right Sir, enough
If he peep'd, he would never stay longer.—
Stomachs, much less than his, should they there make a stay,
Most certain, would soon die of hunger.

ECONOMY.

At a time of general scarcity, the great Emperor Acbar went to visit the tomb of a Saint, buried at Corrub, near Delhi. On his return, he alighted at a house on the road to rest himself; while conversing there with his vizier, he perceived at his foot a grain of corn; the monarch, whose mind was constantly occupied with the sufferings of his people, took it up, gave it to his vizier, desired him to sow it, and to render him an account every year of its produce. At the end of ten years it had so multiplied, that after making large distributions among the poor, the surplus, sold by order of the Emperor, was sufficient to defray the expense of building a mosque. Acbar erected it on the spot where he had found the grain of corn, wishing thus to render thanks to the goodness of the Omnipotent, and leave to posterity a monument of the fruits of industry and perseverance.

SINGULAR CUSTOM.

A singular custom prevails at West Wickham, in Kent, and its neighbourhood, which seems worth recording. In Rogation week, a troop of young men run about the orchards, with a great noise and tumult, bawling out these lines:—

Stand fast, root; bear well top;
God send us a jouling sop;
Every twig, apple big,
Every bough, apples enow.

For this they expect money or liquor, or both; and if disappointed, leave the place with a curse, expressed in some such doggerel rhimes. The meaning of the word *jouling* may puzzle more profound antiquaries than we profess to be. Hasted's idea, that it comes from Eolus, god of the winds, is ridiculous enough; there is much more probably some affinity between the *jouling* of the Kent youths, and Ule or Jule games, so frequent in the northern parts of this kingdom. Dr. Hammond has an opinion that it comes immediately from the Latin word *jubilum*, which means a time of festivity.

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CAUTION TO SWEARERS.

Norfolk, June, 1819.—Two young men, in company at a public-house at Lynn, in Norfolk, engaged, for a pot of beer, to try which could swear the most diabolical oaths; when one of them, after using the most abominable expressions, became exhausted, and could not utter a syllable, and has remained speechless ever since; a living example to those who take God's name in vain.

CIVIC ERUDITION.

THE Lord Mayor of London, at the time of the riots in 1780, being asked by Lord North why he did not call upon the *posse comitatus?* Answered, "I would have done so, but deuce take the fellow, I don't know where he lives."

TO MIRA,

WHO, on the Author complaining of heat, commenced fanning him.

Cease, Lovely Mira, cease thy care;
Thy gentle efforts are in vain,
The undulations of the air:
Alas they but increase the pain.
Each sparkle of thine eyes commands,
With fire a thousand atoms blaze;
And wafted by thy lily hand,
My breast receives the burning rays.

D. K.

Extremes meet—A man of sober habits when drunk, has the same kind of stupidity about him, that an habitual drunkard has when he chances to be sober.

SONG TO MISS C——.

(By Dr. H. Campbell.)

OH, could'st thou think I ever lov'd,
Or thought of other maid,
Since first thy pleasing smiles I prov'd
On which my soul delay'd?

No, never Mary, could this heart,
Another's semblance wear;
Thine still shall be its dearest part
By Love, dear maid, I swear.

Then why upbraid me thus with scorn
That "others share thy power—
"That I for them may live and mourn
And curse my natal hour."

'Tis cruel Mary thus to wring
An heart that beats for thee—
Oh, cease and smile, and Hope will spring
Again with joys for me.

Useful Domestic Hints.

THE following is a Recipe, given in an American Paper, to make a very beautiful paint for the walls of staircases and lobbies, the cost of which is less than one-fourth of that of oil colour, and the beauty far superior:—

Take four pounds of Roman vitriol, and pour on it a tea-kettle full of boiling water; when dissolved, add two pounds of pearl ash, and stir the mixture well with a stick, until the effervescence ceases, then add a quarter of a pound of pulverised yellow arsenic, and stir the whole together; let it be laid on with a paint or white-wash brush, and if the wall has not been painted before, two, or even three coats will be requisite. To paint a common sized room with this colour, will not cost more than five or six dollars. If a pea-green is required put in less, and if an apple-green, more of the yellow arsenic.

To improve Water for Drinking.—The following plan may be adopted for this purpose:—Let the water, when boiled, be put into a common barrel-churn, where it may be agitated to any degree that may be wished for. In the course of its being thus agitated, it will absorb atmospheric air, and other elastic fluids with which it may come in contact. It will thus become a liquor, safe, palatable, and wholesome; to be obtained with little trouble and expense; and accessible in its utmost perfection, to the poorest individual.

To render Water peculiar Wholesome and Palatable.—Those who wish to drink this wholesome beverage in its utmost perfection, should, after having it boiled and filtrated, cause it to be churned as above directed, then bottled, with a couple of dried raisins in each bottle; this will give it a sufficient quantity of fixed air. If then used, it becomes truly delicious.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

We are unavoidably compelled to defer our decision on the communications we have received from numerous Correspondents, until our next.

Otiosus. P. T. W. Tim Tobykin, and ††, will find letters at our office, directed for them, on Wednesday next, for which they are requested to send.

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The Mirror

OF

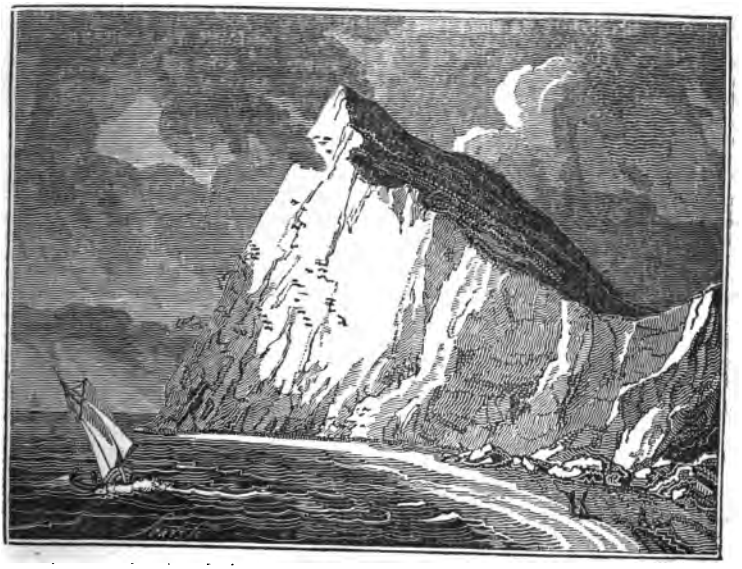
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. LXVI.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1824. [PRICE 2d.

Illustrations of Shakspeare.

No. II.

SHAKSPEARE'S CLIFF.



NAVIGATORS give their names to the countries, islands, creeks and bays they discover, and warriors receive titles from the scenes of their triumphs. Shakspeare has done more—since his name has been given to a promontory from the circumstance of his having so beautifully described it in his "immortal verse." No person who has visited Dover and seen that

> "Cliff whose high and bending head
> Looks fearfully on the confused deep,"

but must have felt the force aud correctness of the following description of it, in the tragedy of King Lear.

> "How fearful
> And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
> The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air
> Shew scarce so gross as beetles; half way down,
> Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
> Methinks he seems no bigger than his head;
> The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
> Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark,
> Diminish'd to her cock: her cock, a buoy.
> Almost too small for sight; the murmuring surge,
> That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
> Cannot be heard so high:—I'll look no more,
> Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
> Topple down headlong."

Shakspeare's Cliff is, indeed, a place from whose dread summit

> "Look up a-height:—The shrill-gorged lark so far,
> Cannot be seen or heard."

This bold and lofty Cliff, which bears the name of our great dramatic poet, breasts the surge on the south-west side of Dover harbour. Samphire is still gathered from it, as described by Shakspeare, and the whole preserves the reality which the poet has embodied in his inimitable description. So fearful indeed does the lofty cliff appear in the poet's verse, that one of his commentators declares that he never transported himself even in imagination to the brink of the precipice, without feeling a degree of giddiness as he measured the frightful depth beneath.

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Of this Cliff, so consecrated by the muse and the name of Shakspeare, the engraving copied from a sketch drawn on the spot, presents a good and picturesque likeness. The Cliff has, within the last few weeks, been somewhat dilapidated by the fall of a large body of the chalk of which it is formed, but it still exhibits a scene terrific, yet grand.

Of all the immortal works of our great bard, there is none more calculated to excite our concern, or to engage our sympathies, than the tragedy of King Lear—none in which the mighty resources of Shakspeare's transcendant genius are more eminently displayed; whether we regard its variety of character, its contrasted and conflicting passions, or the rapid succession of the interesting events which form this play.

Shakspeare's commentators have almost universally agreed in ascribing the story of King Lear to Geoffrey of Monmouth, from whom, or from some old legends borrowed from his book, they conclude that our great poet derived his information. It is true that the story is to be found in the works of this historian, but it there appears under the disadvantage of a slovenly translation into Latin from an ancient Welsh history, entitled, *Brut y Brenhinoedd*, or Chronicle of the Kings, written by Tysilio, a Welsh bishop, at the close of the seventh century, and so called because it gives a history of all the kings of Britain, from Brutus down to Cadwaladr, the last nominal sovereign, who abdicated the throne in the year 686. Although there are several MS. copies of this Chronicle in existence, one of which is preserved in Sir Robert Cotton's collection in the British Museum; yet not one of the English commentators on Shakspeare seems to have been aware even of the existence of such a document.

The tragedy of Shakspeare varies in several particulars from the Chronicle of Tysilio: the names have also been modernized or Anglicised; thus Llyr has been altered into Lear. The names of his three daughters, which, in the Welsh Chronicle, are Goronilla, Regan, and Cordeilla, are softened by the poet into those of Goneril, Regan, and Cordelia. The Welsh name for Scotland used in the original MS. is Alban, whence came the Albany of Shakspeare. In the original story there are many points not preserved in the tragedy, and the poet has also engrafted many incidents on the Welsh story, particularly the episode of Gloucester and his sons, taken from Sydney's Arcadia; and the character of the Steward, borrowed from the "Mirrour of Magistrates" Nor has he adhered to the original story in killing Cordelia as he has done during the life of her father; which, as Dr. Johnson observes, is not so consonant with our ideas of justice.

In the Welsh story the affection of Cordeilla is strongly depicted; she is represented as having retired to Paris, whither Llyr repaired when he had experienced the ingratitude of Goneril and Regan. On hearing of her father's approach, attended by a single knight only, she sent him the means of providing a retinue more worthy of a British monarch. He has an interview with the King of France (Aganippus), whose aid to recover his kingdom he implores. The French Monarch determines on restoring Llyr, and gives him the government of France while he raises a powerful army. When this army was assembled, "it was agreed in council to send Cordeilla with Llyr, lest the French should not be obedient to him; and Aganippus commanded the French, as they valued their souls and at their peril, to be as obedient to Llyr and to his daughter as they would be to himself. When they had taken leave, they set off towards the Isle of Britain, and against them came Maglon, Prince of Scotland, and Henwyn, Prince of Cornwall, with all their power, and fought gallantly and severely with them; but owing to the French being so numerous, it did not avail them, for they were put to flight and pursued, and a multitude of them slain. And Llyr and his daughter subdued the island before the end of the year, from one sea to another, and chased his two sons-in-law away out of the island.

After they had reduced the island, they governed it for a long time in peace and quietness, until the death of Llyr, when "Cordelia took the government of the Isle of Britain, and she managed it for five years in peace and tranquillity; and in the sixth year rose her two nephews, sons of her sisters, who were young men of great fame, namely, Morgan, the son of Maglon, Prince of Scotland, and Cunedda, the son of Henwyn, Prince of Cornwall; and they assembled an army, and made war on Cordelia; and after frequent conflicts between them, they subdued the island and took her and confined her in prison. And when she thought of her former grandeur, which she had lost, and that there remained no hopes that she should be again restored, out of excessive anguish she killed herself, which was done by stabbing herself with a knife under her breast, so that she lost her soul. And thereupon it was adjudged, that it was the foulest death of any for a person to kill himself."

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Leisure Hours.

No. II.

Poscimur, si quid vacui sub umbra
Lusimus tecum, quod et hunc in annum
Vivat et plures. HOR.

THE first specimen of my LEISURE HOURS will comprise a few singular customs, which may not, perhaps, be generally known. The reader shall have them without further preface.

READING AT MEALS.

The changes of habits and manners are, in no case, more apparent or more curious than in the difference of deportment at meals between the ancients and moderns. The Greeks and Romans always employed servants to read to them on these occasions: by the former they were called *anagnostes*, and by the latter *lectores*; and it appears from Servius, that women were occasionally employed in this office, as he describes one as *lectrix*. The Emperor Severus was accustomed to read himself at table; and Cornelius Nepos relates of Atticus, that he never supped without doing so, that "his mind," quoth the historian, "might not be less delighted than his stomach." In Greece it was customary to have the praises of great men sung during meal time; and these effusions were called *acroamata*. The general practice, however, like all others, was, in time, exposed to abuse; and, accordingly, we learn from Martial, that a certain poetaster, called Ligurinus, was wont to recite his own poems at table to the great disgust of his guests. It would be well, perhaps, if certain reciters of our times were to take a hint from this anecdote. But, to return, the same custom is mentioned by Eginhard to have been kept up by Charlemagne, who had the lives and exploits of ancient princes read to him while at table; and St. Augustin ascribes a similar practice to the clergy and monks of his day. Of a nature corresponding with the readers above-mentioned are the story-tellers of the East, of whom persons of rank generally employ two or three, male or female, to amuse them with tales when melancholy or indisposed, and often to lull them asleep. Sir William Temple, in his Essays, notices a similar custom amongst the Irish, who had formerly their story-tellers, descended, as he thinks, from the old Irish bards. The duty of the Domestic Bard at the court of the Welsh princes was also, according to the Laws of Howell, nearly the same; instead of reciting tales, he was to sing songs.

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

With reference to that part of Daniel's interpretation of the hand-writing at Belshazzar's feast, in which he says, "thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting," it is curious to find, that a custom of actually weighing kings is related in Sir Thomas Roe's Voyage to India. From this it may be inferred, that the foregoing scriptural passage may be taken in a more literal sense than it is generally supposed to bear.

HOWLING AT FUNERALS.

This custom, so common in the sister island, seems to have been both ancient and general. It was called by the Greeks *Sternotupia*, and was in use among several nations of old. Dr. Clarke, in his Travels in Asia, describes it as very general amongst the Arabs; and we find, from the Narrative of the Congo Expedition, published in 1818, that it is of common use at Embomma in Africa. The Romans had their *præficæ*, whose particular duty it was to superintend the mode of lamentation at funerals.

POPE JOAN.

The papal chair, it is well known, is thought to have been once filled by a woman. This was Pope Joan, as she is generally called, or John VII., who was pope during the ninth century. She is described to have been of very dissolute manners, and, consequently, to have brought great disgrace on the pontifical dignity. On this account, measures were taken to prevent the recurrence of such an opprobrium; and Sabellicus tells us, "it was decreed no one should thereafter be admitted into St. Peter's chair, *priusquam perforatam sedem futuri Pontificis genitalia ab ultimo diacono cardinale attrectarentur.*" Such is his account, which, for special reasons, I prefer giving in the original. Sabellicus adds, that this porphyry chair was to be seen, in his time, in the Pope's palace; but Platina is of opinion, that it was designed for another use.

"Non nostrum tantas componere lites."

But, be all this as it may, it appears that, in consequence of Pope Joan's incontinent life, the popes, until of late times, were accustomed, in their processions, when they reached the place of her private residence, to turn out of the road into a bye way, and, having passed the obnoxious spot, to return to the original route. The mode of electing the popes, above noticed, is thought, by some, to be a mere fiction; but, whether it be so or not, it gave birth to an epigram on the election of Innocent

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VIII., which I shall here transcribe. The author is Michael Marullus:

Quid quæris testes, sit mas an fœmina Cibo?
Respice natorum, pignora cesta, gregem.
Octo nocens pueros genuit, totidemque puellas;
Hunc merito poterit dicere Roma *Patrem*.

DAY AND NIGHT.

It has been very plausibly surmised, from what Moses says in the first chapter of Genesis, respecting the Hebrew *Nuc-themeron* ("and the evening and the morning were the first day"), that it began with the evening. And it may corroberate this hypothesis to notice, that the ancient Britons and Saxons seem to have reckoned time in the same way. Cæsar particularly alludes to the custom as existing among the Gauls, who are known to have been of kindred descent with the Britons; and it may be inferred from our ordinary expressions of "fortnight" and "se'nnight," that it was also prevalent amongst the Saxons.

EMBALMING.

Archbishop Tillotson supposes the custom of embalming so common amongst the ancient Egyptians, to be alluded to in that verse of Ecclesiastes, where Solomon says, "a good name is better than precious ointment," chap. vii. verse 1. The meaning of this expression Tillotson considers to be, that "a good name" after death is better than the preservation or embalming of the body by "precious ointment."

ROMAN MOURNING.

It was a custom amongst the Romans to mourn ten months after the death of any near relative; and during this period they considered it inauspicious to attempt any enterprise of importance. Bossu, the French critic, arguing from this practice, in his attempt to prove the duration of the Æneid, presumes that Æneas did not leave Sicily until about ten months after the death of his father; because, as founder of the Roman empire, it was his duty to give an example of the customs and rites to be used by his posterity, and, consequently, that it would have been inconsistent with such a character for him to have undertaken the descent upon Italy during the time of mourning for the death of Anchises. But is not Bossu arguing from a fact in support of a fiction? Let the learned decide. OTIOSUS.

THE HISTORY OF BEARDS, WHISKERS, HAIR, BARBERS, AND HAIR-CUTTING.

(For the Mirror.)

VARIOUS have been and still are the ceremonies and customs of different nations with regard to the beard. The Tartars once waged a long and bloody war with the Persians, and declared them infidels, though, in other respects, of the same faith with themselves, merely because they would not cut their whiskers after the mode or rite of the Tartars. The Spartans, from the age of twenty years, suffered their hair and beards to grow; the hair being deemed an ornament which became the freeman and warrior. A Spartan being once asked why he wore so long a beard, replied, "Since it is grown white it incessantly reminds me not to dishonour my old age." The Assyrians had long beards; and Chrysostom observes, that the kings of Persia had their beards woven or matted together with gold threads. Some of the first kings of France had, in the same manner, their beards matted and knotted with gold. The Africans wore long beards, as may be seen on the medals of Juba. The Greeks always wore their beards till the time of Alexander, when he commanded the Macedonians to be shaven, lest the length of their beards should give a handle to their enemies. The Romans for a long time wore beards and long hair. Pliny says the Romans did not begin to shave till the year of Rome 454. Scipio Africanus was the first who introduced the mode of shaving every day.* (To whose memory the cutlers of Sheffield ought to erect a statue of steel.) The philosophers, however, retained the beard; and the military men wore it short and frizzled, as we see it upon the triumphal arches and other monuments. In the time of grief and affliction they suffered their beard and hair to grow, as was the case with M. Livius in his retirement from Rome, and with Augustus after the defeat of Varus. The Greeks, on the contrary, in time of grief, cut their hair and shaved their beards (see Seneca); which was also the custom among some barbarian nations. The first fourteen Roman emperors shaved till the time of the Emperor Adrian, who retained the mode of wearing the beard. Plutarch tells us he did it to hide the scars in his face. Among the Catti, (a nation of Germany, a young man was not allowed to shave or cut his hair till he had slain an enemy (see Tacitus). Among the Jews it was reckoned ignominious to shave a person's beard, (2 Sam. x. 4). The day on which the young men, among the Greeks and Romans, first shaved the beard, was a festival; visits of ceremony were paid them; and they received pre-

* It is calculated that a person (shaving every day) makes in one year 43,800 strokes with the razor.

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sents from their friends (see Juvenal). Augustus did not shave before the age of twenty-five. Slaves among the Romans wore their beards and hair long; when manumitted they shaved the head on the Temple of Feronia, and put on a cap or "*peleus*" as a badge of liberty. Those who escaped from shipwreck shaved their heads; and persons acquitted of a capital crime cut their hair and shaved, and went to the capitol to return thanks to Jupiter.

Le Comte observes, that the Chinese affect long beards extravagantly; but nature has balked them, and only given them very little ones, which, however, they cultivate with great care. The Europeans are strangely envied by them on this account.

Upon the death of Henry IV. of France, who was succeeded by a beardless youth, the beard was proscribed. Louis XIII. ascended the throne of his glorious ancestors without a beard; and his courtiers immediately reduced their beards to whiskers, which continued in fashion at the commencement of the reign of Louis XIV., who, as well as his courtiers, were proud of wearing them, so that they wore the ornament of Turenne, Condé, Colbert, Corneille, Moliere, &c.

In Spain, Philip V. ascended the throne with a shaved chin; the courtiers imitated the prince, and their example was followed by the people. The change, however, produced lamentations and murmurs. Hence arose the Spanish proverb, denoting, "Since we have lost our beards, we have lost our souls." The Portuguese have imitated them in this respect. In the reign of Catherine Queen of Portugal, when the brave John de Castro had taken the castle of Diu in India, he was under the necessity of borrowing from the inhabitants of Goa a thousand pistoles for the maintenance of his fleet; and as a security for the loan, he sent them one of his whiskers, telling them, "all the gold in the world cannot equal the value of this national ornament of my valour; and I deposit it in your hands as a security for the money." The inhabitants of Goa, it is said, generously returned both the money and his whisker. The ancient Britons shaved the body, except the head and the upper lip, as well as the Gauls. The Normans had a great aversion to beards. Among them, to allow the beard to grow was an indication of the deepest distress and misery. William the Conqueror compelled the English to shave their upper lips and beards, so that some choose rather to abandon their country than to resign their whiskers. In the fourteenth century long beards were in fashion; those of Bishop Gardiner and Cardinal Pole appear in their portraits of an uncommon size. The lawyers had a regulation imposed upon this important feature. Among the Turks and Persians the beard is a mark of authority and liberty. The Moors of Africa hold by their beards while they take an oath. The Turkish wives kiss their husbands' beards, and children their father's, as often as they come to salute them. The Jews wear a beard on the chin, but not on the upper lip or cheeks. It is the practice of the Indians of North America to pluck out the beard by the roots from its earliest appearance; and hence their faces appear smooth. Anointing the beard was practised by the Jews and Romans, and still continues in use among the Turks. The latter, when they comb their beards, hold a handkerchief on their knees, and gather very carefully the hairs that fall; and when they get together a certain quantity, they fold them up in a paper, and carry them to the place where they bury the dead. Plucking the beard was practised to cynics by way of contempt. Touching the beard was an action anciently used by supplicants.

Pliny says, that the ancient Greeks had a custom of touching the chin of a person, whose compassion they wished to excite: the chin being substituted for the beard. Among the ancient French, the beard was the most sacred pledge of protection and confidence. For a long time, all letters issuing from the sovereign, had, for greater satisfaction, three hairs of his beard in the seal. For which a charter was made in the year 1121. The Russian nobility formerly nourished their beards, which continued amongst them till the Czar, Peter the Great, compelled them to part with these ornaments, sometimes by laying a swinging tax upon them; and, at others, by ordering those he found with beards, to have them pulled up by the roots, or shaved with a blunt razor,* which drew the skin after it, and by these means, scarce a beard was left in the kingdom at his death: but, such a veneration had this people for those ensigns of gravity, that many of them carefully preserved them in their cabinets, to be buried with them; imagining, perhaps, they should make but an odd figure in the grave with their naked chins. So much for beards—in our next we shall give an account of the operators thereon.

To be concluded in our next.

* Hudibras says,

"And cut square by the *Russian* standard,
A torn beard's like a tatter'd ensign,
That's bravest which there are most rents in."
See part II. Canto I. line 172.

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THE TREAD MILL,

BY JACOB JONES ESQ. OF THE INNER TEMPLE.

Ingenious thought! old Nature to invert,
And make the feet do duty---for the hands!---
The hands have work'd for many thousand years,
For many thousand years now work the feet!
Behold the human squirrels! round and round,
Treading the never-ending cylinder;
The *incorrigible* rogues! that wise man send
To *Houses of Correction*, there to learn,
That labour is indeed a curse:
With pains and perils, there to "Mill the Air,"
With strains and achings, therefrom to depart,
Lesson'd to work at,---nothing!---
To learn this wond'rous lesson, and unlearn
The other habits of industrious years:
Lo! woman, stretch'd, disfigur'd, on the wheel!
Stung with a sense of shame, a dread of ill,
'Tware infamy, for other eyes to see;
All little remnant of that self respect,
Strong to reclaim, extinguish'd in the feeling
Of utter, and o'erwhelming degradation---
Fie on these manias, that o'erdo all good
To perfect evil, these precipitate jumps
At excellence, which hurl it to the ground:
These plans concerted without proper planning:
These quackish nostrums; let the Tread Mill flourish
For just prevention of the thefts of mice:
Or comfort of young ladies who delight
To see the captive squirrel wind his cage---
But let not nature be abus'd, nor man
Converted to *a sorry turnspit, tramp*
A profitless, debasing, cruel round
Of toil---nor woman be expos'd
To all that man can suffer, and thrice more!!

The Novelist.

No. XLIV.

ST. RONAN'S WELL.

SOME thirty years ago, a gentleman-like person, between the age of twenty-five and thirty, arrived at the little village of St. Ronan, situated on the southern side of the Forth, about thirty miles from the English border. This village, now sunk into decay, had been once the residence of the Mowbrays, a powerful family, connected with the Douglases. Only two houses of any consequence now remained; the Mause, or clergymen's rectory, and an inn kept by Mrs. Meg Dods, the daughter of an old retainer of the Mowbray's family, who had saved money while the master was ruined.

Mrs. Meg Dods was a brisk landlady, who kept a good cellar, and charged moderately. She had few or no personal charms. Her hair was of a brindled colour, betwixt black and grey, which was apt to escape in elf-locks from under her mutch when she was thrown into violent agitation—long skinny hands, terminated by stout talons—grey eyes, thin lips, a robust person, a broad, though flat chest, capital wind, and a voice that could match a choir of fish-women. She was accustomed to say of herself, in her more gentle moods, that her bark was worse than her bite; but what teeth could have matched a tongue, which, when in full career, vouched to have been heard from the Kirk, to the Castle of St. Ronan's.

To this inn came Francis Tyrrel, the the hero of the story; he was the son of the fifth Earl of Etherington, who had known Meg in former years, and did not care for her eccentricities. They, however, had no charms for the travellers of these light and giddy-paced times, and Meg's inn became less and less frequented. What carried the evil to the uttermost was, that a fanciful lady of rank in the neighbourhood, chanced to recover of some imaginary complaint by the use of a mineral well, about a mile and a half from the village; a fashionable doctor was found to write an analysis of the healing stream, with a list of sundry cures; a speculative builder took land in *feu*, and erected lodging-houses, shops, and even streets. At length a tontine subscription was obtained to erect an inn, which, for the more grace, was called an hotel; and so the description of Meg Dods became general.

At the Well—the rival house—was a large party—to wit, Lady Penelope Penfeather, a lady of fashion, whose beauty had passed the meridian; Sir Bingo Binks, a sapient English baronet, who had been entrapped into a Scotch marriage with Miss Rachael Bonnirigs, and was so ashamed of the union as not to return to England, and who, for a carriage, kept, and drove himself, a regular-built mail coach; and Mr. Mowbray, of St. Ronan's, a young sporting gentleman. The affairs of the Well were consigned to a managing committee, to arbitrate all matters relative to the good government of the community.

Each of its members appeared to be selected, as Fortunio, in the fairy tale, chose his followers, for their peculiar gifts. First on on the list stood the man of medicine, Dr. Quinbus Quackleben, who claimed right to regulate medical matters at the spring, upon the principle which, of old, assigned the property of a newly discovered country, to the first buccaneer who committed piracy on its shores. The acknowledgment of the doctor's merit, as having been first to proclaim and vindicate the merits of these healing fountains, had occasioned his being universally installed first physician and man of science, which last qualification he could apply to all purposes, from the boiling of an egg, to the giving a lecture.

First in place, though perhaps second

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to the doctor, in real authority, was Mr. Winterblossom; a civil sort of person, who was nicely precise in his address, wore his hair cued, and dressed with powder, had knee-buckles set with Bristol stones, and a seal-ring as large as Sir John Falstaff's. In his hey-dey he had a small estate, which he had spent like a gentleman, by mixing with the gay world. He was, in short, one of those respectable links which connect the coxcombs of the present day with those of the last age, and could compare, in his own experience, the follies of both. In latter days, he had sense enough to extricate himself from his course of dissipation, though with impaired health and impoverished fortune.

Mr. Winterblossom was also distinguished for possessing a few curious engravings, and other specimens of art, with the exhibition of which he occasionally beguiled a wet morning at the public room. They were collected, "*viis et modis*," said the man of law, another distinguished member of the committee, with a knowing cock of his eye, to his next neighbour.

Of this person little need be said. He was a large-boned, loud-voiced, red-faced old man, named Micklewham; a country writer, or attorney, who managed the matters of the 'Squire much to the profit of one or other,—if not both. His nose projected from the front of his broad vulgar face, like the stile of an old sundial, twisted all of one side. He was as great a bully in his profession, as if he had been military instead of civil.

After the man of law comes Captain Mungo Mac Turk, a Highland lieutenant on half-pay, and that of ancient standing; one who preferred toddy of the strongest to wine, and in that fashion and cold drams finished about a bottle of whiskey *per diem*, whenever he could come by it. He was a general referee in all quarrels, an occupation which procured Captain Mac Turk a good deal of respect at the Well; for he was precisely that sort of person who is ready to fight with any one —whom no one could find an apology for declining to fight with—in fighting with whom considerable danger was incurred, for he was ever and anon showing that he could snuff a candle with a pistol ball.

Still remains to be mentioned the man of religion—the gentle Mr. Simon Chatterley, who had strayed to St. Ronan's Well from the banks of Cam, or Isis, and who piqued himself, first on his Greek, and, secondly, on his politeness to the ladies.

There was yet another member of this select committee, Mr. Michael Meredith, who might be termed the man of mirth, or, if you please, the Jack-pudding to the company, whose business it was to crack the best joke, and sing the best song he could.

The curiosity of this august assembly having been excited by the singularly retired habits of Mr. Francis Tyrrel, the stranger guest at the *original* hostelrie of Mrs. Meg Dods, an invitation was sent him in the names of the whole party to favour them with his company on an early day. During his visit, he had an opportunity of meeting with Clara Mowbray, and of renewing for a moment an acquaintance with her of long standing. The father of Francis Tyrrel, the fifth Earl of Etherington, had, during his travels on the continent in early youth, married a certain beautiful orphan, Marie de Martigny, the mother of our hero.—This nobleman taking advantage of the irregularity, and as he then deemed illegality, of this union of the heart, found it to suit his convenience to marry again from interested motives, and accordingly wedded a Miss Bulmer, by whom he had another son, Valentine Bulmer, who, on his father's death, took possession of his titles and estates, on the plea of his elder brother's illegitimacy. The young men had nevertheless been educated together, and up to a certain period had been constant associates. They had met several years before in the neighbourhood of St. Ronan's Well, the beautiful sister of Mowbray, and Francis Tyrrel, and she had then formed the tender connection already alluded to. As at this time the father of the young men shewed an evident desire to do justice to his elder son, and admit the legitimacy of his birth, the efforts of the younger brother were devoted unremittingly to vilify and misrepresent him. In an unlucky hour Francis Tyrrel made his brother his confidant, and the latter conjecturing that the connection would, on no account, be approved of by the father, used every possible exertion to promote it, and was unwearied in his endeavours to facilitate the intercourse of the lovers.

Their interviews having been terminated by the harsh command of Clara's father, Valentine volunteered his services as the medium of communication, and finally advised Francis to propose a secret marriage. In a hapless hour he consented, and all the preliminaries arranged, the pastor of the parish agreed to perform the ceremony, on a supposition hinted by the treacherous Valentine, that the object of the lover was to do justice to the betrayed maiden. It was finally settled that the lovers should meet at the

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Old Kirk when the twilight became deep, and set off in a chaise for England immediately after the ceremony. About this juncture, however, the younger brother became acquainted with a circumstance which completely altered all his views on the subject of this marriage. It appears that his grand uncle by his mother's side was related to the Mowbray family, and had left a singular will, bequeathing an immense estate to the eldest son of the Earl of Etherington, provided he formed a matrimonial connection with a lady of the house of St. Ronan. After some consideration, he meditated a deep scheme to crown his ambitious views, and under circumstances which remove in some measure the improbability that may appear from a naked statement of the facts to attach to it, personated his brother (to whom he bore a strong resemblance) on the evening appointed for the rendezvous.

He succeeded so far in imposing on Clara. "We got into the carriage," says he in a confession he afterwards made, "and were a mile from the church, when my unlucky or lucky brother stopped the chaise by force—through what means he had obtained knowledge of my little trick, I never have been able to learn. Solmes has been faithful to me in too many instances, that I should suspect him in this important crisis. I jumped out of the carriage, pitched fraternity to the devil, and, betwixt desperation and something very like shame, began to cut away with a *couteau de chasse*, which I had provided in case of necessity. All was in vain—I was hustled down under the wheel of the carriage, and, the horses taking fright, it went over my body."

Clara Mowbray was reduced to a state of mind bordering on distraction, and her lover only consented to a suspension of his revenge on an arrangement, that Valentine should give up all idea of seeing his betrothed again, or even of returning to the neighbourhood of which she resided. Meanwhile, during his eldest son's absence in foreign climes, the father dies, and Valentine Bulmer (as he was named after his mother) took possession of the title and estates of the Earl of Etherington. It was only on hearing that his perfidious brother was, in defiance of his stipulation, about to return to St. Ronan's Well, that Francis repaired thither to watch his motions. At this time, however, he became possessed of documents which required only a legal process in order to enable him to vindicate to himself his birthright.

The titular Earl assiduously cultivates the acquaintance of Mowbray, the brother of Clara, to whom he makes formal proposals for her hand, and is warmly seconded by him, ignorant as he was of her connection with Francis. They are, however, received with disgust and even horror by Clara. The Earl fleeces Mowbray, the Laird of St. Ronan's, as he was called, of the whole of his property, as well as that of his sister, at the gaming table.

In a state of desperation arising from his losses and a report that has reached him injurious to the honour of his sister (a report originating in the foul aspersion which had been cast upon her by the traitor Valentine, in order to induce the clergyman to consent to marry them clandestinely), Mowbray returns home determined to seek a full explanation with Clara, and to compel her marriage with the Earl of Etherington.

In the violence of his passion he even meditates her death; but her meekness and her tears subdue him, and he quits her saying, "Clara, you should to-night thank God that saved you from a great danger, and me from a deadly sin."

Through the intervention of a very worthy old gentleman of the name of Touchwood, one of those excellent but eccentric persons, who, having amassed a large fortune, are on the look-out for an heir, the intrigues of the titular Earl of Etherington ends in his own discomfiture. Clara Mowbray, in the agony of fear and desperation, fled from her brother's house within an hour of her interview with him, and after wandering about the greater part of a November night, is attracted by a light from the Manse of the clergyman. To this dwelling had been removed a few days before a wretched woman who had been one of the wicked instruments of the Earl of Etherington, and under the same roof does Clara also meet with her unhappy lover.

We have no means of knowing whether she actually sought Tyrrel, or whether it was, as in the former case, the circumstance of a light still burning where all around was dark, that attracted her; but her next apparition was close by the side of her unfortunate lover, then deeply engaged in writing, when something suddenly gleamed on a large, old-fashioned mirror, which hung on the wall opposite. He looked up, and saw the figure of Clara, holding a light (which she had taken from the passage) in her extended hand. He stood for an instant with his eyes fixed on this fearful shadow, ere he dared turn round on the substance which was thus reflected. When he did so, the fixed and pallid countenance almost impressed him with the belief that he saw a vision, and he shuddered when, stooping

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beside him, she took his hand. "Come away!" she said, in a hurried voice—"come away, my brother follows to kill us both. Come, Tyrrel, let us fly—we shall easily escape him.—Hannah Irwin is on before—but, if we are overtaken, I will have no more fighting—you shall promise me we shall not—we have had but too much of that—but you will be wise in future."

"Clara Mowbray!" exclaimed Tyrrel. "Alas! is it thus!—Stay—do not go," for she turned to make her escape—"stay—stay—sit down."

"I must go," she replied, "I must go—I am called—Hannah Irwin is gone before to tell all, and I must follow. Will you not let me go?—Nay, if you will hold me by force, I know I must sit down—but you will not be able to keep me for all that."

A convulsive fit followed, and seemed, by its violence, to explain that she was indeed bound for the last and darksome journey. The maid, who at length answered Tyrrel's earnest and repeated summons, fled terrified at the scene she witnessed, and carried to the Manse the alarm.

The old landlady was compelled to exchange one scene of sorrow for another, wondering within herself what fatality could have marked this single night with so much misery. When she arrived at home, what was her astonishment to find there the daughter of the house, which, even in their alienation, she had never ceased to love, in a state little short of distraction, and attended by Tyrrel, whose state of mind seemed scarce more composed than that of the unhappy patient. The oddities of Mrs. Dods were merely the rust which had accumulated upon her character, but without impairing its native strength and energy; and her sympathies were not of a kind acute enough to disable her from thinking and acting as decisively as circumstances required.

"Mr. Tyrrel," she said, "this is nae sight for men folk—ye maun rise and gang to another room."

"I will not stir from her," said Tyrrel—"I will not remove from her either now, or as long as she or I may live."

"That will be nae lang space, Master Tyrrel, if ye winna be ruled by common sense."

Tyrrel started up, as if half comprehending what she said, but remained motionless.

"Come, come," said the compassionate landlady; "do no stand looking on a sight sair enough to break a harder heart than yours, hinny—your ain sense tells ye, ye canna stay here—Miss Clara shall be well cared for, and I'll bring word to your room-door frae half-hour to half-hour how she is."

The necessity of the case was undeniable, and Tyrrel suffered himself to be led to another apartment, leaving Miss Mowbray to the care of the hostess and her female assistants. He counted the hours in an agony less by the watch than by the visits which Mrs. Dods, faithful to her promise, made from interval to interval, to tell him that Clara was not better—that she was worse—and, at last, that she did not think that she could live over morning. It required all the deprecatory influence of the good landlady to restrain Tyrrel, who, calm and cold on common occasions, was proportionably fierce and impetuous when his passions were afloat, from bursting into the room, and ascertaining, with his own eyes, the state of the beloved patient. At length, there was a long interval—an interval of hours—so long, indeed, that Tyrrel caught from it the agreeable hope that Clara slept, and that sleep might bring refreshment both to mind and body. Mrs. Dods, he concluded, was prevented from moving for fear of disturbing her patient's slumber; and, as if actuated by the same feeling which he imputed to her, he ceased to traverse his apartment, as his agitation had hitherto dictated, and throwing himself into a chair, forbore to move even a finger, and withheld his respiration as much as possible, just as if he had been seated by the pillow of the patient. Morning was far advanced, when his landlady appeared in his room with a grave and anxious countenance.

"Mr. Tyrrel," she said, "ye are a Christian man."

"Hush, hush, for Heaven's sake!" he replied; "you will disturb Miss Mowbray."

"Naething will disturb her, puir thing," answered Mrs. Dods; "they have mickle to answer for that brought her to this."

"They have—they have, indeed," says Tyrrel, striking his forehead; "and I will see her avenged on every one of them!—Can I see her?"

"Better not—better not," said the good woman; but he burst from her and rushed into the apartment.

"Is life gone?—Is every spark extinct?" he exclaimed eagerly to a country surgeon, a sensible man, who had been summoned from Marchthorn in the course of the night. The medical man shook his head—He rushed to the bedside, and was convinced by his own eyes that the being whose sorrows he had both caused and shared, was now insensible to all

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earthly calamity. He raised almost a shriek of despair, as he threw himself on the pale hand of the corpse, wet it with tears, devoured it with kisses, and played for a short time the part of a distracted person. At length, on the repeated expostulation of all present, he suffered himself to be again conducted to another apartment, the surgeon following, anxious to give such sad consolation as the case admitted of.

He said, "from the symptoms, that if life had been spared, reason would, in all probability, never have returned. In such a case, sir, the most affectionate relation must own, that death, in comparison to life, is a mercy."

"Mercy?" answered Tyrrel; "but why, then, is it denied to me?—I know—I know!—My life is spared till I revenge her."

He started from his seat, and rushed eagerly down stairs. But, as he was about to rush from the door of the inn, he was stopped by Touchwood, who had just alighted from his carriage, with an air of stern anxiety imprinted on his features, very different from their usual expression. "Whither would ye? Whither would ye?" he said, laying hold of Tyrrel, and stopping him by force.

"For revenge—for revenge!" said Tyrrel. "Give way, I charge you on your peril!"

"Vengeance belongs to God," replied the old man, "and his bolt has already fallen.—This way—this way," he continued, dragging Tyrrel into the house. "Know," he said, so soon as he had led or forced him into a chamber, "that Mowbray, of St. Ronan's, has met Bulmer within this half-hour, and has killed him on the spot."

"Killed whom?" answered the bewildered Tyrrel.

"Valentine Bulmer, the titular Earl of Etherington."

"You bring tidings of death to the house of death," answered Tyrrel; "and there is nothing in this world left that I should live for."

There remains little more to be told. Mr. Touchwood is still alive, forming plans which have no object, and accumulating a fortune, for which he has apparently no heir. The old man had endeavoured to fix this character, as well as his general patronage, upon Tyrrel; but the attempt only determined the latter to leave the country; nor has he since been heard of, although the title and estates of Etherington lie vacant for his acceptance. It is the opinion of many, that he has entered into a Moravian mission, for the use of which he had previously drawn considerable sums.

Mowbray enters the army, and reforms from the early follies which disfigured his early life. He re-purchases the property he had feued out for the new hotel, lodging-houses, &c., and sends orders for the demolition of the whole; nor would he permit the existence of any house of entertainment on his estate, except that kept by Mrs. Meg Dods.

SPIRIT OF THE
Public Journals.

PANACEAS FOR POVERTY.

"I like not the humour of bread and cheese."
SHAKSPEARE.

FROM the days of Job, downwards, COMFORTERS (to me) have always seemed the most impertinent set of people upon earth. For you may see, nine times in ten, that they actually gratify themselves in what they call "consoling" their neighbours; and go away in an improved satisfaction with their own condition, after philosophizing for an hour and a half upon the disadvantages of yours.

There are several different families of these benevolent characters abroad; and each set rubs sore places in a manner peculiar to itself.

First and foremost, there are those who go, in detail, through the history of your calamity, shewing (as the case may be) either how completely you have been outwitted, or how exceedingly ill or absurdly you have conducted yourself—and so leave you with "their good wishes," and an invitation to "come and dine, when your troubles are over."

Next, there are those, a set, I think, still more intolerable, who press the necessity of your resolving immediately upon "something;" and forthwith declare in favour of that particular measure, which, of all the *pis allers* of your estate is the most perfectly detestable.

Thirdly come the "whoreson caterpillars," who are what people call "well to do" in the world; and especially those who have become so (as they believe) by their own good conduct. These are very particularly vile dogs indeed! I recollect one such—(he was an opulent cheesemonger,) who had been porter in the same shop which he afterwards kept, and had come to town, as he used to boast, without cash enough to buy a night's lodging on his arrival.

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This man had neither love nor pity for any human being. He met every complaint of distress with a history of his own fortunes. No living creature, as he took it, could reasonably be poor, so long as there were birch brooms or watering-pots in the world. He would tell those who asked for work, that "idleness was the root of all evil;" prove to people "that a penny was the seed of a guinea," who were without a farthing in the world; and argue all day, with a man who had nothing, to shew that "out of a little, a little might be put by."

Fourthly, and in the rear, march those most provoking ruffians of all, who uphold the prudence of always "putting the best face" (as they term it) upon an affair. And these will cure your broken leg by setting it off against somebody else's hump back, and so soundly demonstrate that you have nothing to complain of; or admit, perhaps, (for the sake of variety) the fact that you are naked; and proceed to devise stratagems how you shall be contented to remain so.

And it is amazing what a number of (mad upon that particular point,) but otherwise reasonable and respectable persons, have amused themselves by proving, that *The Poor* have an enviable condition. The poor "Poor!" They seem really to have been set up as a sort of target for ingenuity to try its hand upon; and, from Papin, the Bone Digester, down to Cobbett, the Bone Grubber,—from Wesley, who made cheap physic, and added to every prescription "a quart of cold water," to Hunt who sells roasted wheat (*vice* coffee) five hundred per cent above its cost—an absolute army of projectors, and old women has, from time to time, been popping at them. High among these philosophers, indeed I might almost say at the head of them, stands the author of a tract called, "A Way to save Wealth;" which was published (I think) about the year 1640, to shew how a man might thrive upon an allowance of TWO-PENCE per day.

The observations prefatory to the promulgation of this inestimable secret, are worthy of everybody's—that is, every poor body's—attention.

First, the writer touches, generally, upon the advantage of "thin, spare diet;"—exposing how all beyond is "mere pitiable luxury;"—enumerating the diseases consequent upon high living; and pointing out the criminal acts and passions to which it leads;—evidently demonstrating, indeed, to the meanest capacity, that no man can possibly eat goose, and go to Heaven.

Shortly after, he takes the question up upon a broader ground; and examines it as one of mere wordly policy, and of mere convenience.—"The man who eats *flesh*, has need of other things (vegetables) to eat with it; but that necessity is not felt by him who eats vegeables *only*."—If Leadenhall market could stand against that, I am mistaken.

The recipes for *cheap dishes* will no doubt (when known,) come into general practice; so they shall be given in the Saver of Wealth's own words.—Here is one—(probably) for a Christmas dinner.

"Take two spoonfuls of oatmeal; put it into two quarts of cold water, then stir it over the fire until it boils, and put in a little salt and an onion. And this," continues our Economist,—"this does not cost above a farthing; and is a *noble*, *exhilarating* meal!"—For drink, he afterwards recommends *the same dish*, (unboiled;)—and no form of regimen, it must be admitted, can be more simple, or convenient.

Now this man was, certainly, (as the phrase is,) "something like" a projector in his way. And it seems probable that he met with encouragement; for, passing the necessities, he goes on to treat upon the elegancies of life.

Take his recipe for instance, next,—"For dressing (cleaning a hat.")

"Smear a little soap on the places of your hat which are felthy, and rub it with some *hot* water and a *hard* brush. Then *scrape* it with the *back of a knife*, what felth sticks; and it will bring both grease and soap out."—The book of this author is scarce;—I suspect the hatters bought it up to prevent this secret from being known.

Only one more recipe—and really it is one worthy to be written in letters of gold;—worthy to stand beside that never-to-be-forgotten suggestion of Mrs. Rundell's—(she who now in the kitchen of the gods roasts!—that "roasts," in a proper sense, not *is roasted*,)—her immortal direction to prevent the creaking of a door,—"Rub a bit of soap on the hinges!"—This it is.

"*To make your teeth white.*"

"Take a little *brick dust* on a towel, and rub them."—The mechanical action, (the reader sees) not the chemical; but potent notwithstanding.

But Mrs. Rundell deserves better than to be quoted, in aid, on an occasion like this; nay, merits herself to take rank, and high rank, among our public benefactors. Marry, I say, that the thing is so, and shall be so: for, even amidst all the press and crowd of her moral and culinary precepts,—even while she stands already, as a man may say, "in double

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trust," teaching us good life in one page, and good living in another; here, holding up her ladle against "excessive luxury," such as "Essence of Ham"—(praised be her thick duodecimo, but for which the world had never known that there was such a perfume;) and, presently, pointing out the importance, and weeping over the rarity of such "creature comforts" as strong coffee, and smooth melted butter; —ever and anon, even amid all these complicated interests, the kind lady finds room to edge in a thought or two about the poor.

Pour echantillon.

"The cook should be charged," says Mrs. R.. "to save the *boiling* of every piece of meat or ham, *however salt;* the pieces of meat which come from the table *on the plates;* and the *bones* made by the family." "What a relief," adds she, "to the labouring husband, to have a *warm, comfortable* meal!"—The rind of a ham, for instance, after Mrs. R. had extracted the "Essence?"

And again she goes on.—"Did the cook really enter into this, (the love of her fellow creatures; she would never wash away as useless the peas, or groats, of which soup, or gruel, *have been* made; —*broken potatoes;*—the *outer* leaves of a lettuce;—the *necks* and *feet* of fowls," &c.; "which make a delicious meat soup, *especially for the sick.*"—(Sure, people would be falling sick, on purpose to eat it!)

The sick soup essay concluded with a farther direction to the cook, not to take the *fat* off the broth, "as *the poor like it,* and *are nourished* by it!" and with a calculation which, if we know any thing of the mathematics, might make Demoivre himself look to his laurels;—"*Ten* gallons of this soup," concludes Mrs. R., "from *ten* houses, would be *a hundred* gallons; and that, divided amongst *forty* families, would be *two gallons and a half* to each family."

Tam Marti quam Mercurio! And done with chalk upon a milk tally, ten to one else!—*Tam* Cocker *quam* Kitchener! And this lady is dead! It almost makes us waver in our faith!—

> Turn sour ye casks of table beer,
> Ye steaks, forget to fry;
> Why is it you are let stay here,
> And Mrs. Rundell die?

But whims, (if they happen to take hold at all,) take the strongest hold commonly upon strong understandings.

Count Rumford, though an ingenious man, had a touch of this *bon chere a peu d'argent* disease; and his Essays afford some pleasant illustrations of the slashing style in which men construct theories, when the practice is to fall upon their neighbours.

After exhausting himself upon the smoky chimnies of the world, the Count strips to the next of its nuisances,—the beggars.

He was to feed the poor; (*encore* the Poor!) and the point was, of course, how to feed them at the cheapest rate.

"Water," then, he begins—(the cunning rogue!) "*Water*, I am inclined to suspect, acts a much more important part *in nutrition*, than has been generally supposed." This was a good active hobby to start upon; and, truly, his Countship, in the sequel, does outride all the field.

First, he sets out an admirable table, at which he dines TWELVE HUNDRED persons, all expenses included, for the very reasonable cost of one pound fifteen shillings English.

But this (which was three dinners for a penny) was nothing; and, in a trice, the Count, going on with his reductions, brings down the meal for twelve hundred, to one pound seven shillings. And, here, he beats our Saver to Wealth (the contractor at two-pence a day) hollow; because, with his dinner found for a farthing, a man must be an example of debauchery—a mere rascal—to think of getting through such a sum as two-pence a day; out of which, indeed, he might well put by a provision for himself and his wife, in old age; and fortunes for two or three of his younger children.

The Count's running commentary upon these evolutions, too, is a *chef d'œuvre* in the art of reasoning. At one time, it seems, he dieted his flock, partly upon bread begged publicly in charity, and partly upon meat which was the remnant of the markets. Even out of evil the wise man shall bring good. The charity bread was found extremely *dry* and *hard;* "but, therefore," says the Count, "we found it answer *better* than any other; because it *made mastication necessary*, and so *prolonged* the enjoyment of eating." As for the meat, he soon finds that an article quite *unnecessary*, and actually omits it altogether in the people's soup, *without the fact being discovered!*

But the crowning feature of all, (and there I leave Count Rumford,) is the experiment which he makes in eating (to be quite certain) *upon himself;* arguing upon the nutritious and stomach-satisfying qualities of a particular "cheap" dish, he puts the thing to issue—thus:

"I took my coffee and *cream*, with my *dry toast*, one morning" (hour not given) "at breakfast, and ate nothing

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between that and four o'clock. I then ate," (the particular dish,) I believe, however, it was a *three* farthing one, "and found myself *perfectly refreshed.*" And so the Count finishes his dissertation upon food, by declaring the *Chinese!* to be the best cooks in the world.

Now, I confess that (at first sight) there would seem to be something accomplished here. No doubt, if our labourers would eat farthing dinners, and get rid of that villanous propensity which they have to beaf-steaks, their "savings," and consequent acquisition of property, would be immense. But does the Count not perceive, and did it never strike his coadjutors, that, if this system were acted upon, all the poor would become rich? when they would be an incomparably greater nuisance than they are in their present condition. I grant the existing evil, but do not let us exchange it for a greater. The question is a difficult one, but there be minds that can cope with it. Such a turmoil as to what the poor shall eat! I say, there are plenty of them—let them eat one another.

People must not be startled by the apparent novelty of this plan;—those who can swallow Count Rumford's dinners, may, I am sure, swallow any thing. I have examined the scheme, which I propose narrowly, and (prejudice apart) can see no possible objection to it. It is well known, that rats and mice take the same mode which I hint at, to thin their superabundant population; and what are the poor, but mice in the cheese of society? Let the public listen only to this suggestion, and they will find that it ends all difficulty at once. I grant that there might be some who would be ravenous, at first, upon their new diet;* especially any who had been living upon Mrs. Rundell's soup; but that is an evil which would correct itself; because, so admirably operative and perfect is the principle, the mouths would diminish in exact proportion with the meat. Upon my system, (and, I repeat, I can see no objection to it), the poor might go on pleasantly, reducing their numbers at their leisure, until one individual only, in a state of necessity, should be left; and if it were worth while to go on to niceties, I could provide even for him under my arrangement, by having him taught to jump down his own throat, like the clown, in "Harlequin Conjurer." Certain it is, we hear, on every side, that, if the poor go on increasing, they will soon eat up the rich; and, surely, if any body is to be eaten by them, it ought, in fairness, to be themselves. And, moreover, as it is shrewdly suspected that too many of them are already eaten up with laziness, why, hang it, if they are to be eaten at all, let them be eaten to some purpose.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

* Compere Matthieu, I think, makes this remark somewhere, in a general defence of cannibalism. But my project does not go so far

CASTLE BUILDERS.

(Concluded from our last Mirror.)

CERTAIN great geniuses have been notorious for castle-building. Fontenelle, the centenarian, was so accustomed to indulge in erecting these airy fabrics, that he may be said, fairly enough, to have lived as much out of the world as in it, and by this means there can be no doubt he prolonged his life. His perfect indifference to all those matters that commonly raise a great interest among mankind in general, made his temper even and placid, and his love of castle-building contributed to his long good health. Deaths, marriages, earthquakes, murders, calamities of all kinds, scarcely affected him at all. He built castles by day and by night, in society and out of it. His body was a machine with a moving power, and went through its actions mechanically; but his mind was generally in some region far remote from the situation it occupied. He got at one time among the stars, found them peopled, and began to study the laws, manners, and dispositions of the inhabitants of worlds many million times farther from the earth than thrice to "th' utmost pole." Going one day to Versailles early in the morning, to pay a visit to the court, he was observed to step under a tree, against which he placed his back, and beginning to castle-build, he was found pursuing his architectural labours in the evening upon the self-same spot. Kings, courtiers, and such "small gear," were unable to abstract him from following his favourite amusement, when the temptation of enjoying it was strong. Perhaps Fontenelle and Newton may illustrate the difference between the profound thinking of the scholar, and the amusement of which we are treating. Newton directed all his faculties into one focus upon a single object, proceeding by line and rule to develope the mystery which it was his desire to unravel. No play was allowed to the fancy, nor operation to more than one faculty of the soul at once; it is this which is so wearying to the frame, that gives pallor to the student's complexion, and frequently abridges life. Your castle-builder, on the contrary, may be a ruddy, florid, and healthy personage. He quaffs an *elixir vitæ*; his abstractions arising only from a plea-

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surable pursuit in following his wayward fancies, and not from painful attention to a single subject. Sancho Panza was something of a castle-builder, jolly-looking as he was. I mention him merely to show its effect on the person. When he appeared asleep, and his master demanded what he was doing, he replied, "I govern," being at that very instant busy in regulating the internal affairs of the island of Barrataria, of which the worthy Don had promised him the government when he had conquered it himself. Don Quixote, on the other hand, was not a castle-builder of the higher class. He called in the strength of his arm to aid his delusions, believing to be matter of fact those airy nothings which the true castle-builder regards as recreative illusions, and which cease to be harmless, if he attempt to realize them. The Knight of Cervantes took shadows for substances, and this leads me to denominate the style of castle-building, which I contend is so agreeable, refreshing, and innoxious—the Poetic, in contradistinction to what may be called the Prose order. The last species is a delusion respecting something, the attainment of which is possible, though it is extremely difficult and improbable. In furtherance of the actual realization of our schemes, we lay under contribution every moral and physical aid. Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, was an adept in this kind of castle-building, as his conversation with Cineas proves. When we have taken Italy, what do you design next? said Cineas; Pyrrhus answered, to go and conquer Sicily. And what next?—then Libya and Carthage. And what next?—why then to try and reconquer Macedon, when, his legitimateship said, they might sit down, eat, drink, and be merry, for the rest of their days. Cineas drily advised the king to do that which was alone certainly in his power—the *last* thing first. In like manner, a German author has recently constructed a castle: he has undertaken a work, which for bulk and labour will leave Lopez de Vega and Voltaire sadly in the lurch. It is to include the history, legislation, manners and customs, literature, state of arts, and language, of every nation in the world, from the beginning of time; and this, which he proposes to complete himself, will occupy him laboriously for half-a-century, and carry his own age several years beyond the hundred. The French are clever at this style of castle-building: they plan admirably well, commence their labours with enthusiasm, but leave off in the middle of them. Canals, harbours, triumphal arches, constitutions, and Utopian plans of polity, abundantly attest this. Who but a Frenchman would have written to Franklin, offering, with a preliminary apology for his condescension, to be king of America, and actually expect pecuniary remuneration for humbling himself to such a purpose! Poor Falstaff was one of this latter class of castle-builders, though it must be confessed he had something of a foundation upon which to erect his edifice, when he heard the Prince of Wales was king, and exclaimed, "Away, Bardolph, saddle my horse—Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine—Pistol, I will double charge thee with dignities." So are lovers who cherish extravagant hopes, and imagine their mistresses to be something between a very woman and an angel—like fish, neither flesh nor fowl. The supporters of a balance of power in Europe, for which England has entailed on herself and upon her posterity such an enormous debt, is like Falstaff's interest with the new king, and, together with the payment of the said debt, a piece of castle-building worthy of king Pyrrhus.

But poetical castle-building alone is a pleasant and harmless amusement of the fancy, which we must lay by when we pursue our every-day avocations, without suffering it to interfere with the realities of existence. It is the mixing these up with its air-built pleasures that produces mischievous effects. An example of this may be found in the worthy country divine, who, having preached a score or two of orthodox sermons, thought, therefore, in the simplicity of his heart, that he had some claim for patronage upon all good statute Christians, whom he determined to edify by publishing his labours for their benefit. He little guessed, greenhorn that he was, the real hold of religion upon his supposed patrons, and the true state of the market in respect to such commodities. His guilelessness of soul made him suppose that where there was a church-establishment, there must necessarily be among its numerous members a high value for religious discourses such as his were—an error he fell into for want of knowledge of the world. He calculated every thing, not forgetting the expenses or the profits of his undertaking; and that he might keep within the bounds of modesty, and show nothing like self-presumption in respect to the worth of his lucubrations, he determined to limit the impression of his volume to one copy for every parish. He printed, therefore, fearlessly, eleven thousand copies. The sequel may be gathered by inquiring about the affair in the Row.

"The wisest schemes of mice and men
Gang aft awry,"

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says Burns. In these matters, therefore, castle-building must give place to dry evidence and the matter-of-fact testimony of the senses. Those who act otherwise in these affairs waste their years in running round a circle, and find themselves in the end at the point from which they set out. Among these materializers of the airy nothings of the mind, are the perpetual-motion-hunters, who astound society with their discoveries, and are at last obliged to creep off, as the sporting people say, "like dogs with their tails between their legs." The credulous experimenters after the discovery of the philosopher's stone; of an universal remedy, the elixir of life, by which man is to defy sickness and defer death for a thousand years; the gambler's martingale for subduing chance; and the navigators to the moon—afford examples enough of the folly of endeavouring to realize the fantasies of imagination, and of trying to build with sunbeams and prismatic colours the coarse and ponderous edifices of man's erections.

These objections, however, do not affect castle-building of the right kind: the enjoyer of which truly believes his visions too subtle for the common world, from which he must withdraw himself to see them. He sets out with the perfect consciousness that the feast of which he is going to partake belongs not to tangible existence, that it consists of ethereal aliment laid out in the universe of spirit, and that consequently it is an intellectual entertainment upon "ambrosial food," which, while he tastes, must receive from him no alloy of corporeal substances. He knows that this pleasure is an illusion, like all others, even those that consist of better things; but he, nevertheless, derives a temporary satisfaction from it. Pleasant to him is the short interval of rest in his arm-chair after dinner, for, when the foolish world thinks him taking his nod, he is in an elysium—pleasant are his silent devotions to Raleigh's soothing weed, to the solace of his segar or hookah—pleasant is the still hour of night when sleep is deferred a little only to be sounder when it comes, and the unslumbering fancy revels in unwearied luxury, and rears the noblest edifices in her matterless region—pleasant, in short, is castle-building whenever the mind wants renovation, or amusement of its own peculiar character, and can so employ itself without a waste of time or attention from more important objects.

New Monthly Mag.

Miscellanies.

SINGULAR ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following singular advertisement is copied from *The New London Connecticut Gazette:*—

THE SUBSCRIBER

Being determined not to move from this State, requests all persons indebted, to pay particular attention to his *New* definition of an *Old* Grammar, viz.

Present Tense

I am. Thou art. He is.

I am*	In want of money.
Thou art †	Indebted to me.
He is ‡	Shortly to be authorized, for the want thereof to take the body.

Unless immediate payment is made, you must expect to take a lecture upon my *new plural.*

The Subscriber offers for sale, at his Store, two rods south of the Fish-market, the following articles, viz.

Solid Arguments.

Hot Oysters, Boiled Lobsters, Ham and Eggs, Butter and Cheese, &c.

Agitations.

Cider, Vinegar, Salt, Pickles, &c.

Grievances.

Pepper-Sauce, Mustard, Cayenne-Pepper, &c.

Punishments.

Rum, Brandy, Gin, Bitters, &c.

Superfluities.

Snuff, Tobacco, Segars, Pomatum, &c.

Extraordinaries.

Sea Serpent's Bones, Wooden Shoes, Water Witches, &c.

N. B. The above articles will be exchanged for

Necessaries, viz.

Bank Bills at par, Crowns, Dollars, half ditto, quarter ditto, Pistareens, Ninepenny pieces, Four-penny-halfpenny ditto, or Cents.

Terms of Payment:

One half the sum down, and the other half on the delivery of the articles.

Rudiments gratis, viz.

Those indebted for.....Arguments
Must not be.....Agitated;
Nor think it a.....Grievance
If they should meet.....Punishment
For calling for such.....Superfluities;
Nor think it.....Extraordinary
That I find it .....Necessary
To demand immediate.....Payment.

ANDREW SMITH.

The smallest favour thankfully received.

New London,
March 1, 1819. J. W. Jun.

* Andrew Smith.
† Any one the coat fits.
‡ Hezekiah Goddard, Sheriff's Deputy.

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The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff.---*Wootton.*

AN IRISH BULL.

A WORTHY baronet of Erin's clime,
Had a fam'd telescope in his possession;
And on a time
Of it's amazing pow'rs he made profession,
Yon church, cried he, is distant near a mile;
Yet when I view it steady for a while,
Upon a bright and sunny day,
My glass so strong and clear
Does bring the church so near,
That often I can hear the organ play.

CLAVIS.

EPITAPH ON GEORGE DIXON,

A NOTED FOX-HUNTER,

By the late William Hickington, Esq.

STOP passenger! and thy attention fix on!
That true-born honest fox-hunter, George Dixon;
Who after eighty years unwearied chase,
Now rests his bones within this hallow'd place.
A gentle tribute of applause bestow,
And give him as you pass one tally-ho!
Early to cover, brisk he rode each morn,
In hopes the *brush* his temples might adorn,
The view is now no more, the chase is past,
And to an earth, poor George is run at last.

EPITAPH

In the Cathedral Church of Salisbury.

In memory of
Thomas Glover, Architect,
who having erected many
Stately, curious, and artful
edifices for others, himself is
here lodged under this single
stone, in full expectation
however of a building with
God eternal in the Heavens.
Ob. Dec. 2. } A.D. 1707.
Ætat. 68.

T. P. H.

EPITAPH

In Clapham Church-Yard, on a child three years and eight months old.

The great Jehovah, full of love,
His angels bright did send,
To fetch the little harmless dove,
To joys that never end.

EPIGRAM

On the late Lord Galloway and his Cook.

SAYS my Lord to his Cook, how comes it I say,
That I see you thus drunk, Dennis, every day;
Physicians, they say, once a month, do allow
A man, for his health, to get drunk—as a sow.
That is right, quoth the Cook, but the day they don't say;
So for fear I should miss it, I am drunk every day.

THE UGLY WIFE,

AN EPIGRAM.

TOM weds a rich hag that would frighten a horse;
Repentance soon tortures his mind;
But vain are the tears that express his remorse,
Unless he could cry himself blind!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Venedota, P. T. W., F. R---Y., Edgar, and G. S. in our next.

The following communications are either deemed unsuited to the Mirror, too well known, or not possessing sufficient merit:---D. Kn, R. S., Chathamensis, Y., R. F., Moyle, G., Wilkins, Edwin, B.

Will our Twelfth Day correspondents allow their articles to stand over eleven months

Early, H. B., J. B., N. B. D., C. Clarke, W. M., J. S., Francisca.

There are two A. L.'s in the field.

We stand corrected by "Mr. Patrick Bull, Gent. Esq.:" it was certainly in the descent and not the ascent that Pilatre de Rosiere and Romaine were killed.

H. H. C.'s anecdote of Dr. Young, which he thinks has never been in print, is in every jest-book.

Utopia in our next.

We thank Amicus; but we can do no more.

H. O. in an early Number.

As none of our friends are so obliging as to die for the sake of having Mr. Wall's epitaph, we must refer him elsewhere for a customer.

Mina's Address to his Countrymen is somewhat out of date. Perhaps it may soon be in season.

Lines to infant children and young misses can rarely be acceptable to the Mirror.

Will R. S. turn to page 428 of our last volume, and he will find a full account of Capt. Parry's second voyage.

Errata.---Page 19, col. 2, line 44, for "of all," read "at all." Page 20. col. 1, line 28, insert a comma after "Annotationes;" l. 31, for "Bonmotiane," read "Bonmotiana;" l. 11 from the bottom, for "planum," read "plenum;" col. 2, l. 20, for "levy," read "levee."

*** The Second Volume of the Mirror is now ready, and may be had of all Booksellers, price 6s. in boards.

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) and sold by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. LXVII.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1824. [Price 2*d*.

Newstead Abbey.

We are sure we shall have the thanks of our poetical readers at least for presenting them with a view of Newstead Abbey, so long the baronial residence of a family which has received more honour from the talent of the present representative, than from the titles which have ennobled it.

Newstead, or New Place, was formerly a monastery of canons of St. Augustine, dedicated to God and the Virgin Mary by the founder, Henry II., who endowed it with the church and town of Papelwick, together with large wastes about the monastery, within the forest, a park of ten acres, &c. In the reign of Henry the Eighth, when the monasteries were stripped and demolished, Newstead Abbey, which is at a short distance from Mansfield, in Nottinghamshire, came into the possession of the family of Byron, and continued their residence until sold by the present Lord Byron a few years ago.

The front of the Abbey is one of the most beautiful and chaste specimens of Gothic architecture in the kingdom. In the open court was a fountain discharging its waters from an antique structure of stone, ornamented with a grotesque assemblage of boars, bears, and lions. This fountain has been removed by Major Wildman, the present proprietor, who is restoring the Abbey in a style of classical and appropriate magnificence. The embellishments which the Abbey had received from the present Lord Byron, had more of the brilliant conception of the poet in them than of the sober calculations of common life. In many rooms which he had superbly furnished, but over which he had permitted so wretched a roof to remain, that in about half a dozen years the rain had visited his proudest chambers, the paper had rotted on the walls, and fell, in comfortless sheets, upon glowing carpets and canopies, upon beds of crimson and gold, clogging the wings of glittering eagles, and destroying gorgeous coronets. A gentleman who visited the Abbey soon after Lord Byron had sold it, gives the following description of it:—

"The long and gloomy gallery, which, whoever views, will be strongly reminded of Lara, as indeed a survey of this place will awaken more than one scene in that poem, had not yet relinquished the sombre

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pictures 'of its ancient race.'—In the study, which is a small chamber overlooking the garden, the books were packed up, but there remained a sofa, over which hung a sword in a gilt sheath, and at the end of the room, opposite the window, stood a pair of light fancy stands, each supporting a couple of the most perfect and finely polished skulls I ever saw, most probably selected, along with the far-famed one converted into a drinking cup, and inscribed with some well-known lines, from amongst a vast number taken from the burial-ground of the abbey, and piled up in the form of a mausoleum, but since re-committed to the ground. Between them hung a gilt crucifix.

"In one corner of the servants' hall lay a stone coffin, in which were fencing gloves and foils; and on the wall of the ample, but cheerless kitchen, was painted in large letters, 'Waste not, want not.'

"During a great part of his Lordship's minority, the abbey was in the occupation of Lord G—, his hounds, and divers colonies of jackdaws, swallows, and starlings. The internal traces of this Goth were swept away; but without, all appeared as rude and unreclaimed as he could have left it. I must confess, that if I was astonished at the heterogeneous mixture of splendour and ruin within, I was more so at the perfect uniformity of wildness throughout. I never had been able to conceive poetic genius in its poetic bower, without figuring it diffusing the polish of its delicate taste on every thing around it: but here that elegant spirit and beauty seemed to have dwelt, but not to have been caressed; it was the spirit of the wilderness. The gardens were as exactly as their late owner described them in his earliest lays:—

"Thro' thy battlements, Newstead, the hollow winds whistle;
"Thou, the hall of my father's, art gone to decay;
"In thy once smiling gardens the hemlock and thistle
"Now choke up the rose that late bloom'd in the way.'

"With the exception of the dog's tomb, a conspicuous and elegant object, placed on an ascent of several steps, crowned with a lambent flame, and pannelled with white marble tables, of which, that containing the celebrated epitaph is the most remarkable, I do not recollect the slightest trace of culture or improvement. The late Lord, a stern and desperate character, who is never mentioned by the neighbouring peasants without a significant shake of the head, might have returned and recognised every thing about him, except perchance an additional crop of weeds. There still gloomily slept that old pond, into which he is said to have hurled his lady in one of his fits of fury, whence she was rescued by the gardener, a courageous blade, who was the Lord's master, and chastised him for his barbarity. There still, at the end of the garden, in a grove of oak, two towering satyrs, he with his goat and club, and Mrs. Satyr with her clubby cloven-footed brat, placed on pedestals at the intersections of the narrow and gloomy pathways, struck for a moment, with their grim visages, and silent shaggy forms, the fear into your bosom which is felt by the neighbouring peasantry at '*th'oud laird's devils.*'

"In the lake before the abbey, the artificial rock which he filled at a vast expense, still reared its lofty head; but the frigate, which fulfilled old mother Shipton's prophecy, by sailing over dry land from a distant part to this place, had long vanished, and the only relics of his naval whim were the rock, his ship buoys, and the venerable old Murray, who accompanied me round the premises. The dark haughty impetuous spirit and mad deeds of this Nobleman, the poet's uncle, I feel little doubt, by making a vivid and indelible impression on his youthful fancy, furnished some of the principal materials for the formation of his Lordship's favourite, and perpetually recurring, poetical hero. His manners and acts are the theme of many a winter evening in that neighbourhood. In a quarrel, which arose out of a dispute between their gamekeepers, he killed his neighbour, Mr. Chaworth, the lord of the adjoining manor. With that unhappy deed, however, died all family feud; and, if we are to believe our noble bard, the dearest purpose of his heart would have been compassed could he have united the two races by an union with 'the sole remnant of that ancient house,' the present most amiable Mrs. Chaworth—the Mary of his poetry. To those who have any knowledge of the two families, nothing is more perspicuous in his lays than the deep interest with which he has again and again turned to this his boyish, his first most endearing attachment. The 'Dream' is literally their mutual history. The 'antique oratorie,' where stood 'his steed caparisoned, and the hill'

"——— crowned with a peculiar diadem
Of trees in circular array, so fixed,
Not by the sport of nature, but of man,"

are pictures too well known to those who have seen them to be mistaken for a moment.

"It is curious to observe the opinions entertained by country people, of celebrated literary characters, living at times

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amongst them. I have frequently asked such persons near Newstead, what sort of man his Lordship was? The impression of his energetic but eccentric character was obvious in their reply, 'He's the d—l of a fellow for comical fancies. He flogs th'oud Lard to nothing; but he's a hearty *good* fellow for a'that.' One of these mere comical fancies, related by a farmer, who has seen it more than once, is truly Byronic:—He would sometimes get into the boat with his two noble Newfoundland dogs, row into the middle of the lake, then dropping the oars, tumble over into the middle of the water; the faithful animal would immediately follow, seize him by the coat collar, one on each side, and bear him away to land. Dogs tutored in this manner are invaluable, because they may be relied upon in cases of actual danger."

WELSH CARNEDDAU.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—Upon turning over the leaves of your former volumes, I have found some notices connected, in a certain degree, with the ancient history of Wales, upon which I hope you will permit me to offer, occasionally, a few supplementary observations. I shall at present confine myself to the following.

In vol. ii. p. 305, (No. 50.) you have given the representation of a celebrated *Cairn* in Minorca, with a short article on these ancient remains, the writer of which presumes, and I think rightly, that they were originally designed for "sepulchral monuments." It would have given additional weight to his hypothesis, if he had noticed some of those to be found in Wales, and which are known by the name of *Carneddau*, or *Carnau*, a word nearly resembling the Scotch *Cairn*. There are several of these *tumuli* scattered throughout the Principality; among the most remarkable of which are those on Pumlumon (corruptly called Plinlimon,) the *Carneddau Hengwm* and *Carneddau y Gawres* (or the Giantess's Heaps) in Merionethshire, with some in the island of Anglesea. Mr. Rowlands, author of *Mona Antiqua*, caused one of these latter to be opened, and found it to contain an urn, from which he reasonably concludes, that the *Carnedd* in question was erected as a place of sepulture. The fact seems to be, that, before the introduction of Christianity into this island, or, at least, before the general adoption of its rites, these *Carneddau*, or stone-heaps, were used as the sepulchres of persons of note; and that, agreeably with the Highland custom, every passenger added a stone to the pile out of respect to the memory of the deceased. The conclusion I have here drawn, is confirmed by the popular traditions connected with some of the more ancient *tumuli* of this description in Wales. It is, however, certain, that, after the Christian ceremony of inhumation had been adopted, the *carnedd* was no longer used as a mark of honourable distinction, but was appropriated solely to malefactors. The custom, observed by passengers, of casting a stone on the heap was still retained; but now only as a sign of reproach; and hence the popular expression in Wales of *Carn ar dy wyneb*, "A *Carn* on thy face,"—where any ill-will is intended against the person addressed.

The origin of this custom among the Welsh and Highlanders of Scotland is, no doubt, to be traced to a very remote age. It had its source, most probably, in the institution of Druidism, the first establishment of which is lost in the darkness of ages. But the usage was not confined to Britain. Even in the Patriarchial times, as we find from the book of Genesis, the erection of stone-piles was customary, though not for sepulchral purposes. It was then in use, as the passage in Genesis seems to imply, for the purpose of giving solemnity to a contract.* We find, however, from the book of Joshua, that among the Israelites of after ages, the *Carn* was actually applied to sepulchral uses, since it is recorded, that Achan, who was stoned to death for theft, was buried under a heap of stones in the valley of Achor;† and the resemblances between the Hebrew *Gar-naid* and the ancient British *Carnedd* (both signifying a heap of stones,) may tend to establish the identity of the usage thus adopted by the two nations. It is moreover probable, that the custom of burying malefactors in this manner as well as individuals of celebrity, may have originally prevailed in this country, and that upon the introduction of Christianity, the former description of persons were alone buried in this way.

Nor was the usage confined to the Hebrews and Britons. Homer obviously alludes to a similar practice in the following passage in a speech of Hector to Paris, when the former is haughtily predicting the fall of his adversary, in the contest that was about to ensue between them:‡

——— ἦ τέ κεν ἤδη
Λάϊνον ἕσσο χιτῶνα, κακῶν ἕνεχ', ὅσσα ἔοργας·

* Ch. xxxi. v. 46, 51, 52, 54.
† Ch. vii. v. 26. ‡ Iliad, iii. l. 57.

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——————— for surely shalt thou now,
For thy misdeeds, thy *garb* of *stone* assume:

which seems to imply, that the *tumuli* under consideration, were also among the Greeks, appropriated to persons of infamous character. And that this must have been the case too with the Romans, to a certain extent, is sufficiently clear from the following anonymous epitaph on a notorious robber:—

Monte sub hoc lapidum tegitur Balista sepultus?
Nocte, die, tutum carpe, viator, iter.

It is impossible, then, not to refer the origin of the Scotch *Cairn* and the Welsh *Carn* to a period of high antiquity.

VENEDOTA.

THE BUT AN' THE BEN.*

(For the Mirror.)

Our farmers now brag o their blue sklatet biggins,
An' follow the fashion like high gentle fouk
Gie me my bit bield wi' its straw theckit riggin,
An' muckle mou'd lum to tak off the peat smoke.

There is na a man in the fair land o' Fyvie,†
On hill-head or brae-side, on green-haugh or glen,
Mair happy than me wi' my thriftie wee wifie,
Wha bide in a bield o' a But an' a Ben.

A cantie an' couthie guidwife is my Katie,
Tho' by her best days still she's bonie an blithe,
An' a' her delight is to please her ain Patie,
Wi' mind an' wi' manners sae leesome an' lithe.

Guid butter an' kebbocks the milk maks o' Hernie,
An, frae the hen-roost a new egg now an' then,
Wi' twa three trouts taen frae yon bickerin burnie,
My frien's feast fu' weel in the But an' the Ben.

To my youngest bairn aft I sing diddle de diddle,
Or aiblins some sang coft the last market day,
An' there are waur fists than mysel at the fiddle,
At scrapin a Scottish jig, reel, or strathspey.

Tho' sometimes I may be downhearted an' dowie,
For wha can ken pleasure an' never ken pain,
The physic that fizzes i' the barmy ale bowie,
Drives dool frae the fowk o' the But and the Ben.

Ahint my laigh housie blooms nae branchin' bower,
But a divot-dyked yard for my cabbage an' kail,
Perhaps here an' there springs an anterin flower,
That courts the kind kiss o' the soft summer gale.

Ilk e'enin frae labour low'st to luve an' leisure,
What happiness purer can mortal man ken,
While the prospect o' past and the present gies pleasure,
O' wha wadna bide in a But an' a Ben!

Carburton Street, SAWNEY SIMPSON.
Fitzroy Square.

* 'A But an' a Ben' is the designation generally used in Scotland for a cottage with one ketch.

† Fyvie is the name of a very fair and fine country in the north-west part of the county of Aberdeen.

DEFENCE OF THE PRESENT STATE OF THE STAGE.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—In the last number of your second volume, I read an article "On the Present State of the Stage;" fearing it might not be noticed, and by that means suffer such assertions to go uncontradicted, is the only reason I can assign for so humble an individual as myself opposing your more fluent correspondent G. W.

G. W. assigns as the chief reason of the present corrupt state of society: several of the recent productions of the dramatic writers. Now, Sir, I am not so blind an advocate for the stage as to deny there is not plenty of room for improvement. Indeed, what individual thing can be named where there is not? Turn to what subject we may, whether professions or nations, or extending our views to the actions of previous ages, we shall perceive in the whole of them, however grand and noble a part may be—that there will always be found a deficiency. Is it then to be expected when every thing else fails in this respect that the stage should be pure and faultless! I perfectly agree with G. W., that such exhibitions as "Tom and Jerry," are a disgrace to the drama; although I am aware that many able arguments are opposed to my opinion—but, then, is the whole to be condemned because a *part* is faulty! As I before remarked, it arises from an impossibility to bring any given thing to a *complete* state of purity. Besides, how trifling can be the effect of these paltry productions, when on the other hand they are opposed by the grandeur of tragedy. Let those who have read "Pizarro," those who have studied in the closet, or admired in the theatre, the character of the noble-minded Rolla—let those bear witness to the assertion, whether one single representation of that drama would not be sufficient to efface all the effects arising from such insipid exhibitions as above noticed, while Shakspeare is known; while his plays are acted on our stage, no one need fear any revolution in our habits from such dramatic trifles. To all who are capable of understanding, (and thank heaven, few are now to be found who are not). What a grand moral must his Richard III., Hamlet, Othello, &c. &c. furnish. The characters of Othello and Iago are alone sufficient to disclose to our view nearly the whole of the different passions which the human breast imbibes. Having said thus much, I will conclude with the opinion of "La Motte," and which is supported by the

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most eminent men this country has produced, namely, "If the theatres were to be shut up, the stage wholly silenced and suppressed, I believe the world, bad as it is now, would be ten times more wicked."

G. S.

ON THE MONTH OF JANUARY.

(For the Mirror.)

JANUARY is the name of the first month of the year, according to the computation now used in the west. The word is derived from the Latin *Januarius*, a name given it by the Romans, from Janus, one of their divinities, to whom they attributed two faces; because, on the one side the first of January looked towards the new year; and, on the other, towards the old one. The word Januarius may also be derived from *janua*, gate; in regard to this month being the first, which is, as it were, the gate of the year. January and February were introduced into the year by Numa Pompilius; Romulus's year beginning in the month of March. The Christians, heretofore, fasted on the first day of January, by way of opposition to the superstition of the heathens, who, in honour of Janus, observed this day with feastings, dancings, masquerades, &c. January is clad in white, the colour of the earth at this time, blowing his nails. The old proverb say, "Janiveer freez the pot by the fire." "If the grass grow in Janiveer, it grows the worse for't all the year."—But Ray in his collection of proverbs, says, "There's no general rule without some exception; for in the year 1667, the winter was so mild, that the pastures were very green in January, yet was there scarce ever known a more plentiful crop of hay than the following summer."

"Stern winter's icy breath, intensely keen
Now chills the blood, and withers every green;
Bright shines the azure sky, serenely fair,
On driving snows obscure the turbid sky."

And Cowper has beautifully described a frost scene at this period, thus—

"Here glittering turrets rise, upbearing high
(Fantastic misarrangement) on the roof;
Large growth of what may seem the sparkling trees
And shrubs of fairy land. The crystal drops
That trickle down the branches, fast congeal'd,
Shoot into pillars of pellucid length,
And prop the pile they but adorned before.
Here grotto within grotto safe defies
The sunbeam. There emboss'd and petted wild
The growing wonder takes a thousand shapes
Capricious, in which fancy seeks in vain
The likeness of some object seen before."

Cowper, Task v.

P. T. W.

ST. WINIFRED'S WELL.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

SIR,—In your last account of St. Winifred's Well, there is a deviation or two from your usual correctness, which I beg leave to point out, for the sake of precision and information, trusting that your candour and kindness will not allow the readers of the Mirror to remain long in mistake; it states that the Well gives the name to the town, hence we would suppose the town's name to be Winifred, but such is not the case. The Well is mostly called Holy-well, which is the real name of the town. The account also says, that the spring pours forth twenty-one tons of water each minute; the following extract I take from a minute description of it, given to me on the spot, a short time back: "One circumstance asserted of this spring, which to some may seem incredible, will at any time be demonstrated to the curious. By the gauge, the bason will hold about 240 tons of water, which, when emptied, is filled again in less than two minutes. The experiment was tried for a wager on Tuesday, the 12th July, 1731. Mr. Price the rector of Holy-well, Mr. Williams, Mr. Wynne, Dr. Taylor, and several other gentlemen being present, when to the surprise of the company, the Well filled again in less than two minutes. The bason is six feet deep and yet the water is so clear that a pin may be seen at the bottom."

A second bason is formed outside for use of male bathers, dresses being always provided on the spot, by a person who rents the premises and derives a handsome profit in the summer season.

I remain, your's &c. T. TENNENT.

THE SHORTEST DAY.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

MR. EDITOR,—The pleasure and information derived from the perusal of the Mirror, has induced me to request as a favour, the insertion of an explanation why the Almanacks for the present year have the shortest day on the 22nd of December, instead of, as is usual, the 21st; it having given rise to much curious arguments without arriving at any satisfactory reason, is the motive of my request; the cause appears to me generally unknown, the explanation will therefore be useful. It is by some asserted to be an error of the printer, in not placing a crotchet, shewing it to belong to the preceding line; by others, that it occurs once in forty years, and again once in a

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century. I have made much inquiry concerning it among the wise men of the east, but it remains a matter of astonishment to all; your interpretation will therefore oblige a constant reader.

M. T.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE TREAD MILL.

As the theory of prison discipline becomes better understood, the mode of punishing offenders will be less repugnant to feeling, though equally conducive to the great object—reformation. Among other improvements, it has been discovered, that to the indolent no punishment is so severe as hard labour; and modern engineers have been employed on the best means of compelling prisoners to work. For this purpose a machine has been invented, called the tread-mill, which has obtained unprecedented notoriety, and been adopted in several prisons in London, and various parts of the country. It resembles the fabled punishment of Sisyphus, who was compelled to the interminable labour of rolling to the top of a hill a large stone, which no sooner reached the summit than it fell down, and his labour was to be renewed. In the tread-mill, the prisoners ascend an endless flight of stairs, and by their combined weight acting upon a stepping board, produce the same effect that a stream of water does upon a water-wheel. Although the latter might very easily have suggested the tread-mill, yet it was boasted as a new invention, until it was discovered to be but an adaptation of the Chinese tread-wheel, which is used for the purpose of raising water.

The tread-mill is not, however, new even as an instrument of prison discipline; but has been used in England two centuries and a half ago, though the circumstance has escaped all who have written on the subject. The tread-mill of the sixteenth century had, indeed, an advantage over that of the present day; it was a combination of the tread-mill and the hand-crank-mill, which has been suggested as its substitute by Sir John Coxe Hippisley, as less prejudicial to the health.

In Seymour's "Survey of the Cities of London and Westminster," a work said to have been written by John Mottley, the son of Colonel Mottley, there is a description of this mill so explicit, that there was no necessity to adopt the idea from the Chinese, when we had it so much nearer home. "In the time of Queen Elizabeth," says the writer, "about the year 1570 and odd, one John Pain, a citizen, invented a mill to grind corn, which he got recommended to the Lord Mayor for the use of Bridewell. This mill had two conveniences; the one was, that it would grind a greater quantity considerably than other mills of that sort could do; and the other (which would render it useful to Bridewell) was, that the lame, either in arms or legs, might work at it, if they had but use of either; and, accordingly, these mills were termed hand-mills, or foot-mills.

"This mill he shewed to the Lord Mayor, who saw it grind as much corn with the labour of two men, as they did then at Bridewell with ten—that is to say, two men with hands, or two men with feet, two bushels the hour. If they were lame in their arms, then they might earn their livings with their legs; if lame in their legs, then they might earn their livings with their arms. One mill would grind twenty bushels of wheat in a day; so that by computation it was reckoned, that one of these would supply a thousand persons."

From this account of the tread-mill of the sixteenth century it will be seen, that, considering the rude state of the mechanical arts at the period, Mr. Pain must have been a mechanist of more than ordinary ingenuity.—*Percy Hist., Part* IV.

STATE OF CRIME IN THE METROPOLIS.

NOTHING is more common than to talk of the good old times of our ancestors, who manifested equal regret that the good old times had passed long before they were born: and we might trace the same lamentation backward from one generation to another, to the earliest formation of civilized society: hence it may be inferred, that this *beau ideal* of perfection, the "good old times," never existed but in the imagination; and, that vice and virtue, good and evil, in each age, are more equally balanced than is generally imagined. Moralists declaim against the increasing depravity of the times, and legislators add new penal laws to the statute book; yet, if we refer back to our early history, we shall find the same catalogue of crimes prevailing; and although, in consequence of the increased population of the metropolis, and the inseparable evils attending a large community, crime and depredations may be more frequent, yet moral, humane, and benevolent institutions have increased in an equal proportion; and if vice abounds more in London than formerly, "grace abounds much more" also.

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In our account of the Police, we have noticed the state of society at different periods; and it would not be difficult to prove, that there are few offences committed, at the present day, which were not frequent some centuries ago, except such as have arisen from the altered state of society. We might, indeed, go much further and assert, that when the police was not so well organized as at present, offences were of a much more flagrant character. What atrocities in the present age can be compared to those of "The Black Boy Alley gang," who so late as the reign of George II. were the terror of the whole city? Hogarth, in one of his prints of the "Idle and Industrious Apprentice," has depicted one of the scenes of this gang; but even his faithful and powerful pencil has failed in giving a true picture of their diabolical deeds. The gang occupied some miserable tenements in Black Boy-Alley, Chick Lane, where the unwary were decoyed by means of depraved females, and when gagged, that they should give no alarm, the wretches dragged their victims to one of the depositories, like a lamb to the slaughter, and having robbed and murdered them, threw the dead bodies into the ditch. To so alarming an extent had this gang carried their atrocities, that government lent its aid to the ordinary police, by means of which the principal members of the gang were apprehended, and nineteen of them executed at one time.

Some years ago the metropolis was much alarmed by a person indiscriminately stabbing several females as he met them in the night; he was designated the monster, on account of the abhorrence with which his conduct was viewed. This crime has also, of late years, been frequent in Paris, where the offenders are called *piqueurs;* but the offence is not of modern date, for in the early part of the last century it was much more prevalent, and was practised by a set of miscreants, denominated *Mohawks*, who, in 1712, were suppressed by the government.

Street robberies, which have always been frequent in London, attained such a pitch in the autumn and winter of 1744, that government found it necessary to offer a large reward for their suppression. A sum of 100*l.* was given on the conviction of every person found guilty of murder, or assault, with any offensive weapon or instrument, with the intent to rob. Until government thus interfered, gangs of street robbers patrolled the streets with cutlasses and fire-arms, bidding defiance to the police officers, several of whom they wounded.

During the last ten years, many valuable reports on the state of crime in the metropolis have been made by committees of the House of Commons, and much interesting information has thus been obtained. In one of these reports it is stated, that there are houses in London where boys are taught how to pick pockets, and other knavish arts; and that a slang language is used by the thieves and pickpockets, is known to every reader of a newspaper, as it has almost become necessary to learn this vulgar tongue, in order to read the police reports that are published. Schools for teaching thieves, and the use of slang language, are not, however, devices of modern times.

Stowe relates, that at the July sessions in 1585, the magistracy devoted great attention to the discovery and suppression of houses frequented by thieves; and that Fleetwood, the recorder to the lord treasurer, with others of the bench, discovered sixteen of these houses in London and Westminster, and two in Southwark. In one of these, an ale-house at Smart's quay, Billingsgate, kept by a person of the name of Wotton, "a gentleman born, and once a merchant of good credit, but fallen by time into decay," the art of cutting purses and picking pockets was taught scientifically. Wotton had a regular academy of vice, in which crime was as methodically taught as the mechanical arts. In order to give to the embryo pickpocket the dexterity which was requisite, a pocket with counters, and a purse with silver, were suspended; each of them was hung about with "hawk's bells," and a "little sacring bell" at the top. The pupil was taught to take out the counters and the silver without disturbing the bells, and when he was enabled to do this, he was deemed fit to commence his infamous profession, and was admitted into the association of *nyppers* and *foysters*, as the *cutpurses* and pickpockets were called. Hollinshed, who wrote at a still earlier period, notices the cant or slang language which was used in his day by the beggars. "In counterfeiting the Egyptian rogues, they have devised a language among themselves, which they name *canting*, a speech compact thirty years since of English, and a greate number of od words of their owne devising, without all order or reason, and yet such as none but themselves are to understand."

How little of novelty in crime then has the present generation to answer for? even blood-money conspirators, who, for the sake of getting the reward of 40*l.* for the conviction of any offender, accuse him falsely, were known so far back as the reign of Edward III., as appears by a statute of that monarch, which complains,

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that "great damage and destruction" did often happen by "sheriffs, jailors, and keepers of prisons, within franchises and without, who have pained their prisoners, and, by such evil means, compelled and procured them to become appellors, and to appeal harmless and guiltless people, to the intent to have ransom of such appealed persons, for fear of imprisonment or other cause."—*Percy Histories.*

TUSCANY.

AFTER all I have said of the delights of the south of Italy, I would choose Tuscany for a residence. Its inhabitants are courteous and civilized. I confess that there is a charm for me in the manners of the common people and servants. Perhaps this is partly to be accounted for from the contrast which they form with those of my native country; and all that is unusual, by divesting common life of its familiar garb, gives an air of gala to every-day concerns. These good people are courteous, and there is much *piquance* in the shades of distinction which they make between respect and servility, ease of address and impertinence. Yet this is little seen and appreciated among their English visitors. I have seen a country woman of some rank much shocked at being cordially embraced in a parting scene from her cook-maid; and an Englishman think himself insulted because when, on ordering his coachman to wait a few minutes for orders, the man quietly sat down; yet neither of these actions were instigated by the slightest spirit of insolence. I know not why, but there was always something heartfelt and delightful to me in the salutation that passes each evening between master and servant. On bringing the lights the servant always says "Felicissima sera, Signoria;" and is answered by a similar benediction. These are nothings, you will say; but such nothings have conduced more to my pleasure than other events usually accounted of more moment.

The country of Tuscany is cultivated and fertile, although it does not bear the same stamp of excessive luxury as in the south. To continue my half-forgotten simile, the earth is here like a young affectionate wife, who loves her home, yet dresses that home in smiles. In spring, nature arises in beauty from her prison, and rains sunbeams and life upon the land. Summer comes up in its green array, giving labour and reward to the peasants. Their plenteous harvests, their Virgilian threshing floors, and looks of busy happiness, are delightful to me. The balmy air of night, Hesperus in his glowing palace of sunlight, the flower-starred earth, the glittering waters, the ripening grapes, the chesnut copses, the cuckoo, and the nightingale,—such is the assemblage which is to me what balls and parties are to others. And if a storm come, rushing like an armed band over the country, filling the torrents, bending the proud heads of the trees, causing the clouds' defending music to resound, and the lightning to fill the air with splendour; I am still enchanted by the spectacle which diversifies what I have heard named the monotonous blue skies of Italy.

In Tuscany the streams are fresh and full, the plains decorated with waving corn, shadowed by trees and trellised vines, and the mountains arise in woody majesty behind to give dignity to the scene. What is a land without mountains? Heaven disdains a plain; but when the beauteous earth raises her proud head to seek its high communion, then it descends to meet her, it adorns her in clouds, and invests her in radiant hues.

On the 15th of September, 18—, I remember being one of a party of pleasure, from the baths of Pisa, to Vico Pisano, a little town formerly a frontier fortress between the Pisan and Florentine territories. The air inspired joy, and the pleasure I felt I saw reflected in the countenance of my beloved companions. Our course lay beneath hills hardly high enough for the name of mountains, but picturesquely shaped and covered with various wood. The cicale chirped, and the air was impregnated with the perfume of flowers. We passed the Rupe de 'Noce, and proceeding still at the foot of hills arrived at Vico Pisano, which is built at the extreme point of the range. The houses are old and surmounted with ancient towers; and at one end of the town there is a range of old walls, weed-grown; but never did eye behold hues more rich and strange than those with which time and the seasons have painted this relic. The lines of the cornice swept downwards, and made a shadow that served even to diversify more the colours we beheld. We returned along the same road; and not far from Vico Pisano ascended a gentle hill, at the top of which was a church dedicated to Madonna, with a grassy platform of earth before it. Here we spread and ate our rustic fare, and were waited upon by the peasant girls of the cottage attached to the church, one of whom was of extreme beauty, a beauty heightened by the grace of her motions and the simplicity of her manner. After our pic-nic we reposed under the shade of the church, on the brow of the hill.—*London Magazine.*

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Rye House.

RYE HOUSE, which has become memorable in English history, from the circumstance of its having been the place where a conspiracy was formed for the assassination of Charles II., was situated about two miles distance from Hoddesdon, in Hertfordshire. As the Papists had been generally accused of the plot to destroy the king and parliament, known by the name of the gunpowder plot—as well of setting fire to London in 1666, it is said that they formed an accusation against the Protestants of a conspiracy, to destroy Charles II., and his brother, in 1683, which was known by the name of the Rye House plot.

It was said that the conspirators intended to way-lay and murder the king near Rye House, ir his way to Newmarket. Historians entertain great doubts that any such plot existed, although several persons were arrested on suspicion, and it was made a pretext for the legal murder of those virtuous patriots, Lord William Russel, and Algernon Sidney.

SUPERSTITION AND KNOWLEDGE.

WITCHCRAFT is not wholly disused in the British dominions; in one instance, at least, it has been recently practised, as we shall have occasion to mention; and the statute which still restrained the practice of the black art in Ireland having been repealed, those who choose to follow the profession may do so with impunity: provided nevertheless, that they keep in mind the law which enacts that any exertion of skill, by which fortunes are told or stolen goods recovered, may be punished as the act of a rogue and a vagabond. Marvellous, indeed, are the perils which attend the violation of this prohibition. Many a weird sister, who could sail to Aleppo in a sieve, has been fettered, without bail or mainprize, by the spells of the parish beadle; and many a wizard who, like Michael Scott of old, could bind the weary demons to their endless task of twisting ropes of sand, has been compelled by the Rhadamanthine Justice, to beat hemp for six calendar months in the house of correction.

We can now sport with these superstitions. They have ceased to alarm us; but they afford a direful exemplification of the calamities to which human nature may be subjected; nor can the history of witchcraft be contemplated without horror As the rites of the sect are noticed by the earlier schoolmen and divines, they appeared incorporated in a delusive dream, and connected with the relics of a more ancient Paganism. The beldames collect by night at the command of their many-named Queen—Hecate—Diana — Herodias, or Benzoria — the fair Holda amongst the Teutonic races. Away they scud to Palestine, vieing with one another in their mystic course, for she who first can dip her hands in the River Jordan will become the mistress of the world. But in vain—the waters dry beneath their touch, and mock their expectations. Feasting and dancing, mirth and merriment, seem to be the intent of the noc-

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turnal meetings of the initiated. Awkward and uncouth, the revelry possesses that fantastic character of wildness, compounded of sport and mischief, found in the personification of the Satyr of antiquity and in the Puck of the middle ages. Satan, however, does not appear. —If the evil spirit partook of the joy, his presence could only be inferred from the impossibility of such a convention being held under the auspices of a good demon. But we find no trace of the worship of the fiend, ascribed to the *Sabbath* of the witches in later times. The belief was reprobated by the church, but not punished by the secular arm as a mortal crime. 'Let no woman boast,' it is ordered by Augerius, bishop of Conserans, that 'she rides by night with Diana, the goddess of the Pagans, or with Herodias, or with Benzoria, accompanied by an innumerable multitude, for this is an illusion of the demon.'

Such was the argument usually employed against witchcraft until the fifteenth century Bishops and confessors used every endeavour to convince the witch that she was deceived and cheated by the demon, but they did not burn her except when she was clearly a 'heretic.' When exhortations failed, they sometimes used more tangible methods. Vincent de Beauvais relates a story of a witch, who attempted to persuade her confessor, that she could pass through closed doors with her nightly *mesnie*. He called her into the chancel, and, shutting the door, belaboured her soundly with the handle of the cross. Get out, get out! mistress sorceress, he cried; and as she could not get out, he, at last, allowed her to depart, saying, 'Now see ye not what fools ye are, believing in the emptiness of dreams?' To such modes of dispelling delusion no objection can reasonably be raised.

It is not clear, that, according to the old English common law, witchcraft and sorcery, as such, were punishable. If, as was often the case, these delusions were combined with other crimes, treason or poisoning, or the lighter misdemeanours of fraud and imposture, then certainly the accusation enhanced the punishment. The usual authorities undoubtedly state that sorcerers were to be burnt; and the church might strive to condemn the heretic; but the case reported in the year book, 45 Ed. III. 17. seems to show that the judges of the courts of common law wished to proceed with mildness. 'A man was taken in Southwark with a head and face of a dead man, and with a book of sorcery in his male, and was brought into the King's Bench, before Sir John Knevett, then Chief Justice; but seeing no indictment was against him, the clerks did swear him, that from henceforth he should not be a sorcerer, and he was delivered out of prison, and the head of the dead man, and the book of sorcery were burnt at Tothil.' When the offence could be considered as heresy, then of course the witch might be duly punished. Yet executions upon this charge seem to have been of rare occurrence. And here we may be allowed to observe, that the Knights Templars, in chapter assembled, could have had as little power to burn Rebecca, as the Jews of York, in synagogue assembled, to burn Boisgilbert.

Coke, in commenting upon the sorcerer's escape, remarks, with an appearance of ill-humour, that the 'head and book of sorcery had the same punishment that the sorcerer should have had by the ancient law, if he had by his sorcery prayed in aid of the devil.' As the act is so penned as to make the mere taking up of a dead body, with the *intent* to be employed in witchcraft, a capital crime, it appears to have arisen out of the consideration of the case before quoted. A few passages from the delectable dialogue of King James will exemplify the temper in which he wished that the new law should be administered.

Epistemon replies to a question respecting the competency of accomplices as witnesses for the prosecution: 'The assize (*i. e.* the jury) must serve for an interpreter of our laws in that respect; but in *my* opinion, since in a matter of treason against the prince, barnes or wives, or never so defamed persons, may of our lawe serve for sufficient witnesses and proofes; I think surely, that by a farre greater reason, such witnesses may be sufficient in matters of high treason against God; *for who but witches can be prooves, and so witnesses of the doings of witches?*'

Precepts like these seemed to meet with universal approbation; and the Scottish clergy, urged by mistaken zeal, and influenced by false explanations of the Scriptures, persecuted the criminals denounced before them with all the alacrity of the Inquisition.

Wurtzburgh was the scene even of greater horrors in the years 1627, 1628, and 1629. In this short period upwards of one hundred and fifty victims perished. They included persons of every rank and station; many of the dignified clergy belonging to the cathedral, and some of the richest citizens. Neither age, nor sex could excite compassion.

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SONG OF "THE GATHERING."

Ours the strains renown'd in story,
Of peaceful hall or deadly corrie:
Would you call to field, or foray,
Melt to love, or rouse to glory:
Sound our mountain melody.
Where the gale of love is blowing,
Health, and mirth, and bliss bestowing;
Where the cup of joy is flowing,
Eyes are bright, and hearts are glowing:
Pours the bagpipes thrilling lay.
Who can hear its notes of woe,
For friend deceas'd, or fallen foe;
And see the mourners as they go,
To its wild notes, sad and slow:
And melt not at its melody?
And in the day of doubt and dread,
When bursts the battle o'er their head;
How strong the arm, and firm the tread,
Of Albyn's sons o'er fields of dead:
When cheer'd by its wild warlike cry.
Ours the strains renown'd in story,
Of halls of joy, or deadly corrie;
Would you call to field or foray,
Melt to love, or rouse to glory:
Sound our mountain melody.

W.

BEARDS AND BARBERS.

(Concluded from our last.)

Barbers.—It appears there were no barbers at Rome, before the year A. U. C. 454. Varro reports, that Ticinius Mena brought them thither from Sicily. The barber's shops very soon became the resort of idlers and gossips. Besides curling the hair and shaving the beard, the ancient barbers also trimmed the nails. Anciently, a lute or viol, or some such musical instrument, was part of the furniture of a barber's shop, which was then frequented by persons above the ordinary rank, who resorted thither for the cure of wounds, or to undergo some chirurgical operations, or as it was called, to be *trimmed*, a word which signified either shaving or cutting and curling the hair. These, and also letting of blood, were the ancient operations of the barber surgeons. The musical instruments in this shop were for the amusement of waiting customers, and answered the end of a *Twopenny Mirror*, with which it is now usual for such to entertain themselves. The *naiveté* of modern barbers is well known to the inhabitants of this metropolis—and we have only

"To walk into their shops and see,
What witty fellows these *shavers* be."

The origin of the "barber's pole" has been the subject of various conjectures among etymologists. Some have supposed it to have been derived from the word *poll*, or head; but, the true intention of this party-coloured staff was to shew that the master of the shop, practised surgery, and could breathe a vein, as well as take off the beard; such a staff being to this day, by every village practitioner, put into the hand of a person undergoing the operation of phlebotomy. The white band which encompasses the staff, was designed to represent the fillet, thus elegantly turned about it. Our present barbers launch out into a variety of recipes for the growth and beauty of the hair. We have oils which makes the hair grow as firm as hog's bristles, bear's grease, which makes it as sleek and smooth as silk,* and various other cosmetics well known to the cognoscenti in dandyism. We have now the hair dressed à la Titus, à la Brutus, and some dressed to imitate an Irish hen, that has run through a hedge backwards, which may be called "The Emerald Isle frize."—To crown all, we have a celebrated *whig maker* of the name of *Truefit*,† and a *razor maker* of the name of *Sharp*. The barbers were incorporated‡ with the surgeons of London, but not to practise surgery, except drawing of teeth. They were exempted by parliament from ward and parish offices, and from military service. In the reign of George II. they were incorporated separately, and the company of surgeons had an elegant hall in the Old Bailey, with a theatre for the dissection of human bodies. They now form a royal college and their house is in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Anne Monk, Duchess of Albemarle, was the daughter of a blacksmith, who gave her an education suitable to the employment she was bred to, which was that of a milliner. Mr. Aubrey, in a manuscript in Ashmole's Museum, says, "That when Monke was prisoner in the Tower, his sempstress Nan Clarges, a blacksmith's daughter, was kind to him in a double capacity. It must be remembered, that he was then in want, and that she assisted him. Here she was got with child, and he afterwards married her, she was not handsome, nor cleanly; her mother was one of the *five women barbers*, and a woman of ill fame." A ballad was made upon her and the other four, the burden of which was,

"Did you ever hear the like,
Or ever hear the fame,
Of five *women barbers*,
That lived in Drury Lane."

Hair Cutting.—Julius Cæsar, when he subdued the Gauls, made them cut off their hair, as a token of submission, for it was esteemed a peculiar honour among

* Mustachio wax of different hues, from the fiery carrot to the ebony black.

† A quarter of an hour is never lost under the hands of one of these facetious and news-mongering tribe---for where is the man who has not gained some information from his barber either political or *attical*.

‡ In the reign of Henry VIII.

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the ancient Gauls to wear long hair. It was a long time the peculiar mark and privilege of kings and princes of the blood (in France) to wear long hair, artfully dressed and curled: every body else were obliged to be polled, or cut round, in sign of inferiority and obedience. The *out* of the hair of a son of France under the first race of kings, was to declare him excluded from the right of succeeding to the crown, and reduced to the condition of a subject. In the eighth century it was the custom of people of quality, to have their children's hair cut the first time by perons they had a particular honour and esteem for, who, in virtue of this ceremony, were reputed a sort of spiritual parents, or godfathers to them, though this practice appears to have been more ancient, for we find that Constantine sent the Pope the hair of his son Heraclius, as a token that he desired him to be his adoptive father. Long hair was anciently held so odious, that there is a canon still extant, of the year 1096, importing, that such as wore long hair should be excluded coming into church when living, and not be prayed for when dead. Charlemagne wore his air very short, his son shorter; Charles the Bold had none at all. Under Hugh Capet, it began to appear again: this the ecclesiastics were displeased with, and excommunicated all who let their hair grow. Peter Lombard expostulated the matter so warmly with Charles the Young, that he cut off his own hair; and, his successors, for some generations wore it very short. A professor of Utrecht, in 1659, wrote expressly on the question, whether it be lawful for men to wear long hair? and concluded in the negative. Another divine, named Reeves who had wrote for the affirmative replied to him. The Greeks and Romans wore false hair. The cutting off the hair in mourning for the dead is an Eastern, as well as a Grecian custom; and appears to have obtained in ancient times, as well as in latter ages. Among the ancient Greeks, it was sometimes laid upon the dead body, sometimes cast into the funeral pile, and sometimes placed upon the grave. How the Jews disposed of it we are not told; but that they cut it off we are assured. Berenice, queen of Egypt, sacrificed her hair to the gods, on her husband returning victorious. In modern days we preserve this lasting relic of the dead, and have it made into various devices, according to the taste of the times; sometimes adorned with an applicable motto, thus, "Sacred will I keep thy dear remains." Hair is to be found upon all parts of the body, except the soles of the feet and palms of the hands. When we examine (says Quincey) the hairs with a microscope, we find that they have each a round bulbous root, which lies pretty deep in the skin, and which draws their nourishment from the surrounding humours; that each hair consists of five or six others, wrapt up in a common tegument or tube. They grow as the nails do, each part near the root thrusting forward that which is immediately above it, and not by any liquor running along the hair in tubes, as plants grows. For further particulars I refer the reader to Vickery and Ross.

P. T. W.

The Sketch Book.

No. XV.

THE QUEEN OF THE ROSE.*

(For the Mirror.)

THERE is still a part of the world where simple genuine virtue receives public honours. It is in a village of Picardy, where an affecting ceremony, which draws tears from the spectators, a solemnity, awful from its venerable antiquity, and salutary influence, has been preserved notwithstanding the revolutions of twelve centuries; there the simple lustre of the flowers, with which innocence is annually crowned, is at once the reward, the encouragement, and the emblem. Here, indeed, ambition preys upon the young heart, but it is a gentle ambition; the prize is a hat, decorated with roses. The preparations for a public decision, the pomp of the festival, the concourse of people which it assembles, their attention fixed upon modesty, which does itself honour by its blushes, the simplicity of the reward an emblem of those virtues by which it is obtained, the affectionate friendship of the rivals, who, in heightening the triumph of their queen, conceal in the bottom of their worthy hearts, the timid hope of reigning in their turn: all these circumstances united, give a pleasing and affecting pomp to this singular ceremony, which makes every heart to palpitate, every eye to sparkle with tears of true delight, and makes wisdom the object of passion. To be irreproachable is not sufficient, there is a kind of nobleness, of which proofs are required; a nobleness, not of rank and dignity, but of worth and innocence. These proofs must include several generations, both on the father and mother's side; so that a whole family is crowned upon the head of one;

* It is upon this custom that Mr. Beasley has founded his new Opera of "Philanderling", now performing at Drury Lane Theatre.

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the triumph of one, is the glory of the whole; and the old man in grey hairs, who sheds the tears of sensibility on the victory gained by the daughter of his son, placed by her side, receives, in effect, the reward of sixty years, spent in a life of virtue.

By this means, emulation becomes general, for the honour of the whole; every one dreads, by an indelicate action, to dethrone either his sister or his daughter. The crown of roses, promised to the most prudent, is expected with emotion, distributed with justice, and established goodness, rectitude, and morality, in every family; it attaches the best people to the most peaceful residence.

Example, powerful example, acts even at a distance; there, the bud of worthy actions is unfolded; and the traveller, in approaching this territory, perceives, before he enters it, that he is not far from Salency. In the course of so many successive ages, all around them has changed; they alone, will hand down to their children, the pure inheritance they received from their fathers: an institution truly great, from its simplicity: powerful, under an appearance of weakness; such is the almost unknown influence of honours; such is the strength of that easy spring, by which all men may be governed: sow honour, and you will reap virtue.

If we reflect upon the time the Salencians have celebrated the festival, we find it is the most ancient ceremony existing. If we attend to its object it is, perhaps, the only one which is dedicated to the service of virtue. If virtue is the most useful and estimable advantage to society in general, this establishment, by which it is encouraged, is a public national benefit, and belongs to France.

Madame De Genlis says, according to a tradition, handed down from age to age, Saint Medard, born at Salency, was the institutor of that charming festival, which has made virtue flourish for so many ages. He had himself the pleasing consolation of enjoying the fruit of his wisdom, and his family was honoured with the prize which he had instituted, for his sister obtained the crown of roses.

This affecting, and valuable festival, has been handed down from the fifth century to the present day. To this rose is attached a purity of morals, which from time immemorial, has never suffered the slightest blemish; to this rose are attached the happiness, peace, and glory of the Salencians.

This rose is the portion, frequently the only portion which virtue brings with it; this rose forms the amiable and pleasing tie of a happy marriage. Even fortune is anxious to obtain it, and comes with respect, to receive it from the hand of honourable indigence. A possession of twelve hundred years, and such splendid advantages, is the finest title that exists in the world.

An important period for the festival of the rose, was when Louis XIII. sent the Marquis de Gordes, the captain of his guards, from the castle of Varennes to Salency, with a blue ribbon, and a silver ring, to be presented from him, to the queen of the rose. It is from that honourable epoch that a blue ribbon, flowing in streamers, surrounds the crown of roses, that a ring is fastened to it, and the young girls of her train, wear over their white robes, a blue ribbon, in the manner of a scarf.

In 1766, Mr. Morfontaine settled a yearly income of 120 livres upon the girl then elected queen. This income to be enjoyed by her during life, and, after her death, each succeeding girl, who should be crowned queen, to have one year's income on the day of her election. This noble generosity can only be rewarded by the homage of the public, and honour alone is the worthy recompense.

Some days before the feast of St. Medard, the inhabitants assemble in presence of the officers of justice, where this worthy company deliberate upon the important business of making a choice; in doing which, they have no object in view but equity. They know all the merits that give a title to the crown; they are acquainted with all the domestic details of their peaceful village, they have not, and cannot have, any other intention, but to be just: enthusiasm and respect for the memory of the holy institutor and the excellence of the institution, are still in full force among them. They name three girls, three virtuous Salencians, of the most esteemed and respectable families.

The nomination is immediately carried to the Lord of Salency, or to the person appointed to represent him, who is free to decide between the three girls, but obliged to choose one of them, whom he proclaims queen of the year.

Eight days before the ceremony, the name of the successful candidate is declared in church

When the great day of the festival arrives, which is always the 8th of June, the Lord of Salency may claim the honour of conducting the queen to be crowned. On that grand day, she is greater than all by whom she is surrounded; and that greatness is of a nature which has nothing in common with the usual distinctions of rank.

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The Lord of Salency has the privilege of going to take virtue from her cottage, and lead it in triumph. Leaning upon his arm, or the arm of the person whom he has substituted in his place, the queen of the Rose steps forth from her dwelling, escorted by twelve young girls dressed in white, with blue scarfs, and twelve youths who wear the livery of the queen; she is preceded by music and drums, which announce the beginning of the procession! She passes along the streets of the village, between rows of spectators, whom the festival has drawn to Salency, from the distance of four leagues. The public admire and applaud her; the mothers shed tears of joy; the old men renew their strength to follow their beloved queen, and compare her with those whom they have seen in their youth. The Salencians are proud of the merits of her to whom they give the crown; she is one of themselves, she belongs to them, she reigns by their choice, she reigns alone, and is the only object of attention.

The queen being arrived at the church, the place appointed for her, is always in the midst of the people, the only situation that could do her honour, where she is, there is no longer any distinction of rank, it all vanishes in the presence of virtue. A pew, placed in the middle of the choir, in sight of all the people, is prepared to receive her: her train range themselves in two lines by her side, she is the only object of the day, all eyes remain fixed upon her, and her triumph continues.

After vespers the procession begins again; the clergy lead the way, the Lord of Salency receives her hand, her train joins, the people follow, and line the streets, while some of the inhabitants, under arms, support the two rows, offering their homage by the loudest acclamations, until she arrives at the chapel of Saint Medard, where the gates are kept open: the good Salencians do not forsake their queen at the instant when the reward of virtue is going to be delivered; it is at that moment in particular, that it is pleasing to see her, and honourable for her to be seen.

The officiating clergyman blesses the hat, decorated with roses, and other ornaments; then turning towards the assembly, he pronounces a discourse on the subject of the festival. What an affecting gravity, what an awful impression does the language of the priest (who in such a moment celebrates the praises of wisdom) make upon the minds of his hearers; he holds the crown in his hand while virtue waits kneeling at his feet; all the spectators are affected, tears in every eye, persuasion in every heart; then is the moment of lasting impressions; and at that instant he places the crown upon her head.

After this begins a *Te Deum*, during which the procession is resumed.

The queen, with the crown upon her head, and attended in the same manner as she was when going to receive it, returns the way she came; her triumph still increasing as she passes along till she again enters the church, and occupies the same place in the middle of the choir, till the end of the service.

She has new homage to receive, and, going forth, is attended to a particular piece of ground, where crowned innocence finds expecting vassals prepared to offer her presents. They are simple gifts, but their singularity proves the antiquity of the custom; a nosegay of flowers, a dart, two balls, &c. &c.

From thence she is conducted, with the same pomp, and led back to her relations, and, in her own house, if she thinks proper gives a rural collection to her conductor and her retinue.

This festival is of a singular kind, of which there is no model elsewhere. It is intended to encourage virtue, by bestowing public honours, and for such a purpose they ought to be boundless. Where virtue reigns there is no rival; and whoever wishes for distinction in her presence, cannot be sufficiently sensible of what is due to her triumph.

The distinguishing characteristic of this festival is, that every part of it is referable to the queen, that every thing is eclipsed by her presence; her splendour is direct, not reflected: her glory borrows nothing from distinction of rank; she has no need of any one to make her great and respectable; in one word, it is the image of virtue which shines, and every thing disappears before her. F. R——Y.

TO THE MARCHIONESS OF DOUGLAS & CLYDESHIRE.

By the Hon. R. Spencer.

O'er Susan's brow (the fault was mine)
A frown one moment's empire held;
The smile, which rules by *right divine*,
The dark usurper soon expell'd.

That well was play'd the monarch's part,
E'en in that lawless reign, I own;
He justly pierc'd the rebel heart,
Whose guilt has rais'd him to the throne!

Think not, by vain repentance driv'n,
Too late for mercy I appeal;
Each wound that *alien frown* has giv'n,
That native smile can more than heal!

Heav'n has so fix'd their mutual pow'rs,
That good or ill shou'd ever thrive;
Night cannot fade so many flow'rs
As day returning can revive!

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Useful Domestic Hints.

To prevent the Smoking of a Lamp.—Soak the wick in strong vinegar, and dry it well before you use it; it will then burn both sweet and pleasant, and give much satisfaction for the trifling trouble in preparing it.

Excellent Method of Salting Meat.—The following Recipe may prove acceptable to many private families, and from trial can be strongly recommended. To three gallons of spring water, add six pounds of common salt, four pounds of bay salt, two pounds of common loaf sugar, and three ounces of saltpetre—boil the whole over a gentle fire, and whilst boiling, carefully scum it; when quite cold, it is fit for use. Rub the meat to be cured with fine salt, and put it to drain for a day or two, in order to free it from the blood, then immerse it in the above brine in the tub, taking care every part is covered. Young pork should not remain more than three, four, or five days in the pickle, but hams for drying must be immersed a fortnight at least before they are hung up, and tongues the same period. Beef may remain according as it is to be more or less flavoured with the salt: a little practice will soon prove the time every kind of meat will require. When the pickle has been in use about three months, boil it up again gently, and after scumming it well whilst boiling, add three pounds of common salt, three pounds of bay salt, half a pound of sugar, and one or two ounces of saltpetre—when cold it will be as good as first. This brine may appear expensive, but ultimately it will be found cheaper than the usual mode of salting, with the certainty that the meat, &c. cannot spoil, that the flavour will be excellent, and it will be juicy and tender.

Cheap and Wholesome Beverage.—Pindar commences one of his celebrated Odes with an eulogium on water: and Hoffman, the celebrated physician, gives it as his opinion, that pure water is the fitest drink for persons of all ages and temperaments. Many instances of longevity could be deduced from among persons whose only drink was water. Machinery may be applied with effect for the improvement of water. It is well known, that it is ameliorated by pouring it from one vessel into another; and the more it is agitated, the more it acquires the qualities to be desired. The common mode of impregnating water with fixed air, is troublesome and expensive; besides, fixed air should not be taken in large quantities in every case; whereas, the more that water can be impregnated with atmospheric air the better.

Preventive of Rust.—The cutlers in Sheffield, when they have given knife or razor blades the requisite degree of polish, rub them with powdered quicklime, in order to prevent them from tarnishing; and, it is said, that articles made of polished steel are dipt in lime water, by the manufacturer, before they are sent into the retail market.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

Clerical Wit.—The facetious Watty Morrison, as he was commonly called, was entreating the commanding officer of a regiment, at Fort George, to pardon a poor fellow sent to the halberds. The officer granted his petition, on condition that Mr. Morrison should accord with the first favour he asked, the favour was to perform the ceremony of baptism for a young puppy. A merry party of gentlemen were invited to the christening. Mr. Morrison desired Major ——— to hold up the dog. "As I am a minister of the Kirk of Scotland," said Mr. Morrison, "I must proceed accordingly." Major ——— said he asked no more, "well then Major I begin with the usual question, "*you acknowledge yourself the father of this puppy.*" The Major understood the joke, and threw away the animal. Thus did Mr. Morrison turn the laugh against the ensnarer, who intended to deride a sacred ordinance.—On another occasion, a young officer scoffed at the parade of study to which Clergymen assigned their right to remuneration for labour, and he offered to take a bet, he would preach half an hour upon any verse or section of a verse in the Old or New Testament. Mr. Morrison took the bet, and pointed out "*And the Ass opened his mouth, and he spoke.*" The officer declined employing his eloquence on that text. Mr. Morrison won the wager, and silenced the scorner.

An old German Knight in the first half of the seventeenth century, when enormous goblets were among the chief ornaments of the rooms and tables of the nobility, sat once at table next his young wife, in a numerous company, where the bottle went continually round, and a large goblet was to be emptied each time, on pain of being countenanced as a false

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brother by the guests, who were very strict on this point. The wife, who had received a more polished education, whispered to her husband, when it came again, to empty an enormous glass, to pour the wine secretly under the table: "The others will see it, said he." His wife, therefore, just as he was raising his glass to his mouth, snuffed out the candle, and repeated her request. Instead of complying, he said with a kind of sublimity, "God sees it" and emptied his goblet.

*Solution of the Riddle, in No. 64.**

That can never be, quoth I,
Or I can't make it out;
For if one syllable you take from five,
There remains four, beyond a doubt.

I thought the matter o'er again,
And discovered for my pains,
That if from monosyllable you take M O
"No syllable" remains.

ISAIAH.

* Similar answers have been received from at least a dozen Correspondents.

EPITAPH
ON TWO TWIN SISTERS.

Fair marble, tell, to future days,
That here two virgin sisters lie;
Whose life employ'd each tongue in praise,
Whose death gave tears to every eye.

In stature, beauty, years, and fame,
Together as they grew, they shone;
So much alike, so much the same.
That death mistook them both for one.

BONAS.

EPIGRAM.

A man being drown'd,
Was ne'er again found,
"Sure he's gone the way of all flesh,"
Then another did reply,
"Sir, that I do deny,
Sure he's gone the way of all fish."

EPIGRAM.

Tom hates a liar! thus we see,
Two of a trade can ne'er agree.

MOSTAH.

EPITAPH
On a Military Officer, in a Church-Yard near Oxford.

Billetted by death,
I quartered here lay slain,
And when the trumpet sounds,
I'll rise and march again.

THEATRICAL FIRES.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

SIR,—I should feel extremely obliged to you if you could favour me with the directions for making the red and blue Fires used in conflagrations at theatres. I have seen them in some newspapers, but cannot now recollect which.

Your obedient servant, ROVER.
Saturday, January 17, 1824.

REMORSE.

THERE is a grief that knows no end,
A sorrow time can never quell.
The poisonous drop remorse can blend,
On memory's page must ever dwell.

And each offence to those we love,
The careless word, th' averted eye
A never falling worm will prove,
When in the silent tomb they lie.

MUS.

EPIGRAM.

They say, my friend, that you admire
Yourself with all a lover's fire.
Men who possess what they desire,
Like you, are happy fellows;
But you can boast one pleasure more,
While blest with all that you adore,
"That no one will be jealous."

EPIGRAM.

There is a mistake, tho' the saying is old,
To hear a man tell you he has a *bad* cold;
We must drop the saying, though long
it has stood,
For I never heard of a cold that was *good*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LEISURE HOURS, No. III. in our next, when Edgar, Edric, Oculus, Zetus, Kiow, and several other correspondents, shall have a place.

Our correspondents will perceive that several of their communications have been inserted in the present Number; and it is our intention to devote a larger space to them than we have hitherto done, which, by the adoption of a smaller type for our poetical articles, we shall be enabled to do.

E. H. is informed, that Nos. 3 and 4 have been adopted, and are in the hands of the engraver; we shall, therefore, feel obliged by the articles he so kindly promises.

The lines attributed to the Princess Charlotte, inserted in a recent Number, were only adopted by her Royal Highness, with a slight alteration, from Thomson's Seasons.

†† is informed, that all the communications he enumerates have been received, and that several of them are intended for insertion.

We have received numerous letters, to which we shall give answers in our next, when we hope to put all our correspondents out of suspense as to the fate of their several communications.

We thank Oculus.

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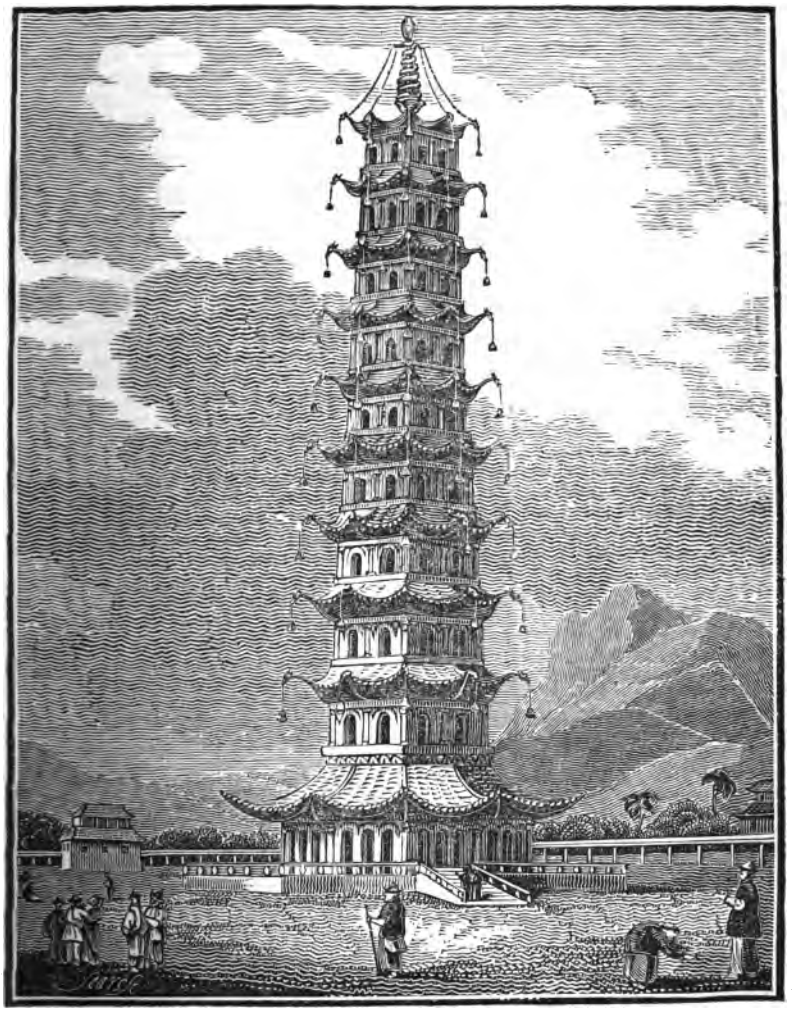
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. LXVIII.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1824. [Price 2*d*.

Porcelain Tower in China.



China contains few natural curiosities, but those of art are stupendous. There is the great wall, which separating China from Tartary, extends about fifteen hundred miles, built some centuries before Christ, and excelling any fortification of the ancients. This wall is carried over mountains and vallies, and is built principally of brick and mortar, from twenty to five and twenty feet nigh, and ten or twelve feet thick.

The chain bridges are very ingenious,

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as may be seen by a reference to No. 38, of the *Mirror*, where we gave an engraving of the celebrated chain bridge of China. The triumphal arches of China are not built in the Greek and Roman style of architecture, although they are superb and beautiful—but their towers, the models of which are now frequent in Europe under the name of pagodas, are great ornaments to the country.

The most celebrated of the pagodas, is the Porcelain Tower of Nankin, which is the admiration of all who, in visiting China, see it. This elegant and commodious building, of which we give a correct engraving, may be regarded as a fine specimen of oriental pagodas. The tower is about two hundred feet in height, and derives its name from its having a China or porcelain coating. The Portuguese were the first to bestow on these superb edifices the title of pagodas, and to attribute them to devotional purposes. There can be little doubt, however, that in many instances they have been rather erected as public memorials or ornaments, like the columns of the Greeks and Romans.

Mr. Ellis, in his journal of the embassy to China, relates that, in the company of three gentlemen of the embassy, he succeeded in passing completely through the uninhabited part of the city of Nankin, and in reaching the gateway visible from the Lion Hill. The object of the party was to have penetrated through the streets to the Porcelain Tower, apparently distant two miles. To this, however, the soldiers who accompanied them, and who, from their willingness in allowing them to proceed thus far, were entitled to consideration, made so many objections, that they were forced to desist, and to content themselves with proceeding to a temple on a neighbouring hill, from which they had a very complete view of the city. From this station the Porcelain tower presented itself as a most magnificent object.

PHYSIOGNOMY.

A translation from the German, by the late B. THOMPSON, *Esq.*

THE following authentic narrative will at least exhibit such a pointed exception to the rules laid down for this science by Lavater, as at once to render *every* rule doubtful; and will serve to illustrate, that a forbidding countenance is not always incompatible with virtue:—

The Duke of S** was, some years ago, travelling from town to his seat in the country, accompanied by no one except his two out-riders. He had proceeded nearly twenty miles, when the road lay through a small wood; and he had but just entered this, when the carriage was suddenly surrounded by six men on horseback. Two of these secured one of the attendants, two another; the remaining two held pistols through the side-windows of the carriage.

"Your pocket-book, my Lord," said one of the highwaymen, whose countenance was hideous.

The Duke put his hand into his pocket, drew out a heavy purse, and presented it.

"I beg pardon, my Lord," said the robber; "it is your pocket-book I want." While uttering these words he weighed the purse with his left hand, and cocked the pistol with his right.

The Duke retained his presence of mind, and drawing forth his pocket-book, gave it to the highwayman, who deliberately opened it. While the fellow examined its contents, his Grace calmly examined the lineaments of his face. It was not possible to imagine an association of human features more perfectly disgusting. He took some papers from the Duke's pocket-book, and then returned it.

"A pleasant journey, my Lord!" called he, and putting spurs to his horse, galloped with his companions towards London.

The Duke examined his pocket-book, in which, when he left town, he had 2,500*l.*; and, contrary to his expectation, he now found 500*l.* of this sum still left in his possession. He told the story to all his friends, and used always to add, "I would give, at this moment, a hundred pounds if you could only see the fellow; for never did nature so completely stamp a man for a robber. His very look argued predestination."

In the course of two years his Grace had ceased to think of the adventure, when he one morning received the following letter:—

"My Lord,—I am a poor foreign Jew. The Prince whose subject I was became a blood-sucker to his subjects in order that he might have the means of hunting the stag, and giving this animal's blood to his hounds. I went to England with five others of my religion, hoping there to find the means of livelihood. I fell ill at sea, and the vessel, in which I had taken my passage, was wrecked. A man, whom I had never seen before, sprung from the shore into the water, and saved my life at the risk of his own. He took me to his house, caused me to be well treated by his family, and sent for a surgeon. He was a woollen-manufacturer, and had twelve children alive. I

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recovered, and he required of me nothing more than that I should occasionally visit him. Some time after I observed, during one of my calls, that he was in a state of great dejection. The American war had broken out—he had sent eight thousand pounds worth of goods to Boston, and the merchants there would not pay. He confessed to me that in a month a bill of exchange drawn by him would become due; that he could not pay it; and that if he did not, he was ruined. I would most willingly have assisted him, but it was out of my power; and reflecting that I owed my life to him, determined on sacrificing it for him. I imparted my wishes to the five Jews who had accompanied me from the Continent, and who all felt a regard for me, as I for them. We posted ourselves on the road, by which your Grace was destined to pass, and you, of course, recollect what occurred. I took out of your pocket-book 2,000*l.*, and in your purse I found 110*l.* I wrote a letter in an unknown name, sending the preserver of my life the 2,000*l.* which he wanted, and stating that I should again apply for it as soon as I knew that he possessed so much. At that time I saved him; but the American troubles continued, and a week ago the unfortunate man died insolvent. During the interval that has elapsed since I saw your Grace, I have more than once had concerns in the lottery, and on the very day the manufacturer died, the wheel of fortune gave me 4,000*l.*

"Inclosed, therefore, you receive, my Lord, with interest, the sum of which I robbed you; and you will find 1,000*l.* beyond this, which I request you to send —, at —. Have the goodness and condescension to inquire, at the same time, after a poor Jew, who was formerly attended, during illness, with hospitable attention by that kind family. With the rest of my lottery-profits I return to the continent, accompanied by my five countrymen. I swear to you, my Lord, by the God of our fathers, that not a pistol which we possessed was loaded when we attacked you. We were apprised of your journey; we knew that you carried with you a considerable sum; but no temptation should have induced us to injure you.

"Spare yourself the trouble of a fruitless attempt to discover us. When this letter reaches you, we shall have been several days at sea. The God of our fathers preserve you!"

The Duke caused inquiries to be made respecting the woollen-manufacturer, as well as the poor Jew, and every word of the letter was confirmed. His Grace not only sent the unfortunate family all that the letter contained, but provided for several members of it in other respects.

"I'd give a hundred pounds," said the Duke frequently, "if any man would shew me the face of that ugly Jew; and I'd give a thousand if any one would bring me the hideous fellow himself."

ON THE CUSTOM OF KISSING HANDS.

(For the Mirror.)

Mr. Morin, a French academician, has amused himself with collecting several historical notices of this custom, a summary of which I give for the benefit of those who have had, or not had, the honour of kissing his Majesty's hand.

This custom is not only very ancient and nearly universal, but has been alike participated by religion and society. To begin with religion. From the remotest times men saluted the sun, moon, and stars, by kissing the hand. Job assures us that he was never given to this superstition, xxxi. 26. The same honour was rendered to Baal, Kings i. 18. Other instances might be adduced.

We now pass to Greece, where all foreign superstitions were received. Lucian, after having mentioned various sorts of sacrifices which the rich offered the gods, adds, that the poor adored them by the simpler compliment of kissing their hands. This author gives an anecdote of Demosthenes, which shews this custom. When a prisoner to the soldiers of Antipater, he asked to enter a temple. When he entered, he touched his mouth with his hands, which the guards took for an act of religion. He did it, however, more securely to swallow the poison he had prepared for such an occasion. He mentions other instances.

From the Greeks it passed to the Romans. Pliny places it amongst those ancient customs, of which they were ignorant of the origin or the reason. Persons were treated as Atheists who would not kiss their hands when they entered a temple. When Apuleius mentions Psyché, he says, she was so beautiful that they adored her as Venus in kissing the right hand.

This ceremonial was associated with the earliest institutions of Christianity. It was a custom with the primæval bishops to give their hands to be kissed by the ministers who served at the altar.

This custom, however, as a religious rite, declined with Paganism.

In society, M. Morin considers the custom of kissing hands as essential to its welfare. It is a mute form which

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expresses reconciliation, which entreats favours, or which thanks for those received. It is an universal language, intelligible without an interpreter, which, doubtless, preceded writing, and, perhaps, speech itself.

Solomon says of the flatterers and suppliants of his time, that they ceased not to kiss the hands of their patrons till they had obtained the favours which they solicited. In Homer we see Priam kissing the hands and embracing the knees of Achilles, while he supplicates for the body of Hector.

This custom prevailed in ancient Rome; but it varied. In the first ages of the republic it seems to have been only practised by inferiors to their superiors; equals gave their hands and embraced. In the progress of time even the soldiers refused to shew this mark of respect to their generals; and their kissing the hand of Cato when he was obliged to quit them, was regarded as an extraordinary circumstance at a period of such refinement. The great respect paid to the tribunes, consuls, and dictators, obliged individuals to live with them in a more distant and respectful manner; and instead of embracing them as they did formerly, they considered themselves as fortunate if allowed to kiss their hands. Under the emperors, kissing hands became an essential duty even for the great themselves; inferior courtiers were obliged to be content to adore the purple by kneeling, touching the robe of the emperor by the right hand, and carrying it to the mouth. Even this was thought too free; and at length they saluted the emperor at a distance, by kissing their hands in the same manner as when they adored their gods.

It is superfluous to trace this custom in every country where it exists. It is practised in every known country in respect to sovereigns and superiors, even amongst the Negroes and the inhabitants of the new world. Cortez found it established at Mexico, where more than a thousand lords saluted him in touching the earth with their hands, which they afterwards carried to their mouth.

Thus, whether the custom of salutation is practised by kissing the hands of others from respect, or in bringing one's own to the mouth, it is of all other customs the most universal. Mr. Morin concludes that this practice is now become too gross; and it is considered as a meanness to kiss the hand of those with whom we are in habits of intercourse; and he prettily observes, that this custom would be entirely lost if *lovers* were not solicitous to preserve it in all its full power.

EDRIC.

ON SEEING AN ALOE IN FLOWER LAST AUGUST.

(For the Mirror.)

PALE offspring of a hundred years,
Whom long expectancy endears;
A wish of childhood, a young thought,
In early fancy deep inwrought:
Fair stranger in a northern bower,
Thou tremulous and tender flower,
No human eye shall e'er behold
Thy bashful beauties twice unfold.
Stainless from any taint of earth,
Thou hast thy pure elaborate birth;
No hues but those of softest green
Are in thine airy blossoms seen.
From that stern bosom drawn alone,
That spreads for thee a starlike throne,
Then sees thy sudden growth arise,
And point unswerving to the skies.
Thy slender stem like flame aspires
To heaven, and prompts the silent pray'r
In him whose eye uprais'd admires
Thy beauty in the realms of air,
Where not a flowret bursts its sheath,
Till far above our fleeting breath
It drinks a purer gale, imbued
With sacred love of solitude.

MUS.

EFFECTS OF IMAGINATION.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—The story recorded of Santi, in No. 62, brings to mind a circumstance, the authenticity of which you may rely on.

A young lady having jokingly remarked to her friend how extremely ugly she looked, it had such an effect upon the mind of the poor girl, that her face naturally grew distorted.

Another instance, as true as the above, is as follows:—A Gentleman meeting an old acquaintance, ironically said, "Bless me Mr. ———, how very ill you look!" the consequence of which was, that the gentleman went home, took to his bed, and in a day or two died.

Did my time permit, I could relate many more such circumstances equally true; but, it is to be hoped, that the two most melancholy ones already related, may deter others from a practice so wicked, and so dangerous.

A CONSTANT READER.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

JANUARY IN LONDON.

Now—but before I proceed further let me bespeak the reader's indulgence at least, if not his favour, towards this everlasting monosyllable, NOW, to which my betters have from time to time been so much indebted, and on which I shall be compelled to place so much dependance

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in this my present undertaking. It is the pass-word, the "open sesame," that must remove from before me all lets and impediments—it is the charm that will alternately put to silence my imagination when it may be disposed to infringe on the office of my memory, and awaken my memory when it is inclined to sleep—in fact it is a monosyllable of infinite avail, and for which, on this, as on many other occasions, no substitute can be found in our own or any other language: and if I approve above all other proverbs that which says "there's nothing like the time present," it is partly because "the time present" is but a periphrasis for Now!

Now, then, the cloudy canopy of sea-coal smoke that hangs over London, and crowns her queen of capitals, floats thick and threefold—for fires and feastings are rife, and every body is either "out" or "at home" every night.—Now school-boys do not know what to do with themselves till dinner-time—for the good old days of frost and snow, and fairs on the Thames, and furred groves, and skaiting on the canals, and sliding on the kennels, are gone by; and for any thing in the shape of winter, one might as well live in Italy at once!—Now, (on the evening of twelfth-day) mischievous maid servants pin elderly people together at the windows of pastry-cooks' shops—thinking them "weeds that have no business there."—Now, if a frosty day or two *does* happen to pay us a flying visit on its way home to the North Pole, how the little boys make slides on the pathways for the lack of ponds, and, it may be, trip up an occasional housekeeper just as he steps out of his own door;—who forthwith vows vengeance, in the shape of ashes, on all the slides in his neighbourhood—not, doubtless, out of vexation at his own mishap, and revenge against the petty perpetrators of it, but purely to avert the like from others!—Now Bond-street begins to be conscious of carriages—two or three people are occasionally seen wandering through the Western Bazaar—and the Soho ditto is so thronged, that Mr. Trotter begins to think of issuing another decree against the inroads of single gentlemen.—Now linen-drapers begin to "sell off" their stock at "fifty per cent. under prime cost," and continue so doing all the rest of the year—every article of which will be found on inspection to be of "the last new pattern," and to have been "only had in that morning!"—Now oranges are eaten in the dress-circle of the great theatres, and inquiries are propounded there whether "that gentleman in black," meaning Hamlet, "is Harlequin?" And laughs and "La! Mamma's" resound thence, to the remotest corners of the house; and "the gods" make merry during the play, in order that they may be at leisure to listen to the pantomime! and Mr. Farley is consequently in his glory, and Mr. Grimaldi is a great man: as, indeed, when is he not?—Now newspapers teem with twice-ten-times-told-tales of haunted houses, and great sea-snakes, and mermaids; and a murder is worth a jew's-eye to them; for "the House does not meet for the dispatch of business till the third of February." And great and grievous are the lamentations that are heard in the said newspapers over the lateness of the London season, and its detrimental effects on the interests of the metropolis:"—but they forget to add, "Erratum—for *metropolis* read *newspapers*."—Now Moore's Almanack holds "sole sovereign sway and mastery" among the readers of that class of literature;—for there has not yet been time to nullify any of its predictions—not even that which says "we may expect some frost and snow about this period."—Finally—now periodical works put on their best attire—the old ones expressing their determination to become new, and the new ones to become old; and the *New Monthly Magazine* in particular—which is both new and old, and which realizes in its performances the pretensions of all the others (!)—makes a point of putting forth the first of some pleasant series of papers *(ecce signum!)* which cannot fail to fix the wavering propensities of the most periodical of readers, and make him her own for another twelve months at least!—*New Monthly Magazine.*

THE INDIAN LOVER'S SONG.

Hasten, love! the sun hath set,
And the moon, through twilight gleaming,
On the mosque's white minaret
Now in silver light is streaming.

All is hush'd in soft repose,
Silence rests on field and dwelling,
Save where the bulbul* to the rose
A tale of love is sweetly telling.

Stars are glittering in the sky,
"Blest abodes of light and gladness:"
Oh! my life! that thou and I
Might quit for them this world of sadness.

See the fire-fly in the tope†
Brightly through the darkness shining,
As the ray which heavenly hope
Flashes on the soul's repining.

Then haste! bright treasure of my heart!
Flowers around, and stars above thee,
Alone must see us meet and part,
Alone must witness how I love thee.

Oriental Herald.

* Indian Nightingale.
† Grove, or thick cluster of trees.

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SONG OF AN ARABIAN GIRL.

Ah! would I were in Araby!
For every splendour here I see,
Is far less lovely---far less fair
Than Nature's simplest treasures there.

There, 'mid the burning desert's waste,
The chrystal fount how sweet to taste;
The cooling shade of palmy tree
How welcome in bright Araby.

There the fierce sun shoots from his ray
A blaze of glory o'er the day;
And moon and stars at soothing night
Shed beams of softer, holier light.

But, ah! beyond e'en charms like these,
An Arab maiden's heart to please,
My love is there!---to him I'd flee,
And live and die in Araby. *Ibid.*

CROSSING OF PROVERBS,

FROM AN OLD WORK.

Prov. The more the merrier.

Cross. Not so; one hand is enough in a purse.

P. *Hee that runnes fastest, gets most ground.*

C. Not so; for then footmen would get more ground than their masters.

P. *He runnes far that never turnes.*

C. Not so; he may breake his necke in a short course.

P. *No man can call againe yesterday.*

C. Yes; he may call till his heart ake, tho' it never come.

P. *He that goes softly, goes safely.*

C. Not among thieves.

P. *Nothing hurts the stomach more than surfeiting.*

C. Yes, lacke of meat.

P. *Nothing is hard to a willing mind.*

C. Yes, to get money.

P. *None so blind as they that will not see.*

C. Yes, they that cannot see.

P. *There is no creature so like a man as an ape.*

C. Yes, a woman.

P. *Nothing but is good for something.*

C. Not so; nothing is not good for any thing.

P. *Every thing hath an end.*

C. Not so; a ring hath none, for it is round.

P. *Money is a great comfort.*

C. Not when it brings a thief to the gallows.

P. *The world is a long journey.*

C. Not so; the sunne goes it every day.

P. *It is a great way to the bottom of the sea.*

C. Not so; it is but a stone's cast.

P. *A friend is best found in adversity.*

C. Not so; for then there's none to be found.

P. *The pride of the rich makes the labours of the poor.*

C. No, the labours of the poore make the pride of the rich.

P. *Virtue is a jewel of great price.*

C. Not so; for then the poore could not come by it. *Lady's Mag.*

RIDDLES.

Q. In words unnumber'd I abound,
In me mankind doth take delight;
In me much learning still is found,
Yet I can neither read nor write.

Answer. *It is a booke printed or written.*

Q. With learning daily I am conversant,
And scan the wisdom of the wisest man;
With force I pierce the strongest argument,
Yet know no more than it had never been.

A. *It is a worm that eats through the bookes in a learned library.*

Q. Full rich am I, yet care not who
Doth take away from me my wealth;
Be it by fraud, I will not see,
Nor prosecute, though 't be by stealth.

A. *It is a coffer wherein great riches are laid up.*

Q. Tho' I am pierced a thousand times,
Yet in me not a hole is made;
I notice give when Phœbus climbs
To drowsie mortals in their bed.

A. *It is a window penetrated by the light.*

Q. I'm dragg'd along thro' dirt and mire,
O'er cragged stones and hills about;
And yet I neither faint nor tire,
But rather weary those that do't.

A. *It is a coach drawn about by horses.*

Q. Five ribs I have, a breech and head,
Four feet, and likewise a long tail:
In smoke and fire I make my bed,
And to do service never fail.

A. *It is a gridiron.*

There—that is quite a sufficient dose for one afternoon; but by the way of showing that we can fool it with the best of our country cousins, we will give one of our own—

Q. Why is the *Temple Church* so much like *Heaven?*

A. *There none are married, or in marriage given.*

The church in the Temple was founded in the reign of Henry II., upon the model of that of the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem, and is *extra-parochial.* But it would be better not to put this conundrum; for perhaps some unlucky Œdipus might answer, *because the* TEMPLARS *seldom go thither.*

Ibid.

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PETER PINDARICS;

OR, JOE MILLER VERSIFIED.

LONGING.

'As fancy works'---'tis Pope that says it---'
Maids yield to every phantasy,
And judgment then, when *hyp* betrays it,
Leads cooler minds to think them crazy.
Through whims, most strange, these fair ones err,
Whose reason fond imaginations mock:
But hold!---enough that I refer
To Pope's said Rape, *videlicet*, the Lock.
Nor shall the maidens' case be press'd too hard,
Nor they alone in ridicule be had
By me a vagrant Muse and rambling bard;
For married women are almost as bad.
That maids have fancies, truth records,
As ever in their noddles thronging;
But have not they, '*who love their lords*,'
Some fancies too?---they call it '*Longing*.'

A case in point---we've many equal,
But few so pleasant in the sequel.
The fact I know---the time is recent---
The names I hide---I think it decent.

A bishop, worthiest of the stock,
And gentle as the gentlest of his flock,
A goodly company of friends most dear
Invited to his hospitable cheer.
Amid' the visitors, was one
Who promised soon a daughter or a son;
Or both, 'twas possible, might come;
For Heaven is doubly kind to some.
For all her little wants the prelate cared,
And nought that kindness could devise was spared:
But still an absence she betray'd,
Though not expressly from intention:
She lent no ear to what he said,
And lost on her was all attention.
She bow'd---but yet her eyes would constant turn,
And fix themselves upon a *silver urn*.
No dullard he---and, when she went,
Along with her the urn was sent.
In season due, the child was born,
And early on the auspicious morn,
The grateful matron
Announc'd it to her generous patron.
The time from this was not remote,
When the grave bishop dropp'd a note,
As thus:---'Dear ma'am I cannot tell
How glad I am that all is well:---
You've had your longing, and 'twas my delight
To pity and relieve your pain;
Now I have mine (as reasonable quite)
And *long* to have *my urn* again!'

The Novelist.

No. XLV.

THE CASTLE OF ORCANI,

AN ITALIAN TALE.

'Twas in the dreary month of November, the night was dark—the rain, driven by a most tempestuous wind, beat with violence against the window, when a strange noise in his chamber awoke the young Count Alfonso; he listened; the wonderful sound which he had but indistinctly heard—the howling of the wind—and the heaviness of the rain—all conspired to increase his terror. At length a deep groan struck his ear, he rose cautiously and softly, determining, at all events, to defend himself as well as he was able, and groped for his sword in the corner close to his bed in which he was accustomed to put it, on retiring to rest, but—it was gone! The horror that pervaded his soul at the expectation of his receiving every moment the deadly blow; at having no one near him to whom he could call for assistance—and no weapon with which he could make any defence—these thoughts occupied his mind for an instant. He rushed towards the door, and stumbled over what appeared to him to be the body of a man, his terror was now at its climax, but he hastily regained his footing, and with the rapidity of lightning, descended the stone staircase; he fancied he heard footsteps swiftly following him, and he quickened his pace, till he had arrived at the door of old Gonzalo, who had lived many years in the family, in the capacity of steward. He thundered at the door, and the old man within, demanded "who was there?" "It is Alfonso," cried he, "for the love of Heaven be quick, and let me in!" "Good God! what has happened to my dear young master?" exclaimed Gonzalo, quite terrified, and opening the door, which he was in the habit of fastening: in darted Alfonso, pale, and breathless, and hastily shutting the door, locked it again after him. "What brings you out of your bed at this unseasonable hour, and what can have thus affrighted you?" again eagerly inquired Gonzalo. "Do not ask me; do not ask me!" wildly articulated the youth, and sunk senseless on the floor.

One of the Count's footmen, named Sancho, a resolute and enterprising young man, slept in the chamber contiguous to that of Gonzalo, and the old steward immediately called him to his assistance. Having placed the insensible young Count in a chair, he soon revived, and with the greatest composure, related to them the cause of his alarm. After a little deliberation, they agreed to repair immediately to Alfonso's apartment, but had the precaution to provide themselves with a pair of pistols each, and the young Count followed them in the rear. As they entered the room, he shuddered at the recollection of the horror in which he had quitted it. "There is nobody here;" exclaimed Sancho, as he entered, "I'll warrant it was nothing but a dream which on awaking, you fancied was real." "It was no such thing," quickly returned the youth, somewhat displeased at the supposition.

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They proceeded to search every place where it was possible any body could have concealed himself. "They must have escaped," at length exclaimed Alfonso, casting his eyes round the room, when his sword, which he had endeavoured to sieze in the dark, met his view; it was lying on the floor, not far from the bed. He took it up and examined it; the point was tinged with blood but newly shed, and the place near which it lay was dyed with the same crimson colour. "Look here, Sancho," said Alfonso; "you will now be convinced that I have had no dream." It immediately occurred to Gonzalo that they might find out something by tracing the spots of blood; but to their astonishment and disappointment it was confined to one place. They were, therefore, not enabled to make any discovery of this mystery; but no doubt was entertained in their minds that the young Count's sword had been the instrument for perpetrating some atrocious deed.

The Count Tassini, father of the young Alfonso, at the decease of his father, who was then about twenty-three years of age, found a large fortune at his disposal, and being the elder brother, succeeded to the title. He married a young lady, to whom he had, for some time, been attached. Her parents possessed considerable property, which he inherited at their death. The ancient Castle of Orcani had belonged to the Count's family for centuries, and had recently undergone a thorough repair.

The Countess had had but two children, one of whom died at a very early age. Alfonso had already attained the age of fifteen, and was greatly idolized by his parents: he was brave, generous, and benevolent, and was sincerely beloved by all who knew him for the gentleness of his disposition and goodness of heart.

About this time Francisco, a younger brother of the Count Tassini, returned from the army, having been abroad many years. He was precisely the reverse of his brother in every respect. The Count was all that was amiable, and felt himself peculiarly happy when promoting the felicity of his fellow-creatures; whilst, on the other hand, there was nothing that Francisco would pause to execute, however diabolical, he might have in view. He took up his abode at Orcani, and intimated that he should probably stay about a month, as he shortly intended to rejoin his regiment. Tassini had never seen him since the death of his father, and was ignorant of the real character of his brother. He accordingly introduced him to the Countess, when what was Francisco's astonishment at beholding the very same lady to whom, under an assumed title, he paid his addresses eighteen years before! He had then endeavoured, by every art he could devise, to prepossess her in his favour; and at length applied to her father for his consent to their union. The old man referred him to his daughter, telling him, that if she had fixed her affections upon him, his concurrence to the match should not be wanting, and that he had but one wish—to see his child happy. Francisco accordingly had a private interview with the young lady: he urged his suit with all that insinuating art which is so natural to the Italian; but contrary to his expectations, she told him that her heart was already engaged, and that she could never be his. This rejection exasperated him greatly, and he contrived a plot to carry her off by force. One evening an opportunity presented itself, and she was suddenly seized and conveyed into a carriage in which was Francisco, who drove off at a furious rate. Her father, however, was soon after apprised of the circumstance, and he summoned his servants to attend him; horses were instantly saddled, and they hastened after Francisco, and at length came up with the carriage, which they succeeded in stopping. Francisco, finding himself thus unexpectedly foiled, resolved to be revenged on the young lady's father, whom he espied a little distance from him: he seized a pistol and fired—the ball missed him, but unfortunately lodged in the breast of one of his servants, who fell lifeless to the ground. Francisco darted out of the carriage, seized his horse, and, aided by the darkness of the night, and the confusion that the rest were in, escaped. The young lady was found in a state of insensibility. Every endeavour was afterwards made to discover the retreat of Francisco, and bring him to justice; but he had effectually eluded the vigilance of those who went in quest of him.

Tassini had for many years endeavoured to learn what had become of his brother; and his sudden visit to the castle greatly surprised him. It was fortunate, however, that the Countess did not recognise him.

Francisco, who had never liked his brother, now found that it was he who had been his rival: this idea haunted his imagination, and the greatest hatred filled his bosom. He reflected that by the death of the Count's family all their property (which he knew was very considerable) would belong to him. These circumstances combined, stimulated him

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to plan the destruction of the whole family; but though so habituated to every species of villany, he could not conceive how it could be carried into execution without incurring suspicion. He at length fixed the day for his departure from the castle; the Count had tried every means in his power, but in vain, to induce him to quit the army and reside with them; and he had taken leave but a short time before this story commences.

Gonzalo deemed it advisable to acquaint his master, without delay, of what happened; upon which the Count instantly rose, and several servants were summoned to attend him. He first proceeded to Alfonso's chamber, where he was himself an eye-witness of what is before related; and afterwards went down stairs, when it was discovered that the Castle had been robbed of the plate, and almost every portable article of value. It was ascertained how the robbers had gained admittance—the great massive bolts that secured the outer door must have been withdrawn. This led the Count to suspect that somebody had been concealed within for the purpose of letting in his companions; and after picking the lock of the hall door, which was found open, they had thus easily gained access to every part of the castle. But the ingenuity with which they had effected the robbery—their having carefully avoided entering the bed-chambers, or alarming the servants, and having ransacked every other apartment—were convincing proofs it could not have been done so dexterously by strangers.

The report of the robbery soon spread far and wide, and the friends of the Count hastened to the castle to give him their advice and assistance. Their exertions were indefatigable in scouring the country round about—all persons who excited any suspicion were detained and examined, and large rewards were offered for the discovery of the marauders.

Nearly a week had passed away, during which every effort had been made, but nothing farther transpired, to bring the thieves to justice. On the sixth day after the robbery, a servant brought the Count a scrap of paper that had been found under the door on opening it in the morning, on which was written the following:—

"COUNT TASSINI,—*When we deprived you of your property, you did not consider that we left you your life—so be quiet, or we shall soon pay you another visit.*"

The neighbourhood of Orcani had for some time been reported to have been infested with banditti, and what tended greatly to strengthen these reports, was the frequent depredations that had been committed. These circumstances, and more particularly the late transactions at the castle, threw the family into the greatest consternation, which determined the Count to quit it as soon as he could provide himself with another residence. He had lately heard that a villa, about fifteen leagues distant was to be let, and he made up his mind to go and see it, his friends promising him to remain at the castle with the Countess during his absence for a few days.

He accordingly departed one morning, taking with him Masetti, and three other servants on horseback, well prepared to repel any attack that might be made upon him. Nothing of consequence occurred to him on his journey, and he arrived safe at the place of his destination in the evening. The following day, he went to the villa, which upon inspection he found exactly suited him, and, after agreeing with the owner of it, he pursued his journey homeward, having transacted his business to his entire satisfaction. The Count fully expected to have reached the castle the same night, but it grew suddenly dark, and fearing that he had missed the way, he desired one of his attendants to make inquiry of a person, whom they could but just discern, riding a little distance before them. The man informed them, that, if they continued to follow him, they would be right, as he himself was going their way. But a storm coming on, the Count and his servants were compelled to alight at a small cottage which they had then come to, and solicit a shelter. The person whom they had accosted on the road, likewise followed their example. The only inhabitants were an old man and his son, who set before them some bread and fruit, and wine, and then conducted their horses to an outhouse.

Tassini, on casting his eyes towards the stranger, was struck with awe at his appearance—his person, which was rather tall, was enveloped in a long dark cloak—his beard and mustaches very long and black—his countenance of the most deadly hue, which produced a striking contrast to his beard and dress—indeed, his whole appearance was the most terrific. He did not enter into any conversation, but maintained a most gloomy silence. The storm still continuing unabated, the old man offered to accommodate the Count with a bed in an adjoining room, but he refused, saying he should depart by break of day. The same offer was then made to the stranger, who accepted of it, and retired. When they were alone,

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Tassini could not help remarking to his servants his suspicions of this man, and intimated that he did not consider it to be quite safe to be under the same roof with him. "You need not, Sir," said Masetti, "be under any apprehension, we are well armed, and have nothing to fear." This assurance of his favourite servant at once satisfied the Count, and he considered himself perfectly safe.

Near midnight the stranger softly entered the room, and finding all quiet, he first examined the Count, and afterwards his servants, who seemed to be asleep—he drew a dagger from under his cloak, and again approaches Tassini—his arm was already uplifted to plunge it in his bosom—when Masetti seized a pistol and fired—the weapon dropped powerless from his hand, and he fell down apparently lifeless.

To be concluded in our next.

CRUMBS OF COMFORTS FOR THOSE IN ADVERSITY.

(For the Mirror.)

SENECA, in his Morals, justly says, "There is no state of life so miserable, but there are in it remissions, diversions, nay, and delights too; such is the benignity of nature towards us, even in the severest accidents of human life. There were no living if adversity should hold on as it begins, and keep up the force of the first impression. Calamity tries virtue, as fire does gold. How many casualties and difficulties are there that we dread as insupportable mischiefs; which upon farther thoughts, we find to be mercies and benefits. Sometimes a calamity turns to our advantage; and great ruins have made way to great glories. It is only in adverse fortune, and in bad times, that we find great examples. Mucius thought himself happier with his hand in the flame, than if it had been kissed by his mistress. Fabricius took more pleasure in eating the roots of his own planting, than in all the delicacies of luxury and expense. The more we struggle with our necessities, we draw the knot the harder, and the worse it is with us: and the more the bird flaps and flutters in the snare, the sooner she is caught: so that the best way is to submit and be still, under this double consideration, that *the proceedings of God are unquestionable, and his decrees not to be resisted.*"

Some writer has observed, that "Adversity exasperates fools, and dejects cowards; it draws out the faculties of the wise and courageous; emboldens the timid, and puts the modest to the necessity of trying their skill: it awes the opulent, and makes the fallen industrious! Much may be said in favour of adversity: "the worst of it is, it has no friends."—Shakspeare, in his "As you like it," says—

"Sweet are the uses of *adversity;*
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

And again in the play of Henry VI. our great Poet says—

"Let me embrace these sour *adversities;*
For wise men say, it is the wisest course."
HENRY VI.

Rousseau says, "Reason requires us to support adversity with patience, and not increase its weight by useless complaints; not to esteem human things beyond their value; nor exhaust in bewailing our misfortunes, the strength we should exert to soften them; and, lastly, to recollect sometimes that it is impossible for man to foresee the future, and know himself sufficiently to judge whether what has happened be a blessing or a misfortune." "He that never was acquainted with adversity, has seen the world but on one side, and is ignorant of half the scenes of nature," says Seneca.

"Thou chiefest good!
Bestow'd by Heaven, but seldom understood."

P. T. W.

TO AN ALTERED LOVER.

(For the Mirror.)

I will not now recall the hour,
When love was all to me;
And like the dew upon a flower,
It rested on its chosen bower,
In sweet security!

We part—another's heart receives thee,
But far less fond, less true than mine;
But when, that other heart deceives thee,
Then, wilt thou think on her who leaves thee,
Whose life, whose heart and soul were thine

How much I prized thy love I own,
No other love can e'er efface it;
But like that dew, too roughly thrown,
Far from its shelter, broken, gone,
And lost! Oh, say! who can replace it?

Fair dreams have passed—my task is set,
Careless what fate may soon await me;
My brightest days are clouded, yet
My heart a prey to fond regret,
Can never quite forget, or hate thee.

Believe me, no—on memory's leaf,
Are lines, the hand of Time shall spare
And pausing, mark thy love, the chief.
The dearest source of joy and grief,
My heart's best treasure wasting there.

And think of this—had all of gloom,
Of darkness, or despair been thine,
E'er to the confines of the tomb,
'Mid blighted hopes and wasted bloom,
Thy fortune had been mine.

FRANCISCA

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JANET'S LETTER TO THE ED—.

(For the Mirror.)

It doth not appear to me that curiosity, our sex's foible and their only fault, is altogether liable to the latter exception if harmlessly exercised. In truth, then, I among many others are on the tip-toe of anxiety to know who and what thou art; for be what thou wilt, "thou com'st in such a questionable shape that I will speak to thee." Much do I feel disposed to enrol thee among my sex; for, lustrous as this age is in female beauty and prolific in acquirement, who dare undervalue those charms a Mirror even is proud of reflecting? who shall presume to infer otherwise, simply from the numerous ephemerals of the day (among which yours, thanks to its able conduct, has stoutly upheld the championry) being conducted by the self-created lords of the creation? Its title—its host of male contributors—its chaste and brightly intellectual character—all suggest the idea of an editress—and one, too, to whom I would right willingly extend the hand of fellowship; but, oh, what fear doth blanch my cheek, lest the reverse should prove the fact; how would my virgin modesty shrink appalled at the bare idea of thus confidently addressing a whiskerandos! It cannot be; the fire of genius mantles over your glittering pages, decking them with gems of hues too precious to be excited by other than an idolized goddess. All of them eager candidates for "wreathed smiles," eyeing each the other askance with gallant daring, and wielding their pens with tempered zeal and candour in honourable contention for excellence; this is at it should be.

Our silent coterie of blues leave the red coats to boarding-school misses and ungovernable hoydens, maintaining that "none but the *wise* deserve the fair," and feeling assured that, as human nature is constituted, wisdom does not exclude bravery, though the latter quality is often devoid of wisdom. Not, however, wishing to derogate from the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war;" nevertheless they have their share of merit; and, conscious of the all-pervading influence of a gay exterior even among my own sex, I am disposed to be more indulgent towards that foible in the butterflies of the lordly race.

How I should delight to glance my eye over the array of talent reflected in your Mirror; do, dear Editress, quickly make your election, that we of the forlorn hope may brighten in the prospect of sharing in the spoils. When the soul saddens into disappointment, it becomes less fastidious; and to soften the edge of disappointment our club have resolved to pour in a neatly addressed fire on the instant, provided, of course, you charitably lend your fostering aid, which we are not so unreasonable as to expect until your own object is attained.

I have a solitary pleasure in idealizing your soul-stirring suitors; and foremost in the phalanx I place the redoubtable "P. T. W." whose murderous pen hath already immolated the inoffensive months of Anno 23; and who is, perhaps, now, ere their last glimmering taper hath expired in its socket, planning new campaigns, and, like a wary general, is marshalling and disciplining his prolific brain for fresh encounters, and consequent triumphs of surpassing brilliance.

In my mind's eye he is a brisk dapper powdered gent., ripe for the sickle of matrimony, and longing to be gathered to the harvest. If my memory fails not, he is a veteran in the lists, for methinks his prowess is abundantly *heralded* already.

Then the braw chick "Edgar," a strappan youth frae the border, strongly tinctured with the spark divine: we will not say he *smells* o' the lamp, the phrase is somewhat fusty. The perfection of art is its consonance with nature; and he has happily attained that matured perfection which steals wille nille traceless to the heart.

"F—r—y;" shall I waste a feather from my quiver? the designation smells of "the Poultry," and eulogy might be "sending coals to Newcastle," for our sex have a mortal aversion to feeding each other's vanity. We intuitively detect personation, however adroitly managed; and are apt to exclaim, even of those who wear the breeches, "right woman i' faith after all."

"++." A sudden awe restrains my pen. One star is felt to be a host within itself; but when two shine in one sphere, their astounding influence not merely disproves the ambitious axiom so long admitted, but threatens utter oblivion to any rash mortal who should presume to interpose. What do I say? sure my vision deceived me. Sweet Editress, pardon my wanderings; I mistook the gentle youth. In recompense I fain would say, if you the prize disdain, "Give me the daggers."

What has become of sprightly "Tim?" Sweet little "Tobykin," a fellow of infinite jest! Where be his quips and quiddities now? In good sooth we can't spare him. I dare not repeat half the agreeable things I hear—they'd gar him rin wud mad wi' joy, sae dearly is he prized by the sonsie lassies.

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As for "Beta," (ominous name,) if his forte really is a word and a blow, we hope we shall be privileged to choose for ourselves, for none of us have any relish for fistic operations.

We should be delighted to glance at "Utopia's" scheme of matrimony; to us spinsters new lights on the subject are ever acceptable. As for "A. B. C." we can get him by heart at any time.

More anon, if agreeable, from your zealous friend JANET.

MORE MISTAKES IN THE SCOTCH NOVELS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—In your Sixty-fourth Number is a note from Peter Tomkins, in which he complains of a mistake made by the author of the Scotch Novels. The one he has pointed out in Kenilworth, is similar to another which I remember having noticed in Ivanhoe. It occurs in that part where Rebecca is shut up in the castle of Front de Bœuf. Not having the novel at hand, I cannot tell what page, nor repeat the words. But she is represented in the first instance to be unable to secure herself against intruders, by there being no inner bolt to the door of the apartment—and in a subsequent passage, to have secured herself by fastening one which was attached to it.

In St. Ronan's Well, are two other contradictions. Speaking of Lady Penelope Penfeather, the author says: "The rank and fortune of the lady, *her pretensions to beauty*, as well as talent, (though the former was something faded) and the consequence which she arrogated to herself as a woman of fashion, drew round her painters, poets, and philosophers, &c. Vol. I. p. 67—8. Again: "She was the daughter of an Earl, possessed a shewy person, and *features which might be called handsome* in youth, though now rather too much *prononcés* to render the term proper." Ibid. 124. Whilst he afterwards adds: "Notwithstanding the depredations which time had made on a *countenance which had never been distinguished for beauty*, she (Lady P.) seemed desirous to top the part of the beautiful daughter of Ægeus." Vol. II. page 178.

Mowbray thus addresses himself to Micklewham: "I got that affected slut, *Lady Binks's* maid, to tell me what her mistress had set her mind on, and she is to wear a Grecian habit forsooth.—But here's the rub—there's only one shawl in Edinburgh that is worth showing off in—that shawl must be had for Clara.—Send instantly and secure it, for as *Lady Binks* writes by to-morrow's post, your order can go by to-night's mail." Vol. II. p. 117. Clara afterwards, in a conversation with her brother, says, "The shawl had been bespoken on her *(Lady Penelope's)* account, or very nearly so—she showed me the tradesman's letter, only some agent of yours had come in between with the ready money." Vol. II. page 229. And again, it is stated: "He, (Mowbray) himself, had been the first to interfere with, and defeat *her Ladyship's (Ladyship Penelope's)* designs on the garment in question." Ibid. 250.

To these contradictions you have added the following in your abridgement of the work. You first say, "and *under the same roof* (the Manse) does Clara also meet with her unhappy lover;" and then you continue: "We have no means of knowing whether she actually sought Tyrrel, but her *next* appearance was alone by the side of her unfortunate lover (at *Mrs. Margaret Dod's*)." The latter is agreeable to the Novels the former is not—both cannot be true.

OCULUS.

P.S. I cannot understand what P. T. means by concluding his note with "describing any thing otherwise *beautiful*." What beauty was there in the black or white eye-brows of the impostor?

Miscellanies.

THE FAIR OF MAKARIEFF.

NEAR the banks of the Wolga, on the confines of Europe and Asia, this fair is held, and the miserable village, for a month, partakes of all the festivities of a great metropolis: the richest commodities are brought here. The following is an account of a bargain for shawls:—The conclusion of a bargain for shawls always takes place before witnesses. Having been asked to attend in that capacity, I went to the fair with the purchaser, the other witnesses, and a broker, who was an Armenian. We stopped at an unfinished stone house, without a roof, and were ushered into a kind of cellar; though it was the abode of an extremely rich Hindoo, it had no other furniture than eighty elegant packages, piled one upon the other against the wall. Parcels of the most valuable shawls are sold, without the purchaser seeing any more than the outside of them; he neither unfolds nor examines them, and yet he is perfectly acquainted with every shawl by means of a descriptive catalogue, which the Armenian broker with much diffi-

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culty, procures from Cashmere. He and his witnesses and brokers, for he sometimes has two, all sit down: he does not, however, say a word; every thing being managed by the brokers, who go continually from him to the seller, whispers in their ears, and always take them to the farthest corner of the apartment. This negociation continues till the price first asked is so far reduced, that the difference between that and the price offered is not too great, so that hopes may be entertained of coming to an agreement. The shawls are now brought, and the two principals begin to negociate. The seller displays his merchandize, and extols it highly; the buyer looks upon it with contempt, and rapidly compares the numbers and the marks. This being done, the scene becomes animated; the purchaser makes a direct offer, the seller rises as if going away, the brokers follow him crying aloud, and bring him back by force; they contend and struggle, one pulls one way and one the other; it is a noise, a confusion, of which it is difficult to form an idea. The poor Hindoo acts the most passive part; he is sometimes even ill-treated; when this has continued for some time, and they think they have persuaded him, they proceed to the third act, which consists in giving the hand, and is performed in a most grotesque manner. The brokers seize upon the seller, and endeavour, by force, to make him put his hand in that of the purchaser, who holds it open, and repeats his offer with a loud voice. The Hindoo defends himself; he makes resistance, and disengages himself, and wraps up his hand in the wide sleeves of his robe, and repeats his first price in a lamentable voice. This comedy continues a considerable time, they separate—they make a pause as if to recover strength for a new contest, the noise and the struggle recommence; at last the two brokers seize the hand of the seller, and, notwithstanding all his efforts and cries, oblige him to lay it in the hand of the buyer. All at once the greatest tranquillity prevails; the Hindoo is ready to weep, and laments in a low voice that he has been in too great a hurry. The brokers congratulate the purchaser; they sit down to proceed to the final ceremonies—the delivery of the goods. All that has passed is a mere comedy; it is, however, indispensable, because the Hindoo will by all means have the appearance of having been deceived and duped. If he has not been sufficiently pushed about and shaken—if he has not had his collar torn—if he has not received the full compliment of punches in the ribs, and knocks on the head—if his right arm is not black and blue from being held fast to make him give his hand to the buyer, he repents of his bargain to the next fair, and then it is very difficult to make him listen to any terms. In the affair which I assisted as a witness, the Hindoo had demanded 230,000 rubles, and come down to 180,000; and of this sum he paid two per cent. to the brokers. Our whole party sat down with crossed legs upon a handsome carpet spread on purpose. When we had taken refreshments, the merchandize was delivered; and when every thing was at last settled, the whole company knelt down to pray. KIOW.

HORRID BARBARITY; OR, THE VICTIMS OF VENGEANCE.

A HIGHLAND STORY.

THE name of Benin Gorod, in Mull, a mountain with Basaltes pillars, 200 feet in height, discovered by Mr. Raspe, in the year 1789, and far superior to Staffa, the Giant's Causeway, or any other specimen of the kind hitherto known, arises from a story, of a nature so truly tragical, that it merits to be preserved. There are many traditions respecting it, but the following seems to be the most authentic.

A powerful chieftain, who was Lord of the Island of Mull many years ago, was no less distinguished for the extent of his territories, where he lived in great feudal magnificence, than for a ferocity of temper which knew no bounds, and a spirit of avarice which he found no means of satisfying, but by grievously oppressing his tenants and vassals, and seizing their property and estates. He was particularly anxious to acquire the possessions of a neighbour, whose name was *Gorod*, on account of their extent and contiguity. But he had long abstained from any attempt of this kind, both as Gorod, though above fifty years of age, had remained unmarried, and, failing of him and his heirs, the estate reverted to the chieftain, and because his only son, who was reared according to the custom of those times, in the family of a vassal, was in his custody. Gorod, however, contrary to the expectation of every one, married a young lady of great beauty and accomplishments, whom he had accidentally met with in one of the neighbouring islands; and the chieftain had reason to apprehend that the expectations with which he had flattered himself of getting his vassal's estate by a failure of his posterity, would be frustrated.

Impelled by lust and disappointment,

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he resolved to destroy the hopes and happiness of Gorod, by seducing his wife, which he with difficulty effected, and at last carried her in triumph to his castle. Gorod concealed his rage whilst he inwardly vowed vengeance: and having contrived in the course of a great hunting party, at which the chieftain and his son, Gorod and the lady, and all the principal people of the island assisted, to bring the whole company to the summit of a lofty mountain, he seized the youth, and, standing on the brink of a frightful precipice, he exclaimed, "This instant I plunge myself and this boy down the cliff, unless that infamous woman is put to death by the hands of her seducer." The chieftain trembling for the safety of the only support of his family, and encouraged by the persuasions of his unhappy mistress, who presented her breast to receive the stroke, reluctantly obeyed.

Gorod then cried out "I am revenged! but that tyrant must be punished." Then springing from the mountain with the unhappy youth in his arms, they were almost instantly dashed in pieces. The place has ever since been known by the name of *Benin Gorod*, or the *Hill* of *Gorod*: and the prospect from its summit, particularly when the spectator revolves in idea the scene that was there exhibited, excites a degree of horror which it is impossible to descrsbe.

Affrighted mem'ry shrinks e'en now to tell
The scene that once on Gorod-Hill befel!
E'en fiend-eyed vengeance trembles at the thought,
And shuns the havoc that destruction wrought:
To "Auld lang Syne," commits the blood-stain'd deed,
And shudd'ring, dares not in the tale proceed.

UTOPIA.

FRUITS, &c. FIRST BROUGHT TO ENGLAND.

CHERRIES were first brought over from Flanders, in the reign of Henry VIII., by the King's fruiterer, and planted in Kent, whence they had the name of Kentish cherries. Our Kentish pippins bear the same date. Lord Cromwell introduced the Perdrigon plumb in the reign of Henry VII.; and Wolfe, that King's gardener, first brought in apricots. Artichokes came in at the same time, but they were in no plenty till the reign of Queen Mary. The Levant traders brought in currants from Zante, in the time of Henry VIII.: and tulip roots first came from Vienna, in 1578. The hop, which is now thought so much of, was, under the reign of Henry VI., petitioned against in parliament, as "a wicked weed!" As late as the reign of Elizabeth, hops were fetched from the low countries. Potatoes were first brought to England by Sir Walter Raleigh; and clover grass was first introduced in this country from Flanders, in 1645. Some fig-trees, planted by Cardinal Pole, at Lambeth, in the reign of Henry VIII., are said yet to be in existence; as are the first mulberry-trees at Sion-house.

GENEVA.

THE morals of Geneva during the last half of the eighteenth century, were not by any means unobjectionable, although purer than in most other parts of Europe; luxury and idleness exerting their usual influence, the universal relaxation had gained ground, but the French revolution coming towards the latter end of this wicked age, swept away together vices and virtues, property and life. Half a century will be necessary to rebuild Genevan fortunes; adversity, in the meantime, and serious cares have restored the national character, not assuredly to Calvanistical austerity, but to simplicity, solidity, and a preference of domestic enjoyments over all others. I have occasionally heard music executed with that facility which marks great practice; drawing is very generally cultivated, and you meet with these accomplishments in families, where from all circumstances you might wonder there should be found time to acquire them. This is explained when you remark how few women above the lower ranks are seen about the streets or any where but at home, except a few hours at night; there are no morning visits at all.

Mr. de Candole, professor of botany at Geneva, but whose reputation is European, made use, in a course of lectures, of a very valuable collection of American plants, entrusted to him by a celebrated Spanish botanist, Mr. Mosino, who having occasion for this collection sooner than was expected, sent for it back again. Mr. de Candole having communicated the circumstance to his audience, with the expression of his regrets, some ladies who attended the lectures offered to copy, with the aid of their friends, the whole collection in a week, and the task was actually performed. The drawings, 860 in number, and filling 13 folio volumes, were executed by 114 female artists; one indeed of the ladies alone did 40 of them. —In most cases the principal parts only of each plant are coloured, the rest only traced with accuracy; the execution in general very good, and in some instances quite masterly. There is not perhaps another town of 23,000 souls where such

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a number of female artists, the greater part of course amateurs, could be found. Notwithstanding the wide dispersion of the drawings, there were not any lost, and one of them having been accidentally dropt in the street, and picked up by a girl not ten years old, was returned to Mr. de Candole, copied by the child, and is no disparagement to the collection. On another occasion, several drawings were carried to a wrong house, but there, too, they found artists able and willing to do their part. This taste for the arts, and for knowledge in general, is universal.

ANECDOTE OF GEORGE III.

THE King was not a great reader, but what he read he remembered tenaciously. In his historic recollections he shewed himself always particularly prompt and accurate. A curious proof of this is extant in the fine copy of the second folio edition of Shakspeare's Works, which is in the Royal library, and which originally belonged to Charles I. The book was purchased by Dr. Askew, at Dr. Mead's sale, for two guineas and a half, and at the death of Dr. Mead, Mr. Steevens became the purchaser of it, for five pounds ten shillings. In a leaf of this book, Charles I. had written with his own hand, "DUM SPIRO SPERO, C. R." And Sir Henry Herbert, to whom the King presented it the night before his execution, has also written, "*Ex dono Serenissimo Regis Car. Servo suo humiliss.* T. Herbert."—Mr. Steevens has added, "Sir Thomas Herbert was Master of the Revels to King Charles I." The book being subsequently purchased for the King's library at eighteen guineas, his Majesty, on inspecting it, immediately observed, that there was an error in this last note of Mr. Steevens, and taking a pen, he wrote beneath it these words,—"This is a mistake, he (Sir Thomas Herbert) having been Groom of the Bed Chamber to King Charles I., but Sir *Henry* Herbert was Master of the Revels."

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff.—*Wootton.*

MISTAKE.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

Mr. EDITOR,—The uncommonly tall gentleman so well known about the Inns of Court and the Metropolis, as having the body of a giant and the voice of a child, was one day walking through a fair held in one of the Ridings of Yorkshire, when an outcry was raised, that the giant (a remarkably tall man then exhibiting there) was making off—the rabble pursued, and *malgré lui* brought back the supposed run away giant—the *equivoque* was then discovered, and it was found, the brother giant was safe in his fairy castle, to the no small entertainment of those present.

The same individual to whom I have alluded (it is supposed after a bacchanalian revel) was seen with great *nonchalance*, lighting his expiring segar at a lamp in the street, and he had taken off the lid for that purpose, which, when he had stolen, I may say, the sacred fire, this modern Prometheus quietly replaced.

Light Heads.—Two Gentlemen happening to be at a public entertainment, a third and mutual acquaintance was observed to come in wearing a white hat, the one remarked to the other, that Mr. ———, had on his white topper—Oh! said his friend, "T——— *is light headed* this evening.

A YOUNG lady at the dancing academy of Mr. B———, not a hundred miles from Cornhill, sitting down and placing her head on her hand near the candle, he called out, Miss, pray move, or you will be light headed in a minute.

IT is with narrow souled people as with narrow necked bottles, the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out.

WHEN men grow virtuous in their old age, it is only making a sacrifice to God of the Devil's leavings.

A STUDENT being asked for a definition of the three cardinal virtues, Faith, Hope, and Charity, replied as follows:—

Quid est Fides?	Quod non Vides.
Quid est Spes?	Vana res.
Quid est Charitas?	Magna raritas.

WE may laugh at a country man saying "Meestur" for "Master," but he is more correct in the pronunciation according to the derivation than many may imagine. It is a great word, Μησωρ—*peritus, consultor*—Theme Μη δορ *cura.*

EPIGRAM FROM MARTIAL.

Hal says he's poor in hopes, you'll say he's not,
But take his word for't, Hal's not worth a groat. ††

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EPIGRAM.

It blew a hard storm, and in utmost confusion,
The sailors all hurried to get absolution,
Which done, and the weight of the sin they confess'd,
Transferr'd, as they thought, from themselves to the priest;
To lighten the ship, and conclude the devotion,
They toss'd the old parson souse into the ocean.

EPIGRAM

On seeing a young Lady writing verses with a hole in her Stocking.

To see a lady of such grace,
With so much sense, and such a face,
So slatterly is shocking!
O! if you would with Venus vie,
Your pen and poetry lay by,
And learn to mend your stocking.

CANDID EPITAPH.

THE motto *de mortuis nil nisi bonum* is generally most religiously adhered to in tomb-stone records: this however, does not appear to have been the case in the following:—

INSCRIPTION ON A MONUMENT,

In Horsley Down Church in Cumberland.

Here lie the bodies
of Thomas Bond, and Mary his wife.
She was temperate, chaste, and charitable;
BUT,
she was proud, peevish, and passionate.
She was an affectionate wife, and a tender mother;
BUT,
her husband and child, whom she loved, seldom saw her countenance without a disgusting frown,
whilst she received visitors, whom she despised, with an endearing smile.
Her behaviour was discreet towards strangers;
BUT,
imprudent in her family.
Abroad, her conduct was influenced by good breeding;
BUT,
at home, by ill-temper.
She was a professed enemy to flattery,
And was seldom known to praise or commend;
BUT,
the talents in which she principally excelled,
were difference of opinion and discovering flaws and imperfections.
She was an admirable economist,
and, without prodigality,
dispensed plenty to every person in her family;
BUT,
would sacrifice their eyes to a farthing candle.
She sometimes made her husband happy, with her good qualities;
BUT,
much more frequently miserable—with her many failings;
insomuch, that in thirty years cohabitation, he often lamented,
that, maugre all her virtues,
he had not, in the whole, enjoyed two years of matrimonial comfort.
AT LENGTH,
finding she had lost the affections of her husband, as well as the regard of her neighbours,
family disputes having been divulged by servants,
she died of vexation, July 20, 1768,
aged 48 years.
Her worn-out husband survived her four months and two days,
and departed this life, Nov. 28, 1768,
in the 54th year of his age.
William Bond, brother to the deceased,
erected this stone,
as a *weekly monitor* to the surviving wives of this parish,
that they may avoid the infamy
of having their memories handed down to posterity
with a patch-work character.

MARRIAGE.

Cries Sylvia to a reverend Dean,
"What reason can be giv'n,
Since marriage is a holy thing,
That there are none in heaven?"
"There are no women" he replied,
She quick returned the jest,
"Women there are, but I'm afraid,
They cannot find a priest."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Stage, a brief Oration. The Origin and History of Printing. C. D. An Amateur Musical Party. Clavis, and an Old Subscriber, in our next.

Leisure Hours, No. III. promised insertion in our present number, shall appear next week.

Sam Felix, in reply to a letter in the MIRROR, observes, that "if the Printer of the Almanack has made the 22d day of December the shortest day, he has committed an error."

We have great doubts of Tom Peppen's plan.

A Constant Reader will find "How d'ye do" and "Good bye," in No. 26 of the MIRROR

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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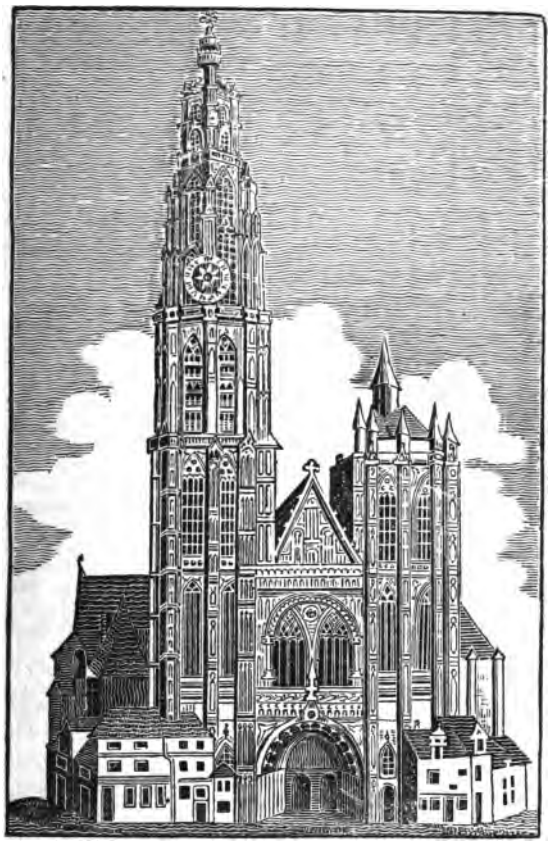
The Cathedral of Antwerp.



Of all the cities of the Netherlands, Antwerp is the most celebrated for its churches, and, independent of the cathedral, of which we present a very fine view, there are the Jesuits' church, a magnificent building, and the chapel of the Virgin, of striking grandeur. The cathedral is a most noble pile, with one of the finest steeples in the world. So struck was the Emperor Charles V. with the beauty of this stately edifice when he made his entry into Antwerp, that he said it ought to be put in a case, and exhibited only once a year as a rarity.

The cathedral is a beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture. It is five hundred feet in length, and in breadth two hundred and forty feet. It is three hundred and sixty feet high, and is supported by not less than one hundred and twenty-five pillars. The exact date of its erection is not known; but it is generally considered to have been built in the thirteenth century. The choir was built in the year 1521. This superb structure was reduced to ashes, the tower and choir excepted, in the year 1533; but the year after it was rebuilt in that style of beauty and grandeur in which it now appears.

The tower of Antwerp Cathedral is

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generally admired as a work of singular delicacy. It is 465 feet high to the top of the cross, which is fifteen feet in height. It was begun in the year 1422, under the care and inspection of John Amelius, a celebrated architect; but was not finished until the year 1518. Persons may ascend 400 feet high by a staircase, consisting of a flight of 622 stone steps. There are two sun-dials attached to the cathedral, both of which are 94 feet in circumference. The chimes, or musical clock, which plays eight tunes in every hour, consists of nearly sixty bells. The largest bell weighs 16,000 lbs.

The cathedral is adorned with several paintings by Rubens and Quintin Matsey, the blacksmith, whom love converted into a painter. He is interred at the entry of the cathedral, where his monument is placed, with an inscription stating that all conquering love had made an Apelles of a blacksmith.

Near this monument there is a pump, the iron work of which was wrought by Metsey to prove his ingenuity in his original profession. It was executed by the hammer alone, as was usual with Metsey, who never used a file in polishing any work.

Leisure Hours.

No. III.

Poscimur, si quid vacui sub umbra
Lusimus tecum, quod et hunc in annum
Vivat et plures. HOR.

ANAGRAMMATISM.

AMONG the various fruits of my "leisure hours," with which, as already narrated, I have endeavoured to beguile that *tædium vitæ*, which all of us more or less feel, I ought to include a choice collection of anagrams, both ancient and modern, that have, at sundry times, found their way into my treasury of "good things." Now I am well aware, that, in this most philosophical of all philosophical ages, I am exposing myself to no small risk of being written down an ass for coming forward, as I mean manfully to do, in defence of the exploded science of anagrammatism. Not, although I possessed all the learning of Camden, who wrote a profound treatise on this most delectable art,—not, although I were animated by all the genius of that celebrated Frenchman, yclept Thomas Billon, who published a series of prophecies in an anagrammatical guise,* —not, in fine, although I were as deeply versed in this mystical science as all the Jewish cabalists put together, could I hope to induce the present perverse generation to adopt one iota of my predilections in its favour. Fully and sorrowfully impressed as I am with this disheartening conviction, I shall yet, *coûte que coûte*, fearlessly devote this paper to a brief illustration, as well as historical review, of the art of which I have been speaking.

"Anagrammatism, or Metagrammatism," (which, by the way, is the more accurate term,*) is defined by Camden, in the treatise above noticed, to be "the dissolution of a name, truly written, into its letters as its elements, and a new connexion of it by transposition, without addition, subtraction, or change of any letter, into different words, making some perfect sense applyable to the person named." And this, the same laborious author farther informs us, "is the only quintessence that hitherto the alchymy of wit could draw out of names." He then proceeds to remark, that the "precise in this practice" strictly adhere to the rules of the definition he has laid down, with the exception only of omitting or retaining the letter H according to their convenience, "for that it cannot challenge the right of a letter." But the "licentiats," on the other hand, he continues, "think it no injury to use E for Æ, V for W, S for Z, and C for K, and contrariwise." We are, therefore, to infer from all this, that a genuine anagram, of the true legitimate breed, must, according to the strictness of the art, be confined to the letters composing the original word, but that, by a licence resembling that of the poets, a change of certain letters into others of an analogous nature may occasionally be made at the discretion of the anagrammatist.

As far as a science may be recommended by the antiquity of its origin, anagrammatism has every thing in its favour, since there is ground for assuming, that it may be traced to the time of the great Jewish lawgiver himself, whose mystical traditions, called *Cabala*, communicated by him to the chosen seventy, are thought by some to have been neither more nor less than so many anagrams. At least it is certain, that, among the various species of cabalistical lore, in which the Jews delighted, the one called *themura* was precisely synonymous with what we un-

* He lived in the beginning of the 17th century. A further notice of him will occur in the sequel.

* Anagrammatism (compounded of ανα and γραμμα) means, literally, the art of writing backwards, in which sense *Amor* is an anagram of *Roma*, and *evil* of *live*; but metagrammatism (formed of μετα and γραμμα) implies a transposition of letters, which has become the popular sense of anagrammatism. For this reason I prefer adopting the received term.

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derstand by anagrammatism; and hence the ancient cabalists were of opinion, that there was not a word in the whole Mosaic law which did not contain some hidden mystery, that might, by this means, be disclosed. Upon this principle they discovered the Hebrew word for "grace" in the name of Noah, the words "he shall receive" in that of Messiah, and, in the name of the Virgin Mary, the anagrammatical appellation, "our holy mistress."

After the Jews, the Greeks appear to have been the earliest cultivators of this mystical learning. Lycophron, the poet, author of "Cassandra," who wrote about three centuries before our era, has transmitted to us two specimens of his skill in the art. These are anagrams of Ptolemy Philadelphus and his wife Arsinoe, which, written in Greek, are as follows: —Πτολεμαιος—Απο μελιτος, Made of honey—Αρσινοη—Ερας ιον, Juno's violet. Lycophron, as we learn from Eustathius, was succeeded by several others, who, to borrow the quaint language of Camden, "disported themselves" in this mystical science. Of the anagrams, preserved by Eustathius as the production of these worthies, Αρετη, virtue, transposed into Ερατη, lovely, and Ιλαρος, merry, into Λιαρος, warm, may be cited as favourable examples.

The next people, in order of time, as far as my discoveries go, that have evinced any passionate attachment to this ancient art, are the French, who, in the sixteenth century, about the time of Francis I., "began," as Camden tells us, "to distil their wits herein." Numerous examples of their proficiency in this way have descended to us, of which I shall only, at present, transcribe the following. It is an anagram of the name of the monarch I have just mentioned, which may be thus transposed—*François de Valoys*—"*De façon suis royal.*" So attached, indeed, do the French appear formerly to have been to this science, that Thomas Billon, a Provençal, of whom honourable mention has already been made, was retained at court by Louis XIII. as a sort of "Anagrammatist Laureate," with a pension of 1,200 livres. In this enviable capacity he seems to have composed his "Anagrammatical Prophecies," to which I have already alluded, and which there can be little doubt supplied the hint for that sublime "Vision," with which we have been favoured by a laureate of these days. Indeed, I would even go so far as to surmise, that, as the "Vision" in question is allowed, on all hands, not to be poetry, it may prove at last, for any thing that appears to the contrary, to be neither more nor less than an ingenious compilation of anagrams, most happily concealed under the guise of a poem.

About two centuries ago the occult art under consideration seems to have grown into some favour with the Italians, as I find that a certain prelate, the Bishop of Grassa, no doubt a man of great learning, was eminently skilled in it; and it was afterwards held in high estimation among the *literati* of Italy generally. The Germans, too, as we learn from that erudite author, Martinus Lipenius, were wonderfully distinguished, about the same period, by their proficiency in the dissection of names. He enumerates about thirty German authors who, in the 16th and 17th centuries, immortalized themselves by their dissertations on anagrammatism.*

In this country, also, we gather from Camden, the art began to flourish during the reign of Elizabeth; and he tells us, he "knew some who had bestowed some idle hours herein with good success, albeit our English names, *running rough with cragged consonants*," (a fine instance, I may observe *en passant*, of the *onomatopeia*,) "are not so smooth and easy for transposition as the French and Italian." Accordingly, Camden furnishes us but with one English anagram, which is the following on Charles I. *Charles James Steuart*, "Claims Arthur's Seat." He has left us, however, a great variety in Latin, which, according to the taste of the age, was the language then most in repute with men of learning. From these I shall make selections hereafter: at present I shall merely add, that among the English anagrammatists noticed by Camden, he himself shines pre-eminent; and he adverts, with a becoming modesty, to his own qualifications in this respect.

I cannot close my subject without noticing the definition which our great lexicographer fastidiously gives of an anagram, which he describes to be (*horresco referens!*) "a *conceit* arising from the letters of a name transposed;" and all this, too, without having the fear of Horace before his eyes, for that writer expressly asserts,

> Dixeris egregiè notum si callida verbum
> Reddiderit junctura novum---

which, in defiance of all critics and commentators, I hold to be a decided testimony to the excellence of the sublime art I have here ventured to vindicate.

* See the "Bibliotheca Realis Philosophica" of Lipenius, published at Frankfort on the Maine in 1682. He enumerates 35 treatises on anagrammatical subjects, all, but about five, I believe, written by Germans. Among the five alluded to is a collection of Anagrams and Chronograms, published in London, 1613, by one J. Cheeke, an Englishman.

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So much at present for anagrammatism. I shall resume the subject in my next paper. OTIOSUS.

THE STAGE,

A BRIEF CROSS STREET ORATION.

(For the Mirror.)

ALBEIT my mind doth not like to be disquieted in its musings upon meaner things than the high subject of the vocation with which a Christian man is called; yet it appeareth unto me, that there is a propriety in descending occasionally, and adverting for a little season to other themes. Indeed the mind hath its moods; and there is a relief to be experienced by diverting the current thereof where good is likely to be educed.

In mine early days, among the glens and mountains of my beloved native land, have I never heard the Theatre denominated other than a most puissant not-house for the rearing of agents to spread more far and widely the kingdom of desolation, the dominions of the Prince of the Power of Darkness. I have seen comparative happiness, and innocency, and peace, where it was only known as a far off pestilence, only conversed of as a contagion. And now that I have travelled to this more southern land, and intermingled with its massive population, and seen and heard a little of what is called *civilised life*, mine opinion thereupon hath not in any wise changed. This is, in verity, a theatre-loving people; and it is written as with a sun-beam, that the way in which it seemeth good unto them to go, is that which leadeth unto perdition. How, I ask, can it be otherwise? Are not these houses of abomination among the most formidable barriers upraised to thwart the progress of the Gospel light, which the holy and good men who do honour to the country are ever and anon essaying to pour in upon the misguided people? Merciful Heaven! what booteth it (humanly speaking) to lift up the banner of righteousness, when *such* an enemy cometh in like a flood?

I repeat it, these Theatres are a crying and a fearful evil. Look at the *characters* of those who are so skilful often in playing the part of mimics and mountebanks to draw the artificial tear, or cheat the heart into a momentary credence of its merriment. How would their *lives* look if exposed to the broad day-light of unbiassed public opinion? their *hearts*, if dissected and laid open, with their every passion and principle, to the clear and enlightened mind's eye? Shame would brand its indelible stigma upon their cheeks, and despair corrode their hearts, under such an unmasking. And these are the men and these the women, who, having first filled our generous youth of every rank and class with admiration of their talents, induce them, as a ready consequence, to tread in their footsteps, and follow the downward path, which leadeth unto death eternal!

Far be it from me to endeavour to hold them up as marks for the finger of scorn to point at. I would not deny to many of them the meed of more moral worth than might perchance be expected from their calling, which doth surely expose them to sore temptation; but I love them so well, that I would be unmindful of my deeply-responsible duty, did I not hold up to them the plain statement of their danger, or refrain from uplifting the voice of warning unto them. I love them so well, these mistaken and wilful men and women, that have slain their thousands and their tens of thousands by their most perilous example, that I would lose much, and hazard almost every thing, to save their never-dying souls, and give them peaceful minds and joyful hopes to stand them instead, when they come to endure the threnes and throes of a dying hour.

But come we now to the general principle which we do publicly and professionally advocate. It is not for me to deny that there are occasionally *some* good morals inculcated—*some* good examples held forth in these exhibitions. It is not for me to say that the muse of Shakspeare, which must be remembered and admired while the name of Old England is extant in the round globe, should be stinted in her flight and influence; but I *do* say, that the theatre is the *last place* where a wise and good man will go himself, or take his beloved children, for patterns upon which to form *character*—I do say, that all who appreciate the transcendent genius of our immortal Bard, will find themselves as much delighted and edified by perusing by their own fire-sides, his well known works, as by viewing them represented on the stage, distracted as it seemeth to me, their attention must be from what is good and beautiful in them, by the glare of the dangerous attractions which would enmesh all within the sphere of their influence; and the soul-sleeping whirl of licentiousness, in which it is ten to one but they are for ever lost. And if we can go no further than this, as professing Christians in our averment as to the most approved, and least objectionable of these things, what shall we say of the double meanings, the obscene jests, the im-

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moral, irreligious tendencies, which do abound so fearfully in the major part of the performances exhibited to the public? We do not pause one moment in affirming, that they are fraught with unmingled and incalculable mischief—they have no counteracting power within themselves—the virtues which they affect to inculcate are generally, we may say invariably, impracticable in the present usual walks of life, and vice seemeth clothed in such goodly and beautiful apparel—hath a loveliness so sweetly flung around her, that men cannot choose but think her an angel of light—she is tolerated and cherished in the crowded theatre, and carried from thence into the parlour and drawing room, to kindle the repeated blush on the cheek of modesty, and cloud for evermore the happiness, and blast the harmony of domestic life. O! how I commisserate the young inexperienced mind, to whom all this is comparatively new, and therefore more dangerous—how do I grieve for those, who habituating themselves to such stimulants to relieve their *ennui*, find to their peril, that the moral distempers sure to result, are often, too often, alas! incurably confirmed.

Now I would make root and branch work of the matter, and cry out for *abolition* and not *reform*. Prove to me that there is a predominance of good, or that there is *not* a vast overwhelming mass of evil resulting from theatrical amusements as they are now conducted, and I will concede my point—till then, it appeareth clearly against all good sense and sound argument to affirm, that because they but partake of the imperfection inseparable from all human institutions, they should needs be tolerated, and their glaring drawbacks winked at. Away then with such things from the earth, which hath enough and more than enough of sorrow and guilt already; I require no legislative enactment for their destruction—let every man who calls himself a follower of the crucified Saviour, do his duty and refrain from giving the countenance of his example to them, and the work will be in a fair and hopeful train of accomplishment. The high prospects and glorious promises appertaining unto the genuine Christian are infinitely worth the sacrifice, were it an hundred times greater, and consistency indeed demands it. Go, if you will to the battle field, and meet death, with your face to the foe for your country—her monarch—her unrivalled constitution—go, if you will, to the hospital, or the private domicile of sickness and suffering, where death may be well risked and nobly, in the glorious attempt to cool the parched tongue—to bathe the burning brow, or pour the balm of heavenly consolation into the sinful man's spirit, who groans under the misgivings of his awakened conscience and feeble faith; but, O! let me conjure you, to refrain your steps from wandering to haunts where the very atmosphere is laden with poison that corrodeth the soul, where every tread of your feet is down the sloping pathway that leadeth unto the spiritual, the second death.

Tell me not of the eminent men who have defended and spoken well of such spectacles—Where are they? I know them not. Do the memorials of the intellects of the olden time land them Hath any genuine philanthropist—any friend to religion and morality—to the best and most endearing interests of humanity, recommended them? There hath indeed been *one* ornament * to our literature, and I will say, friend of our Holy Faith too, who did condescend to employ his pen in a dramatic composition, and was not guiltless entirely of the blood of a fellow creature; but I envy not his fame, which such a fact hath so much tarnished, and sure I am, that the truly great and good can never stand up for such a cause.

I have seen, I have seen, and shall never forget the agonized mother, as she detailed the ruin of her beloved son—the sacrifice of his flattering worldly prospects—the frightful dereliction of duty and affection which he exhibited towards her who loved him so dearly and so well—the madness with which he rushed into the very jaws of perdition, and jeoparded his immortal soul—and as the tear streamed from her eye, and the heavy sigh arose from her bosom, she told me that his destruction was dated, and most truly so, from the time when he began to associate with players, and play-going people;† and her spirit was riven with bitterness, when she contemplated the probability that his end might cover himself and his respectable family with ignominy. This is but one solitary instance

* Addison—The story of Eustace Budgell is well known. He took a boat at Somerset stairs, ordered the waterman to shoot the bridge: and while the boat was passing under the arch, he threw himself into the river, and perished immediately. Upon his bureau was found a slip of paper, on which were written these words. "What CATO did, and ADDISON approved, cannot be wrong." It has been said that Addison did not *justify* the suicide of Cato, but a writer on the Evidences of Christianity, cannot be exculpated for passing by, in such a manner, historical facts of this nature, and not marking them with his most unqualified disapproval. He should have done so for the sake of his own character, but chiefly to prevent a possibility of an evil impression being entertained on the public mind.

† A fact.

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among many that could be adduced, and let not the casuist say, that such can only be the effect of such pernicious amusements on *weak* minds. I know well, they can be plausible enough, and can use with power the weapons of ridicule in such a question; but I heed them not; for every dogma there is a defence, for every work there is an ingenious shewing of its advantages and utility, by which many are entrapped; but all this changeth not my deep-rooted conviction, for the which it hath appeared good unto me to state these few reasons among many others that could be urged, and for which I shall not grumble to be branded as an enthusiast, fanatic, or methodist, if so be, that I may become the humble instrument of convincing any reflecting mind. EDGAR.

AN AMATEUR CONCERT.

(For the Mirror.)

How sour sweet music is, when time is broke and
No proportion kept. SHAKSPEAR.

MR. EDITOR,—Being very fond of music, and flattering myself that I possessed a reasonable good ear, I ventured some few summers back to learn the art of "rubbing the hairs of the horse o'er the bowels of the goat," that is to say, I became a scraper on the violoncello, and by dint of an occasional hour's practice or so, I managed at the end of two or three years, to scramble through most of the bass accompaniments in my Sister's What-n*e*!—It is really astonishing to find the very rapid strides music has made in this country within the last nine years, and how much the science has tended to dissipate that *ennui* which used so woefully to pervade the greater part of our evening parties. The peace, thanks to the Duke of Wellington and his brave supporters, has transmogrified every thing as poor Tokely used to say. The young Ladies of the present day live not in the reign of harpsichords, those old fashioned pen-wire-grating instruments have long been laid up in the cock-loft or lumber-room, to give place to the additional octave Broadwood-grands, or the rich toned Tomkinson-smalls, the lyre, or harp-lute, that "sweet little delicate toned instrument" as old Light puffs* it, now hangs up in "Tara's Halls" to perish, while double action Erards, or extra-damper-movement pedalled-Dizi's charm with their heart-soothing tones. The Robin Adairs, John of Parises, and all those sort of gothish German grinding organ tunes are nearly shamed out of our squares and streets by the *Depuis longtems* and *Di tanti palpitis* of the Savoyards. The drum and pipe have long since retreated to the sound of the harp and flute, and the apothecary's boy has thrown aside his reeds, to ape the silvery tones of a Drouet, or the richness of a Nicholson. Sostinentes, Ædophones, Apollonicons, Harmonicons, and Panharmonicans pour in monthly on us. The boarding school Miss, or rather in the refined language of the day, I should say the pupil, no longer shews off her talent with a Steibelt storm concerto, or a Latour imitation, such rubbish has long been doomed to moulder beneath piles of Beethoven trios or Mozart sonatas. Composition, thorough-bass, relative majors, and minors, harmonic changes, six flat and five sharp keys, Fugues à la Moschelles, in short the Logier system is now the rage. The perruquier, or cosmopoliter,* no longer objects, even in these hard times, to give his hundred guineas for a Broadwood or an Erard, or the City Mrs. Green, her guinea for twenty minutes vocal instruction for her daughter. Such is the state of refinement and extravagance to which we have come—but as poor Richard would say, "We may go further and fare worse."

So much for a digression—now to return to myself. I have stated then, that I managed to get over an accompaniment pretty fairly, and being able so to do, I looked upon myself as one fully qualified to enter the lists, for

I had heard of Mozart, and I long'd
To fiddle on my bass, his Orpheus notes.

and it was not long ere my wish was gratified, for a musical friend of mine, having received an invitation to a *small* amateur party at Mrs. Shewoff's, requested me to accompany him, assuring me how desirable my company and assistance would be, as his friend was a most delightful creature, particularly fond of music, and had charming daughters, who were looked upon as second St. Cecilias!! Now, even to a common lounger at parties, these were great inducements; what must they then have been to myself, who looked forward to a rich musical treat? and therefore, as you may naturally conclude, I was not long making up my mind to accede to his request. I now began to consider that my best mode of making my debut would be, to do the thing in a professional sort of way—to cut a dash—to create attention—to come strong over the party, as Pierce Egan would say, I therefore dispatched per

* Vide Newspaper Advertisements.

* Vulg. Tallor.

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porter, (for violoncellos are not the smallest children in the world,) to Mrs. Shewoff's, my exquisite, rare-toned, early-part-of-the-sixteenth-century, carved Guanerius, with a large parcel of music, not that I could play five bars of its contents, but *n'importe* appearance was my aim, and I wished to frighten the saints. This was doing the thing in a regular sort of way, à la Lindley; this told the family that Signior Basso was coming; for having been apprised that the party was to be a quiet friendly sort of meeting, I had made up my mind to go pretty early, and wonderful to relate, I kept my time, for I arrived at the house just as the Charley was chanting past nine o'clock—quite the right time of day for me, for, to my great joy, I found the overture to tea and coffee finished, and Miss Apollina Shewoff (the eldest daughter,) leading the way to the piano. I had scarcely got through the ceremony of a Don Guzman bow, ere I was surrounded. An old gentleman, whom I supposed to be the master of the house, for I never got introduced to him, came up to me, half inclined to be angry and half smiling, and just as he had got out the words, "Why, sir—you seem to have" —A good natured lady who stood near me, saved me from his reproof, by assuring him how delighted she was to find so fine a concert in preparation; but still I was doomed to encounter more enemies. —"O you naughty man, for coming so late," said my friend Mrs. Chronometer. —"Do you call this genuine time," added Mr. Pedler,—and "I hope you have not incommoded yourself much Mr. Jerry," sarcastically lisped one of the Miss Shewoff's, while three or four of the children endeavoured to convince me how much they longed to hear my *child* scream. Thus was I suffering in a corner of the room, without a possibility, amid so many tongues, of uttering a syllable in my defence, until my friend, Dick Boldface, coming to me, relieved my embarrassment. Picture to yourself, Mr. Editor, the surprise I must have felt, when I found, that instead of a small party, I had to encounter, as generally is the case in professed meetings of the kind, a regular squeeze! My spirits now began to fail me, for, to tell the truth, I felt such a tremor come over me, that I scarcely knew whether to sneak suddenly out of the room and bolt, or "stand the hazard of the die." One moment I fancied my face was like the setting sun, but this I thought might be the brilliant reflection of the rosy drapery, or the imagination of the brain drawn from the effect of colouring of a brilliant rouged lady, who stood beside me:—at another moment I imagined myself to look like a ghost, *non obstante* my dandification. Then I thought of the *expose*, if I should, through nervousness, lose my time, or overlook a pause! and lastly, I cursed myself for my rashness, in having ventured so far beyond my depth, like Cardinal Wolsey; I wished my violoncello would crack, or that I might not have *two strings to my bow*.

As to fiddling, I knew it would be quite out of the question, for my fingers, although a very cold evening, were, to use a musical phrase, quite *dampers*. I took out my nicely folded cambric, at least fifty times, under the pretence of using it; but, in truth, it was to cool my fingers, which now began to exude at every pore. However, finding that I had no alternative, and that I really was wanted to take the violoncello part in the overture to the evening's entertainments, and not wishing to make myself more conspicuous than I had done, I put on an extra face, and walked with a very bold step through the crowd, which, as usual in music parties, was pressing as near as possible to the performers, to their very great annoyance, and the deprivation of the expansion of sound.

But to crown all my disasters, in my endeavour to do a bit of polite to an old lady, who had dropped her yard-and-a-half-wide fan of the sixteenth century, in my rising to restore it to her, I hit my head against Snowball, the black footman's arms, who was, at the moment, retiring from the room with some beautiful empty china coffee cups and saucers, and nearly demolished the whole of them, but Apollo befriended me, for not less true than strange to say, no material damage was done.

(To be concluded next week.)

THE NEW STREET

(For the Mirror.)

GREAT scope has been given of late for architects, to exercise their judicious management in selecting ancient and pure examples in designing from Grecian models, and the Grecian doric order has evidently been brought into considerable notice lately. This beautiful order which is to be found only in Grecian designs, has been executed in various buildings with considerable effect: the New Street contains, in a great measure, a jumble of designs, containing neither taste nor classic skill from selection. Many have been copied from the ancient Roman examples, but ancients as well as moderns, had faults which, considering the age

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we live in, we ought to have remedied altogether, or at any rate to have improved upon them. However, Suffolk-street contains a building, which, without presuming, we may say, is a complete study of the chasteness of Grecian architecture. Much praise is due to Mr. Nash for his approval of this design, and more to the designers, Messrs. Taylor and Crecy; it is intended as a building for the reception of ancient models, casts, &c. and students; the ground story is occupied by a portico of the Grecian doric, having coupled *antæ*, the proportions, apparently from the temple of Theseus, at Athens; the upper story is a continuation of an *antæ* throughout the front; in the centre is a window with a pediment—frieze architrave, &c. from the temple of Erectheus, at Athens, ornamented with *pateras*, as are also the *antæ;* the ornaments are of *terracotta*, the whole surmounted by a bold cornice. From the same building, one thing ought not to pass unnoticed, that is, the trifling ballustrades over the portico, which look too much like the legs of chairs. Such is a brief notice of the elevation of the front next Suffolk-street. There is another front looking towards Charing Cross which I may notice in another article, equally worthy the attentive examination of young students in this noble science.

C. D.

ON SELF-PAINTING.

ADDRESSED TO THE LADIES.

(For the Mirror)

NATIVE artless beauty has long been the peculiar distinction of my fair fellow-subjects. Our poets have long sung their genuine lilies and roses, and our painters have often endeavoured, though in vain, to imitate them: beautiful nature mocked all their art, but I am now informed by persons of unquestioned truth and sagacity, and indeed I have observed but two many instances of it myself, that a great number of those inestimable originals, by a strange inversion of things, give the lie to the poets, and servilely copy their painters; degrading and disguising themselves into worse copies of bad copies of themselves. It is even whispered about town of that excellent artist, Mr. Listard, that he lately refused a certain young female (near Queen's Square) to draw her picture, alleging, that he never copied any body's work but his own and those of nature. I have taken great pains to inform myself of the growth and extent of this heinous crime of self-painting, and I am sorry to say, that I have found it to be extremely epidemical. The present state of it, in its several degrees, appear to be thus—the inferior class of women, who always ape their betters, make use of a sort of rough cast little superior to the common lath and plaster, which comes very cheap, and can easily be afforded. The class immediately above these, paint occasionally, either in size, oil, or tooth-powder, which at six-pence per foot square, comes within a moderate weekly allowance. The generality of women of fashion make use of a superfine stucco, or plaster of Paris highly glazed, which does not require a daily renewal, and will, with some slight occasional repairs, last as long as their curls, and stand a pretty strong collision. As for the transcendant and divine pearl powder, with an exquisite varnish superinduced to fix it, it is by no means common, but is reserved for ladies not only of the first rank, but of the most considerable fortunes; it being so very costly, that few ladies' pin-money can keep a face in it, as a face of condition ought to be kept; perhaps the same number of pearls whole might be more acceptable to some lovers, than in powder upon the lady's face. I would now fain undeceive my fair country-women of an error, which, gross as it is, they too fondly entertain. In order to do this effectually, and save, as far as I am able, the native carnations—the eyes, teeth, breath, and the reputation of my beautiful fellow-subjects—I here give notice, that, if after one calendar month from the date hereof, (I allow that time for the consumption of stock in hand) I shall receive any authentic testimonies (and I have my spies abroad) of the sophistication and adulteration of the fairest works of nature, I am resolved to publish at full length the names of the delinquents, which, I hope will be a sufficient check to those who attempt to supply themselves with that which nature has denied; but, I shall conclude this paper with a word or two of serious advice to all my readers of all sorts and sexes. Let us follow nature, our honest and faithful guide, and be upon our guard against the flattering delusions of art. Nature may be helped and improved, but will not be forced or changed. All attempts in direct opposition to her, are attended with ridicule; many with guilt. The woman to whom nature has denied beauty, in vain endeavours to make it by art; as the man to whom nature has denied wit, becomes ridiculous by the affectation of it: they both defeat their own purposes, and are in the case of a valetudinarian, who creates or increases his distemper by remedies, and dies of his immoderate desire to live.

S. R.

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SPIRIT OF THE
Public Journals.

FEBRUARY—VALENTINE'S DAY.

Now, the Christmas holidays are over, and all the snow in Russia could not make the first Monday in this month look any other than *black* in the home-loving eyes of little school-boys; and the streets of London are once more evacuated of happy wondering faces, that look any way but strait before them; and sobs are heard and sorrowful faces are seen to issue from sundry post-chaises that carry sixteen inside, including cakes and boxes; and theatres are no longer conscious of unconscious *éclats de rire*, but the whole audience is like Mr. Wordsworth's cloud, "which moveth altogether, if it move at all."—*En revanche*,—Now newspaper editors begin to think of disporting themselves; for the great national school for "children of a larger growth" is met in Saint Stephen's Chapel, "for the *dispatch* of business" and of time, and consequently newspapers have become a nonentity, and those writers who sign themselves "constant readers" find their occupation gone. Now, the stones of Bond-street dance for joy, while they "prate of the whereabout" of innumerable wheels: which latter are so happy to meet again after a long absence, that they rush into each other's embraces—"wheel within wheel"—and there's no getting them asunder. Now, the Italian opera is open, and the house is full; but if asked on the subject, you may safely say that "nobody was there;"—for the opera-hats that you meet with in the pit evidently indicate that the wearers appertain to certain counters and counting-houses in the city, or serve those that do—having "received orders" for the opera in the way of their business.—Now, a sudden thaw after a week's frost puts the pedestrians of Cheapside into a pretty pickle.—Now, the *trottoir* of Saint James's-street begins to know itself again; the steps of Ragget's are proud of being pressed by right-honourable feet; and *the dandies' watch tower* is once more peopled with playful peers peering after beautiful frailties in furred pelisses.—Now, on fine Sundays, the citizens and their wives begin to hie them to Hyde Park, and having attained Wellington-walk, fancy that there is not more than two pins to choose between them and their betters on the other side the rail; while these latter,—having come abroad to take the air (of the insides of their carriages) and kill the time and cure the vapours,—permit inquisitive equestrians to gaze at them through plate-glass, and fancy, not without reason, that they look like flowers seen through flowing water: Lady O——, for example, like an over-blown rose; Lady H——, like a painted lady-pea; the Countess of B——, like a newly opened apple-blossom; and her demure-looking little sister beside her like a *prim*-rose.—Now, Winter being on the wane, and Spring only on the approach, Fashion, for once in the year, begins to feel herself in a state of interregnum, and her ministers, the milliners and tailors, don't know what to think; Mrs. Bean shakes her head like Lord Burleigh, and declines to determine as to what may be the fate of future waists; and Mr. Stultz is equally cautious of committing himself in the affair of collars; and both agree in coming to the same conclusion with the statesman in Tom Thumb—that, "as near as they can guess, they cannot tell!"—Now, therefore, the fashionable shops are shorn of their beams, and none can show wares that are strictly in season, except the stationer's. But *his*, which for all the rest of the year is dullest of the dull, is now, for the first fourteen days, gayest of the gay—for here the poetry of love and the love of poetry are displayed under all possible and impossible forms and metaphors—from little cupids creeping out of cabbage roses, to large overgrown hearts stuffed with double-headed arrows, and uttering piteous complaints in verse while they fry in their own flames. And this brings us safe back to the point from which we somewhat prematurely set out;—for Now, on good Saint Valentine's eve, all the rising generation of this metropolis who feel that they have reached the age of *in*discretion, think it full time for them to fall in love, or be fallen in love with. Accordingly, infinite are the crow-quills that move mincingly between embossed margins.

> "And those *rhyme* now who never rhymed before,
> And those who always rhymed now rhyme the more;"

to the utter dismay of the newly-appointed two-penny postman the next morning; who curses Saint Valentine almost as bitterly as does in her secret heart yonder sulky sempstress, who has not been called upon for a single two-pence out of all the two hundred thousand* extra ones that have been drawn from unwilling pockets, and dropped into canvass bags, on this

* This was the number of letters that passed through the two-penny post-office on the 14th of February, 1821, in addition to the usual daily average.—See the Official Returns.

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eventful day. She may take my word for it that the said sulkiness, which has some show of reason in it to day, is in the habit of visiting her pretty face oftener than it is called for: if it were not so, she would not have had cause for it now.

But good Bishop Valentine is a pluralist, and holds another see besides that of London.

"All the air in his diocese,
And all the chirping choristers
And other birds are his parishioners;
He marries every year
The lyrique lark, and the grave whispering dove;
The sparrow, that neglects his life for love;
The household bird with the red stomacher;
He makes the blackbird speed as soon
As doth the goldfinch or the halcyon."

Let us be off to the country without more ado;—for who can stay in London in the face of such epithets as these—that seem to compel us, with their sweet magic, to go in search of the sounds and sights that they characterise;—"The *lyric* lark!"—Why a modern poet might live for a whole season on that one epithet!—Nay, there be those that *have* lived on it for a longer time—perhaps without knowing that it did not belong to them! "The sparrow—*that neglects his life for love!*" "The *household* bird, *with the red stomacher!*"—That a poet who could write in this manner, for pages together, should be almost entirely unknown to modern *readers*, (except to those of a late number of the Retrospective Review,) would be somewhat astonishing, if it were not for the consideration that he is so well known to modern *writers!* It would be doing both parties justice if some one would point out a few of the *coincidences* that occur between them. In the mean time, *we* shall be doing better in looking abroad for ourselves into that Nature to which *he* looked, and seeing what she offers worthy of particular observation in the course of this last month of Winter in the country, though it is the first in London. Our "*now*" in regard to the latter place finished on Saint Valentine's Day. Let it here begin on that day: for the first half offers nothing that can expressly distinguish it from its sister January.

Now, then, about the middle of the month, a strange commotion may be seen and heard among the winged creatures—portending momentous matters. The lark is high up in the cold air before daylight, seeking for the unrisen sun; and his chosen mistress is listening to him down among the dank grass, with the dew still upon her unshaken wing. The bird "with the red stomacher" has left off, for a brief season, his low plaintive piping,—which it must be confessed, was poured forth for his own exclusive satisfaction,—and reckoning on his spruce looks and sparkling eyes, issues his quick peremptory love-call, in a most ungallant and husband-like manner. The sparrows, who have lately been sulking silently about from tree to tree, with ruffled plumes and drooping wings, now spruce themselves up till they do not look half their former size; and if it were not pairing-time, one might fancy that there was more of war than of love in their noisy squabblings. But the crouching forms, quivering wings, and murmuring bills, of yonder pair that have quitted for a moment the clamorous cabal, can indicate the movements of but *one* passion. Among the choristers, the only one, except the lark, who now finds leisure to practise his spring notes, is the thrush; and he not till towards the end of the month—nor then unless the season is mild and forward. The yellow-hammer and the chaffinch may indeed occasionally be heard towards the latter end; but their short interrupted notes, pleasant as they are, can scarcely as yet be called singing, but rather the talking of it:—for

"I shall not ask Jean Jaques Rosseau
If birds confabulate, or no;"

but shall determine at once that they do—at least if any dependance may be placed on eyes and ears. But let us leave the birds to themselves now:

"Sacred be love from sight, whate'er it is."

We shall have enough opportunities of observing all their other pretty ways hereafter.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

THE THREE BLIND TIPPLERS.

THREE sightless inmates of the sky,
Whose names were Justice—Fortune—Cupid,
Finding their public life on high
Somewhat monotonous and stupid,
Resolved one morning to unite
Their powers in an Alliance Holy
And purify the Earth, whose plight
They all agreed was melancholy.

Quoth Justice—Of the world below
I doubtless have the best idea,
Since in the Golden Age, you know
I ruled it jointly with Astræa;
While, therefore, we on earth abide,
For fear our forces should be parted,
Let *me* be your perpetual guide:—
Agreed, *nem. con.* and off they started.

Love first, and Fortune next descends,
Then Justice, though awhile she tarried,
When Cupid cries—This fight, my friends,
Has made my throttle somewhat arid:
Beneath each wing, before our trip,
I popp'd a golden vase of nectar,
And I for one should like a sip,
What says our worshipful director?

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The proposition, 'twas decreed,
Redounded to the mover's glory,
So down they sate upon the mead,
And plied the flagon *con amore;*
But not reflecting that the draught
With air of earth was mix'd and muddled,
Before the second vase was quaff'd,
They all became completely fuddled.

Now reeling, wrangling, they proceed,
Each loudly backing his opinion,
And 'stead of letting Justice lead,
All struggle fiercely for dominion:
Whereat her sword in wrath she draws,
And throws it in her scales with fury,
Maintaining that the rightful cause
Requires no other judge and jury.

Fortune, purloining Cupid's darts,
Tips them with gold for sordid suitors
Making sad havoc in the hearts
Of matrimonial computers;
While Love on fortune's wheel apace
Plagues mortals with incessant changes,
Gives flying glimpses of his face,
Then presto! pass!---away he ranges.

Their pranks, their squabbles day by day
Gave censurers a better handle,
Till Jove impatient of their stay,
And anxious to arrest the scandal,
Bade Fortune---Justice---Love return;
But to atone for their miscarriage,
Lest men for substitutes should yearn,
He sent them down Luck, Law, and Marriage

New Monthly Magazine.

The Sketch Book.

No. XVI.

OBSOLETE CHARACTERS.

THE OLD ENGLISH YEOMAN.—Harrison, in his Introduction to Holinshed's History of Great Britain, gives the following interesting definition of the substantial yeoman or farmer in Queen Elizabeth's days:—

"This sort of people have a certaine preheminence, and more estimation than labourers and the common sort of artificers, and those commonlie live wealthilie, keepe good houses, and travell to get riches. They are also for the most part farmers to gentlemen, or at the least-wise artificers, and with grazing, frequenting of markets, and keeping of servants (not idle servants as the gentlemen doo, but such as get both their owne and part of their master's living), do come to great welth, that manie of them are able and doo buie the lands of unthriftie gentlemen, and often setting their sonnes to the schooles, to the Universities, and to the Ins of the court; or otherwise leaving them sufficient lands whereupon they may live without labour, doo make them by those means to become gentlemen: these were they that in times past made all France afraid, and albeit they be not called master, as gentlemen are, or Sir, as to Knights appertaineth, but onlie John and Thomas &c. yet have they beene found to have doone verie good service: and the Kings of England in foughten battles, were woont to remaine among them (who were their footmen), as the French Kings did amongst their horsemen; the Prince, thereby, shewing where his cheefe strength did consist."

THE FARMER'S WIFE.—The farmer's coadjutor in domestic economy—the English housewife, was a personage of no small consequence; for as Tusser, the rural poet, has observed—

"Housekeeping and husbandry, if it be good,
Must love one another as cousines in blood:
The wife, too, must husband as well as the man,
Or farewell thy husbandry, doe what thou can."

"Next unto her holiness and sanctity of life," says Markham, "it is meet that our English housewife be a woman of great modesty and temperance, as well inwardly as outwardly; inwardly, as in her carriage and behaviour towards her husband, wherein she shall shun all violence of rage, passion, and humour, and outwardly courteous to her neighbours and dependents. Let her garments be comely and strong, made as well to preserve the health as to adorn the person, altogether without toyish garnishes, or the gloss of light colours, and as far from the vanity of new and fantastic fashions as near to the comely imitation of modest matrons. She must be watchful, diligent, witty, pleasant, constant in friendship, full of good neighbourhood," &c. Her other qualifications, he states, were to consist in an intimacy with domestic physic, with cookery, with the distillation of waters, the making and preserving of wines, making and dyeing of cloth, malting, brewing, baking, &c.

THE COUNTRY BOOR.—Bishop Earle has touched this homely subject with singular point and spirit.

"A *plain country fellow* is one that manures his ground well, but lets himself lye fallow and untilled. He has reason enough to do his business, and not enough to be idle or melancholy. He seems to have the punishment of *Nebuchadnezzar*, for his conversation is among beasts, and his tallons none of the shortest, only he eats not grass, because he loves not sallets. His hand guides the plough, and the plough his thoughts, and his ditch and landmark is the very mound of his meditations. He expostulates with his oxen very understandingly, and speaks *gee* and *ree* better than English. His religion is a part of his copyhold, which he takes from his landlord, and refers it wholly to his discretion; yet if he give him leave, he is a good christian to his power, that is, comes to church in his best clothes, and sits there with his neigh-

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bours, where he is capable of only two prayers, for *rain* and *fair weather*. His compliment with his neighbour is a good thump on the back, and his salutation commonly some blunt curse. He is a niggard all the week, except only market day, where, if his corn sell well, he thinks he may be drunk with a good conscience. For death he is never troubled, and if he get in but his harvest before; let it come when it will he cares not."

Select Biography.

No. II.

ROSSINI.

ROSSINI, the celebrated Composer who now presides over the Italian Opera in this country, was born on the 29th of February, 1792, at Pesaro, a pretty little town in the Papal States, on the Gulf of Venice. His father was a poor player on the French horn of the third rank; one of those perambulating symphonists, who get their living by visiting the fairs of Sinigaglia, Fermo, Forli, and other little towns in Romagna and its neighbourhood; and forming a part of the little impromptu orchestras, which are collected for the Opera of the fair. His mother who had once been handsome, was a tolerable *seconda donna:* they went from town to town, and from company to company; the husband playing in the orchestra, the wife singing on the stage—poor, of course: and Rossini their son, covered with glory, with a name which resounded throughout Europe, faithful to the paternal poverty, had not laid by for his whole stock, two years ago, when he went to Vienna, a sum equal to the annual salary of one of the actresses who sing at Paris or at Lisbon.

Living is cheap at Pesaro, and although his family subsisted on very uncertain means, they were never sorrowful, and above all, cared little for the future. In 1799, Rossini's parents took him to Bologna; but he did not begin to study music until 1804, when he was twelve years of age. His master was D. Angelo Tesei. In the course of a few months, the young Gioacchino earned several *paoli* by singing in the churches. His fine soprano voice and the vivacity of his youthful manners rendered him very welcome to the priests who directed the *Funsioni*. Under Professor Angelo Tesei, Gioacchino was well instructed in singing, in the art of accompanying, and in the rules of counterpoint. From the year 1806 he was capable of singing any piece of music at sight, and great hopes began to be entertained of him. His handsome figure induced the idea of making a tenor of him.

In 1806 Rossini quitted Bologna to undertake a musical tour in Romagna. He presided at the piano as leader of the orchestra at some of the smaller towns, and in 1807 entered the Lyceum at Bologna, and received lessons of music from father Stanislao Mattei. A year subsequently, he was qualified to compose a symphony, and a cantata called *Il Piano d' Armenia*. It was his first production of vocal music. Immediately afterwards he was elected a Director of the Academy of Concordi.

Being by the interest of a very amiable female sent to Venice, in 1810, he there composed for the Theatre San Mose, a little Opera in one act, called *La Cambiale de Matrimonio*. Returning to Bologna in the autumn of the following year, he prepared *L'Equivoco Stravaganie* for representation: and then revisiting Venice, produced for the Carnival of 1812, *L'Inganno Felice*. In every part of this Opera his genius sparkles. An experienced eye can recognize, without difficulty, in it, the parent ideas of fifteen or twenty capital pieces, which at a later period established the character of Rossini's *chefs-d'œuvre*.

At the Carnival of Venice, in 1813, Rossini produced *Tancred*. This delightful piece was so successful, as to create a kind of musical furor. From the gondolier to the nobleman, every body was repeating

"*Ti rivedro, mi rivedrai.*"

In the very courts of law the judges were obliged to impose silence on the persons present, who were singing

"*Ti rivedro, mi rivedrai.*"

The *dilettanti* all declared that their Cimarosa had revisited the world. This charming Opera of *Tancred* made the tour of Europe in four years.

"No one can doubt," says M. de Stendhal, "that in such a place as Venice, Rossini was as happy as a man, as he was celebrated as a composer. In a short time, La M———, the charming buffa singer, then in the flower of her genius and her youth, tore him from the great ladies, his early protectors. He was called very ungrateful; and many tears were shed on his account. On this subject an anecdote is told, full of incident, and very entertaining, which places in a strong light Rossini's daring and lively character; and the

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ease with which he adopted decided resolutions; but really I cannot publish this anecdote. Whatever changes I might make in the names of the parties, to defeat the curious, it is a story so replete with extraordinary circumstances, that every body in Italy would know the actors in it. Let us wait a few years. It is said, that La M———, not to be behind-hand with Rossini, sacrificed Prince Lucien Bonaparte to him." In the autumn of 1812, when twenty-one years of age, Rossini was engaged at Milan. He composed for La Scala, *La Pietra del Paragone*,* his *chef-d'œuvre* in the buffa style.

After all this success, Rossini revisited Pesaro and his family, to which he was passionately attached. During his absence his sole correspondent had been his mother, his letters to whom he addressed, "To the most honoured Signora Rossini, mother of the celebrated composer in Bologna." "Such," adds his biographer, "is the character of the man; half serious, half laughing. Happy in his genius, in the midst of the most susceptible people in Europe, intoxicated with praise from his very infancy, he is conscious of his own glory, and does not see why Rossini should not naturally and without concession, hold the same rank as a general of division, or a minister of state. The latter has drawn a great prize in the lottery of ambition; Rossini has drawn a great prize in the lottery of nature." This phrase is his own

The severe critics of Bologna charged Rossini with transgressing the rules of composition. He agreed with them. "I should not have so many faults to reproach myself with (said he) if I were to read my manuscript twice over. But you know that I have scarcely six weeks given me to compose an Opera in. During the first month I amuse myself—and pray when would you have me amuse myself, if not at my present age and with my present success? Ought I to wait till I am old and full of spleen? The last fortnight comes, however!—every morning I write a duet, or an air, which is rehearsed in the evening. How is it possible that I can perceive an error in the accompaniments?" The accusation was repeated in Paris, by M. Berton, of the Institute, who made a comparison between Rossini and Mozart, disadvantageous to the former. This produced a very animated reply from M. de Stendhal and a furious paper war ensued

Some time afterwards poor Rossini experienced at Bologna a more serious embarrassment than any the critics had occasioned him. A Milan lady abandoning her palace, her husband, and her children, her reputation, arrived early one morning in his small apartment at an humble inn. The first moments were very tender; but presently the most celebrated and the most beautiful woman of Bologna (the Princess C——) also made her appearance! Rossini laughed at both, sung a buffa air to them, and left them in the lurch.

From Bologne, Rossini was engaged to visit all the towns in Italy, where there was a theatre. He composed five or six operas in a year, for each of which he received 800 or 1,000 francs. The difficulties with which he had to struggle in combating with the caprices of the various singers, were numerous, but this is invariably the case with performers. To compose was to him very easy; to listen to the rehearsals of his compositions the greatest pain. Every where the performance of a new Opera superseded for the time every other occupation on the part of the inhabitants. At the commencement of the overture a pin might be heard to drop. When it finished the most tremendous hubbub ensued. It was either praised to the skies or hissed without mercy. The same took place after every air. It is only in Italy that this rapturous and almost exclusive admiration of music exists.

About the year 1814 the fame of Rossini reached Naples; the inhabitants of which, with commendable self-complacency, were astonished that there should be a great composer in the world who was not a Neapolitan. Rossini engaged to produce for the Neapolitan theatres two operas a year for several years. The labour was immense; he performed it laughingly, and ridiculed every body, which caused him many enemies, of whom the most incensed at the present day is M. Barbaja, with whom he had engaged, and to whom he paid the uncivil trick of—marrying his mistress! Rossini commenced at Naples towards the end of 1815, in the most brilliant manner, with *Elisabetta regina d' Inghelterra*, a serious opera. But to comprehend the success of our young composer, and his subsequent uneasiness, it is necessary to go further back.

King Ferdinand had languished for nine years in Sicily, amidst a people who were continually talking to him of parliaments, finances, the balance of power, and other absurdities. He arrives at Naples, and behold! one of the most beautiful features of his beloved city, that which, during his absence, embit-

* Not known in this country.

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tered most his regrets, the magnificent theatre of San Carlo is burnt down in a night. The loss of a kingdom, or of half a dozen battles would not have affected him so much. In the midst of his despair, M. Barbaja said to him—"Sire, in nine months I will rebuild the immense edifice which the flames have just devoured, and it shall be more beautiful than it was yesterday." He kept his word. From that moment M. Barbaja became the first man in the kingdom. He was the protector of Mademoiselle Colbrand, his first singer, who laughed at him all day, and consequently ruled him completely. Mademoiselle Colbrand (now Madame Rossini) was from 1806 to 1815, one of the finest singers in Europe. In 1815 her voice began occasionally to fail her, and she sang falsely; soon she sang out of tune; but no one dare say so at Naples. Devoted to music as the Neapolitans are, from 1816 to 1821, they were obliged to be thus annoyed in the most tormenting manner in this their principal pleasure, without venturing to complain.

When Rossini arrived at Naples, anxious to succeed, he applied himself to please the Prima Donna, who entirely governed the director, Barbaja. Her voice was not pathetic, but magnificent, like her person, and Rossini adopted the means of enabling her to display it to advantage. But in the following year, her voice became weaker, and the iron hand with which the King compelled the Neapolitans still to listen to her, alienated more hearts from him than any other possible act of despotism could have done. In 1820, had it been wished to fill the inhabitants of Naples with joy, the way would have been, to remove from them Mademoiselle Colbrand.

Rossini, enamoured with Mademoiselle Colbrand, but not being able to depend upon her voice, deviated more and more into German harmony, and departed more and more from true dramatic expression; being perpetually persecuted by the lady to give her such airs as she was yet capable of executing.

After the brilliant success of *Elixabetta*, Rossini went to Rome, and in the Carnival of 1816, produced *Torvoldo e Dorliska*, and his *chef d'œuvre*, the *Barbier of Seville*. He re-appeared at Naples, and produced *La Gazetta*, and afterwards *Othello*. He then went to Rome for *Cenerentola*; and to Milan for *La Gazza Ladra*. Scarcely had he returned to Naples before he produced *L'Armide*.—The public wishing to mark their sense of Mademoiselle Colbrand's uncertain voice, *L'Armide* was not very successful. Piqued at this, Rossini endeavoured to obtain his object without employing the voice of Mademoiselle Colbrand. Like the Germans, he had recourse to his orchestra, and converted the accessary into the principal. The result was the *Moise*, the success of which was immense.

The Novelist.

THE CASTLE OF ORCANI.

(Concluded from our last.)

At the report of the pistol, the Count immediately started up, and the old man, followed by his son, hastily entered. Masetti having explained what had happened, they raised the stranger; upon examining him, they found that the ball had perforated his loins. The blood flowed copiously from the wound, and it was feared that he would bleed to death. When it began to be light, the Count despatched one of his servants, in the greatest haste, for a vehicle to convey him to the castle, wishing, if it were possible, to revive him, and learn what cause he had for attempting his life. A carriage was soon procured; the stranger was carried into it, and the Count presented the old man with a purse of gold, and departed.

On their arrival at the castle, the stranger was undressed and put to bed, his beard having been previously removed: the Count's physician was sent for, who was examining the wound when Tassini entered the apartment, but who can describe his feelings at recognizing his brother Francisco!!—He was speechless for some time, but suddenly recollecting that he might yet be saved, he awaited with the greatest impatience for the physician's decision, who informed him that the wound was mortal, and that it was impossible he could live; notwithstanding this, the Count wished the ball to be extracted, which was at length executed with the greatest difficulty. Francisco, however, continued to linger till the next morning, apparently insensible to all around him, when death put a period to his existence, to the greatest sorrow of the Count and his family.

The following day Masetti requested a private interview with the Count, saying he had something of consequence to impart to him, relative to his late brother, which, at his death, he felt himself at liberty to reveal. The Count and Masetti having retired together, the latter began as follows:—

"At a very early period of my life, I

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felt a strong predilection for the army, and my parents being very poor, I was ashamed to be any longer a burthen to them, and I enlisted as a common soldier, fully assured that by the display of my valour, I should soon be promoted. Whilst in the army I first became acquainted with your brother; he was known by the name of Julio Guidini, and was a petty officer in the same regiment in which I was. Having been in this situation five years, during which time I had been in several battles, I found that merit seldom met with reward; but the hardships and dangers to which I was constantly exposed, completely cured me of my rage for a military life, and I was quite overjoyed when our regiment was discharged, and at finding myself once more free—not so, however, my companions.

"Having been paid off, our evenings were spent in carousing, drinking, and all kinds of debauchery. One night a party of us had assembled together as usual, and were debating what we should do when our money was all expended; your brother, whom I shall call Julio, rose and thus addressed us:—"My friends," said he, "if you will listen to me, you shall no longer toil, like slaves, from morning till night, as you have been accustomed to do; but if you will follow my advice, you will become your own masters, and live happy and free together." We were all anxious to know what he meant, and he did not keep us long in suspense. His plan being approved of by all, we agreed to follow him, and after a wearisome journey, arrived within ten miles of this castle. Julio at length conducted us through a thicket, almost impenetrable, and we found ourselves at the mouth of a cave, which we entered; it contained several spacious apartments, most excellently adapted for the purposes we designed. By the direction of Julio we had committed many depredations on our way hither; our plunder consisted of things we supposed might be useful to us, amongst which was a quantity of silver plate; this we commenced melting down and converting into money.

"Coining was soon carried on to a great extent, Julio having been nominated our captain. When our silver was consumed, we obtained a fresh supply by plundering the large habitations about the country. I had lived in the cave some time, and had become quite disgusted at this infamous mode of obtaining a livelihood, and determined to seek some honest employment. I imparted my design to Julio, who endeavoured to dissuade me from it, but he could not shake my resolution. Before my departure he made me swear never to betray him, which, I confess, I had no intention of doing. I passed this castle, and heard of a vacant place in your domestic establishment, which I applied for, (though, being a stranger, I conceived without the least chance of success) but was immediately taken into your service. I was reflecting soon after upon the sudden alteration of my situation in life, when it occurred to me that I was now the servant of the greatest enemy of Julio's; for in the cave I had frequently heard him express the greatest hatred towards you, and that before long you would suffer for all the injuries you had done him. I could not help thinking that I was the instrument sent by Providence to preserve your life, if he attempted it—and I did not doubt he would attempt it, from expressions which he occasionally dropped, and from having acquired some insight into his real character by the knowledge of several diabolical transactions in which he had been engaged.

"When your brother visited the castle some time since, I had not the most distant idea that he was Julio, whom I had so long been acquainted with; indeed the dress in which I had been accustomed to see him in, and the character he assumed, were so widely different, that I had not the least chance of recognizing him.

"On the night of the robbery, having retired to bed, I found myself very restless and unable to sleep, when I imagined I heard a noise in the lower part of the Castle, which being soon repeated, I jumped up and hastily dressing myself, went softly down stairs without shoes, to ascertain the cause. I halted near the bottom of the staircase, and by the aid of the lanterns that several of them carried, beheld my former companions of the Cave all busy in plundering, and among them I perceived Julio; the sight of him reminded me of the promise that I had made, never to betray him; indeed, had such not been the case, I foresaw the impracticability of defending your property from so numerous a gang, it consisted nearly of twenty men, all tolerably well armed, and many of them desperate characters. They would, to a certainty, have made a great resistance, their lives being at stake. I still continued watching their motions, and at length observed Julio draw a dagger from his bosom, and was coming towards me in the dark—I stepped aside—he passed me and I followed him. I conceived that this was the time he had fixed upon to revenge

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himself, by putting a speedy end to your life; but he entered Alfonso's chamber, I suppose by mistake. I had no weapon about me, but recollecting Alfonso's sword, I seized it, and as he was approaching the bed, I made a sudden thrust at him, and judged that I had pierced him through the body—he uttered a deep groan and fell on the floor. Such was the state of my mind at this crisis that what I did with the sword I know not, but I must have dropped it. I felt a thorough conviction that I had killed Julio, and hastily ran down stairs scarcely knowing what I had been doing, and found that the robbers had decamped.

"Upon reflection, I conceived that it would be better to affect entire ignorance as to what had happened; I therefore returned to my chamber, and was soon after desired to attend you. The body of Julio was not found, as I expected it would be, and I was not sorry that I had but wounded him. Your determination of quitting the castle and residing some distance from it, greatly pleased me, as you would then be far from the cave, and not so liable to any further depredations.

"On our entering the cottage, I was struck with astonishment at again beholding Julio, and from his altered appearance, concluded he had suffered greatly from the wounds that I had inflicted. On your observing that you were afraid you should not be able to depart before morning, a faint smile was visible in his countenance; and I resolved, if he attempted your life, his own should be the forfeit. I therefore prepared to receive him, and at length he entered—I counterfeited sleep, but seeing him in the act of plunging a dagger in your heart, I shot him without the least reluctance. Had I then known that he was your brother, the result would have been otherwise, but still I cannot help feeling a satisfaction in the end of such a monster; and in being the instrument of preserving the life of the most generous and benevolent of men.

"I have now revealed to you every thing I am acquainted with relative to the late mysterious transactions at the castle, and throw myself entirely on your generosity not to betray my secret, by bringing the coiners to punishment. But I have formed a plan whereby we can, to a certainty, disperse them, and make them useful to the community."

The Count here broke out into the warmest acknowledgments to Masetti, and concluded by saying that he should be guided by him in every thing.

Masetti, having obtained the full approval of the Count, attired himself in the same habiliments as those in which he left the cave, and repaired thither. On coming to the entrance of it, he gave the accustomed signal, and was instantly admitted. The coiners were glad at again seeing their former comrade, but when he informed them that their leader had been shot, and that in his last moments, he had betrayed them to the Count Tassini, who was then actually taking measures to have them apprehended, the greatest consternation overwhelmed them. He told them he had accidentally heard of this, and had repaired without loss of time, to apprise them of their danger. He advised them to join a recruiting party which was then in that part of the country, and they one and all declared that they would instantly avail themselves of the opportunity. The cave was soon in great confusion, and they were making every preparation to depart, when Masetti took leave of them, and hastened back to the castle, well pleased with the success of his expedition.

The inhabitants of the castle were soon restored to their former tranquillity by the discovery of these events. The Count offered Masetti an independence for life, but he refused it, saying that his sole wish was to live and die in his service. Tassini was not strenuous in opposing his desire, and he continued to live with them, but was always treated with the greatest respect, as the preserver of the Count, and indeed the whole family at the CASTLE of ORCANI. F. S.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

FLIRTING A FAN.

Amelia wav'd her fan with glee,
And being in a playful mood;
She give the airy toy to me,
And bade me flirt it, if I could.

The pleasing toil I quick began,
But jealous pangs my bosom hurt,
"Madam, I cannot *flirt a fan*,"
But with your leave, *I'll fan a flirt.*'

CLAVIS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. R—y, on the Origin of Gaming; P. T. W. and several other correspondents, shall be reflected in the MIRROR of next week, when we shall decide on the various communications received during the last fortnight.

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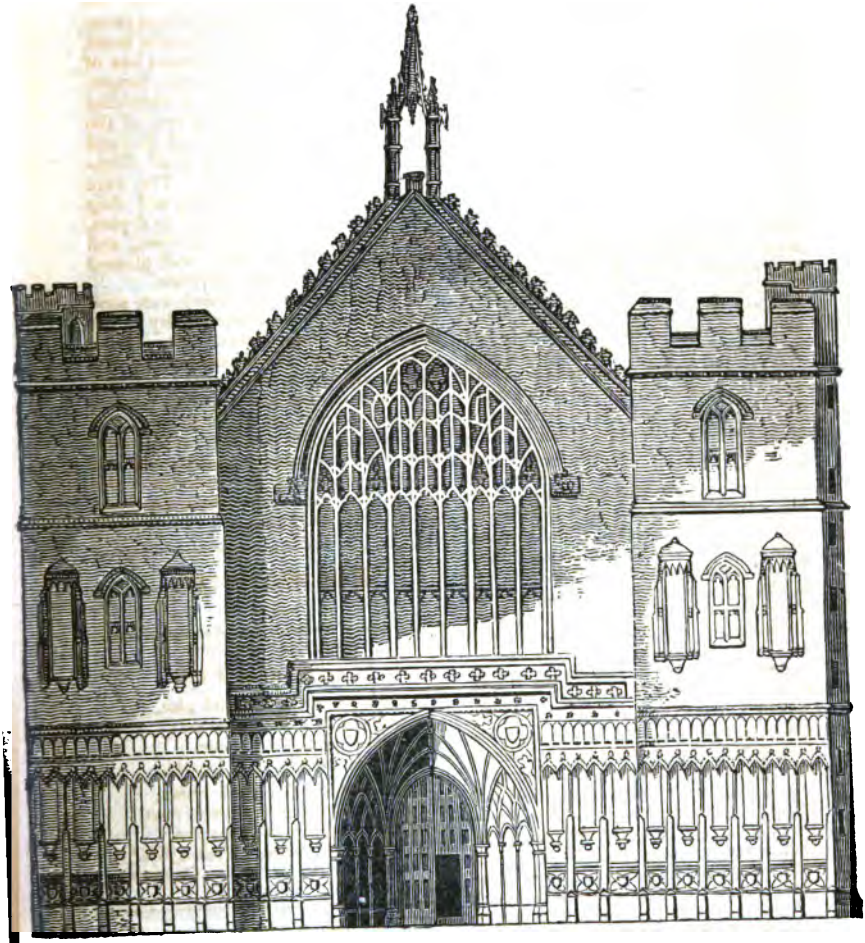
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. LXX.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1824. [Price 2*d*.

Westminster Hall.



In presenting our readers with a view of the north, or grand entrance of Westminster Hall, we shall, we are persuaded, be rendering an acceptable service, as it is one of the most elegant specimens of English architecture bequeathed to us by our ancestors. With that public spirit, which renders the reign of his present majesty the Augustan age of England, this noble edifice has recently been renovated in such a manner as to represent the original, or if it differs at all, it is in the more finished accuracy of modern workmanship.

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Westminster Hall is generally believed to have been built by William Rufus, about the year 1097, during his absence in Normandy, and it is traditionally stated, that on his return from the wars there, he affected disappointment at its dimensions, as being not half big enough, and fitter for his bed chamber than the public hall of his palace with which it was connected.

The outside walls of Westminster Hall and part of its north end (which was visible during the recent renovation) sufficiently prove the Hall of William Rufus to have been a rude structure; and the difficulty of explaining in what manner such a span of Roof could have been supported before the flying buttresses were erected, was done away by the developement of an ancient triple door-way at the northern entrance, indicating that the Hall was originally divided by pillars of wood or stone, so as to form a nave and side-aisles in the manner of a large church.

Such as it was, the Hall answered the purposes of Royal Feasting and National Councils, as well as for the usual Courts of Justice, till the reign of Richard II., when, from the effects of time, and of a fire which destroyed the roof, it became absolutely necessary to rebuild the Hall, or to give it a thorough repair. The last was chosen, and executed with so much judgment and good taste, as to remain one of the best specimens of *English* architecture; which soon afterwards degenerated into a detail and ramification of ornament, calculated to exhibit the dexterity of the stone-mason, instead of the genuine grandeur and propriety which satisfies the mind while contemplating the work of a consummate architect.

It is not a little singular that the actual contract for part of this repair is still extant, and is published in *Rymer's Fœdera*. It bears date the 18th March, in the eighteenth year of Richard II. (A. D. 1395), and by it certain masons, therein named, undertake to place a well-secured *table* (entablature or coping) two feet of assize in height, on the outside wall, and to infix twenty-six *souses* (underprops or corbels) of Caen stone in the Hall (no doubt for the support of the timber-framed roof), and also to line the inside of the wall with Ryegate stone. All this was to be finished by Candlemas (2nd February) then next ensuing; and the rest of the work must have proceeded with equal rapidity, as the roof, and even the northern portal, was finished (as far as we now see it) four years afterwards, when the unhappy misguided Richard was driven from the throne, after keeping his last Christmas in this Hall!

Indeed that the work was hurried beyond what was proper, sufficient evidence appears in the settlement, or swerving of the eastern tower, where it joins the older building; and the masonry of the wall which supported the great northern window, was found to have been so badly bonded as to create surprise that it should have stood so long.

The inconvenience of Westminster Hall being under repair, was then felt even more sensibly than at present: if there was less law, there was more feasting in it; and on occasion of a Parliament, A. D. 1397, the king was under the necessity of building a temporary room for a meeting in New Palace-yard. This room was open on all sides, and it is said (a Lancastrian calumny perhaps) that "to secure the freedom of debate," the King placed around it his Cheshire Guards, with bows bent and arrows drawn ready to shoot. Certainly that Parliament was very obsequious to the King's wishes. How severely he expiated the insult in another Parliament two short years afterwards, let history and Shakspeare tell.

We return to the *northern Portal* of the Hall.—The evident intention of the architect was to ornament the basement story to the utmost extent of his art, and, by just gradation, to arrive at a beautiful simplicity in the battlements of the towers and the weathering, or coping course of the gable between them.

The canopied niches which flank the lower windows of each of the towers, are rivals worthy of the basement niches, differing in form and fashion, but inferior to none of them in workmanship. They seem to have been intended for tutelary Saints.

The *Groined Porch* of the Hall door is worthy of notice, surmounted as it is by one of the earliest and finest specimens of pannelled ornament; on the Eastern spandrel of the door-way appears to hang a medallion carved with the favorite device of Richard, his own escutcheon displayed and supported by three Angels, with a chained Hart couchant under a tree. Over the Western spandrel of the door-way, the escutcheon of Edward the Confessor appears in like fashion, either in token of his being founder of the Old Palace, or of Richard's especial reverence for the Sainted King. The same or similar devices appear on the stone moulding around the inside of the Hall, and Angels supporting escutcheons are the most prominent ornaments of the cieling timbers; which are yet more worthy of admiration for the peculiar continuation of the appearance of pan-

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nelled ornament there displayed, which, in a general *coup d'œil*, we cannot but carry with us from the gate-way into the Hall.

The dimensions of the Hall are eighty yards by twenty-two, and therefore nearly four-tenths of a statute acre in area. The ridge of the roof is thirty yards from the floor, of which seven yards reach to the *sousses* or corbels, seven more to the Angels (which range with the side-walls), and sixteen yards is the perpendicular height of the roof itself.

The roof of Westminster Hall has always been admired for its beautiful carpentering, which supported a massive covering of lead for four hundred years, and scarcely feels the weight of modern slating.

ON THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY.

(For the Mirror.)

FEBRUARIUS, in the Roman chronology, the second month of their year, so called from *Februa*, a feast held therein. In the first ages of Rome, February was the last month of the year, and preceded January, till the decemviri made an order that February should be the second month of the year, and come after January. In this month,

"The shifting gales with milder influence blow,
Cloud o'er the skies, and melt the falling snow;
The soften'd earth with fertile moisture teems,
And, freed from icy bonds, down rush the swelling streams."

Dr. Aikin says, "the earlier part of this month may still be reckoned winter, though the cold generally begins to abate. The days are now sensibly lengthened, and the sun has power enough gradually to melt away the ice and snow. The hard weather generally breaks up with a sudden thaw, attended by a south wind and rain, which all at once dissolves the snow. Torrents of water then pour from the hills, every brook is swelled into a large stream, which rushes violently into the rivers; the pavement of ice with which they are covered now breaks up in every direction with the noise of thunder, and the floating masses dashed against barges and bridges, force down every thing that obstructs their passage; the bed of the river becomes unable to carry off this vast accumulation of water, it swells over the banks, inundates the bordering fields, and sweeps away cattle, mills, hay-stacks, gates, trees, and, in short, almost every thing that it reaches. The manure is carried off from the fields; high banks, with the trees upon them, are undermined and give way; and, in the space of a few hours, incalculable losses are sustained."

"Muttering, the winds at eve, with blunted point,
Blow hollow, blustering from the south. Subdued,
The frost resolves into a trickling thaw.
Spotted the mountains shine; loose sleet descends,
And floods the country round. Sudden from the hills,
O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
A thousand snow-fed torrents rush at once;
And where they rush, the wide resounding plain
Is left one slimy waste."

THOMSON'S SEASONS, *Winter, line* 988.

Many plants emerge from under ground in *February*, but few flowers as yet adorn the fields and pastures. Snow-drops are sometimes fully opened from the beginning of the month, often peeping out amidst the snow. Mrs. Barbauld sweetly describes this early effort of Nature's delicate, flowery tribe thus:—

"Already now the *snow-drop* dares appear,
The first pale blossom of th' unripen'd year,
As Flora's breath, by some transforming power,
Had changed an icicle into a flower.
Its name and hue the scentless plant retains,
And winter lingers in its icy veins."

Ray, in his collection of Proverbs, has the following relating to this month:—

"February fill-dike, be it black, or be it white;
But if be white, it's the better to like.
All the moneths in the year curse a fair Februeer."

Snow brings a double advantage; it not only preserves the corn from the bitterness of the frost and cold, but enriches the ground by reason of the nitrous salt, which it is supposed to contain. The Alps, and other high mountains, are frequently covered all the winter with snow, soon after it is melted to become like a garden, so full of luxuriant plants and variety of flowers. It is worth the noting, that mountainous plants are for the most part larger than those of the same *genus* which grow in lower grounds; and that these snowy mountains afford greater variety of *species* than plain countreys.—*See notes to Ray's Proverbs, published at Cambridge*, 1670.

Shakspeare says,

"You have such a *February* face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness."

P. T. W.

ON GAMING.

GAMING is said to have been invented by the Lydians, when under the pressure of great famine: to divert themselves from their sufferings, they contrived dice, balls, tables, &c. More likely, says a learned censor, the passage ought to be otherwise translated. "The Lydians having contrived dice, balls, and tables, and invented gaming, were reduced to great famine, and to extreme sufferings." In plain truth, while engaged in this prac-

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tice, they could think of nothing else; their property, their farms, their looms, their nets, their establishments of industry were all lying waste; their time and talents were all absorbed in this intoxicating pursuit.

At what period gaming was introduced into England, it would be difficult to determine; but there are few countries where it is carried on to a greater extent.

Montaigne seems to have been well aware of the evils of gaming, and gives us the reason why he relinquished it. "I used," says he, "to like formerly games of chance with cards and dice; but of that folly I have long been cured, merely because I found that whatever good countenance I put on when I lost, I did not feel my vexation the less." More than that, we have seen breaches scarcely to be healed between those who sat down to the gaming table in perfect good humour, but rose up from it in that disposition; but who can describe the abandonment too frequently attendant on this destructive practice; the friendship of such men is a confederacy in vice, and that they cannot depend on each other, has been too recently exemplified by its fatal consequences: its deteriorating influence upon the temper and disposition, as well as the pecuniary affairs—its false effects, in short, both to the unhappy individual who is curst with the propensity and to society in general. Connecting cause with effect, it leads to misery, and everlasting ruin, even to robbery and murder!

In gaming, Judge Blackstone says, several parties engaged to cast lots to determine upon whom the ruin shall at present fall, that the rest may be saved a little longer. Taken in any light, this is an offence of the most alarming nature, tending, by necessary consequence, to promote public idleness, theft, and debauchery, among those of a lower class; and, among persons of a superior rank, it hath frequently been attended with the sudden ruin and desolation of ancient and opulent families, an abandoned prostitution of every principle of honour and virtue, and too often hath ended in self-murder. To this passion every valuable consideration has been made a sacrifice; and it is a passion which has lamentably prevailed in our own country, and which we seem to have derived from our ancestors, the ancient Germans; who, according to the account given of them by Tacitus, were bewitched with the spirit of play to a most exorbitant degree. "They addict themselves," says he, "to dice (which is wonderful) when sober, and as a serious employment, with such a mad desire of winning or losing, that, when stripped of every thing else, they will stake at last their liberty, and then their very selves. The loser goes into a voluntary slavery, and, though younger and stronger than his antagonist, suffers himself to be bound and sold. And this perseverance in so bad a cause, they call the point of honour."—"One would think (says Blackstone) that Tacitus was describing a modern Englishman. Against a spirit so frantic, laws can be of little avail, because the same false sense of honour that prompts a man to sacrifice himself, will deter him from appealing to a magistrate. Yet it is proper that restricting and protecting laws should be enacted, and that they should be publicly announced, and repeatedly inculcated, if possible to preserve the unwary, if not to reclaim those who are on the brink of ruin." Father le Compte, in his Travels to China, says, "Gaming is equally prohibited among the common people and the mandarins; and yet this does not hinder their playing, and frequently losing all they have—their lands, houses, children, and even their wives, which are all sometimes laid on a single card."—Shakspeare says, "keep a *gamester* from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful." Lord Bacon says, "a *gamester*, the greater the master he is in his art, the worse man he is." And Addison says, "could we look into the mind of a common *gamester*, we should see it full of nothing but trumps and matadores; his slumbers are haunted with kings, queens, and knaves."

SADNESS.

By Mr. William Cartwright. 1651.

Whiles I this standing lake,
Swath'd up with yew and cypress boughs,
Do move by sighs and vows,
Let sadness only wake;
That whiles thick darkness blots the light,
My thoughts may last another night:
In which double shade,
By heav'n and me made,
O let me weep,
And fall asleep,
And forgotten fade.

Hark! from yond' hollow tree,
Sadly sing two anchoret owls,
Whiles the hermit wolf howls,
And all bewailing me,
The raven hovers o'er my bier,
The bittern on a reed I hear,
Pipes my elegy,
And warns me to die;
Whiles from yond' graves,
My wrong'd love craves
My sad company.—

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Cease, Hylas, cease thy call;
Such, O such, was thy parting groan,
Breath'd out to me alone
When thou disdain'd, didst fall,
Lo thus unto thy silent tomb
In my sad winding sheet I come,
Creeping o'er dead bones,
And cold marble stones,
That I may mourn
Over thy urn,
And appease thy groans.

HISTORY OF TABLE CLOTHS.

(For the Mirror.)

AT a very early period, it was customary to spread a cloth, or cover, upon tables appropriated for holding refreshments; and in the more ennobled ranks of society, we find this practice prevalent almost among all nations, where civilization has polished the manners of the people; any omission of this requisite mark of politeness would have been considered an insult.

The use of the table cloth among the Romans, we are told by Montfaucon, began in the time of the early Emperors; he adds, that their fabric was fine linen, generally much ornamented, with stripes of gold and purple, and sometimes painted, or wrought with gold, decorated at the corners with golden tags.

The use of table linen was (according to D'Arcy) very rare in England about the thirteenth century; but, we find the Anglo-Saxons, before the Norman conquest, dined with a clean cloth, denominated reod sceat, which was by their successors termed drapet; this latter term we find in several instances in "Spenser's Faery Queen," evidently alluding to linen cloths, now modernized into drapery; hence, it is pretty certain that table cloths were by no means unusual in this country at a very early period.

In the life of Saint Ives, we find it mentioned that even a cloth was laid for a poor man.

Ducange relates a singular feudal privilege; "that the Lord was entitled to the table cloth and towel, used at the house were he dined; the honour of a frequent visit would surely have made him no welcome guest, when we consider the value of these articles at that time.

The same author relates, that a father giving advice to his son, most strongly urges him, as a means of future success in life, to have his table covered with a clean cloth. And we find there was a violent complaint made against the monks for putting their visiters to a table, not without *any* cloth certainly, but before a *dirty* one. It appears that table cloths were used by the nobility and gentry of great value, the price was seldom less than one hundred marks; at that time, indeed, almost a fortune for a poor man.

Fosbroke, in his "Antiquities," writes, that damask table linen is of a very ancient date, and quotes La Brocquiere for a description of some table cloths used abroad; he says, "They are four feet in diameter, and made round, having rings attached to them, and are, when the dinner is finished, drawn up together like a purse, so that not a crumb of the remnants may be lost."

JACOBUS.

LINES,

TO AN INFANT ON ITS MOTHER'S BREAST.

WELCOME, oh! welcome, stranger dear,
Upon this passing scene below;
And may thy part be pleasant here,
Exempt from sorrow, care and woe.

Calm on thy mother's bosom rest,
And she will shield thee from the storm;—
For sweetly clinging round her breast,
Thou shalt her fairest jewel form.

Thy father's stronger arm shall guard
Thee too, with her, in whose loved arms,
Thou dost repose; and from thee ward
Each nearing dangers—all alarms.

And there's another father too,
In heav'n, high seated on his throne;
May'st thou his kind protection know,—
Be found with those he calls his own.

R. F.

The Novelist.

No. XLVI.

EPONINA AND SABINUS,

A ROMAN STORY.

SABINUS was a Roman, who, during the civil wars, engaged himself in a party who were against Vespasian, and even aspired to the empire. But when the power of Vespasian was well established, Sabinus only bestowed attention on the means, by which he might shake off his persecutions; in a short time he thought of one as doleful, as it was new; he was possessed of vast subterraneous passages, unknown to the world, and in these he determined to hide himself; this melancholy retreat, at least freed him from the insupportable fear of punishment, and he bore in his bosom the hope that some new revolution would give him the possibility of reappearing in the world. But, amongst the many sacrifices, which his situation forced him to make, there was one above all which he had at heart. He had a young, beautiful, sensible, and

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virtuous wife; he was forced, either to lose and bid her an eternal farewell, or to propose to her, to bury herself for ever in a dark prison, and to renounce liberty, society, and the light of the day. Sabinus knew the tenderness and the greatness of Eponina's soul, that wife so dear, he was sure that she would consent with joy; to follow, and to live only for him, but he feared for her the grievances, which too often follow enthusiasm, and which even virtue cannot always protect; at last, he had generosity enough, not to wish to abuse that of Eponina's, or better speaking, he had only an imperfect idea of the manner that a woman could love. He only put his confidence in two freedmen, who followed him; he assembled his slaves, and told them that he was decided on death: he rewarded and discharged them; burnt his house, and afterwards saved himself with these two faithful freedmen. No one doubted his death. Eponina was absent, but soon this false news reached her ears, she abused it like all the people; and was resolved not to survive Sabinus; as she was observed with care by her parents and friends, she chose, with regret, the slowest manner of dying, and constantly refused all kinds and species of nourishment. However, the two freedmen, who by turns went out of the cave for provisions each night, got information concerning the situation of Eponina, by their master's order, and learned that she had nearly reached her last moments. This report was no sooner made to Sabinus, than, (whilst he was thinking himself generous, he had only been ungrateful, laden with inquietude, penetrated with recollection) he sent one of his freedmen instantly to tell Eponina of his secret, and the place of his retreat.

How shall I describe the affecting particulars of the first interview of Eponina and her husband, when she appeared before his eyes, pale, trembling, torn to death by the only desire of living in a dungeon with the man she loved.

What admiration, what gratitude ought Sabinus to confess? when in a moment every thing is changed about him! What a charm does Eponina spread on every object that surrounds him? This vast cavern now presented nothing frightful to the eyes of Sabinus.

However, in thinking what would henceforth be the dwelling place of Eponina, he sighed. Alas! one can only offer a frightful prison to her, who would be worthy to reign in a palace.

Eponina and Sabinus conversed together, of the means which they ought to take for their common safety; it was impossible that Eponina could disappear entirely from the world without being exposed to dangerous searching; besides, in renouncing for ever her family and friends, she was depriving herself of the means of serving Sabinus, if any occasion offered. It was then decided, that she should only come to the cave in the night; but, her abode was a great distance, she must travel five leagues on foot; how could she support the fatigue?

How would a woman so timid and delicate, brought up in luxury and effeminacy; dare she! so beautiful and young, expose herself under the guard of a single freedman, to all the dangers of a nocturnal and dismal voyage, which would recur so often? also, how would she have enough discretion and prudence to conceal from every eye, her proceedings and her secret? How? she loved—she could proceed by experience, force, and courage; she was guided by the two grand movements of extraordinary actions, love and virtue, so rarely united, but so powerful, when they are found together. Eponina, in effect, accomplished with exactness all the engagements which her heart had made her make; she came regularly each night to the cave, and often passed many days there, having taken the necessary precautions that her absence should not cause any suspicions.

The savage and retired life which she led in the world, and the grief which they granted to her, procured for her the power of concealing her proceedings from the public, and to escape the observations of curious and idle persons. To see her husband, she triumphed over all obstacles; neither the severity of the winter, nor the rain, nor cold, could stop or make her late. What a spectacle for Sabinus, he who saw her trembling, out of breath, hardly able to stand on her delicate and bruised feet, and nevertheless trying, by a sweet sigh, to dissimulate her weakness and her suffering, or better speaking, forgetting them before him! But a new event ought to have made Eponina yet more dear, if possible, to Sabinus, she was going, soon to become a mother. What a new source of happiness for her, but at the same time of fear and inquietude! To what embarrassments would obligation deliver her, to conceal her condition from all who surrounded her, and the necessity of having the assistance which a woman in her situation can with so much difficulty avoid. But with a heart so faithful, and so passionately in love, is Eponina

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an ordinary woman? Is it a proof above her strength, and who can discourage or oppose her? No, she knows how to conceal the knowledge of her important secret, from her servants, family, and friends. Can she want means and prudence! She strives to preserve her reputation, honour, and the life of Sabinus. She knows how to triumph over pain, and even to support it without complaining. Absent from Sabinus, and all at once attacked by a disorder as new to her as violent, she shuts herself up, invokes in spite of human succours, the assistance of heaven, and becomes the mother of two children, whose dear existence is the satisfaction and the reward, of all that she had suffered.

As soon as night arrived, Eponina taking her children in her arms, escaped from her house, and laden with this precious burden, she arrived at the cave. Who can describe the deep astonishment, the transports and the joys of Sabinus on learning from Eponina herself, that he is a father, on receiving his wife and children.

These children, the affecting pledges of the most perfect and purest tenderness, condemned from their birth to live and to grow in a prison! Cruel thought! enough to damp the happiness of Sabinus.

The two children of Eponina were brought up in the cave, and did not go out during the space of nine years, the time Sabinus was concealed. Time had not diminished the assiduity of Eponina, she made her visits more frequent to the cave, there she found her spouse and her children, become strangers to the world and to society; the universe and happiness of Eponina existed only at the bottom of the cave of Sabinus. Nevertheless, her visits becoming each day more multiplied and longer, gave suspicions at last. She was observed, followed, and the unfortunate Sabinus discovered. Two soldiers, sent by the emperor, came to tear him from his cave, who did not conceive, on seeing this frightful abode, that any one could, regret and shed tears at leaving it.

In this extremity, Eponina, not failing in her virtue or courage, of which she had given so many proofs, went to the palace of the emperor, followed by her two young children. The people came in crowds round the passage, each one rushing to see and applaud her; all the palace resounded with their acclamations which she excited; and it is thus, that more than once in the abode of flattery, miserable virtue obtains the tribute of praises which she merits. Eponina insensible to her glory, not even comprehending that they could admire her conduct, advanced in spite of the crowd which surrounded her. Having arrived at the apartment of Vespasian, she threw herself with her two children at the feet of the emperor, and implored with all the eloquence of her heart, the pardon of her beloved husband, which she obtained.

SPIRIT OF THE
Public Journals.

CORPULENCE.

QUESNAY calculated that a grown person, when in his natural state, ought to have about eight pounds of fat. The average weight of a man is about one hundred and sixty pounds: but as there have been very fat people who have weighed four, five, nay even six hundred pounds, it may easily be imagined, that in these cases there must have been a prodigious deviation from the state of nature. There have been seen persons with fat six inches deep under the skin; and similar instances have been known among brutes. Hogs have been made so fat, that their skin was fifteen inches above the bone. An ox, which otherwise would weigh five or six hundred weight, may be fatted to nearly a ton and a half, which is half the weight of an elephant. These astonishing deviations from nature cannot possibly be attended with beneficial results; and of this, physicians in all ages have been fully aware. It is an observation as ancient as Hippocrates, that health, when at the highest, as in the fat *athletæ*, was precarious, because it could not then experience any change, unless for the worse. Celsus considered a square-built figure, neither too fat nor too lean, as the best. Sanctorious observed, that after the process of digestion is finished daily, a man ought to be as heavy as he was before it, if he is in perfect health. But how can this hold good respecting people, who, after every meal, add to their weight a considerable quantity of superfluous juices?

In enumerating the dangers to which very corpulent persons are exposed, I shall quote the words of other physicians, without taking any personal share in these sinister predictions. Apoplexies hold a prominent place in the list. Hippocrates knew from experience, that fat persons more commonly die a sudden death than lean ones; and so he says in several places. Boerhaave ascribes the disposition of corpulent persons to apoplexies, to the obstructed circulation of

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the blood through the vessels compressed by the fat. The blood gives way to this pressure, and accumulates in those places where there is no fat to prevent the expansion of the vessels. As, then, the brain never becomes fat, the blood accumulates in its vessels, and expands them to such a degree that they burst, which is frequently the immediate cause of apoplexy. Haller mentions it as a fact universally known, that corpulent persons are disposed to apoplexy. The annals of medicine relate, that a man who, though weighing upwards of six hundred pounds, nevertheless possessed extraordinary agility, and whose waistcoat would button, without straining, round seven men of ordinary dimensions, died in his twenty-ninth or thirtieth year, leaving a pregnant wife and five children. Louis Coute, who measured eight feet round the body, and whose fat, after the removal of the skin, was, from the outer surface to the abdominal muscles, between thirteen and fourteen inches thick,—in short, a man weighing eight hundred pounds died in his forty-sixth year of apoplexy. The intestines were neither larger nor fatter than in an ordinary subject. His liver, on the other hand, was triangular and indurated; and it was attached for the space of five inches to the omentum. No person can hesitate to believe such evidence, which is, moreover, confirmed by the experience of all ages.

Somnolency is another complaint to which corpulent persons are liable. Boerhaave once had an interview with a doctor, who had grown fat with frequent unnecessary bleeding, and who was so lethargic that he fell asleep at least ten times during their conversation. Athenæus relates of Dionysius, tyrant of Heraclea, that he was so sleepy, owing to his excessive corpulence, that it was impossible to keep him awake without thrusting pins through the fat into his flesh.

The insensibility and stupidity of corpulent persons go hand-in-hand with this disease; for the fat covers and buries the nerves, which must be touched by sensible objects in order to our having any perception of them. It moreover compresses and paralyzes the muscles, the nerves of which also it incapacitates for moving them. Nicomachus, of Smyrna, was by corpulence rendered incapable of locomotion; and we have had instances in England of persons, who, from the same cause, could scarcely stir from the spot. The meagre animals, on the contrary, which might be supposed to be weak, such as greyhounds, racers and hunters among horses, stags, &c. are remarkable for their agility, and appear to fly through the air.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

THE HONOUR OF IRELAND, OR THE EXCELLENCE OF ITS ANCIENT POLICE.

UNDER the government of O'Brien, one of the old Irish kings, such a spirit of justice, virtue, and equity, prevailed among the people, that a person who carried valuable property about him, and even a defenceless female, might traverse the realm without fear of injury or molestation. 'A young lady of great beauty (says Dr. Warner), adorned with jewels and a costly dress, undertook a journey alone, from one end of the kingdom to another, with only a wand in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceedingly great value; and such an impression had the laws and government of this monarch made on the minds of all the people, that no attempt was made upon her honour, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels.'

The incident is thus versified in Mr. Moore's Melodies, and it has furnished a pleasing subject for the exercise of the talents of two of our most ingenious artists.

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
But, oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems and snow-white wand.

'Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lovely, through this bleak way
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?'

'Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm;
No son of Erin will offer me harm:
For, though they love woman and golden store,
Sir Knight! they love honour and virtue more.'

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the Green Isle;
And blessed for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honour and Erin's pride!

Lady's Magazine.

ANALECTS

By the Author of "Confessions of an English Opium Eater."

THE PROPHETIC DEW-DROPS.

A DELICATE child, pale and prematurely wise, was complaining on a hot morning that the poor dew-drops had been too hastily snatched away, and not allowed to glitter on the flowers like other happier dew-drops,* that live the whole night through, and sparkle in the moon-light and through the morning onwards to noon-day: "The sun," said the child, "has chased them away with his heat—

* If the dew is evaporated immediately upon the sun-rising, rain and storm follow in the afternoon; but, if it stays and glitters for a long time after sun-rise, the day continues fair.

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or swallowed them in his wrath." Soon after came rain and a rain-bow; whereupon his father pointed upwards—"See," said he, "there stand thy dew-drops gloriously re-set—a glittering jewellery—in the heavens; and the clownish foot tramples on them no more. By this, my child, thou art taught that what withers upon earth blooms again in heaven." Thus the father spoke, and knew not that he spoke prefiguring words: for soon after the delicate child, with the morning brightness of his early wisdom, was exhaled, like a dew-drop, into heaven.

SATIRICAL NOTICE OF REVIEWERS.

In Swabia, in Saxony, in Pomerania, are towns in which are stationed a strange sort of officers—valuers of author's flesh, something like our old market-lookers in this town.* They are commonly called tasters (or *Praegustatores*) because they eat a mouthful of every book before-hand, and tell the people whether its flavour be good. We authors, in spite, call them *reviewers:* but I believe an action of defamation would lie against us for such bad words. The tasters write no books themselves; consequently they have the more time to look over and tax those of other people. Or, if they do sometimes write books, they are bad ones: which again is very advantageous to them: for who can understand the theory of badness in other people's books so well as those who have learned it by practice in their own? They are reputed the guardians of literature and the literati for the same reason that St. Nepomuk is the patron saint of bridges and of all who pass over them—viz. because he himself once lost his life from a bridge.

FEMALE TONGUES.

Hippel, the author of the book "Upon Marriage," says—"A woman, that does not talk, must be a stupid woman." But Hippel is an author whose opinions it is more safe to admire than to adopt. The most intelligent women are often silent amongst women; and again, the most stupid and the most silent are often neither one nor the other, except amongst men. In general the current remark upon men is valid also with respect to women—that those for the most part are the greatest thinkers who are the least talkers; as frogs cease to croak when *light* is brought to the water edge.—However, in fact, the disproportionate talking of women arises out of the sedentariness of their labours: secondary artizans,—as tailors, shoemakers, weavers,—have this habit as well as hypochondriacal tendencies in common with women. Apes do not talk, as savages say, that they may not be set to work: but women often talk double their share—even *because* they work.—*London Magazine.*

* "*Market-lookers*" is a provincial term (I know not whether used in London) for the public officers who examine the quality of the provisions exposed for sale. By *this town* I suppose John Paul to mean Bayreuth—the place of his residence.

AN AMATEUR CONCERT.

(Concluded from our last.)

Having at length gained the seat allotted me, and bowed to my companions in arms, we began to tune. Sound C if you please Miss A., said an old gentleman, who was straining every nerve to screw up his second violin string, but, as generally is the case, when tuning is the order of the day, there was so much noise, what with the ladies laughing, the old gentlemen coughing, the dandies loud talking, and the young ladies flirting, that Miss Apollina Shewoff, who was at the piano, instead of sounding C, kept thrumming in a most discordant style quite a different note, but *n'importe c'est egal* such trifles are not worth noticing; and if the whole of the opera or concert performers are rarely in tune, what then must be the case with unexperienced amateurs, with whom tuning is no slight ceremony! for what with strings snapping or likely to give—pinching them—flattening and sharpening and rosining bows, a considerable portion of the evening is generally consumed. But some persons are, I believe, partial to tuning *de gustibus non est disputandum.* For my own part I must confess, that I am one of those fellows, who generally contrive to reach the opera in time to see the rosin ride swiftly over the horses hair.—Too-too sighed the flute.—Twang, twang, the tingling harp.—Twie-twee, the violin.—Too flat—sharper—too sharp the flute.—Sir, pray do not sing while I am tuning, said the old gentleman to a young fellow who stood near him practising the scale; until wishing to end all this chaotic din, I drew with a tremulous motion my bow over the strings of my violoncello. I now took courage, and having received a most affable smile from the fair Cecilia, who was still at the piano; I requested the favour of the common chord of A: having soon tuned my instrument, I pulled up my gills, and endeavoured to prop up my cloth, which was at this time woefully disordered by the heat, and prepared myself for the signal of attack, with the consolation of knowing, that if I should chance to make a mistake, the Tower of

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Babble, which had broke loose in the room was so powerful, that it would overwhelm all blunders. Silence, at length, being in some degree restored, and the leader's tap having been given, we started off with the overture to Zauberflote, in regular philharmonic time; the flute was much too sharp, and the harp as much the reverse; so to save my own credit I scraped away in a most fortissimo style, in order to drown the discord. I have always found this to be a good plan, provided a sharp look-out is kept for a pause; never mind some of the accompaniments being three or four bars before you, provided you all end together. And to effect this with certainty, it is no bad plan to keep on a sort of tasto solo, or holding note, while the others are scrambling away; or to make a good long shake in the *Exeter style*,* until you find the last bar approaching. At length having jumbled the pianos and fortes together, and occasionally skipped a note or two, we got to the printer's name. The applause which followed was, of course, most flattering. Mrs. Shewoff immediately came up to thank me, as being her newest guest, and to express how delighted her friends were at my brilliant execution—such tones—so rich—such an addition to the piano—such an acquisition to the party; while a lady, who was leaning on her son's arm close by my side, requested him to ask me how long it would take to learn the viol-di-samba. Now the idea of my violoncello, in the eighteenth century being degraded by the appellation of an instrument which was in vogue about the time when men wore square-pointed shoes and pea-green coats, was really most distressing to my feelings; but before I had an opportunity of replying, an old lady came up and requested me to tell her whether it was Dr. Handel's Water-piece, that we had just performed: however, I was relieved from my agony by a gentleman assuring her that there was no *fife* in that composition! *Qui color albus erat*, &c. thought I to myself. What would Monsani have said, if he had heard his flutes termed fifes. These, and similar other shrewd remarks, served to fill up the breathing time allowed before a song commenced. The old school talked of Corelli, Senuiani, and Handel, and Dr. Abell's celebrated performances; while the moderns vaunted the praises of Rossini and Bishop. A song seemed now to be in general demand, but, as generally is the case among ladies, the difficulty was to decide who should begin? Amelia Languish had ra-a-ther not sing first, because she knew very well that her dear friend, Sir Charles Praise-all had not yet arrived to hear her. Fanny felt squeamish, because she felt sure that Col. Attack-all would quiz her. Clara Shewoff pleaded the pain in her chest, and the order of Doctor Heaviside prohibiting singing in crowded rooms, while the truth was, she knew that Mr. Tender-ear was a severe critic; and Miss Voltisubito, after turning over the leaves of many of Bishop's best compositions, and leading every one to expect that she would break the ice, declared her utter incapacity of singing any songs that were not *Italian!!* Thus, owing to one lady's rathers, another's cannots, a third's affectation, and a fourth's fears, another considerable portion of the evening was wasted. At length a Signora Sotto-voce was handed to the piano, at the earnest desire of her weak Mamma, in order to waste her delicate breath over one of the most difficult cantatas of Rossini. And now, Mr. Editor, let me give a gentle hint to some of your fair readers, not to have so high an opinion of their own talents. Nothing is more distressing than to hear, after the delightful warbling of a Stephens, or the scientific execution of a Camporesi, the compositions of our most favoured masters, most shamefully murdered by the want of ear, of voice, and time, of many of their attempters. Masters should not be believed; they induce mothers to persuade themselves that their daughters have Syrens' voices, which aided by the flattery of two or three young men, lead the daughters into a belief, that their ballad voices are equal to Catalani's. Thus it was with poor Miss Sotto-voce, for when she came to the cloudy passages, that is to say, the upper notes, where there came in a shake, I turned round and found an old gentleman regularly snoring; and saw many Chaperons in a nid-nid-noddin state, as much as to say, they wished it had been a dance or a rubber. I have now to apologise for having trespassed so much on your columns. Were I to state the rest of the vocal and instrumental performers, I fear I should betray myself; suffice it to say, that Metronomes were very much in want, and I thought that Mr. Curtis, the aurist, would be very useful to the auricular nerves of many of the singers. However, as I found out that Terpsichore was to take place of Melpomene, and that those ladies who had not been asked to sing, or would not sing, were very jealous of the praises bestowed upon their more favoured sisters, and were therefore inclined to vote for quadrilles; I thought it high time to look up my child, and as Miss Apollina was screech-owling, the

* Vide Tyers's club.

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last stanza of "Home, sweet home," I thought of my pillow and started, resolving in my way home, that as I flattered myself that I had not quite lost my credit, I would send you a sketch of the evening's amusement. Intreating your indulgence for the inaccuracies which *currente calamo* I may have crept into,

I remain, Sir,

Your most obedient servant, JERRY.

The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM *NEW WORKS.*

POLICE OF MOSCOW.

EACH of the twenty *quarters* of Moscow has a *Chastnui Pristaf*, or inspector, appointed to watch over his district. The duties of this office are not less extensive than important. Every inspector ought to have an exact knowledge of the inhabitants of his quarter, over which a sort of parental authority is committed to him: he is the *censor morum* of his quarter; their out-goings and in-comings should be known to him, and his house must not be barred by night or by day, but is to be a place of refuge continually open to all that are in danger or distress; he ought not to quit the town for the space of two hours without committing the discharge of his office to some other person. The constables, and the watchmen of his quarter, as well as the *kvartalnik*, or inspectors of the sub-divisions of his district, are under his command, and he is attended on all affairs of his office, by two sergeants. He has his own office, and together with a burgher, endeavours to settle disputes and affairs of minor importance.

The number of watch-houses in Moscow in 1805, was 352, and now amounts to 360. They are called *butki*, or *butka* in the singular. They are really small substantial wooden houses, furnished with stoves, and are inhabited by the patroles or watchmen. Three watchmen live in each *butka*, who keep the watch by night and by day, taking their turns alternately every four hours. By this calculation, the number of watchmen for the city amounts to 1,080, of which 360 are constantly on duty by day as well as by night, and the remainder ready to give assistance in cases of emergency.

The watch-houses are mostly placed at the corners of the streets, and in public situations. The watchmen are called *butoshniki;* are dressed in a coarse grey uniform; are furnished with halberts when on duty, and have a soldier-like appearance. Besides their proper destination, they are to assist in taking up offenders, and in any service that their commanders or necessity may require.

I have admired the expedition with which quarrellers or drunkards are quieted by these people. If words and scolding, or gentle correction have no influence the whole watchmen of the butka are immediately summoned, and the disturber of the peace is lodged in safety at the watch-house till he becomes manageable, and in the morning his conduct is decided on.

The police takes cognizance of all persons in the capital; travellers who come and go are subject to certain formalities, which render it extremely difficult to conceal the place of their abode, or their departure from the city. To this end, every householder and innkeeper is obliged to declare to the police the names of those who lodge with him, or what strangers have put up at his house. If a stranger or lodger stay out all night, the landlord must inform the police of it, at least on the third day of his absence from his house. The cautionary rule in regard to quitting the town are still more strict. Those who would leave, must publish in the newspapers their names, their rank in life, three several times, and produce the newspapers containing the advertisement, as a testimonial to the government, from which they then receive their passports, and without these it is next to impossible to get out of the empire.—*Lyall's Character of the Russians.*

RUSSIAN NOBILITY.

IN the Spring of 1821, I resided at Serpuchof, a distinct town in the government of Moscow. The *Maslenitsa*, or butter-week, which precedes the Carnival, was distinguished as in the metropolis by balls and amusements, and even a well-managed masquerade. A sledge parade was announced for Saturday, and a *déjeûner à la fourchette* by Prince ——, *le Maréchal de la Noblesse;* and I, among others, accepted the invitation. The number of sledges was not great, nor the spectacle at all imposing. As the weather was cold, every individual present seemed to await the breakfast with impatience. After being tantalized till two o'clock, a shabby entertainment followed. Half of the ladies and gentlemen never sat down, but ate and drank whilst standing on their feet; some seized a piece of fish

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with a fork, put it upon a plate, and withdrew from the table; others, without ceremony, got hold of pieces of a pie, divided on purpose, and retired with them in their hands. Some got a dram of sweet *Votki*, others a glass of wine, &c. &c. All I could come at, in the universal scramble, was a little *Votki* and a bit of pie. A gentleman who had been more fortunate, and had partaken of two or three dishes, seemed to enjoy a triumph, when a servant approached him and demanded two roubles and a half—so much for each dish, and half a rouble for his dram. His astonishing wild state of surprize, fury, and indignation, and his hearty curses, I shall not readily forget. He paid the money, and the affair ended. Application was then made to some of the other guests, who absolutely refused payment. I was about to quit the *grand hall*, when a servant approached me and demanded *a rouble and a half*. I felt insulted, and while scolding, desired that Prince —— might be told that I had been present at a public entertainment, and that I should never pay a kopeck, and off I went. Every individual present understood that the paltry breakfast was given by Prince ——; and, indeed, a number of his favourites were not asked for payment. His steward was master of the ceremonies; his cooks prepared the dishes in the assembly-rooms of the town; his servants waited at table, and he himself acted as host during the entertainment. Deservedly he was abused by his countrymen for this *acte éclatant*.

A nobleman of the highest rank, now in his grave, invited his friends to an elegant dinner and splendid entertainment, in his fine gardens on the banks of the Moskva. The most distinguished personages of the metropolis were present. With surprise, one of the guests was remarked, as he most dexterously conveyed a silver spoon, which he had been using, into his pocket. Immediately after dinner, this *noble* left the party, and, attended by his livery servants, got into his carriage and drove home.

A prince of the northern empire having entered one of the magazines at Moscow, wandered up and down, passed a number of articles in review, and demanded their prices. Whilst the proprietors and their assistants were busily occupied in shewing a variety of wares to numerous purchasers, the said nobleman clandestinely, and, as he thought, without being seen, seized a gilded tea-cup and saucer, conveyed it under his cloak; commenced a general conversation; pretended to have forgotten something; ran off with his booty; deposited it in his carriage; re-entered the magazine; bought some trifling article; departed, and, followed by a couple of servants in gorgeous apparel, seated himself in his vehicle, and, no doubt, dwelt with complacency on his triumph, as he was hurled along the —— street to his own palace.—*Ibid.*

ON DEATH

A DEATH-BED is, indeed, a test of truth. Who ever heard of a man's rejecting the hopes of Christianity, and becoming a convert to infidelity, in his last dread hour? Oh, no!—if ever he clings closely and solely to the Saviour, it is at that moment—if ever he realizes the idea of a Redeeming God, it is then! if ever he feels the influence of the Comforter, *now* is the time!—His good deeds—alas! he estimates them now at their true worth; vitiated by alloy, their fairest light shaded by the mingling of worldly motives. He cannot rest *there*, he cannot extract hope from *these*. But he has satisfaction in remembering the sacrifice he has made, the secular advantages he has rejected, for the sake of Him who died on Calvary. *To* Him he looks—*in* Him he hopes to live eternally—*through* Him his aspirations after mortality are legitimate. Ye infidels, "come and see how a Christian can die."—*Fatal Errors and Fundamental Truths.*

LETTER OF COWPER THE POET.

I HAVE at last read the second volume of Mr. ——'s work, and had some hope that I should prevail with myself to read the first likewise. I began his book at the latter end, because the first part of it was engaged when I received the second; but I had not so good an appetite as a soldier of the guards, who, I was informed when I lived in London, would for a matter eat up a cat alive, beginning at her tail and finishing with her whiskers. - - -

I send a cucumber, not of my own raising, and yet raised by me.

> Solve this enigma, dark enough
> To puzzle any brains
> That are downright puzzle-proof,
> And eat it for your pains.

- - - I raised the seed that produced the plant that produced the fruit, that produced the seed that produced the fruit I sent you. This latter seed I gave to the gardener of Terningham, who brought me the cucumber you mention. Thus you see I raised it—that is to say, I raised it virtually by having raised its progenitor; and yet I did not raise it, because the identical seed from which it grew was raised at a distance. - - -

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Whoever means to take my phiz will find himself sorely perplexed in seeking for a fit occasion. That I shall not give him one, is certain; and if he steals one, he must be as cunning and quick-sighted a thief as Autolycus himself. His best course will be to draw a face, and call it mine, at a venture. They who have not seen me these twenty years will say, It may possibly be a striking likeness now, though it bears no resemblance to what he was: time makes great alterations. They who know me better will say, perhaps, Though it is not perfectly the thing, yet there is somewhat of the cast of his countenance. If the nose was a little longer, and the chin a little shorter, the eyes a little smaller, and the forehead a little more protuberant, it would be just the man. And thus, without seeing me at all, the artist may represent me to the public eye, with as much exactness as yours has bestowed upon you, though, I suppose, the original was full in his view when he made the attempt.

We felt ourselves not the less obliged to you for the cocoa-nuts, though they were good for nothing. They contained nothing but a putrid liquor with a round white lump, which in taste and substance much resembled tallow, and was of the size of a small walnut. Nor am I the less indebted to your kindness for the fish, though none is yet come. - - -

Cocoa-nut naught,
Fish too dear,
None must be bought
For us that are here.

No lobster on earth,
That ever I saw,
To me would be worth
Sixpence a claw.

So, dear Madam, wait
Till fish can be got
At a reas'nable rate,
Whether lobster or not;

Till the French and the Dutch
Have quitted the seas,
And then send as much
And as oft as you please.

- - - I forgot to mention that Johnson uses the discretion my poetship has allowed him, with much discernment. He has suggested several alterations, or rather marked several defective passages, which I have corrected much to the advantage of the poems. In the last sheet he sent me, he noted three such, all which I have reduced into better order. In the foregoing sheet, I assented to his criticisms in some instances, and chose to abide by the original expression in others. Thus we jog on together comfortably enough: and perhaps it would be as well for authors in general, if their booksellers, when men of some taste, were allowed, though not to tinker the work themselves, yet to point out the flaws, and humbly to recommend an improvement. - - -

To Mrs. Newton.

September 16, 1781.

A noble theme demands a noble verse,
In such I thank you for your fine oysters.
The barrel was magnificently large,
But being sent to Olney at free charge,
Was not inserted in the driver's list,
And therefore overlook'd, forgot, or miss'd;
For when the messenger whom we dispatch'd
Inquired for oysters, Hob his noddle scratch'd;
Denying that his waggon or his wain
Did any such commodity contain.
In consequence of which, your welcome boon
Did not arrive till yesterday at noon;
In consequence of which some chanced to die,
And some, though very sweet, were very dry.
Now Madam says (and what she says must still
Deserve attention, say she what she will;)
That what we call the Diligence, be-case
It goes to London with a swifter pace,
Would better suit the carriage of your gift,
Returning downwards with a pace as swift;
And therefore recommends it with this aim---
To save at least three days,--the price the same;
For though it will not carry or convey
For less than twelve pence, send whate'er you may,
For oysters bred upon the salt sea shore,
Pack'd in a barrel, they will charge no more.
News have I none that I can deign to write,
Save that it rain'd prodigiously last night;
And that ourselves were, at the seventh hour,
Caught in the first beginning of the show'r;
But walking, running, and with much ado,
Got home---just time enough to be wet through.
Yet both are well, and, wond'rous to be told,
Soused as we were, we yet have caught no cold;
And wishing just the same good hap to you,
We say, good Madam, and good Sir, Adieu!

Cowper's Correspondence.

The Sketch Book,

No. XVII.

THE DAY AFTER PAY DAY ON BOARD A MAN OF WAR.

For the first few days after a ship has been paid, or received prize-money, it bears the greatest resemblance between decks to one of the worst streets in a sea-port town with the houses turned inside out. A fair is held on the main-deck; stalls are fitted out on each side, over which preside the most avid and the most abject of the children of Israel; sailors roll half-drunk, from stall to stall, with a watch-chain dangling from each pocket, and a harlot on each hand. At this time the ship is hemmed round with boats (as a beleaguered town is with tents) which are not suffered to approach within a certain distance under pain of being fired upon; for if it were otherwise, the ship would be entirely taken possession of by Jews and women. But at intervals some bolder one of these boats darts beneath a port-hole, and introduces unseen

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its crew, and cargo. The rest are only deterred by the pointed muskets of the marines, and between each attempt to advance they maintain an unintermitting course of unintelligible expostulation. Jews vociferate without, and Jews respond from within. Howl ship of Tarshish! It would seem as if all Israel and Judah had been gathered together from Dan to Beersheba to spoil the inhabitants of the Isles that pass over the great waters.

Rum is the great article of merchandise, which is absolutely but vainly forbidden to be brought on board. It is generally secreted in small bladders about the persons of the women, which are yet strictly searched by the master-at-arms and sergeant of marines,—officers, it may be, not proof against every sort of bribery. Female persuasion and bladders of rum, who can withstand? By these and other means, the vessel is fully supplied with spirits, and the throng of boats without gradually disperses for the day, as their crews become hopeless of admission for their cargoes. Within,—night and universal drunkenness come on together. Men fighting and swearing, women fighting and shrieking, Israel sorely oppressed by reason of their extortions uplifting the voice of lamentation, kegs of rum overturned upon the decks, hammocks cut down, men tumbling down ladders and hatchways, with all other disorders of darkness, drunkenness, and lewdness, from a scene of nautical festivity, which oppresses a novice with a feeling almost amounting to horror. The impressions of such scenes, it is true, wear off, or rather wear in,—for they are not often repeated without some assimilation of the mind they indurate,—and the delicate and elegant child who had left his little garden and his ponies, and his evening prayer, and his mother's good-night kiss, to seek adventures which never occur,—this boy acquires the hardihood, and restlessness, and carelessness, which are the much boasted characteristics of a British sailor. Say whether this be loss or gain?

I wave the sufferings of the child and of the parents whilst the change is producing, and ask what they have got by it when produced.

The sketch I have given of the day after pay-day is not exaggerated, but unfinished. I had occasion to walk through St. Giles's one Sunday morning lately, and was reminded of it. Men and women half-drunk, sick-drunk, dead-drunk, vino sopiti, et vino sepulti (our own language stints the truth as well as the climax), lay or rolled (stand who can) about the street,—and there were others enjoying the sight; a more abhorrent circumstance, because the drunkards may be only *infirm* of mind, the others are grievously corrupt. To this Sunday morning in St. Giles, may be compared the morning which succeeds this festal night in the paid ship. But it by no means closes the gaieties of the season. Morning is grey, indeed, and its aspect rather saturnine than jovial; but ere noon the fogs clear away, rum is poured down like rain-water, and nature is very naturally invigorated and refreshed. This night resembles the last, only that a few steady old quarter-masters and boatswain's-mates, now perhaps condescend to be only half-seas-over, and having procured, by a sort of spiritual influence over the master-at-arms, the indulgence of keeping in their light after eight bells, they smoak and soak with great gravity in a retired corner, whence their candle may not cast a ray up any hatchway, so as to be perceived by the officer of the watch-on-deck; and when he goes his rounds, it is concealed, without being extinguished, by the superinduction of a large tub which held the mess allowance of peas-soup. The comfortable composure of these veterans is as undisturbed by the yells and furious brawls without, as by the fluid which gradually percolates through every pore within. A shipmate falls down a hatchway, and is carried past to the surgeon's mate to have his leg set, or his shoulder wrenched back into joint;—they never take the pipes from their lips: a refractory woman, by the help of a rope made fast round her waist and rove through a block at the end of the main-yard, is hoisted up from deck to deck, pushed over the bulwark, and let down into a boat along-side—they curse her for making more noise than a marine in a gale of wind, and take up their yarn where they dropped it. It is generally three or four days before any attempt is made to restore the ship to its ordinary state of discipline, and few of the women leave her whilst she remains in harbour.

Miscellanies.

BRITISH ENGRAVERS.

(For the Mirror.)

O, genius! what power thy wand can control!
Thou mighty magician! and spark of the soul!
Thy flame will bust forth like the sun-beams of day,
And bear with their glory, detraction away!
Triumphant will blaze with the mind-torch of light,
And hurl down thy foes to the regions of night.

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Nor thou hold *aspirant*—to merit and fame,
Shall live without record to blazon your name;
Thy *Graphic*-starr'd lustre transcendent will shine,
And the proud *claim* to *genius*,—with justice be thine!
UTOPIA.

* Mr. George Kellarday, a young gentleman of very eminent abilities in the Graphical department, and who from the beautiful, and indeed, classical subjects already produced, promises to hold no mean rank with those illustrious *British Engravers*, Woollett, Green, Ryland Heath, Picard, Sharpe, &c. &c.

RED AND GREEN FIRE.

Mr. EDITOR,—It is in my power to furnish your correspondent "Rover" with directions for red and green fire, blue I never saw, nor do I know the composition; the following are the proportions for red.

40 parts of dry Nitrate of Strontian.
13 do. of finely powdered Sulphur.
5 do. of Oxymuriate of Potash.
4 do. of Sulphuret of Antimony.

The Potash and Antimony should be powdered separately, and then mixed together on paper, after which they may be added to the other ingredients previously powdered, and all mixed together perfectly. Sometimes a little Realgar is added to the Sulphuret of Antimony, and frequently when the fire burns dim and badly, a very small quantity of very finely powdered Charcoal, or lamp black, will make it perfect.

GREEN

13 parts of Flowers of Sulphur.
77 do. of Nitrate of Barytes.
5 do. of Oxymuriate of Potash
2 do. Metallic Arsenic.
3 do. Charcoal.

The Nitrate of Barytes should be well dried and powdered, it should then be mixed with the other ingredients, all finely pulverised, and the whole triturated until perfectly blended. A little Calamine may be occasionally added in order to make the combustion slower; and it is above all things requisite, that both this and the red fire, should be well triturated and continued until perfectly mixed.

CLAVIS.

BLUE FIRE.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—Observing in your 68th Number the wish of "Rover," I inform you the composition of the blue fire consists of the following mixture.

Flowers of Sulphur ... 13 parts.
Nitrate of Barytes..... 77 do.
Oxymuriate of Potash, 5 do.
Metallic Arsenic ..... 2 do.
Charcoal ..... 3 do.

This mixture to be burned in a reflector.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

SONNET,

WRITTEN ON SEEING BURLEIGH CASTLE.

(For the Mirror.)

In reverend guise this ancient pile survey
Girded with oaks whose tinted foliage gleams
With Autumn's golden hue. Now length'ning streams
Between their hoary trunks the western ray,
As smiles the slowly parting orb of day:
Full on these lofty halls are flung his beams,
Where time's ennobling touch has furnish'd themes,
That rouse the soul through centuries to stray.
I see our maiden queen beside me sweep—
I shrink beneath the lightning of her glance,
Or view that lofty form relaxed in sleep,
Her mind's vast powers bound up as in a trance.
'Till all these splendid scenes in dimness fade,
Lost in the glory of that awful shade.

THE PROBABILITIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

THE proportion of children born is 18 males to 17 females. According to the observation of Mr. Dupré de St. Maur, in 23,994 deaths, 6,454 of them were those of children, not a year old, and carrying his researches on this subject as far as possible, he concludes, that of 24,000 children born, the numbers who attain to different ages, are as follow:—

Age.	No.	Age.	No.	Age.	No.	Age.	No.	Age.	No.
2	17,540	9	12,015	40	7,929	75	1,507	94	40
3	15,162	10	11,861	45	7,008	80	807	95	33
4	14,177	15	11,405	50	6,197	85	291	96	23
5	13,477	20	10,909	55	5,375	90	103	97	18
6	12,968	25	10,259	60	4,564	91	71	98	16
7	12,562	30	9,544	65	3,450	92	63	99	8
8	12,255	35	8,770	70	2,544	93	47	100	6 or 7

When a child is born, to what age may a person bet, on equal terms, that it will

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attain? Or if the child has already attained to a certain age, how many years is it probable that it will still live? These are two questions, the solutions of which is not only curious, but important.

We shall here give two Tables on this subject, one by M. Dupré de St. Maur, and the other by M. Parcieux. The Table of M. Parcieux is formed from lists of Annuitants.

TIME TO LIVE.

Age.	M. de St. Maur. Years.	Months.	M. Parcieux. Years.	Months.	Age.	M. de St. Maur. Years.	Months	M. Parcieux. Years.	Months
0	8				50	16	7	19	5
1	33		41	9	60	11	1	14	11
2	38		42	8	70	6	2	9	2
3	40		43	6	75	4	6	6	10
4	41		44	2	80	3	7	5	
5	41	6	44	5	85	2		3	4
6	42		44	3	90	2		2	2
7	42	3	44		95		5		6
8	41	6	43	9	96		4		5
9	40	10	43	3	97		3		4
10	40	2	42	8	98		2		3
20	33	5	36	3	99		1		2
30	28		30	6	100		½		1
40	22	1	25	6					

It may be deduced from the preceding observations, that when the inhabitants of a country amount to one million, the number of those of the different ages will be as follows:—

Between	0 and 1 year complete		38,740
	1 — 5		119,460
	5 — 10		99,230
	10 — 15		94,530
	15 — 20		88,674
	20 — 25		82,380
	25 — 30		77,650
	30 — 35		71,665
	35 — 40		64,205
	40 — 45		57,230
	45 — 50		50,605
	50 — 55		43,940
Between	55 and 60 years complete		37,130
	60 — 65		29,690
	65 — 70		21,305
	70 — 75		13,135
	75 — 80		7,035
	80 — 85		2,830
	85 — 90		1,025
	90 — 95		335
	95 — 100		82
	Above 100 years		3 or 4
		Total	1 Million.

The number of inhabitants of a country is to that of the families, as 1,000 to 222½.

By taking a mean also, it is found that in 25 families, there is one where there are six or more children.

The proportion of males and females in a country, are as 18 to 19.

It is found that there are three marriages annually among 337 inhabitants, so that 112 inhabitants produce one marriage.

The proportion of married men, or widowers, to married women, or widows, is nearly as 125 to 140, and the whole number of this class of society, is to the whole of the inhabitants, as 265 to 631.

Among 631 inhabitants, there are 118 married couples, 7 or 8 widowers, and 21 or 22 widows.

1,870 married couples give annually 357 children.

The number of servants is to the whole number of inhabitants, as 136 to 1,535 nearly.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

ALTHOUGH it was part of the original plan of the MIRROR, to give extracts from the most expensive, and most valuable new Works, as they appeared, and we have frequently done this, yet it has occurred to us, that if we somewhat extended this part of our plan, we might be rendering the MIRROR still more attractive; we have, therefore, in the present Number, commenced the *Selector*. Authors and Publishers wishing to see a few of the best passages from their Works, (for we give no criticisms, nor seek after blemishes,) are invited to send copies.

The interesting Table on the Probabilities of Human Life, has confined us to so small a space, that we can only say to our Correspondents, that many of them who think themselves forgotten will appear next week.

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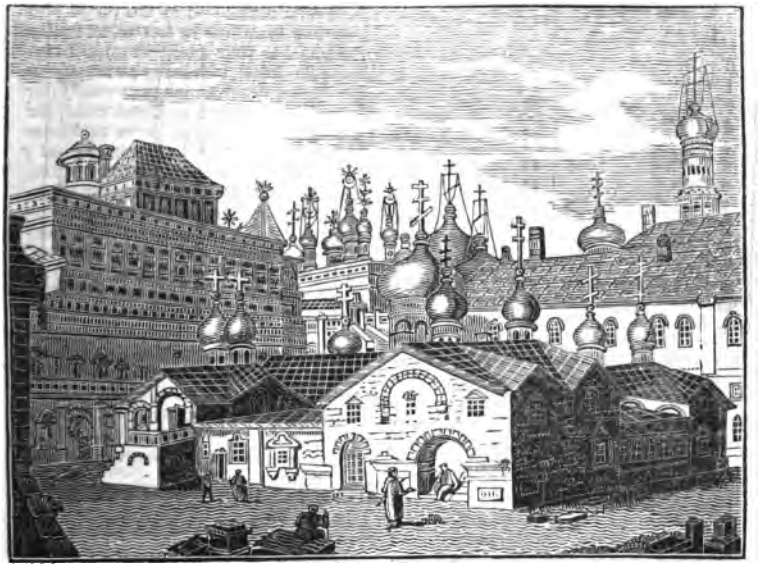
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. LXXI.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1824. [PRICE 2*d*

The Kremlin at Moscow.



THE Kremlin at Moscow, of which we present an interesting and correct view, exhibiting the ancient palace of the Czars, and the first place of Christian worship in Moscow, consists of three divisions—the ancient palace, the audience chamber, and the new palace.

The ancient palace is supposed to have been commenced in the year 1499, by Alevise, the architect, from Milan. The scite had formerly been occupied by a wooden palace, which was burnt down in 1493. Deep cellars and ice cellars served for the foundation of this magnificent edifice, which was completed in the course of nine years, and is now named the Palace with the Belvidere. The palace stands at the extremity of the Kremlin, and, having received numerous additions at different periods, exhibits various styles of architecture. The top is thickly set with numerous little gilded spires and globes; and a large portion of the front is decorated with arms of all the provinces which compose the Russian empire. The apartments are small, excepting one single room, called the council chamber, in which the ancient Czars used to give audiences to foreign ambassadors. This palace, in which the Czars formerly held their courts, in all the splendour of Eastern pomp, was once esteemed by the natives, an edifice of unparalleled magnificence, which is now far surpassed by the ordinary mansions of the nobility.

In this palace, Peter the Great was born, in the year 1672, a circumstance which has only been recently ascertained. When Bonaparte penetrated with his legions to Moscow, he took up his residence at the Kremlin, where he remained, until the governor of Moscow, Rostopchin, preferred sacrificing the ancient capital of the Czars, to seeing it in the hands of an enemy. We shall, therefore, close this article with an account of that dreadful conflagration, from the recently published Memoirs of General Rapp, who was Napoleon's aid-de-camp. After the battle of the Borodino, in which 50,000 men were killed in a few hours.

"The Russian army retreated towards the capital: it made some resistance at Mojaisk, and arrived at Moscow. We took this city without striking a blow.

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Murat entered it in the train of the Cossacks, discoursed with their chiefs, and even gave a watch to one of them. They were expressing the admiration which his courage excited in them, and the dejection that a series of misfortunes produces, when some discharges of musketry were heard: it was from a few hundred citizens, who had taken arms. They themselves put an end to this useless firing, and continued their retreat.

"Napoleon entered the next day. He fixed his quarters in the Kremlin, with a part of his guard, and the persons of his household; but we were so badly accommodated, that I was obliged to take another lodging. I settled myself at some distance, in a house which belonged to a member of the Nareschkin family. I arrived at four o'clock in the afternoon. The town was still complete: the custom-house alone was a prey to the flames, which devoured it before any Frenchman appeared; but night came on—it was the signal for the fire. Left and right, every where there was a blaze; public buildings, temples, private property, all were in flames. The conflagration was general—nothing was to escape. The wind blew with violence; the fire made rapid progress. At midnight the blaze was so terrific, that my aides-de-camp waked me; they supported me; I reached a window, from which I beheld the spectacle, which was becoming frightful. The fire was advancing towards us: at four o'clock, I was informed that I must remove from my quarters. I left them; a few moments after, the house was reduced to ashes. I ordered them to conduct me in the direction of the Kremlin; every thing was in confusion. I returned back and went to the quarters of the Germans. A house belonging to a Russian general had been appointed for me; I hoped to be able to stay there to recover from my wounds; but when I arrived, volumes of fire and smoke were already issuing from it. I did not go in; I returned once more to the Kremlin. On the road I perceived some Russian artisans and soldiers, who were dispersed about in the houses, and were employed in setting fire to them: our patroles killed some of them in my presence, and arrested a considerable number."

DEFENCE OF THE STAGE.

A FEW REFLECTIONS ON THE BRIEF CROSS STREET ORATION.*

(For the Mirror.)

AMONG doubtless a very large, or at any rate, a very valuable portion of your readers, I cheerfully uplift my feeble testimony, in sincere acquiescence of the goodness of intention evinced by your intelligent correspondent, Edgar, on the nature and effect of theatrical amusements; nor can I, however I may question its policy, at the same time refrain from expressing high admiration, at the diversified character, and the correct feeling manifested in the varied and interesting *morceaux* he has occasionally contributed to your excellent miscellany. Happy do I feel in bearing testimony to their merits, not from inherent vanity, or the consciousness of a qualified critic, for I have no such pretensions to authorize my obtruding myself as his encomiast; aware of my inability to do him justice, rather am I disposed to think, that whatever I may be disposed to advance in the nature of eulogy, may appear immeasurably below desert. He must, however, accept the meed of praise as it is intended, without too nicely investigating the garb in which it is presented. Habiliment weighs not with the most faithful of domestic animals, whose grateful instinct is much more to be admired than boasted reason when similarly exercised.

But if I am again to be privileged among the select few,

"Whose pens reflect their hearts in lustrous sheen,
Where reason and her satellites in godlike attitude enthron'd,
Beam rays divine in giddy mortals gaze,
Dazzling but to amend—illume—instruct—."

I must be wary, and not trespass on the indulgence by superfluous comment, for all that I could say, would but echo the opinion of the thinking few, and what is more tedious than a twice told tale.

Without further preface, then, I approach the subject, not exactly to blend my views with his, which, in my opinion, afford not the shadow of a hope, as to efficacy in loosening the fangs of vice from her domination over this immoral pestilence against which he so feelingly inveighs—a pestilence of all others the most pleasingly seductive, and therefore the most ruinously dangerous as a public evil. For my own part, I am not so sanguine as to think the human heart so accessible to rigid remonstrance, or rational argument as many imagine; its virtuous tendencies must be aroused by innate impulse, and the hand divine in conjunction—for the prejudice in favour of, and partiality for such amusements grow up from infancy, and our first perceptions, so innocently—so delightfully lean to this species of enjoyment, in entire ignorance of its questionable nature, that after reflection ranks its fairy-like illusions among the happiest recollections of

*See Mirror, No. 69.

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our existence. Be it remembered, this period is one of unsophisticated innocence, before the mind is susceptible of its immorality—a period of unstained purity, when attractive splendour, and all the beau ideal of the stage operate with magical effect on the surface of the heart, (for familiarity with its inmost recesses is of progressive growth) ere the veil is lifted up which obscures its licentiousness. The passion for its delicious gaiety, thus fed at intervals, "few and far between," becomes a rooted bias, that spurns after control, growing with our growth, and strengthening with our strength, till the full tide of unbridled youth has by inordinate indulgence, blunted and blighted the moral susceptibilities of the mind, rendering a waxen surface for indiscriminate impress, and most naturally, to those of a pleasurable tendency. In this lamentable exigence, a disposition to continue a gratification that appeals to the senses, with almost irresistible persuasiveness subdues the cold calculations of prudence and morality, as restraints which such perverted tastes condemn as unreasonably austere. Judgment is stilled by the conviction, that personally abstaining from what the best informed are too naturally prone to regard as fairly within the privileged scope of amusement, would be debarring ourselves from a source of pleasure, which discriminative selection characterizes as admissible, for no attendant benefit whatever. A scrupulous conscience here and there, constituted as society is, can never operate to the abolition of theatrical amusements in this vast metropolis. The argument, that all thinking folks should abstain through principle from participation, is, viewed in this sense, weak and unavailing. The degeneracy of the stage, so long a matter of complaint, and its demoralizing effects, may, in some measure, be ascribed to the *absence* of such as are best qualified to improve its character, and admitting that the evil is insurmountable, and not to be borne down by the mere force of argument, however just and consistent, it seems to me, that the presence and chastening influence of such enlightened individuals is indispensable to check its abuses and curb the inroad of yet greater enormities. It is plainly apparent, that play-frequenters of the ordinary class, will not think for themselves. Witness the existing triumph of absurdity and frivolity over the productions of genuine talent; and while we deplore its degrading ascendancy, we feel assured they seek the gratification of depraved and sensual appetites, or at any rate the correction of a taste so vitiated is too important to be neglected, for it is equally the fact, that when uncontrolled they invariably exercise a sovereignty, which those who administer this opiate to the senses—this seductive poison, find it their interest to gratify rather than oppose. What, let me ask, would become of these deluded creatures if left to the ungovernable influence of depraved passions? Do not the better informed, in this point of view, become their guardian angels? and, even if they fail in eliciting permanent good from an irremediable evil, at least they prevent its becoming in *toto* a sink of infamy. It seems essential, nay, indispensable, that the enlightened few should countenance the theatres, if, but to prevent their descending yet lower in the scale of infamy, and this from notions of christian charity towards such of their fellow creatures, as will not be deterred by moral considerations from frequenting them. Did such abstain, their example would scarcely operate at all—whereas, by their presence, they can put to flight ribaldry and buffoonery, and foster only such rational amusements, as are free from taint and impurity, defects which are pregnant with the most alarming consequences to the thoughtless and inconsiderate.

Feb. 6, 1824. JANET.

MAN.

THE following beautiful poem is copied from a MS. of a very old date, in the possession of a gentleman, who has kindly forwarded it for the *Mirror*. The Editor believes he has seen it in print, and thinks it is by Sir John Davies; but, not having that author's works at hand, he cannot say positively.

Like as the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on a tree,
Or like the dainty flower in May,
Or like the morning to the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had,
Even such is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out and cut, and so is done—
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes, and man he dies.

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that's new begun,
Or like the bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearled dew of May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan;
Even such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The grass withers, the tale is ended,
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended,
The hour is short, the span not long,
The swan's near death, man's life is done

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Like to the bubble in the brook,
Or in a glass much like a look,
Or like the shuttle in weaver's hand,
Or like the writing on the sand.
Or like a thought, or like a dream,
Or like the gliding of the stream;
Even such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death!
The bubble's out, the look's forgot,
The shuttle's flung, the writings blot.
The thought is past, the dream is gone,
The waters glide, man's life is done.

Like to an arrow from the bow,
Or like swift course of water-flow,
Or like that time 'twixt flood and ebb,
Or like the spider's tender web,
Or like a race, or like a goal,
Or like the dealing of a dole,
Even such is man, whose brittle state,
Is always subject unto fate:
The arrow's shot, the flood soon spent,
The time no time, the web soon rent,
The race soon run, the goal soon won,
The dole soon dealt, man's life soon done.

Like to the lightning from the sky,
Or like a post that quick doth hie,
Or like a quaver in a song,
Or like a journey three days long,
Or like the snow when summer's come,
Or like the pear, or like the plum;
Even such is man, who heaps up sorrow,
Lives but this day, and dies to-morrow.
The lightning's past, the post must go,
The song is short, the journey so,
The pear doth rot, the plum doth fall,
The snow dissolves, and so must all.

A NEW CHAPTER ON EPITAPHS.

(For the Mirror.)

I LOVE a church-yard walk—a church-yard, where the nettle and the moss grow—where the well-arranged, green-mantled graves, are hidden from the rude, unthinking throng—where the cheerless yew

. . . . . that loves to dwell
'Midst scults and coffins, epitaphs and worms,

adds to the solemnity of the scene—and where the moon sheds its brilliant lustre on the monumental tablets, which tell that there sleeps one, whose grave has been moistened by sorrows and tears—that there lies entombed "amidst the wreck of things which were," the blossoms of youth, and virtue's fairest buds.

The communion that we hold, as it were, with the grave, generates the imposing conviction, that ere long, we must contribute to "creation's melancholy earth," which works a feeling of no ordinary character, and pregnant with the principles of Him, "who gave us a pattern of the most exalted virtue." If reflection never found a welcome in the bosom of an individual, let him direct his steps to the consecrated path, and it will rush upon him with a double force. The infirmity of his tenement of clay, he is then compelled to acknowledge. This association of our animated frame with the dust of, perhaps, our dearest friends, recoils upon our memory; and, while we might wish to check the impulse of our sensations we bend at reflection's shrine.

Here royalty, with all its pageantry and pomp, serves, in its turn, as does the wandering beggar, but as food for the worms, who there hold a higher station on earth. Here too, the clashings of interest, and the frownings of care cease to reign in man's breast; and, here also the discontent of man finds repose.

With regard to epitaphs, or inscriptions, we are enabled to trace their origin as far back as in the Old Testament: *viz.*—1 Sam. vi. 16, where mention is made of the "stone of Abel," and the inscription upon it was—"*Here was shed the blood of righteous Abel.*" Matt. xxiii. 35.

The quality of these elegies has, like *all* other human practices, varied much since their first use. The Spartans allowed epitaphs only to those who fell in combat; and the Romans limited them in a great degree. But, the most motley and harlequin change, has been within the last century.

We will pass by the simple tales of the inefficacy of medicine—the fortitude with which death was met—and the consoling advice to passers-by, and present two specimens, which, for presumption and ignorance stand, I believe, unrivalled.

In Silton church-yard, Dorsetshire:—

Here lies a *piece of Christ*,
A star in dust.
A vein in gold—a china dish,
That must
Be used in Heaven when God
Shall feast the just.

In Newington church-yard:

God takes the good, too good to leave,
The bad he leaves, too bad to take away.

Heaven have mercy on the poor survivors of this *good man!*

I admire much, some of those epitaphs, which, without filling a tablet with effusions, display a superiority equal to the greatness of the individual of whom they speak. The few words that the Italians have thought proper to mark Tasso's grave, (*"Here lie the bones of Tasso,"*) are sufficient to proclaim his pre-eminence over others. Boileau has laid down this rule:—"Que les inscriptions doivent etre simples, courtes et familiares;" a rule I most studiously advocate. Of all epitaphs, perhaps, that were ever engraved, and so agreeing with Boileau's idea, the one in St. Paul's Cathedral, on Sir Christopher Wren, is conspicuous. It can be compared to nothing but the grand structure itself, which

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stands at an immeasurable distance from all others:—

"Si monumentum quæris? circumspice!"—
Seek'st thou his monument?—behold the dome!

In Westminster Abbey, are monuments both to Dryden and Handel, with the plain "*John Dryden*," and "*George Frederick Handel*" inscribed upon them. In the same abbey also rest the bones of others, as far beneath comparison, as the glittering star which bespangles the skies, is to the golden moon; which, in its magnificence, lights the studded canopy of heaven, with as much elegy upon them as the tablet would admit of. But a man of talent and of genius needs not his various actions to be engraved on stone for them to be known. No, he while living, implanted them in a far preferrable place, where they are neither defaced by time, nor forgotten by obscurity, and from whence they are transplanted from generation to generation. Tasso's transcendent genius—Dryden's brilliant poetic powers—Wren's unequalled and stupendous architecture—and Handel's sublimity of composition, are all familiar to the humblest individual, without the aid of monumental history.

To pass, however, to another species of epitaphs. If jesting formed a principal feature in the life of any individual, we might suppose, at least, that it would cease with his life; but, on the contrary, there are those persons, who, regardless of all rules of religion and gravity, display an utter disregard to those feelings, which ought to be manifested by the survivors of the deceased. Indeed, so far from any serious ideas being displayed, we might (did we not know that a churchyard was an hallowed spot,) easily imagine they were the productions of some comic satirist. Did not the fact present itself to every visitor of St. James's Church, the following inscription would be hardly credited:—

To the Memory of
&c. &c. &c.
Mercator Fortunatus,
Natus Eleventh of—One Thousand—
Obiit Ninth of—One Thousand, &c.

Men who would thus waste *time* and *money*, and what is of more importance, trifle with the sacred cause of death, are but erecting monuments of their own folly. The following, at Penryn, in Cornwall, speaks but little in favour of the individual, whose memory and *virtues* it proclaims:—

Here lies William Smith and what is
something rarish,
He was born, bred, and hang'd in
this parish!

In Hendon church-yard there is this epitaph on T. Crosfield, written by himself, which is by far less censurable than many:—

Beneath this stone Tom Crosfield lies,
Who cares not now who laughs or cries;
He laughed when sober, and when mellow
Wa sa *harum scarum* heedless fellow.
He gave to none design'd offence,
So "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*"

I lament much that these *tributes* to the dead, should receive any colouring whatever. It is a system too much in practice, and is likely to promote that carelessness for death, which is so prominent in a great bulk of mankind. Every possible means should be resorted to, in order that it should be held in its self-important light, which impress upon all men the greatest reverence.

In concluding, I would wish all persons to bear in mind the words of a very ancient poet, (Antiphanes,) who lived near a hundred years before Socrates.—"Be not grieved above all measures for thy deceased friends. They are not dead, but have only finished that journey, which it is necessary for every one of us to take. We ourselves must go to that great place of reception, in which they are all of them assembled, and in this general rendezvous of mankind, live together in another state of being."

A. B. C.

PETER PINDARICS;

OR, JOE MILLER VERSIFIED.

THE JUDICIOUS PRECAUTION.

Col'nel Patrick O'Blarney, as honest a teague
As ever took snuff to repel pest or plague,
Having got a French snuff-box *of papier machee*,
Which to open requir'd much pains, do you see,
Always kept a bent sixpence at hand in his pocket,
And call'd it his key by the which to unlock it:
As, by niggling and wedging it under the lid,
He came at his rappee, which was under it hid.
But, one day when he wanted a pinch for a friend,
He searched for his sixpence, but all to no end,
Till at last 'twixt the lining and posket he found it;
When in rage he cried, "arrah, the devil confound it;
"I'll engage you don't serve me the same trick again,
"For to make me be after thus hunting in vain."
So, op'ning the lid by the help of the tizzy,
And feaking his nose till his noddle grew dizzy
He chuck'd in the coin, and exclaim'd with a shrug,
While right went the rim down, "So there you lie snug!
"And my hide-and-seek friend, I beg leave to remind ye,
"That the next time I want ye, I'll know where to find ye."

T. Brown.

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The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM *NEW WORKS.*

ENGLISH MARTYRS.

JOAN BOUGHTON.

HENRY the Seventh, while he asserted his authority over the clergy, found it consistent with his policy to employ them, rather than his nobles, in state affairs, and suffered them to proceed against the Lollards with the utmost rigour. Among the victims whom they brought to the stake, was a woman of some quality, Joan Boughton by name, the first female martyr in England: she was more than eighty years of age, and was held in such reverence for her virtue, that, during the night after her martyrdom, her ashes were collected, to be preserved as relics for pious and affectionate remembrance. Her daughter, the Lady Young, suffered afterwards the same cruel death, with equal constancy. At Amersworth, when William Tylsworth was burnt, his only daughter, as being suspected of heresy, was compelled, not only to witness his death, but with her own hands, to set fire to him!

THOMAS BILNEY.

Among the martyrs of those days, Thomas Bilney is one, whose name will ever be held in deserved reverence. He was accused before Tonstal, then Bishop of London, in the early part of the reign of Henry VIII. "for asserting that Christ was our only mediator, not the Virgin Mary, nor the Saints; and that pilgrimages were useless; and that offerings to images were idolatry." Of these doctrines he was found guilty; but was persuaded to recant, and accordingly bore a faggot at Paul's Cross. It appears that Tonstal, with his wonted humanity, favoured, and wished to save him; he was not branded, nor subjected to any further punishment, but permitted to return to Cambridge.

From that hour, Bilney had no peace in himself, and feeling, for two years, self-condemned, he resolved by a brave repentance to expiate an offence for which he should otherwise never forgive himself. Immediately he departed for Norfolk, and began to preach, when Nix, the merciless Bishop of that diocese, sent to London for a writ to burn him. The Sheriff to whose care he was committed, happened to be one of his friends, and treated him with kindness. The night before his execution, Bilney put his finger into the candle, which was burning before him, more than once, "I feel" said he "by experience, and have long known by philosophy, that fire is naturally hot; yet, I am persuaded by God's holy word, and by the experience of some Saints of God therein recorded, that in the flame they may feel no heat, and in the fire no consumption. And I constantly believe, that, however the stubble of this body shall be wasted by it, yet my soul and spirit shall be purged thereby—a pain for the time — whereon followeth joy unspeakable.

On the morning of his execution, which was in front of the Bishop's palace, having put off the layman's gown, in which after his degradation he had been clad, he knelt upon the ledge and prayed with deep and quiet devotion, ending with the 143rd Psalm, in which he there repeated the verse, "Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord, for in thy sight shall no man living be justified." He then put off his jacket and doublet, and remained in his hose and shirt, and so was chained to the stake. The dry reeds were then kindled; and in a few minutes, Bilney, trampling over death, rendered up his soul in the fulness of faith, and entered into his reward.

JAMES BAINHAM.

Bilney's example, in all parts, was followed by James Bainham, of the Middle Temple, the son of a Gloucestershire knight. Having been flogged and racked, without effect, to make him accuse others of holding the same opinions as himself, the fear of death induced him to abjure, and bear a faggot. But a month had scarcely elapsed before he stood up in the face of the congregation in St. Austin's Church, with the English Testament in his hand, and, openly proclaiming that he had denied the truth, declared that, if he did not return to it, that book would condemn him at the day of judgment; and exhorted all who heard him, rather to suffer death than fall as he had fallen, for all the world's good would not induce him again to feel such a hell as he had borne within him since the hour of his abjuration. He was accordingly brought to the stake in Smithfield; and there, to the astonishment of the spectators, when his extremities were half consumed, he cried aloud, "O ye Papists, ye look for miracles, and behold a miracle; for in this fire I feel no pain;—it is to me as a bed of roses!"

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The fact may be believed, without supposing a miracle, or even recurring to that almost miraculous power which the mind sometimes can exercise over the body. Nature is more merciful to us than man to man; this was a case in which excess of pain had destroyed the power of suffering; no other bodily feeling was left but that of ease after torture; while the soul triumphed in its victory, and in the sure anticipation of its immediate and eternal reward.

JOHN ROGERS.

John Rogers, the protomartyr in the Marian persecution, and at that time a Prebendary of St. Paul's, had formerly been chaplain to the English merchants at Antwerp, and had there been a fellow-labourer with Tindal and Coverdale, in the great work of translating the Bible. He had a large family, and, having married a German woman, might have found means to support them in her country; but deeming it the duty of himself and his brethren, he said, to stand like true soldiers by the captain of their salvation, and not traitorously run out of his tents, or out of the plain field from him, in the most jeopardy of the battle—he chose to abide the worst; and, in his last sermon at St. Paul's Cross, exhorted the people to remain in such true doctrine as had been taught in King Edward's day, and to beware of all pestilent popery, idolatry, and superstition. After long imprisonment and several examinations, he was condemned, for maintaining that the church of Rome was the church of Antichrist, and for denying transubstantiation. The sentence being passed, he requested that his poor wife, being a foreigner, might come and speak with him as long as he lived; "for she hath ten children," said he, "that are hers and mine, and somewhat I would counsel her what were best for her to do." But Gardiner, with his characteristic brutality, refused this, affirming that she was not his wife. And when, on the day of his execution, he asked Bonner, that he might speak to her a few words only, before his burning, that monster would not permit it. She met him, however, with her ten children, one hanging on the breast, as he went to Smithfield. That sight did not abate the cheerfulness of his courage; a pardon was offered him at the stake, if he would recant; he steadily refused it, and washing his hands in the flames as they blazed about him, took his death with so calm and resolute a patience, that many who were present blessed God for the support which had been vouchsafed him, and derived strength from his example.

BISHOPS LATIMER AND RIDLEY.

These illustrious veterans of the persecution in the reign of Mary, were executed in a ditch, opposite Baliol College, Oxford. Lord Williams, of Thame, had been appointed to see it done, with a sufficient retinue, lest any tumult might be made in the hope of rescuing them. They embraced each other, knelt, each beside his stake, in prayer, and then conversed together, while the Lord Williams, and the other persons in authority, removed themselves out of the sun. These accursed sacrifices were always introduced by a sermon. A certain Dr. Smith preached, taking for his text, "If I give my body to be burnt, and have not charity, it availeth me nothing;" from whence he drew conclusions, as uncharitable as ever were distorted from Scripture. Ridley desired leave to answer the sermon: he was told, that if he would recant his opinions, he should have his life, ... otherwise he must suffer for his deserts; and the Vice-Chancellor, with some bailiffs, as brutal as himself, stopt his mouth with their hands, after he had said, "So long as the breath is in my body, I will never deny my Lord Christ and his known truth. God's will be done in me!" Latimer said, he could answer the sermon well enough, if he might; and contented himself with exclaiming, "Well, there is nothing hid, but it shall be opened;" a saying which he frequently used. Ridley distributed such trifles as he had about him, to those who were near; and many pressed about him, to obtain something as a relic. They then undressed for the stake; and, Latimer when he had put off his prison dress, remained in a shroud, which he had put on, instead of a shirt, for that day's office. Till then, his appearance had been that of a poor withered bent old man; but now, as if he had put off the burthen of infirmity and age, "he stood bolt upright, as comely a father as one might lightly behold."

Then Ridley uttered this prayer: "Oh, Heavenly Father, I give unto thee most hearty thanks, for that thou hast called me to be a professor of thee, even unto death. I beseech thee, Lord God, take mercy upon this realm of England, and deliver the same from all her enemies!" After he had been chained to the stake, his brother-in-law, who, during the whole time of his imprisonment, had remained in Oxford, to serve him in whatever he could, tied a bag of gunpowder round his neck. Ridley, being

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told what it was, said, he received it as being sent of God; and asking if he had some for Latimer also, bade him give it in time, lest it should be too late. Meantime, he spake to Lord Williams, and entreated him to use his influence with the Queen, in behalf of his sister and the poor tenants; this, he said, being the only thing, he blessed God, which troubled his conscience. When the fire was brought, Latimer said, "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man! We shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out!" The venerable old man received the flame as if embracing it, and having, as it were, bathed his hands in the fire, and stroked his face with them, died presently, apparently without pain. Ridley endured a longer martyrdom: till the gun-powder exploded, and then he fell at Latimer's feet. As the bodies were consumed, the quantity of blood which gushed from Latimer's heart astonished the beholders. It was observed the more because he had continually prayed, during his imprisonment, that as God had appointed him to be a preacher of his word, so also he would give him grace to stand to his doctrine until death, and shed his heart's blood for the same.—*Southey's Book of the Church.*

LUCK IN THE LOTTERY.

A COACHMAN, in the service of a nobleman, was discarded late at night for drunkenness. In staggering homeward to his wife, and family of small children, he had to pass a lottery-office, which was still open. Having entered, he advanced boldly to the counter, "Stand aside, fellow, with your paltry adventure of twenty-four sous, while I serve these gentlemen," said the lady who gave out the tickets. "Mine is not to be a paltry adventure, as you impertinently call it," retorted the drunken man; and on the counter he threw a bright louis d'or, one of eleven he had just received as his wages. "What are your numbers, and how do you stake them?" inquired Madame, winking to the gentlemen at the excellence of the joke. He would have, he said, a *terne sec*, but as to the numbers, he would leave them to her choice. The billet, containing three numbers jestingly written down, was delivered accordingly.

Coachey did not find his way home, and was just recovered from his drowsy intoxication, when, at a few minutes after nine in the morning, he saw, placed in front of another lottery-office, the board which displayed the five fortunate numbers that had started from the wheel. He had a faint recollection of what had passed overnight, and drew from his pocket a billet, which agreed in its inscribed numbers, with three of the numbers on the board. He hastened back to the lucky office, and demanded the five thousand five hundred louis' which had fallen to his lot. They were paid to him punctually; but, on the other hand, the young lady looked for her present, which is customary on these occasions. "Not one liard shall you have from me," said the lucky adventurer. "When I addressed myself to you last night for a billet, I was as blind as the fortune over which you preside. To the sharpness of your sight I owe my fortune *terne sec;* but you were insolent in the delivery. May this teach you not to scorn in future the venture of the poor man, whom misery, and not a thirst after superfluous riches, may have led to your office to try his fortune."

The capricious goddess still favoured this man, who was pointed out to me in his carriage, with a modest equipage. What has intoxicated so many others, had sobered him, probably for life.—*Sweepings of my Study.*

PRISON LIFE.

A FRENCHMAN who had been several years confined, for debt, in the Fleet Prison, found himself so much at home within its walls, and was withal, so harmless and inoffensive a character, that the jailor occasionally permitted him to recreate himself, by spending his evenings abroad, without any apprehension of the forfeiture of his verbal engagement. His little earnings as a jack of all trades, enabled him to form several pot-house connexions; and these led him, by degrees, to be less and less punctual in his return, at the appointed hour of nine. "I'll tell you what it is Mounseer," at length, said the jailor to him, "You are a good fellow, but I am afraid you have lately got into bad company; so I tell you once for all, that if you do not keep better hours, and come back in good time, I shall be under the necessity of locking you out altogether." *Ibid.*

IT being mentioned that Grimaldi the Clown, had a large family, "Then," said a wag, "he *makes faces* at home as well as abroad."

PUN.

WHY does a *waiter* resemble a *blood horse*? Answer. Because he *runs for the plate.*

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Grey Friars' Monastery, Dunwich.

THE Monastic remains of Great Britain, are among the most interesting of its antiquities, and thanks to the researches of a few individuals, they have lately been well explored. Few places were more remarkable than Dunwich, in Suffolk, for its religious institutions. It had, formerly, two churches dedicated to St. Michael and St. Bartholomew, which are said to have been swallowed up by the sea, in 1331. There were also three chapels — a house belonging to the Knights Templars, two hospitals, and two monasteries, belonging to the Franciscans and Dominicans, or Grey and Black Friars: of the remains of the former we present a view. This monastery was founded by Richard Fitzjohn, and Alice his wife, and its revenues were augmented by Henry III. The area encompassed by the walls of this house, which still remain, is upwards of seven acres. The monastery had three gates, two of which are still standing almost entire, and being nearly covered with ivy, they have a very picturesque effect. Within the inclosure, the only building now standing, is a barn. Both these monasteries were suppressed by Henry VIII.

THE RETURN TO SCHOOL.

BY A YOUTH OF FIFTEEN.

(For the Mirror.)

PAST six o'clock---the drowsy watchman's horn
Proclaims his night of napping duty done:
Past six o'clock---the unpropitious dawn,
Lit by the jocund king of smiles, the sun,
In mockery of woe leads on the morn.
Night's veil of rest is rent, and care begun
And the best feelings of a young heart stray,
In sad confusion with the coming day.

My maiden aunts, a trio of divinities,
Gave, two days since, their tip and benediction.
"Heaven prosper long" such dear affinities,
Kind caterers in a school boy's worst affliction;
Such love is worth the keeping, though, to win, it is
On truth and taste at best a dire infliction:
But compliments and calls---such small donations
Ensure us all we want in the vacations.

My doating grandam, too, of sage threescore
Gave kiss and crown and caution---Grandam, *vale.*
And now all chance of lengthen'd freedom o'er,
Brief candle of my hopes, you burn but pale,
The due "viaticum" of five months more
Lacks nothing from attentions kind and daily;
Nought but the weather can prevent, and, lo!
The sun perversely shines, and I must go.

Go---aye, to drudgery of lengthen'd days;
Risings at six; cold duty when we rise,
Where rigid pedantry forgets to praise,
And scorns the notice of a weak heart's sighs,
Where childhood's purest, fondest love decays,
When education bids us to be wise;
Where home seems heaven, and this, our dull probation,
A painful pilgrimage for information.

Few weeks have flown since when, with aching eye,
In sleepless turbulence of hopes and joy,
I mark'd the day of promis'd liberty
Break in the golden East---when no alloy
Of envious care marr'd our hearts revelry
With visions of return; yet each wild boy
Breath'd a pure sigh his orphan friend to leave,
In cheerless solitude at school to grieve.

Far happier now than I that orphan; he,
Left sorrowing alone in regions quiet,
Whilst play and pantomime and "friends to tea'
Have lent their quantum to make up by riot.
Sweet recreations for the memory,
After strict regimen and classic diet;
But Christmas o'er, we school-boys take a *stage-ing,*
And leave spare beds and gay adults *engaging*

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Brief space remains for parting bitterness;
Requests prolong'd, vain comfort; and the last
Hard trial, when a mother's fond lips press
The cheek her tears have moisten'd—then the vast
Convulsive throb, which marks her deep distress,
"Makes cowards of us all." This anguish past,
Jarvis soon starts, winks knowingly at cook,
And spoils a school-boy's last and dearest look.

TYROMETRICUS.

Prospect House Academy, Feb. 2, 1824.

The Sketch Book.

No. XVIII.

THE PUBLIC HOUSE.

IT has been well observed by Irving, that there is scarcely a trace remaining of merry England. The sports and pastimes, which served by anticipation to lighten the toils of months, are given up as a waste of time. The observance of holidays and bonfire-nights exist no longer, save in the declarations of our fathers. The rage for refinement is spreading wide, and undermining the ancient institutions of the country. The dance of Oberon and his fairies has given way to the inventions of witches or devils;* and a love-sick youth is deprived for ever of the chance of a kiss at forfeits. The place which gave an hour's importance to the poor man's heart, the gay resort of old Jack Falstaff, or the mercer of Abingdon, and that prince of bullies, Michael Lambourne, has degenerated into a gin-shop, with some few exceptions, which must be sought for, far from the purlieus of fashion. But even those are hastening to decay; their enemies have united to destroy them, and the death-blow is already given. The decree of fashion has gone forth, and boarding-school misses have pronounced them vulgar. They have also foes of a graver kind, who would gladly reason us out of happiness. The clergy accuse them of encouraging blasphemy, by keeping men from church; and the politician of increasing corruption, by increasing the revenue; whilst the doctor attributes to them all the evils attendant on humanity, and warns mankind from swallowing poison in the shape of Barclay's beer, or Booth's blue ruin:—its name, alas! how typical of its nature.

It has yet other enemies:—the enthusiast, who worships nature on Primrose-hill, wonders how beings with erect faces can confine themselves to a smoky room, when the monarch of coalsigne admires the country, denounces them as "cold-hearted worldings" for preferring the light of a candle to Luna's torch, or the smoke of tobacco to the odour of a dung heap. They who study botany on their leads, or rusticate at Camberwell, consider a public-house as the seat of vice and ignorance; whilst they who have never been inside one in their lives, would represent it as a little hell, whose unfortunate visitants are tempted by Satan himself, in the character of a landlord, assisted by his imps, in the shape of pots, pipes, punch-bowls, and tumblers.

Do not believe them, reader; it is not that scene of ignorance and folly which they represent it to be. I have often met with more acuteness from a portly-looking personage,

"Full of flesh, and full of grace,
With a fine, round, unmeaning face,"

than even when in the company of an enlightened youth, who "pens a stanza when he should engross;" and discovered much knowledge, both of the world and books, concealed behind a pipe and a cool tankard. Many a time have I been decidedly posed in an argument by a little man with a round, red face, and his words coming out slowly, with a whiff between each sentence; and often been cut to the heart, after delivering an opinion with an air of superior wisdom, at finding it refuted by an unwashed artificer.

These, however, are splendid exceptions; the generality, I must confess, are rather low. They have no idea of a quadrille party, and consider waltzing not quite the thing. In spite of Lord Chesterfield's interdiction, they will quote proverbs, make unfashionable remarks about the bachelor's piece, or snuffing out the candle, and indulge in such *double entendres* as would bring the colour into the cheeks of many a sentimental lady who had eloped from her lord and master. Of the higher order of works of genius they have no more conception than Sir Billy ——, but are content with powers of a very limited description. Alderman Wood, in their opinion, rivals Aristides; and Sergeant Denman is a second Cicero. They consider the Old Times to be a perfect oracle; and that Hazlitt is the cleverest fellow alive. What a lesson to those who are toiling for fame! It speaks plainer than Scipio's dream.

Nor are the accusations of vicious society entirely without foundation. Few imitate the hermit in his beverage, or discover an extraordinary partiality to water from the spring. Their charge of tippling (how pretty they speak!) is not

* La volta (the modern waltz) was supposed to have been invented by the Devil, and danced by him and the witches at their annual meetings.

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entirely false. Some drink themselves into good spirits, and are figuratively and literally happy; whilst others become penitent in their cups, and keep up a confessional hiccup till they fall asleep. Many get drowsy, and some disputative. My little friend S——, who is one of the most rational disputants when sober, no sooner becomes a little fresh, than he gets violent and obstreperous, making up in noise what he wants in argument; "whilst at every pause" he applies with increased vigour to his glass, till he gradually subsides into dumb forgetfulness, and resigns the victory to his adversaries from want of power to dispute longer. Yet this is not without its advantages. It is a sort of Spartan school upon an improved principle, where freemen get drunk for the benefit of the community, in order to exhibit the odiousness of the vice to those who choose to profit by it. For my own part, without any consideration of instruction, I love to behold a drunken man, as a species of show. He has such a look of superior wisdom lurking about his eyes, he accompanies every word with a wink, as much as to say, "mark it." When he disputes, it is the very perfection of argument: answer him as you please, he repeats steadily what he said at first, and is like a radical reformer, never confuted—in his own opinion. Nothing either seems to trouble him: he is the true vanquisher of external sorrow, and "leaves dull earth behind him."

"Kings may be blest, but he is glorious,
O'er a' the ills of life victorious.

Who that has ever spent his Saturday night in my friend M——'s, or any other public-house parlour, can forget it? Do not the peals of laughter, and the sounds of harmony, harshened into discord, still come upon his ear? Does he not still see the sot, mistrustless of his smutted face, endeavouring to preserve his perpendicular, and balancing himself like a mountebank on a rope? Does not the taste of his tempting beverage still linger on his palate? and does he not again enjoy that luxurious doze between sleeping and waking, when the morn's mysterious visions bring with them nothing to break upon his slumber but the bells going for a neighbouring church, and giving him just enough of sensation to enjoy the luxury of being!

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

HINDOO ARCHITECT AND TEMPLE OF UOONCAN.

NEAR Uooncan, in India, is fort Meheasir. It is an extensive place, built on a remarkably high bank, and decorated with numerous Hindoo pagodas and bathing ghauts, of the most exquisite workmanship. It is truly astonishing to examine the architecture, and particularly of one temple, in which the correctness of design, and the truly beautiful execution are far superior to every thing of the kind any of the party ever witnessed in India. The architect was sent for, and appeared a venerable old man of the common cast of Rajs (masons); he was made one of the happiest men living by old Bas Mul Dadda, the Governor of Meheasir's presenting him at our request (in public durbar) with a rich turban, cloth and shawl. I do not recollect ever to have seen a picture of more exquisite delight than was pourtrayed in the poor fellow's countenance, on receiving this public mark of (to him) the highest public honour that could be bestowed, acknowledging in the midst of his fellow-citizens the merit which fifty years of labour had at last procured him. His old eyes glistened with pleasure; his bent figure became erect, and every nerve appeared to tremble with sensations of the purest delight. Old Bas Mull Dadda, who is of his own age nearly, and a man of the highest rank in this part of the country, himself bound on his turban. The most extraordinary fact relating to this aged architect, however, is, that in all the beautiful buildings he erected, he never drew a plan for any one of the many he erected, though the most admirable mathematical precision prevails throughout the whole.

The island of Uooncan Mandata is about five miles in circumference. The northern side of it has been fortified; one wall near the top is all that now remains, of which the greater part has shared the fate of the rest, being mostly in ruins. The sacrifice rock is situated in the N.E. corner of the island; it is about seventy feet perpendicular height; at the bottom is a stone besmeared with red paint, on which they say Maha Deo precipitated himself when he disappeared from the world. Numbers of infatuated victims yearly precipitate themselves from this rock at the annual fair, which takes place in November. Last year there were only two instances: one an old man of sixty-five years of age, potail of a neighbouring village, who, in spite of all that could be said to dissuade him, persisted in his determination of sacrificing himself. He sat down and ate his dinner with his relations, appeared to enjoy himself at his meal, and at three o'clock, having bathed and attired himself afresh, he advanced with the utmost coolness to the edge of the rock, sprang off, and in a moment was dashed to pieces. The other, after

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going through the same ceremonies, followed his example. The temple, the natives say, has existed since the creation of the world; it has, however, a modern appearance, which they ascribe to the following circumstance:

About 150 years ago, a king of Mandoo came to Uooncan with the intention of destroying all the temples and holy places about the island; he proceeded in his impious design, and ruined all the minor places of worship: but on his approaching the grand temple, he was struck blind, which he attributed to the anger of the god, and desisted. In the hopes of recovering sight, he made the Bramins magnificent presents; ordered the temple to be enlarged and ornamented, and rebuilt all the places he had destroyed. Maha Deo, they say, signified his intention (previous to his leaving the world) of taking up his continual residence beneath the temple of Uooncan; and on the right hand as you enter they shew you a small square recess, communicating with a subterranean passage, in which the foolish pilgrims deposit their offerings for the sleek and idle Bramins to pocket. This passage, according to their traditions, communicates with the cave at Allahabad, and reaches to Benares and Hurdwar. The pilgrims generally come to Uooncan previous to proceeding to Hurdwar. On the north face of the island is a cave, called the cave of echo, which has certainly the greatest power in echoing the slightest noise I ever heard. When you speak low, your words are echoed in a loud voice; and if you fire a pistol, it sounds like the firing of a battery of twenty-four pounders. There is nothing more in the island worthy of notice, except the barefaced falsehood of the Bramins, which is beyond any thing I ever heard (even from natives). One of them, whom I got hold of to point out the curiosities of the island, on my asking him what went on at the fair, had the impudence to tell me, they had horse-races and elephant and tiger fights; now a horse could not move on any part of the island, except what I rode over (and that was at the imminent danger of breaking my own and horse's neck). An elephant getting to the place is entirely out of the question, unless he dropped from the clouds. I asked him in what part of the island these sports took place: the only answer he could give me was, that he could not show it, but that he saw them there every fair for the last forty years. The influence the Bramins have over the most sensible natives is most astonishing. I had an opportunity of observing an instance in Suroop Tewarie, my subadar, one of the most intelligent natives I have met with: he actually paid one of these drones twenty rupees a month to perform certain ceremonies for him at Uooncan, which I dare say after all were not performed. I was much surprised when he told me of it, for I had formed a much higher opinion of his understanding.

Calcutta Journal.

SNEEZING.

In the days of yore sneezing was ominous, and much more. It was also the All-hail; probably, because the vocal nose stood in lieu of a trumpet or a horn, "ere horns and trumpets was invented." If St. Kilda sneezes now on the arrival of a stranger, it is because Egypt and Greece did the same before; and if you ask me what Egypt and Greece have to do with St. Kilda, I must tell you some other day, as it would make rather too long a note, and as notes are not the fashion in your fashionable journal. The Greek and Roman poets say of a beauty, that the Loves and Graces sneezed a welcome at her birth. Therefore, St. Kilda sneezes a welcome on a stranger's arrival; or imagines it, which is the same thing. The opinion remains when the practice is forgotten, just as he who falls asleep on its highest mountain awakes a poet, because Hesiod did the same before on Parnassus; or because—but I must not quote Latin; and, therefore, the learned may consult the first Satire of Persius. The other learned, who do not care for Persius, may consult Scoockius or Strada, or the Dissertation of Mons. Morin, if they wish to be still more learned in the matter of sneezing. But lest they should not like that trouble, I must even drain a few drops of ink on the subject, as neither Strada nor Scoockius is just now any more within my reach than theirs. As to Clement of Alexandria, I shall pass him by, as he knew nothing about the matter. He talks like an apothecary on the subject; and when did ever any apothecary talk to any purpose? The Greeks and Romans thought better of this business; and more like the philosophers, which they have always shown themselves. *Salve*, said the the old Roman to his sneezing neighbour; Ζηθι, said the Greek. Because sneezing was dangerous, says the apothecary. *Point du tout;* it was the excuse for a compliment. "Sternutamentis salutamur," says Pliny; it is a duty in well-bred society. The Emperor Tiberius insisted on this compliment from all his courtiers, even on a journey, and in the country: which is a proof that it was a court etiquette, dis-

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censed with on occasions of familiar intercourse. As we must not read Apuleius or Petronius, it is sufficient to say, that in the latter, Eumolpus "salvere Gitona ubet," as Monsieur Giton happened to sneeze under the bed; and that, in the former, a similar compliment is paid to the baker's wife in a parallel case of malapropos. So much for compliments. But the compliment is borrowed from the omen, says Clement of Alexandria. He has borrowed, himself, from the Rabbins. It was an omen of death, say the Rabbins, from the creation. Jacob prayed that it might be altered. It was altered; and hence the custom of saying Tobim Chaüm, Long life, when a man sneezed. You may consult Buxtorf if you want the Hebrew characters for Tobim Chaüm. As to what Mr. Charles Sigonius says, that this compliment originated in the time of Pope Gregory, in consequence of a mortal pestilence attended by sneezing, it only proves that he had never read his classics, and was equally unlearned in Rabbinical knowledge. This story has been told by all the old women, and is told still, because it was very variously related in the Gentleman's Magazine some years ago. Let us hope that the New Monthly will put the old women right. Pope Gregory lived in 750; and Jacob —all the world knows how long before that he lived.

To return to our compliments. When the Emperor of Monomotapa sneezes, the whole city is in an uproar. As he did not borrow from Pope Gregory, I suppose we must go back to Jacob at least for the origin of this outcry. Doubtless, our friends of St. Kilda have it from the same source: because Jacob's stone was brought from the plains of Luz to Spain, thence to Ireland, whence it was transferred by Fergus I. to Dunstaffnage, whence Kenneth carried it to Scone, to be forcibly adduced by Edward to Westminster Abbey, where it may now be seen for one shilling and ninepence—thanks to the liberality of the Church!

But when the Lama sneezes, then, indeed, all Asia feels it to her utmost verge and limit: the sound travelling from nose to nose till it is reverberated from the great wall of China. The French consider it boisterous to say "God bless you" on these occasions; so much does France differ from Tartary. It is only permitted, in the *Code de Politesse*, to pull off your hat and make a silent bow.

Aristotle, heaven bless him, is rather dull on this point, considering that he was a natural philosopher, and somewhat more. Sneezing, saith the Stagyrite, proceeds from the brain, and is a mark of vigour. The brain expels offensive or superfluous ideas through the nose, says he. It were to be desired that this were the usage still; as now-a-days they are apt to find vent through the mouth, to the vast annoyance of liege subjects. And, therefore, we salute the brain when it sneezes its energetic tokens of evacuated folly and incumbrance. Enough of the Aristotelian philosophy; and as to what Polydore Virgil says, it is as little to the purpose as the predication of Clement of Alexandria.

If they make sneezing a state concern in Monomotapa and Tartary, so they do also in Mesopotamia (or did), and in Siam. When the latter potentate sneezed, a general rejoicing took place in all that triangle which intervenes between the Euphrates and the Tigris; so that the whole nation was in a perpetual uproar whenever his Majesty chanced to have a cold. Hence it was not allowed to take snuff, lest the whole business of the state should fall into disorder. In that district of Pluto's dominions, which is set apart for the Siamese, the judge keeps a ledger of his prospective subjects. Occasionally he consults his tablets, impatient for the arrival of the next comer; and thus on whosesoever name he fixes his fiery eye, the fated individual's nose responds in sympathetic sneeze. Hence it is, that the men of Siam bless each other from the foul fiend, whose influence is marked in impending omens on the echoing nose. —*New Monthly Magazine.*

PUNNING.

(For the Mirror.)

"He ne'er could ope his muns,
But out would pop a brace of puns."

THIS sort of wit, however light and frivolous some thinking people imagine it, has, nevertheless, been frequently used by the gravest of mankind. It requires, however, like irony, to be handled dexterously: a bungler at this weapon is generally laughed at, and becomes contemptible in the opinion of his hearers; but when it is at once delicately and pointedly aimed, it never fails to entertain good society. That leviathan, Dr. Johnson, is said to have affirmed, that a man who could make a pun, would pick a pocket; but the Doctor has proved himself a filch by his own practice, and has incurred, like all other punsters, the eternal punishment which that quick-sighted poet, Dean Swift, describes in his "*Art of Punning.*" Lords, Ministers, and Commons, Barbers and Lawyer's-clerks, Man-Milliners, Dustmen, and Nightmen, (*dulces homines*, as Lingo

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would say,) now wanton with the leading strings of punning. I cannot agree with a certain publication, that punning is a nuisance: it shews the invention of the mind, and always pleases when not offensively personal, or contemptibly weak and unperceived. Nevertheless, Mr. Editor, if you think the following jokes of a punster (now defunct!) will either add to the glory of punning, or expose its fallacy, they are at your service.

He observes of a young lady who eloped with a *feather merchant*, that she took *wing* to Gretna Green. He is continually stunning one's ears with one *Rapin* who invented *knockers*. On looking into a *Mirror*, he makes many wise *reflections*, and *frames* his own jokes upon it. And on seeing a man who went up with Mr. Green in his balloon, *fall down*, he pronounced him a *descendant* of that famous Aeronaut. On a man whose *feet smelt*, (not of the rose) he called it a *fetid smell*. And on striking a boy on the head with the *handle* of an umbrella, till he cried out, he would exclaim, that he hit him to some tune—to a tune of *Handel*. On a *tree*, he begins with—let us *branch* off into some subject—hav'n't you got *sap* enough already—I beg *leave* to dissent, &c. and *boughs* with deference to your opinion, and *stalks* away, because he cannot *stem* your eloquence: all these are common enough, and such as any young puppy of a punnikin might *bark* at. Of a person who made a bad cure of an *eye*, he said he ought to be *lash*'d through the world, or thrown down the *cataracts* of Niagara, for being such a sorry *pupil* of his master. And pulling his pocket *handkerchief* out, he says, he *hankers chiefly* after such and such things. On seeing a man before a looking glass, tie his *neckcloth well*, he exclaimed *vel you tie* in *speculum!* Some old *hair* bottomed chairs put him in mind of a poem of Lord Byron's, because they were *coarse hair*. He would rather let all foreign *loans alone*, particularly those of *Holland*, because he would get *Neither Lands* nor money for his loan, though his credulity might get a *Polish*. He says he had *stout* notions of marrying a *brewer's* daughter, *but* her father was against the match, so they thought of *hopping* off to the north. Then he has seen lovers under a *cypress* tree. He talks of his friend, Mr. *Eel*, who lives in *Skinner's* Street. He asks *Lucy* for a light, and says he is in *lux via* (luck's way!) from thence he would infer Lucifer! On seeing a *church*, he says, he has very aspiring ideas, for he should like to be the *chancellor* of England: such jokes deserve a *halter*, for they put one in a terri-*ble fry!* On passing a *river*, he said, he had *divers* notions of throwing himself in, because the *Bank* was to issue no more paper *currency*. He hears reports, that a house which was pulled down and *rebuilt*, was haunted; but remarks, that it was only a *story raised*. He says, that a man that will fish all day, ought to have a *rod* for pursuing such a *line* of conduct: so says Theodore *Hook!* When he goes skaiting, he says, he commences on *fundamental* principles and it is but *justice* for him to *crack* his jokes there. On seeing a lady who wore a cap called the late *queen's cap*, he remarked, it must be a *mob cap*. He talks of his friend the cheesemonger being a *mighty* fine sort of man, and when he is *solus*, he says, he is always *so-lo* (w). He says, Mr. *Ruyner* will be a *Reigner* at the English Opera. Miss *Wood*, of the Haymarket, has been long used to the *boards*, and has played a good *deal*; but observes, that no one dared ever yet to *touch Wood*. Mr. Liston once complained to the Manager of Drury Lane: some one said, go to *El-liston*, and he will *listen* to you. He says, that Miss *Tree* ought to be called a *palm* tree from the applause she gets: and that Miss *Dance* has taken a *trip* to Bath. That Miss *Chester* is at Man*chester*. That Miss *Love* has a great deal of *cupid*-ity. And that Mrs. *Chatter*-ley knows she has a *tongue*. A man told him once that he was no *pun ster*, on which, he could not *stir* a *pun!* He *blows*, he told him, the *flies*: and says *Old Maids* are *verging* (read virgin) on the vale of life. He talks of his friend the *fiddler* keeping the even *tenor* of his way, that he *Wares* well, although he is *bow*'d down with age. He talks of *George the Third*, *Wilks*, *Wat Tyler*, and *darned stockings*, in one breath, because they are *men ded!* And says the best language for punning is the *Punic*. With him a *strong* man is a *Mussel*man. And he calls a *flower pot* an *Elector of Middlesex*, because it is a *Land holder*. Says, our immortal *Sheridan* was too fond of *wine*: it was by his *wit* he got his *bread*, though Mr. *Whitbread* often proved *crusty* and opposed him. "*Facilis decensus Averni*" says he, to a friend who slipped down the stairs of a modern *Hell*, in Pall Mall. He will tell you of a *Bear* he once saw *Brewing!* Shakspeare's *Commentators* are *common 'tatoes*. He deplores the catastrophe of the man who was *ass*aulted by a *donkey*, and says all *flesh* is grass, and a great deal of it *scurvy* grass. He has seen *coal-heavers* laugh till they were *black* in the face. And when he sees Draymen *lowering beer* in a public-house cellar, he says,

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it is a sign that *beer has fallen*. Drinking, he says, makes him *lean*, because he *leans* against every post and wall that *bars* his passage, which is uncommonly *grating* to his feelings. And when he gets *up a rope ladder*, he says, he is an *upright* man, and cannot fail *rising* in the world. If any one talks of our *first* parents, he says, he was on the *eve* of mentioning them, and if he was *able*, he would give so and so a good *caining*, plague on such jokes say I. A celebrated poet, he says, ought to write *more*, for he has written *little* long enough, almost till he was done *brown*. He talks of Mr. *Westcott*, who is a relation of Mr. *Coates*: such observations would be only making *breaches* into nonsense, I *trow sirs*, it would, was his reply. He exclaims, *requies*CAT *in pace* over a dead *puss*. INGENS *cui lumen ademptum*, when he sees the *engines* running. And thanks Mr. *Peel* for the *Repeal* of the Marriage Act. BETA.

August, 1823.

Useful Domestic Hints.

SUBSTITUTE FOR HOPS.

HOPS being last season a very unproductive crop, are now of course proportionably dear; it may, therefore, not be amiss to state, for the information of private families, who practise economy, and brew their beer, that Gentian root has been used with the greatest success for a substitute. The proportion of Gentian to each bushel of malt, varies from one ounce to an ounce and half, to which a quarter of a pound of hops should be added. This root is to be carefully cut into thin slices, and if boiled in a quantity of water for some time, before it is added with the hops in the usual manner, it will ensure the extraction of the bitter principle; although, by many who have used it, it is merely sliced, and put into the boiling wort precisely in the same method that hops usually are, and it is almost impossible to distinguish beer so brewed, from that where hops are wholly used; if any thing, the Gentian imparts a more grateful bitter. A few hops added in the cask when the liquor is stopped down, will impart the full flavour of the hop. The quantity of the root may be diminished or increased, so that the bitter may suit the taste, and a little experience will enable those who use it to do so. Generally, perhaps, one ounce with four ounces of hops, will be found sufficient for each bushel of malt. The Gentian root may be had at about 1½*d.* per ounce; but, if bought by the pound, it is considerably cheaper. P. S.

RECEIPT FOR A COUGH.

Take of Mucilage of Gum Arabic, 2 oz.
Simple Syrup, ½ oz.
Peppermint Water, 1½ oz.
Mix the above together.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

Croydon, January 28, 1824.

SIR,—I am a regular subscriber to your valuable little work the *Mirror;* and on perusing that dated January 3, I find you have greatly erred in prescribing (under the head "*Useful Domestic Hints,*") a remedy "In case of danger arising from having drank water when warm." You advise *half an ounce* of camphor to be dissolved in a gill of brandy, and taken at intervals of three minutes. Surely you must have intended half a drachm; for, if you refer to the properties of camphor in the Pharmacopœia, you will find the dose to be from one to five grains, and in large doses twenty grains and upwards; and that excessive doses produce syncope, anxiety, retchings, convulsions and delirium.

A CONSTANT READER.

RUSSIAN MODE OF MAKING BUTTER.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—Observing in a monthly scientific journal, an article on the subject of making butter in winter, I beg leave to furnish a few particulars on that subject, as practised in Russia, since the year 1816, and which may, perhaps, be of some service to those who may be induced to make the experiment either in summer or winter. Being in that country in the year 1817, I was informed by a Russian nobleman, that the proprietor of an extensive estate (also a nobleman of high rank) had discovered a new mode of making butter, and had received letters patent from the Emperor as a reward for the discovery, and which he stated as being at that time in full and successful operation. The process consisted in boiling (or rather that species of boiling called simmering) the milk for the space of fifteen minutes in its sweet state—observing at the same time not to use sufficient heat to burn the milk; it is then churned in the usual manner.—He also stated, that no difficulty ever occurred in procuriug butter immediately, and of a quality far superior to that made

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from milk which had undergone vinous fermentation: and that in addition to its superior flavour, it would preserve its qualities much longer than that made in the ordinary mode; that the additional advantages were, that the milk, being left sweet, is possessed of almost the same value for ordinary purposes, and by some was considered more healthy, as they supposed the boiling or scalding to destroy whatever animalculæ it may have contained.

If the above process should upon experiment prove of sufficient importance, so as to bring it into general use, particularly in the winter, it would perhaps be to the advantage of those who may practise it to have their milk scalded in vessels calculated to stand in the kettle or boiler, by which mode the danger of burning the milk would be avoided, for it is ascertained that milk only burns on the edges of its surface, or where it comes in contact with the sides of the vessel in which it is heated, which can never happen in double kettles, or where one is placed within the other.

AGRICOLA.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

FACETIÆ.

JOHN, Duke of Bourbonnois, published a declaration, in 1414, "that he would go over to England, with sixteen knights, and there fight to extremity, in order to *avoid idleness*, and to merit the good graces of the fair lady whose humble servant he was."

A person talking to Foote of an acquaintance of his, who was so avaricious, that he lamented the prospect of his funeral expenses, and who yet had censured one of his relations for his parsimony; "Now, is it not strange," continued he, "that this man would not take the *beam* out of his own eye, before he attempted the mote in other people's?" "Why, so I dare say he would," cried Foote, if he was sure of selling the *timber*."

When Mr. C. Yorke was returned member for the University of Cambridge, in 1770, he went round to thank the members who had voted for him. Among the number was one remarkable for having the largest and ugliest face that ever was seen. Mr. Yorke, in thanking him, said, "Sir, I have a great reason to be thankful to my friends in general, but confess myself under particular obligations to *you* for the *very remarkable countenance* you have *shewn* me upon this occasion."

Two friends, one a native of Lancashire, the other an Hibernian, being in conversation together, the latter asked the former, "what death he would wish to die?" The answer was, "Let me die the death of the righteous." "Och! my dear," replied honest Pat, "that you'll never do *as long as ye live*."

THE VALENTINE WREATH.

BY MR. MONTGOMERY.

ROSY red the hills appear
With the light of morning,
Beauteous clouds, in æther clear,
All the East adorning;
White thro' mist the meadows shine:
Wake, my Love, my Valentine!

For thy locks of raven hue,
Flowers of hoar frost pearly,
Crocus-cups of gold and blue,
Snow-drops drooping early,
With Mezeron sprigs combine:
Rise, my Love, my Valentine!

O'er the margin of the flood,
Pluck the daisy peeping;
Thro' the covert of the wood,
Hunt the sorrel creeping;
With the little Celandine,
Crown my Love, my Valentine.

Pansies, on their lowly stems,
Scatter'd o'er the fallows;
Hazel-buds with crimson gems,
Green and glossy sallows,
Tufted moss and ivy-twine,
Deck my Love, my Valentine.

Few and simple flow'rets these;
Yet to me less glorious
Garden-beds and orchard-trees!
Since this wreath victorious
Binds you now for ever mine,
O my Love, my Valentine.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Edgar is requested to send to our office for a letter.

Lector Speculi shall be attended to.

The favours of *P. T. W.*, *J. D. S.*, *Beta-Pi*, *A. B.*, *J. H. W.*, *F. S.*, *T.*, and some half dozen articles on the stage, with valentines addressed to every lady's name from Amelia to Zenobia, have been received.

The Prophetic Dew Drops versified, *The Chemical Student*, and *Jacobus*, in our next.

Errata in our last.—P. 106, col. 1, l. 10 from bottom, *for* "Senuiani," *read* "Geminiani;" col. 2, l. 8 from bottom, *for* "Melpomene," *read* "Euterpe;" p. 111, col. 1, l. 7, *for* "Kellarday," *read* "Kellaway."

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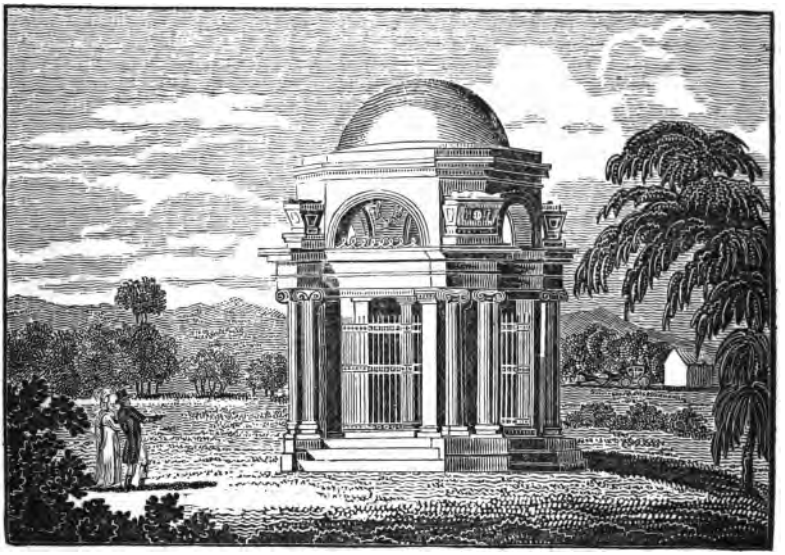
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. LXXII.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1824. [Price 2*d*.

Burns's Mausoleum at Dumfries.



Long had the genius of Burns been universally acknowledged, and his poems been read and admired, from the Land's End to John o'Groat's, before there was any tribute to his memory. While living, he had been treated with the most cruel neglect, and insulted with the situation of an exciseman, for, to a man of his genius and feeling, such an office was an insult, when death released him from the fangs of poverty on the 22nd of July, 1796, in the 38th year of his age. He died poor, but "owing no man;" for the independence of his spirit, and the exemplary prudence of his wife, not only preserved him from debt, but from every sort of meanness.

Eighteen years had his fame, like a rolling snow-ball, continually augmented, when two gentlemen stepped forth to erect a monument to his memory. Their names deserve record. It was to William Guerson, Esq. of Baitford, Dumfrieshire, and Alexander Key, Esq. of Golden-square, London, that the memory of Burns and the public are indebted for the Mausoleum, of which we this week give an engraving. When once projected, funds were soon supplied to complete it. It is a beautiful sepulchral monument, which, for symmetry and chasteness of design, has scarcely its equal in any age or country. An inscription in Latin was deposited in the first stone, of which the following is a translation:—

In perpetual honour of
ROBERT BURNS,
decidedly the first Scottish poet of his age,
whose exquisite verses in the dialect
of his country,
distinguished for the strength and fire
of native genius,
more than for the acquired accomplishments
of polish and erudition,
are admired by all men of letters
for their humour, pleasantry, elegance,
and variety;
his townsmen and others, who love polite
literature,
and cherish the memory of so eminent
a genius,
caused this Mausoleum to be erected
over the mortal remains of
The Bard.
Of this edifice,

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planned by Thomas F. Hurst,
of London, architect,
the first stone was laid by
William Miller, Esq.
Provincial Grand Master of the Southern
District
of Free-Masons in Scotland,
in the reign of George III.
during the regency of George,
Prince of Wales,
Joseph Gass, Esq. being Provost of
Dumfries,
on the 5th day of June,
in the year of light, 5815,
of our Lord, 1815.

HISTORY OF COMMERCE.

(For the Mirror.)

If we would mark the several periods and countries, in which manufactures and commerce have flourished, we must follow the course of the arts, which commerce has always accompanied, and in a great measure that of power, which seldom fails to attend it, when we should find that the progress of all the three has been from east to west, beginning near the land of Palestine.

The first people who were induced by their situation to apply to arts and commerce, were those who inhabited the coasts of the Red Sea and the Arabian Gulf, so convenient for transporting goods from the Indies; though it is most probable, that goods were first carried by land on camels. These people were the Arabians or Ishmaelites, and especially the Edomites. Their trade was chiefly with Egypt, which by that means was rich and populous. Upon the conquest of Idumea, by David, the scattered remains of that industrious people fled to the coast of the Mediterranean sea, where as Sir Isaac Newton conjectures, they took Sidon, the inhabitants of which built Tyre, which being found more commodiously situated for traffic, soon became more famous than the mother country. The Tyrians finding an immense vent for their commodities along all the coast of the Mediterranean sea, among people who had just begun to be civilized, (and whom their intercourse with them, more than any other circumstance, contributed to civilize,) grew rich, populous and powerful to an incredible degree; and notwithstanding they were subdued by Nebuchadnezzar, they were only driven from the continent. They built a city equal, or superior, to the former on an island opposite to it, where they continued their commerce with the same advantages, till they were finally subdued by Alexander the Great.

Before this fatal event, the Tyrians had founded many colonies on the coast of Europe and Africa, particularly Carthage, which by the intimate connexion it always kept up with its mother country, and the free access the Carthaginians had to the remotest parts of Europe, grew to a far greater height of opulence and power than commerce had been attained by any nation before them. The taking of Tyre removed the seat of the same commerce to Alexandria, where the Ptolemys were great encouragers of commerce, and found their advantage in it. For the produce of the customs of Alexandria is said to have been two millions of our money annually. Alexandria maintained the same rank in point of trade and commerce during the earlier period of the Roman empire, but yielded to Constantinople; the riches acquired by commerce long preserved the remains of that power which had a very different origin.

During the ravages committed by the northern barbarians, in their invasion of the Roman empire, two rival states, Venice and Genoa, rose from the most inconsiderable beginnings, and by their commerce with Constantinople and Alexandria on the one hand, and the western states of Europe on the other, arrived at immense riches and power; so as to be a match for the Turks, when they had put an end to the Constantinopolitan empire. Within this period, viz. in the 13th century, the business of exchange and banking was begun by the Lombards and Jews; an invention of infinite advantage to the trading part of the world, which was now become very extensive. Before this time, commerce had made a considerable progress westwards, and many towns in Germany, England, the Low Countries, and France, called the Hanse Towns, entered into a league for carrying on a very extensive commerce, which they did with vast advantage, till their haughtiness and warlike enterprises, gave umbrage to the powers of Europe, and engaged them to put an end to the confederacy. Venice and Genoa were ruined in part, by their mutual jealousy and wars; but what diverted almost the whole course of trade out of its former channel, and which makes the most remarkable revolution in the whole history of commerce, was the discovery of a passage to the East Indies, round the Cape of Good Hope, by the Portuguese, and of America, by the Spaniards. These discoveries they were enabled to make, by means of the compass, which then first begun to be applied to navigation; though that property of the load

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stone, on which the use of it depends, had been known a considerable time before. For about a century and a half, these were the only considerable naval powers in the world; but the arrogance and ambition of the Spaniards after the conquest of Portugal, excited the hatred and industry of the Dutch and English. The former, first became a free, then a commercial, and in a remarkably short space of time, a rich and potent state, and much superior to their former masters. The English, in the reign of Elizabeth, began to follow their footsteps, and by a steady perseverance, and the help of many natural advantages, they have been continually increasing their commerce and naval force, till it is at this day far superior to that of the Dutch, or that of any other state in the world. The success of the Dutch and English has excited all the states of Europe, in proportion to their abilities and opportunities, to engage in commerce. This emulation has raised such a spirit of industry, promoted so many new manufactures, occasioned the establishment of so many new colonies in all parts of the known world, and brought such an amazing accession of riches and power to the states of Europe in general, as must have appeared incredible, but a few centuries ago. And little did the ancient Greeks and Romans imagine that the *divisi toto orbe Brittanni*, and the poor barbarous and ignorant neighbouring nations, would ever make the figure they now do, and go so infinitely beyond whatever they had attained to in respect to science, commerce, riches, power, and I may add, happiness. As to the commerce of England, though it was by no means inconsiderable in several periods of the more early part of our history, that were particularly favourable to it, and though it was encouraged by several of our wiser princes in those times; yet till the period in which I have introduced the mention of it, it never was so considerable as to deserve being taken notice of in this very general view of the progress and revolutions of commerce.

D. K. L.

THE PROPHETIC DEW-DROPS.*

(For the Mirror.)

In a garden where flowrets were blooming wild,
One arid and sultry morning,
There restlessly wander'd a delicate child,
Whose sense was too early dawning;
"Ah Father!" he cried,
As the buds he eyed,
That languidly droop'd before them;
"The dew-drops to day,
Have been snatch'd away
Too soon, and we're left to deplore them!

Alas! not permitted to glitter on flow'rs
As happier dew-drops have been,
That have sparkled at eve, in the moonlight hours.
Like fairy lamps over the scene;
And liv'd thro' the night
And the morning bright,
On the buds, till the noon of the day;
But the heat of the sun,
Or his wrath has undone
These poor dew-drops, and chas'd them away!"
Thus had murmur'd the child, when a fleeting show'r
Bore down from the darkening sky;
And a rain-bow appear'd, ere the closing hour
As a beautiful arch upon high.
"See thy dew-drops fair
In the rain-bow there,
More brilliantly set than before;
So, that which fades here,
In a purer sphere
Will re-bloom to be blighted, no more!"
While thus spoke the father, how little he knew
That his words as prefiguring fell,
Or that the fair infant soon fading from view
Ah would witness their truth but *too well!*
For this child of light,
In the morning bright
Of his wisdom too early given;
By sickness assailed,
Was even exhaled
As a dew-drop from earth into heaven!

Feb. 16th, 1824. E. S. C———y

* See Mirror, No. 70.

THE GOOD WOMAN.

(For the Mirror.)

SOME persons, whose reading and experience have brought them in contact rather with bad women than good, and who, perhaps, have read the story of a woman who spoke very well without a tongue, a story which is attested by Wilcox, Bishop of Rochester, and was read before the Royal Society, in a letter from Lisbon, dated September 3, 1707; and which gave occasion to the following epigram:—

That without a tongue a woman could
Chat and prattle, talk aloud:
As a fact I must receive it.—
But that a woman with a tongue
Could hold her peace, and hold it long;
Pshaw! I can't believe it.

Some such persons, may have been of opinion, that a woman never could be absolutely GOOD unless her head were entirely off; and hence have deduced the origin of the sign, which is still to be seen at several oil shops, particularly in St. Giles's, midway between the church and Tottenham-Court Road; at another in Bishopsgate-street; at a third, in Kent-street-road; and at a fourth in London-road; at the last shop, however, the husband fairly divides the sign with his wife; for it is the "Good Man" on one side, and the "Good Woman" on the other. But, when we are told, that this sign has never appeared but at an oil-shop, and that it is commonly believed, that the first-mentioned house has been in the same trade, and with the same sign, or something like it, ever since the

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days of Charles I.; we may, perhaps, conclude, that the sign was originally, at that distant period, nothing but an Italian oil-jar, which being very badly painted, and become much worse by decay, might have been likened by the customers to a headless old woman with her arms a-kimbo; and might really have been as much like one as what it was intended for. Then, we may suppose, the next occupier of the house, either deceived himself, or humouring the mistake of others, might, when he renewed his sign, really turn it into a woman without a head. Or, even supposing the mistake to have been made by the sign-painter, from being unable to distinguish the figure he had to copy from, have we not read of stranger metamorphoses, and of stranger errors in drawing?

F. R——Y.

HOT ROLLS; OR, ST. MONDAY.

(For the Mirror.)

Miss Monday, as the gossips tell,
Was deem'd a comely pleasing girl:
For shape and manners, air and grace,
The boast, and charmer of the place.
Not Scandal's tongue her name could taint;
Indeed for virtue, deem'd a saint!
Yet Miss, the kindest, best of souls,
Was partial---very fond of rolls!
And as some things are thought propitious,
Hot rolls by her esteem'd delicious!
Now, so it fell---the baker's shop,
Where *oft* Miss Monday made a stop,
Was kept by two new married folks,
On whom the tattlers made their jokes.
'Twas said that *John* (the man of dough)
Was never known astray to go;
From morn to night would work and sing,
Content and happy as a king:
No wish beyond his shop to roam,
So dear to him was wife and home!
And then his partner, little Jane,
Of John, nor business, did complain;
She found him what she told him free,
All that a man, good man, should be!
But curse on Envy's evil power,
Hot rolls were made their joys to sour;
Hot rolls for which *Miss Monday* came,
Set *John* and John's *wife*, in a flame!
She thought Miss Monday wink'd her eye
And John, (her Johnny) heav'd a sigh!
She thought she saw him squeeze her hand,
And Miss too near the oven stand!
She thought (but that he did deny)
She heard him whisper, "*by and bye!*"
And therefore told the wicked elf
"Next time, I'll serve that girl myself."
"You shan't," says John.---"I will," says Jane,
"And always when she comes again.
I'll have no winks nor squeezing here,
And so you know my mind, my dear."
John bit his lips,---Jane bang'd the door!
The reign of quiet was no more.
And sure, as if to blow the coals,
Miss Monday came again for rolls!
And said, not thinking ill nor strife,
She never eat such in her life!
And therefore told her sister Fan,
"My *baker* is a *darling man!*"
In vain did John caress his wife
And swore he prized her more than life:
In vain declar'd he ne'er went out,
But business always went about;
In vain declar'd he shunn'd the girls,
And cared not for their smiles nor spells.
"You rogue!" says Jane, "all's false you've said,
Last night you cried *hot rolls in bed!*
Nay, villain, vow'd, as there's a Sunday,
You lov'd her, and would keep *Saint Monday!*"

Utopia.

LOVE OUT OF PLACE.

BY THE HON. ROBERT SPENCER.

(For the Mirror.)

I'm a boy of all work, a complete little servant,
Tho' now out of place, like a beggar I rove;
Tho' in waiting so handy, in duty so fervent,
The heart (could you think it?) has turn'd away Love!

He pretends to require, growing older and older,
A muse more expert his chill fits to remove;
But sure ev'ry heart will grow colder and colder,
Whose fires are not lighted and fuel'd by Love!

He fancies that Friendship, my puritan brother,
In journies and visits more useful will prove;
But the heart will soon find, when it calls on another
That no heart is at home to a heart without Love.

He thinks his new Porter, grim featur'd suspicion,
Will falsehood and pain from his mansion reprove;
But pleasure and truth will ne'er ask for admission,
If the doors of the heart be not open'd by Love!

Too late he will own, at his folly confounded,
My skill at a feast was all praises above;
For the heart, though with sweets in profusion surrounded,
Must starve at a banquet unseasoned by Love!

The heart will soon find all his influence falter
By me, by me only that influence throve;
With the change of his household, his nature will alter,
That heart is no heart which can live without Love.

THEATRICAL FIRE.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

Sir,—I am induced to make a few observations, from observing in No. 70 of the "Mirror" two *recipes* for "*Red and Green Fire.*" In both, five proportions of oxymuriate (or more properly chlorate) of potash are required, and directed to be well and perfectly triturated with the other ingredients. Now this preparation of potassa is very highly inflammable, and, of course, very dangerous to handle. This, the attempt to substitute it for nitre, in the manufacture of gunpowder, at *Essone*, in the year 1788, can prove; I have no doubt that many, seeing the directions, would be inclined to make these "*Fires*," (especially as they are exceedingly expensive to purchase,) and in the trituration, cause themselves very considerable danger from explosion: I myself am an instance of this. I have found, however, that by substituting ten

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parts of nitrate of potassa, for five of the chlorate, all danger is obviated, and the brilliancy of the mixture very little, if at all, diminished.—*A Chemical Student.*

ON A LADY WHO SQUINTED.

If ancient Poets Argus prize,
Who boasted of a hundred eyes,
Sure greater praise to her is due
Who looks a hundred ways with two. ††

BULL IN "WAVERLEY."

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

Sir,—Your intelligent correspondents, who have favoured us with an account of the mistakes in the Scotch novels, have overlooked one, which, perhaps, if it came from an Irish instead of a Scotch author, would be termed *a bull.* It occurs near the end of the third volume of Waverley, when the procession, which bears Fergus M'Ivor to execution, has passed through the court-yard. After describing the scene very faithfully, he says, "the court-yard was now ENTIRELY EMPTY. *Waverley was standing in the middle of it.*" Yours, HONOROTONTHOLOGOS.

THE POET'S VALENTINE.

(For the Mirror.)

Since custom (whose tyrannic sway
Poets, like others, must obey)
Commands upon St. Valentine,
To write our lovely maid a line,
Pleading the anguish of the heart,
Transpiere'd by cruel Cupid's dart!
That frenzy will distract the mind,
If to our suit she prove unkind:
That life without her, is but vile,
Our only hope awaits her smile:
And various other arts to move,
Well known by those who're skill'd in love,
With vows of purest constant flame,
To woo the lass to change her name:
Obedient then to custom's rite,
My Valentine I'll thus indite.
Ye sisters of *Parnassus'* hill!
Teach me to write with potent skill;
Oh! deign to hear my ardent pray'r,
Poetic genius let me share:
With lyric numbers fire my verse,
Grant that I may as *Pope* rehearse:
In polish'd strains like his divine;
Then will applauding fame be mine;
Without your aid the winged horse,
('Tis *Pegasus* I mean of course)
Will quickly throw me from his back,
The meanest of the rhyming pack;
No more to dare his fiery rein,
Nor 'tempt *Parnassus'* steeps again!
The scoffings of the critic crowd,
Would instant tell my fall aloud;
In pity then, avert my lot,
Your kindness ne'er shall be forgot,
Your patronage I'll not abuse,
But constant prove to *ev'ry* muse.
Vouchsafe then, matchless sisters nine,
T' adopt me for your Valentine;
Then, as in duty bound, I'll pray,
Anxious my debt of gratitude to pay,
I'll send you *one a piece* next courting day.

JACOBUS.

K

Select Biography.

No. III.

HENRY HEADLEY.

Fame, register of time,
Write in thy scrowle, that I,
Of wisdome lover, and sweet poesie,
Was cropped in my prime.
And ripe in worth, tho' greene in years did die.

DRUMMOND.

Henry Headley was the only son of the Rev. Henry Headley, Vicar of North Walsham, in the County of Norfolk. He was born at Irstead, in Norfolk, in the year 1766. The reputation of Dr. Parr, as master of the grammar school at Norwich, induced Mr. Headley to place his son under his care, under peculiarly favourable circumstances. As the constitution of young Headley was naturally delicate, much of the time, which his school-fellows spent in robust exercises, he devoted to writing, and many of the wild and tender effusions of his fancy, proved the poetical bias of his mind.

On the 14th of January, he was admitted a commoner of Trinity College, Oxford, under the tuition of the Rev. Charles Jesse; and at the following election on Trinity Monday, May 27th, was chosen scholar of that society. His situation at the University was as favourable as he could desire; for it not only allowed him ample scope for the expansion of his genius, and the indulgence of his literary habits, but presented him with living examples of classical taste, and learned research, which he could not behold without enthusiastic admiration. Among these bright examples was the Rev. Thomas Wharton, well known to the public by his writings: he was at that time Senior fellow of Trinity College, where he usually resided: and Headley, as a scholar of the same College, was favourably situated for the contemplation of Mr. Wharton's character, general manners, and habits of life. As his friends found that no subjects were more agreeable to Headley than anecdotes of Wharton, they often fed his curiosity with a treat he so much enjoyed. The information they gave him, and the perusal of his various publications—his poems—his observations on Spenser—and his history of English poetry, stimulated him to give his mind that direction which marked the course of his subsequent studies, and induced him to prefer "the monuments of banish'd minds" as existing in old English poetry to all other pursuits.

The various objects which the appearance of the University of Oxford pre-

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sented, could not fail to produce a powerful effect on his imagination. The delightful gardens and public walks; the various seats of learning and piety, where heroes had been taught the lessons of honour and virtue, sages had planned their systems of philosophy, and poets had indulged their flights of fancy—the survey of the gothic battlements and lofty towers "mantled with the moss of time"—the crisped roofs, the clustered columns, and the mellow gloom of the painted windows, were all objects so closely connected with the study of the by-gone times, as to give a deep tincture to his mind; they were perfectly congenial with his taste, and contributed to mature and refine it.

Kindred minds will invariably cling together, wherever they meet. Happily finding in Trinity College several of its members, who were young men of talents, learning, and amiable manners, he had little difficulty in forming an aquaintance. Among the select number of his associates was William Lisle Bowles, who has since distinguished himself as an eminent poet.

His long vacations, far from being passed in idle rambles from home, were devoted to his studies, and the anxious discharge of his domestic duties. It is of importance to observe such traits as these in his character, especially at a time when men of literary pretensions appear by their actions, in too many deplorable instances, to deem it the privilege of genius to hold the important demands of ordinary life in utter contempt. At this time his father was confined by an illness which terminated in his death: the impression made upon the mind of his affectionate son, by a prospect so melancholy, may be collected from the beginning of his poem to *Myra*.

From these sad scenes, where care and pale dismay
Darken with deepest clouds the coming day,
Where duty breathes in vain its lengthened sigh,
And wipes the stagnant tear from sorrow's eye,
O'er all its hopes views hovering death prevail,
And mourns the social comforts as they fail;
Say, can a novice muse, though you inspire,
In artless thanks awake the sadden'd lyre?

In 1786, he produced the first collected fruits of authorship by the publication of his *poems and other pieces*. Most of them had appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

In the following year, at the age of twenty-two, he published "*Select Beauties of Ancient English Poets, with remarks.*" Such a work was highly complimentary to these pioneers of our literature, as well as honourable to the author. The plagiarisms of many of our modern flippant scribblers from these writers are so many abundant proofs of the merit, which even they attach to them.

He was an occasional contributor of many ingenious pieces to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, under the signature of C. T. O., and wrote an Essay in the *Olla Podrida*, a periodical work, published in Oxford, in 1788, by the Rev. T. Monro, which contains some excellent observations on ancient and modern tragedy.

He left Trinity College, after a residence there of nearly three years. For some months after his departure from Oxford, the inquiries of his college friends for his place of residence were in vain: it at length appeared, that he was married, and had retired to Matlock, in Derbyshire, pleased with such a sequestered retreat, and the wild scenery of the country which accorded with the romantic turn of his mind.

The symptoms of a consumptive tendency in his constitution, which had been increasing for some years, were now so strongly confirmed, and he became so alarmingly indisposed, that his physician advised him to take a voyage to Lisbon. Thither he determined to proceed immediately, and his college friend, William Benwell, excited by the most affectionate sympathy, hastened to London, and took leave of him under circumstances of distress, which may be more easily imagined than described. Though harrassed by an incessant cough, and unaccompanied by any one he knew, Headley had the resolution to undertake the voyage: he sailed in May, 1788; but on landing at Lisbon, so far was he from feeling any effectual relief, that he found himself oppressed by the heat of the climate. A few days would probably have terminated his life, but for the unremitting kindness of a friend, to whom he had an introductory letter, and who procured him every facility of deriving the desired benefit from the change of climate. His malady had, however, made too great progress to be stopped; and as he found that nothing was to be gained from a residence in Portugal, he returned to England in August, to his house in Norwich. After suffering to such a degree, as to put his patience to a very severe trial, he died on the 15th November, 1788, in the twenty-third year of his age, and was buried near his parents, and two sisters, in the church of North Walsham, in Norfolk.

Mr. Headley was of middle stature, thin, and delicately formed. His features were remarkably expressive: when in health, his cheeks glowed with the tints

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of the damask rose—and genius and sensibility were written in his face.

There was a charm in his society which all acknowledged who came within the sphere of its influence. The stream of his conversation was rather rapid than diffuse—rather brilliant than profound. He caught the peculiarities of different characters with amazing quickness, and described them with matchless humour; he excelled in original and lively sallies of imagination; yet was his wit free from malevolence, for he was perfectly good-natured, and his ridicule was as often turned upon himself, as levelled against others.

The Rev. Henry Kett, (from whose Memoir of Headley, the present notice is chiefly abstracted,) observes, that active benevolence was a prominent feature of his character, and recollects but one instance of his anger. His resentment was roused by an unfounded insinuation, that he preferred the company of some of his acquaintance of another college, because they were of superior rank to his friends at Trinity. This gust of his passion was violent, though short. Such a noble mind as his could recognize no predilection for associates, but that which depended upon merit alone. He was high spirited without arrogance, and elevated without pride. Nothing could be more abhorrent from his disposition than the cringing of the sycophant, or the abject servilities of the flatterer. Although he had smarted under the discipline of his old master, (Dr. Parr) he recounted many instances of his kindness, and he would not have paid him the compliment of a dedication of his poems, had he not regarded him as a person of transcendent worth: to such worth alone, he made his obeisance; and when Headley offered up the incense of his praise, it was the sacrifice made by genius upon the altar of gratitude.

When suffering the attacks of indisposition, he showed great firmness of mind, and cheerfulness of temper. There was, indeed, a buoyancy in his disposition, that elevated him above the pressure of his malady, and which seldom failed to display itself in the most agreeable manner, on the appearance of any one of his friends, who might truly exclaim, in the words of his favourite poet, Shirley,

. . . . . I often saw
A smile shoot graceful upwards from his eyes,
As if they had gain'd a victory over grief.

To be concluded in our next.

LEAP YEAR.

As this is leap year, an explanation of the term, and when it originated, may not be deemed irrelevant, or unacceptible to our readers.

The time our earth takes to make one complete revolution in its orbit round the sun, we call a year. To complete this with great exactness, is a work of considerable difficulty. It has mostly been divided into twelve months of thirty days.

The ancient *Hebrew* months consisted of thirty days each, excepting the last, which contained thirty-five. Thus the year contained 365 days. An intercalary month, at the end of 120 years supplied the difference.

The *Athenean* months consisted of 30 and 29 days alternately, according to the regulation of Solon. This calculation produced a year of 354 days, and a little more than one third. But as a solar month contains 30 days, 10 hours, 29 minutes, Meton, to reconcile the difference between the solar and lunar year, added several *embolismic*, or intercalary months, during a *cycle*, or revolution of 19 years.

The *Roman* months, in the time of Romulus, were only ten of 30 and 31 days. Numa Pompilius, sensible of the great deficiency of this computation, added two more months, and made a year of 355 days.

The *Egyptians* had fixed the length of their year to 365 days.

Julius Cæsar, who was well acquainted with the learning of the Egyptians, was the first who attained to any accuracy on the subject. Finding the year established by Numa ten days shorter than the solar year, Julius Cæsar supplied the difference, fixed the length of the year to be 365 days, 6 hours, and regulated the months according to the present measure. To allow for the six odd hours, he added an intercalary day, every fourth year, to the month of February, reckoning the 24th of that month twice, which year must, of course, consist of 366 days, and is called leap year. From him it was denominated the Julian year.

This year is also called Bissextile in the almanacks, and the day added is termed the intercalary day.

The Romans, as has been observed, inserted the intercalary, by reckoning the 24th twice, and because the 24th of February, in their calendar, was called *sexto calendas mairii*, the second sixth of the calends of March, and hence the year of intercallation had the appellation of Bissextile. We introduce in leap year a new day in the same month, namely, the 29th.

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To ascertain at any time, what year is leap year, divide the date of the year by four, if there is no remainder it is leap year. Thus 1820 was leap year. But 1819 divided by four, leaves a remainder of three, showing that it is the third year after leap year; and, as 1821 divided by four, leaves one, it was, consequently, the first after leap year.

But the true solar year does not contain exactly 365 days, 6 hours, but 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, and 49 seconds; which to calculate for correctly requires an additional mode of proceeding; 365 days, 6 hours, exceeds the true time by 11 minutes, 11 seconds, every year, amounting to a whole day in little less than 130 years.

Notwithstanding this, the Julian year continued in general use till the year 1582, when Pope Gregory XIII. reformed the calendar, by cutting off ten days between the 4th and 15th of October in that year, and calling the 5th of that month the 15th. This alteration of the style was gradually adopted through the greater part of Europe, and the year was afterwards called the Gregorian year, or *New Style.*

In this country, the method of reckoning according to the New Style, was not admitted into our calendars until the year 1752, when the error amounted to nearly 11 days, which were taken from the month of September, by calling the 3rd. of that month the 14th.

The error amounting to one whole day in about 130 years, (by making every fourth year leap year,) it is settled by an act of parliament, that the year 1800 and the year 1900, which according to the rule above given, are leap years, shall be computed as common years, having only 365 days in each; and that every four hundredth year also. If this method be adhered to, the present mode of reckoning will not vary a single day from true time, in less than 5,000 years.

The beginning of the year was also changed, by the same act of parliament, from the 25th of March to the 1st of January, so that the succeeding months of January, February, and March, up to the 24th day, which would, by the Old Style, have been reckoned part of the year 1752, were accounted as the first three months of the year 1753. Hence we see such a date as this, January 1st, 1757-8, or February 3, 1764-5: that is according to the old style, it was 1764, but, according to the new, 1765, because now the year begins in January instead of March.

DUSTY BOB'S LOVE LETTER.

When, Cookey when, shall I again,
Delightful is the thought,
Eat from thy dish, such charming fish,
As that thy mistress bought.

When shall my eyes behold such pies
As stood upon thy table:
When, Cookey when, shall I again,
To eat such things be able.

When raspberry jam, or slice of ham,
Mince scollop, tarts, or jelly;
When, Cookey when, shall I again
With these things fill my belly.

Such dainty bits, which so befits
My appetite so keen,
Nice pheasant's legs, and such poach'd eggs
The like was never seen.

A good stew'd eel, some roasted veal,
Or e'en some potted hare,
Though I'm no glutton, a leg of mutton
Shall make the bill of fare.

Then tell me Cookey, tell me pray,
When I shall call again,
Don't leave me out, but your first rout
Send quick for me, your swain.

DUSTY BOB.

SIGNS OF RAIN;

An excuse for not accepting the invitation of a Friend to make an excursion with him.

An Original Poem, by the late Dr. Jenner.

1. The hollow winds begin to blow,
2. The clouds look black, the glass is low;
3. The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
4. And spiders from their cobwebs peep.
5. Last night the sun went pale to bed,
6. The moon in halos hid her head;
7. The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
8. For, see, a rainbow spans the sky.
9. The walls are damp, the ditches smell,
10. Clos'd is the pink-ey'd pimpernell.
11. Hark! how the chairs and tables crack,
12. Old Betty's joints are on the rack;
13. Loud quack the ducks, the peacocks cry;
14. The distant hills are looking nigh.
15. How restless are the snorting swine,
16. The busy flies disturb the kine;
17. Low o'er the grass the swallow wings
18. The cricket, too, how sharp he sings;
19. Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,
20. Sits, wiping o'er whisker'd jaws.
21. Through the clear stream the fishes rise
22. And nimbly catch th' incautious flies;
23. The glow-worms, numerous and bright,
24. Illum'd the dewy dell last night.
25. At dusk the squalid toad was seen,
26. Hopping and crawling o'er the green;
27. The whirling wind the dust obeys,
28. And in the rapid eddy plays;
29. The frog has chang'd his yellow vest,
30. And in a russet coat is drest.
31. Though June, the air is cold and still;
32. The yellow blackbird's voice is shrill.
33. My dog, so alter'd in his taste,
34. Quits mutton-bones, on grass to feast;
35. And see, yon rooks, how odd their flight,
36. They imitate the gliding kite,
37. And seem precipitate to fall—
38. As if they felt the piercing ball.
39. T'will surely rain, I see with sorrow;
40. Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow.

Lit. Gaz.

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Southampton Bar-Gate.

THE grand and venerable Bar-gate of Southampton is universally admired. To the entrance of the town it gives a most imposing appearance, which is increased by the great width of the street, the elegance of All Saints' church, and the numerous bow-windows of the houses, some of which are ancient, and others modern; affording, altogether, a *coup d'œil* not to be exceeded by that of any town in England.

The principal and indeed only approach to Southampton from the land, is by an extensive and well-built suburb. It was formerly separated from the town by a very broad and deep ditch, which has been filled up within the memory of several persons yet living. The ditch appears to have been double, having a low bank between the two fosses. On this bank, to the east of the Bar-gate, butts are marked for the purpose of exercising the youth in archery. This ditch seems to have been originally cut so deep as to admit the sea at high-water, and thereby completely insulate the town. Hanover-buildings to the east, and Orchard-street to the west of the Bar-gate, occupy the site of the ditch, which was crossed by an arched bridge leading to the large and extremely beautiful gate called emphatically the Bar. This, it may be observed, was anciently the name of those edifices now called gates; while the word *Gate* signified the street or road leading to the *Bar*. At York this ancient phraseology prevails to this day: Mickle-gate leads to Mickle-gate Bar, Walm-gate to Walm-gate bar, and so of the rest. To return to the Bar: its north front is of rather uncommon form, being a sort of semi-octagon, flanked with two lower semi-circular turrets, and crowned with large and handsome open machicollations. The arch of entrance is highly pointed, and adorned with a profusion of mouldings, which now end abruptly; a part of the flanks of the arch having been cut away to enlarge the carriage way, which was inconveniently narrow.

The footways on each side are modern perforations through the old flanking towers, and the brickwork entirely covers the ancient walls; but by inspecting the sides of the principal arch, it seems as if there had formerly been arches opening laterally into these towers: if so, the scenery must have been singularly magnificent. The arches and front hitherto described, are (though probably four hundred and fifty years old) modern, when compared with the central part of the gate; which is of early Norman work, if not more ancient than the Conquest. Its plain and massive round arches, which are considerably wider than the outer pointed one, are a full proof of this. Within this most ancient part, another addition has been made towards the town, forming a plain and flat front; which, though never very handsome, was much

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injured in the beginning of the century, by a most awkward attempt to adorn it. The points of its ancient windows are obliterated, a painted rustic covers the old wall, and Queen Anne, in long embroidered stays, and a gown whose folds would disgrace even the barbarity of Saxon sculpture, exhibits her jolly fat face from a Gothic niche in the centre. The battlements have, however, escaped the ravage of improvement, and an ancient alarm bell hangs in a niche formed for it, between two of them.

Over the arches is a spacious town-hall, fifty-two feet long and twenty-one feet wide, to which we ascend by a commodious stone staircase. Towards the top of this, a large pointed arch is visible. The hall is lighted by the four windows to the street, which within-side retain their ancient form, and are rather handsome. At the bottom of the hall, another pointed arch appears, which opens into a small lumber room: the face of the arch in this room is very handsome. The court of justice is not older than Queen Elizabeth's time. A room for the grand jury communicates with the hall, and is lighted by windows towards the suburb. The grand-jury room is entirely modernized, but a small and dark room adjoining has in it a very curious round arch, with ornamental smaller segments of circles within it, and a small column on each jamb, in the style of the early Gothic.

The leads are spacious, and from them the gradual increase of this noble gate is easily traced. The original gate is flanked by two semicircular towers towards the country: between these, and projecting beyond them, the present beautiful exterior front was added: the front towards the town appears the most modern of all.

The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM *NEW WORKS.*

IRISH FUNERALS.

"An easy death and a fine funeral," is a proverbial benediction amongst the lower orders in Ireland. Throughout life the peasant is accustomed to regard the manner and place of his interment as matters of the greatest importance; "to be decently put in the earth, along with his own people," is the wish most frequently and fervently expressed by him. When advanced in life, it is usual, particularly with those who are destitute and friendless, to deny themselves the common necessaries of life, and to hoard up every trifle they can collect for the expenses of their wake and funeral. Looking forward to their death as a gala given to them by their acquaintances, every possible preparation is made for rendering it, as they consider, "creditable;" their shroud and burial dress are often provided many years before they are wanted; nor will the owners use these garments whilst living, though existing in the most abject state of wretchedness and rags. It is not unusual to see even the tombstone in readiness, and leaning against the cabin wall, a perpetual "memento mori," that must meet the eye of its possessor every time he crosses his threshold.

An old beggar woman, who died near the city of Cork, requested that her body might be deposited in White Church burial-ground. Her daughter, who was without the means to obtain a hearse, or any other mode of conveyance, determined herself to undertake the task, and, having procured a rope, she fastened the coffin on her back, and, after a tedious journey of more than ten miles, fulfilled her mother's request.

An Irish funeral procession will present to the English traveller a very novel and singular aspect. The coffin is carried on an open hearse, with a canopy supported by four pillars, not unlike the car used at Lord Nelson's funeral; it is adorned with several devices in gold, and drawn by four horses, and is, perhaps, more impressive to the beholder than the close caravan-like conveyance used in England; but what is gained in solemnity by the principal feature, is suddenly destroyed by the incongruity of the rest of the train, generally composed of a few post-chaises, the drivers in their daily costume of a long great coat and slouched hat. In addition to these, I have seen a gig, in which the clergyman (I imagine, by his being equipped in a white scarf and hat-band) drove a friend; afterwards came a crowd of persons of all descriptions on foot. No noise, no lamentations were to be heard; but the figure in the flowing white scarf brandishing his whip, gave it, at a little distance, very much the effect of an electioneering procession.

The open hearse is common throughout Ireland, and that used by the poorer classes becomes perfectly grotesque, from the barbarous paintings of saints and angels with which it is bedizened. The concourse of persons who attend the funeral of an opulent farmer, or a resident landlord, is prodigious. Not only those to whom the deceased was known, but every one who meets the procession, turns

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to accompany it, let his haste be ever so great, for a mile or two, as nothing is accounted more unlucky or unfriendly than to neglect doing so.

The funeral of a gentleman acknowledged as the head of a clan, (now an event of rare occurrence, and almost solely confined to the county of Kerry,) is one of those sights it is impossible to behold without feeling sublime sensations. The vast multitude, winding through some romantic defile, or trailing along the base of a wild mountain, while the chorus of the death-song, coming fitfully upon the breeze, is raised by a thousand voices. On a closer view, the aged nurse is seen sitting on the hearse beside the coffin, with her body bent over it; her actions dictated by the most violent grief, and her head completely enveloped in the deep hood of her large cloak, which falls in broad and heavy folds, producing altogether a most mysterious and awful figure.

Then at every cross-road, such roads being considered symbolic of their faith, there is a general halt; the men uncover their heads, and a prayer is offered up for the soul of their departed chief.

The Irish funeral howl is notorious, and, although this vociferous expression of grief is on the decline, there is still, in the less civilized parts of the country, a strong attachment to the custom, and many may yet be found who are keeners, or mourners, for the dead by profession. —*Croker's Researches in the South of Ireland.*

IRISH KEENS.

HAVING a curiosity to hear the keen more distinctly sung than over a corpse, when it is accompanied by a wild and inarticulate uproar as a chorus, I procured an elderly woman, who was renowned for her skill in keening, to recite for me some of these dirges. This woman, whose name was Harrington, led a wandering kind of life, travelling from cottage to cottage about the country, found every where not merely a welcome, but had numerous invitations, on account of the vast store of Irish verses she had collected, and could repeat. Her memory was, indeed, extraordinary; and the clearness, quickness, and elegance with which she translated from the Irish into English, though unable to read or write, is almost incredible. Before she commenced repeating, she mumbled for a short time, probably the beginning of each stanza, to assure herself of the arrangement, with her eyes closed, rocking her body backwards and forwards, as if keeping time to the measure of the verse. She then began in a kind of whining recitative, but, as she proceeded, and as the composition required it, her voice assumed a variety of deep and fine tones, and the energy with which many passages were delivered, proved her perfect comprehension and strong feeling of the subject; but her eyes always continued shut, perhaps to prevent interruption to her thoughts, or her attention being engaged by any surrounding object.

The following keen was composed on Sir Richard Cox, the historian, who died in 1773:—

"My love and darling, though I never was in your kitchen, yet I have heard an exact account of it. The brown roast meat continually coming from the fire; the black boilers continually boiling; the cock of the beer-barrel for ever running; and if even a score of men came in, no person would inquire their business; but they would give them a place at your table, and let them eat what they pleased, nor would they bring a bill in the morning to them.

"My love and friend, I dreamed through my morning slumbers, that your castle fell into decay, and that no person remained in it. The birds sung sweetly no longer, nor were there leaves upon the bushes: all was silence and decay!—the dream told me that our beloved man was lost to us—that the noble horseman was gone! the renowned 'Squire Cox!

"My love and darling, you were nearly related to the Lord of Clare and to O'Donovan of Bawnlehan; to Cox with the blue eyes, and to Townsend of White Court. This is the appointed day for your funeral, and yet I see none of them coming to place even a green sod over you."—*Ibid.*

ANECDOTES OF GEORGE III.

HIS Majesty was coming one day from the St. Florienzo at Weymouth; the wind and tide met; and the people on shore were very apprehensive that the barge would be swamped. The next morning some officers waiting on the king to congratulate him on his escape, saying, that his majesty must have been in great fear. The king thanked them for their kind concern, at the same time saying, that he had not experienced any fear, for, let what would be said of the family, there were no cowards among them, whatever fools there might be. When the Talents came into power, they turned out every body that they could, even Lord Sandwich, the master of the stag-hounds. The king met his lordship in his ride soon after. "How do, how do," cried

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his majesty; "so they have turned you off; it was not my fault, upon my honour, for it was as much as I could do to keep my own place."—*Brasbridge's Fruits of Experience.*

GENEROSITY.

On the approaching marriage of Mr. Bolland, the barrister, with the eldest daughter of Mr. Bolland, of Clapham, Mr. Fish, an old friend of the family, called one morning, a short time before the intended union took place: when he was going away, the young lady attended him to the door; he held out his hands to her, and asked her which she would have. She, a little embarrassed by the question, put his hands together, and playfully said she would have them both. He good-naturedly told her, that he commended the prudence of her choice, as there was a note in each, which he meant to present her with, not only for the respect he bore her father, but also in token of his approbation of her choice: the notes were for a thousand pounds each. Four months afterwards this same Mr. Fish dined with Mr. Bill, an apothecary in Bridge-street, in company with Mr. Alderman Smith, Mr. Blades, and two or three other gentlemen. In the course of the afternoon Mr. Fish said, that he had a relation, a most pleasing and respectable young woman, whom he much wished to see comfortably married; and that if a proper person should come in his way, he would himself give her a portion of five thousand pounds. "I do not know who you could find more eligible than the gentleman now at the head of the table," said the alderman, who knew there was a partiality between the parties, which only prudential motives prevented them from cultivating. "If Mr. Bill can obtain her consent," said Mr. Fish, "he shall have my money." "Sir," said Mr. Bill, "you make me the happiest of men:" the lady's health was then drunk, and the evening passed off with great hilarity. The next day Mr. Bill presented himself at the lady's house, and the marriage took place soon after. Mr. Fish paid the portion according to his promise.—*Ibid.*

THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

Dr. Johnson once said, that he could write an essay on a broomstick; and there is no doubt but he could, for a man of genius can do any thing. He would have found a topic in every path of his imagination. He would have moralized on the sterility of the sun-burnt heath, and have descanted on the rich beauty of the blue heather-bells. He would have traced the "bonny broom," from its first blossom in the shrub to its last stump in the besom. But we doubt if he could have described the manner in which "*the water comes down at* Lodore," with half the whimsicality and spirit displayed in the following humourous representation, written by Dr. Southey, which we extract from "A Collection of Poems, chiefly manuscript, and from living authors. Edited, for the benefit of a friend, by Joanna Baillie:"—

The Cataract of Lodore, Described in Rhymes for the Nursery, by one of the Lake Poets.

"How does the water come down at Lodore?"
"Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Here smoking and frothing,
Its tumult and wrath in,
It hastens along, conflicting strong:
Now striking and raging,
As if a war waging,
Its caverns and rocks among.

Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and flinging,
Showering and springing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting
Around and around,
Collecting, disjecting
With endless rebound:
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in,
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and growing,
And running and stunning,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And glittering and flittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And dinning and spinning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And guggling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And thundering and floundering,
And falling and brawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering,

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And gleaming and streaming, and streaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
Retreating and meeting and beating and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing.
Recoiling, turmoiling, and toiling and boiling,
And thumping and flumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing,
And so never ending but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
All at once, and all o'er, with a mighty uproar---
And this way the water comes down at Lodore."

The Novelist.

No. XLVII.

THE MIDNIGHT REVEL.

" Now o'er one half the world
Nature seems dead, and withered murder,
Alarmed by his sentinel the wolf,
Moves like a ghost--------" MACBETH.

THE wind of November whistled shrill and cold among the rocky precipices that jutted over the mountain road from Alesbury towards Northumberland, as at the decline of day two travellers on horseback were crossing with weary pace the long range of ridges towards the great elbow of the Susquehannah, and, notwithstanding that the clouds lay heavily on the dark and distant mountain tops, and the shadows of approaching night gathered rapidly, they paused upon the northern extremity of the last eminence, dismounted, and appeared to be taking a survey of the country around them, a country embodying some of the most grand and sublime scenery in nature. To the north and south, one vast extent of forest lay outstretched, broken and diversified by hill and valley, now dimly seen, but not less interesting in its aspect. In one direction was to be seen seven stupendous pyramidic piles; pushing their pine-crowned summits through the black clouds, they seemed fit habitations for the fierce spirits of the restless elements, and one could almost fancy the angels of the tempest gathering to their awful dwellings in those unvisited realms, an universe of stormy clouds; while in the west a peaceful river flowed away in calm and unbroken solitude through its devious course. Such was the scene the travellers were left surveying when twilight followed the declining sun, and the dreary night came swift upon the transient glooming.

At a long three miles from this, on a dim and narrow road, was a small public-house, called, in those days, the " Inn of the Forest." There was a thin settlement from this some miles on, consisting chiefly of men of the rudest cast in life, often honest and kind in their way, but, nevertheless, who brooked not the controul of law, and, living far off from city and town, enjoyed their game, and were themselves the only umpires of each other's rights and wrongs. Such as these made up the company that gathered in the tavern that night; and as the winds blew louder, and the weather grew colder without, so did their noise and rioting, and the turbulence of their spirits increase within.

Mingling with this tumultuous assembly, around the bar-room fire, and the long card-table stretched out before it, were now to be seen the two strangers; they were wrapped up in fur hunting cloaks; and while one of them took part in the boisterous laugh, and played his game at the card table, and drank freely, the other stretched himself to sleep in a corner. The more sociable stranger soon acquired the confidence of his new companions; and as he himself professed to be a tavern-keeper, he gained the especial favour of his landlord, a black-whiskered, downcast, dark-looking man, upon whose countenance the stamp of vice was fixed, and who was the loudest and most clamorous in the circle, and drank, and played, and boasted, and cursed with a kind of frenzied infatuation.

Their rioting was kept up throughout the midnight hours; and while the wearied and inebriated guests one by one dropped asleep, and while without the storm sung in melancholy and plaintive sweetness through the seared pine-trees, that single stranger kept one little circle he had gathered around him by the fire, in fixed and wakeful attention to harrowing tales of hell-devised murders, and fearful retributions, and walking ghosts, and marvellous facts brought to the light of day by supernatural agencies; and detailed a thousand instances to prove that

" Murder, though it hath no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ."

In vain the host endeavoured to turn, at every period, the subject. In vain he stirred the dying embers, and invited the guest to sleep. In vain he trembled and turned pale; the traveller seemed invincible, and at every change, murder and its bloody consequences were still his theme, and still his eye was fixed on the dis-

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quieted features of the host. It was dark and penetrating; and his voice grew hoarse as he bid them hearken to the screeching wind. It seemed to him, he said, to be burdened with a voice. In the words of Macbeth, "still it cried SLEEP NO MORE to all the house." The company started and listened, some thought they heard a voice, and others fancied they distinguished those very words. What could it mean? was the inquiry that went round. "Hark, said the stranger, heard you not that! listen! —Rolland! Rolland! Rolland! a mother and six innocent children, murdered by your hand, summon you to the grave with them!"——A heavy charge, said he, as he turned towards the host, who, startled at the awful import of the words, rose in wild agitation, and clenching his fist, hallooed as to the voice, "If I slew you it was at another's instigation, and the money I got for it I buried in the rapids of the Susquehannah!" "Yet for that crime," said the other stranger, who had till now laid silent and apparently asleep, "by virtue of a state's warrant, and in the name of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania, we arrest you, Dubois Rolland, to answer at the bar of your country!" and as he said it, he deliberately rose, drew a pair of double-barrelled pistols from his cloak, and calmly laid them on the table before him, while the other, throwing aside his loose garments, stood before the astounded man, in the garb of an officer of justice, completely armed with dirk and pistols.

Resistance was in vain; the murderer was seized, and carried to the skirts of the adjoining wood, where he was mounted on horseback, secured, carried thirty miles, and lodged in jail before ten o'clock the next morning.

This was the plan adopted and executed by members of a weak village police, in a country where the supremacy of the law had often been maintained rather by stratagem than open force, and by which was brought to justice and the scaffold, one of the most bloody villains that ever hung upon a gallows; a man who had murdered, according to his own confession afterwards made, a mother and her orphan family, for a price paid him by a relative, who was the next heir to a small estate.

Miscellanies.

THE TROAD.

THE following interesting and novel observations on the long-doubted scenery of Troy, are extracted from the ingenious Topographical Dissertation of Dr. Campbell on the Scenery of Ossian's Poems, by which he has placed the Celtic poet on firmer ground than that on which Dr. Johnson left him:—

"Here I would be understood as writing of a hilly country, which, of course, is less liable to such revolutions as are known to have frequently occurred in low and level countries; such, for instance, as the overflowing of Earl Goodwin's estate, on the coast of Kent, now the Goodwin Sands; and the abandonment of the sea in the upper part of the Levant, particularly in the supposed neighbourhood of the Troad. A proof of this is, that opposite to the Isle of Tenedos, where Homer informs us that the Greeks pulled their ships and galleys upon the Dardan beach, there is not any beach to be seen; but, on the contrary, a bold rocky coast, the lowest of whose cliffs is many feet above the level of the sea.* This fact I observed in person, and only mention it to prove some great mutation of nature in that vicinity, or that Homer was ignorant of the locality which his Muse embraced—a circumstance rather improbable, from the father of the poets having been a native of these parts. I am of opinion, that the abandonment of the waters in the upper part of the Levant, is, in some measure, corroborated by the sacred writings, even though Ovid's Story of Hero and Leander should not be admitted as auxiliary evidence in this poetical case, which I think should be admitted; for, it is not possible that the enamoured swimmer could have made such sure and constant passages through the waters of the Hellespont, had the currents ran with the same velocity in his days, as they ran at in those of Lord Byron.† If I rightly understand the sacred writings on one point, it is clear to my mind that the ships of Solomon sailed from the ports of Tyre and Sidon to the islands of the Eastern seas, to bring home the gold of Ophir and peacocks' feathers; and they found a channel where are now the scorching sands of the Isthmus of Suez. This course, however, is conjectural, arising from my hurried observations, for there may have been canals to the Red Sea; but the rise of the waters in the English Channel is matter of historical record—*Anno* 1100. I would farther observe, that the Cornish traditional story of a country named

* Mr. Hobhouse, whom I have consulted on the subject, agrees with me on the appearance of the coast.

† I would engage to swim from shore to shore of the Hellespont in two-thirds of the time Lord Byron took to effect that romantic object. —H.C.

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Leones, (which extended from the Land's End of Cornwall round by the Scilly Isles, thence to Ushant, and Guernsey on the coast of France, embracing the western part of the English Channel,) appears to me in every feature of probability.

Perhaps Strabo alluded to the country of Leones, instead of the Scilly Isles, when he wrote of the Tyrians and Phenicians trading thither for tin.—This I know, that on my visit to the isles or rocks of Scilly, I could discover no traces of mines, whether ancient or modern."—*Campbell's Ossian, p.* 20 *and* 21, *vol.* i.

THE DANDIES.

Bless me---what two nondescripts together!
The *She*---a pile of ribband, straw, and feather,
Her back, a pillion---all above, and on it,
A church bell? cradle? tower?---no, 'faith, a bonnet;
Aye, and an actual woman in it---able,
Rouse but her tongue, to make that tower a Babel.

Now for the *He*, the fellow nondescript---
Whence has that mockery of man been ship't?
Have Ross or Parry brought him to console
The Quidnuncs for the passage to the Pole?
While on her iceberg howls some Greenland squaw,
Robb'd of her pretty monster---till next thaw?
No, Paris has the honour, "*ah que oui.*"
"*Voila,*"---the air, grace, shrug, smell of Paris!
France gave his step trip, his tongue its phrase,
His head his peruke, and his waist its stays!
The thing is contraband---let's crush the trade;
Ladies insist on't---*all* is best *home-made!*
All British---from your shoe-tie or your fan,
Down to that necessary brute, call'd---*man!*
Now for the compound creature---first the wig,
With every frizzle struggling to look big!
On the rough cheek the fresh-dyed whisker spread,
The thousandth way of dressing a calf's head!
The neckcloth neat---where starch and whalebone vie,
To make the slave a walking pillory!
The bolster'd bosom---ah, ye envying fair,
How little dream ye of the stuff that's there!
What straps, ropes, steel, the aching ribs compress,
To make the Dandy beautifully less.
Thus fools, their final stake of folly cast,
By instinct, to straight waistcoats come at last!
Misjudging Shakspeare---this escap'd thine eye,
For though *the brains are out, the thing won't die!*

HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF LAMBETH CHURCH.

(For the Mirror.)

The Company of Parish Clerks having first appropriated this church to the Virgin, as advanced by Maitland, is a tale imaginary and groundless. In the vestry book, the churchwardens are called, in the year 1529, Churchwardens of our Ladie of Lamheyth, and in the following year of our Lady of Lamheth, Bishop de Glanville was admitted to the rectory of the church of St. Mary de Lamhoe. It was under the same denomination granted by William Rufus to the Prior and convent of Rochester cathedral; and in Doomsday Book, the entry is, "the manor of St. Mary is, what is called Lamhei." The first register book is headed, Lambhith, 1539; the second volume, Lambeth, 1669, and St. Mary Lambeth, does not appear till the third volume, in the year 1718. The age of the present structure appears from satisfactory evidence, to be that of Edward the Third. "In the Bishop's registers at Winchester, is a commission to proceed against such of the inhabitants of Lambeth, as refused to contribute to the rebuilding and repairs of the church, dated 1374." "Three years afterwards, there was another commission to compel the inhabitants to build a tower for their church, then newly built, and to furnish it with bells." The north and south aisles, (as appears by the tables of benefactions,) were built in or about the year 1505. The west end of the church was rebuilt in 1523, chiefly at the expense of Archbishop Warham and John Fox, L.L.B. Archdeacon of Winchester. This church has little remarkable in it, except the figure of a pedlar and his dog, painted in one of the windows. Tradition says, that the parish was obliged to this man for the bequest of a piece of land which bears the name of *Pedlar's Acre.* This land the parish has long retained; but the circumstances originally connected with it are unknown. At what time this memorial was first put up there is no minute, but such a portrait certainly existed in 1608, there being in the Churchwarden's accounts of that year an entry of "two shillings, paid to the glazier for a panel of glass for the window where the Picture of the Pedlar stands." The present "new glass Pedlar," was put up in 1703, at the expense of two pounds, but was removed from where it was then placed, in 1816, (when the church was repaired and beautified) to where it now remains, being much more conspicuous. The land given was anciently called "The Church Hoopys," or "Hopes," signifying an isthmus, or neck of land projecting into the river. The name of *Pedlar's Acre* does not occur before the year 1690. In Lambeth church have been several valuable monuments of noble and genteel families, now swept away by modern improvements. A particular account of such monuments as remain may be seen in Dr. Ducarel's History of the Parish, and in Denne's Addenda: some few have been erected since those accounts were written, amongst which may be named, that of Archbishop

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Cornwallis, Alderman Goodbehere, his widow and son, and that of Madame Storace. Bishop (of Ely) Thirlby was buried here, and was accidentally discovered when Archbishop Cornwallis was buried, in March, 1783. The principal circumstances that occurred were, that the body, which was wrapped in fine linen, was moist, and had evidently been preserved in some species of pickle, which still retained a volatile smell, not unlike that of hartshorn; the face was perfect, and the limbs flexible; the beard of a remarkable length, and beautifully white. The linen and woollen garments were all well preserved. The cap, which was silk, adorned with point lace, was in fashion like that represented in the pictures of Archbishop Juxon. A slouched hat, with strings fastened to it, was under the left arm. There was also a cassock so fastened, as to appear like an apron with strings, and several small pieces of the Bishop's garments, which had the appearance of a pilgrim's habit. In the church-yard is the tomb of that celebrated naturalist, John Tradescant, who, with his son, lived in this parish. The elder Tradescant may be considered as the earliest collector in this kingdom of every thing curious in natural history, and to him we are indebted for the first introduction of botany among us. The father is said to have been gardener to Charles the First. Both of them seem to have been indefatigable in the search of knowledge, and were great travellers: the father is supposed to have visited Russia and most parts of Europe, Turkey, Greece, many of the Eastern countries, Egypt, and Barbary, out of which he introduced multitudes of plants and flowers unknown before in our gardens. Tradescant's collection after his death, which happened about the year 1656, came into the possession of the famous Elias Ashmole, by virtue of a deed of gift, and is now deposited in the Ashmolean museum at Oxford. The monument of the Tradescants was erected in 1662, by *Hester*, relict of the younger. It is an altar tomb: at each corner is a large tree, seeming to support the slab. At one end is a hydra picking at a bare skull, possibly designed as an emblem of envy: on the other are the arms of the family. On one side are ruins, Grecian pillars and capitals; an obelisk and pyramid; and on the opposite, a crocodile and various shells. This monument being much injured by time, was liberally restored at the parish expense in 1773, but the sculpture has, notwithstanding, suffered so much by the weather, that little idea can now be formed on inspection of the north and south sides; this defect is, however, happily supplied by two fine drawings in the Pepysian library, at Cambridge. The epitaph was as follows:

Know stranger ere thou pass, beneath this stone
Lye *John Tradescant*, grandsire, father, son;
The last dy'd in his spring: the other two
Liv'd till they had travelled Art and Nature through;
As by their choice selections may appear,
Of what is rare in land, in sea, in air;
Whilst they (as *Homer's* Iliad in a nut)
A world of wonders in one closet shut:
These famous antiquarians that had been
Both gardeners to the Rose and Lilly Queen,
Transplanted now themselves, sleep here; and when
Angels shall with their trumpets waken men,
And fire shall purge the world, they hence shall rise
And change this garden for a paradise.

G. L. I.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff.—*Wootton.*

TOES OUT! STAND EASY!

Will Buckram, a tailor, play'd soldier so bad,
The Adjutant plac'd him in the awkward squad,
" Attention! good Buckram (the Sergeant bawls out,)
Do stand like a soldier, and turn your toes out."
" Why, good master Sergeant, pray what is the use,"
Says Buckram " of standing erect like a *goose*;
" If I hold up my head, and cock up my chin,
Pray how can I see Toes Out, or Toes In?"

EPITAPH

On a country Maiden, who died of a consumption at the age of 21.

Death's icy hand in life's fair morn,
Untimely chill'd the purple tide;
When, like a rose bud rudely torn,
She droop'd, she lingered, and she died.

I.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Venedota reached us too late, but he shall have a place in our next, along with much good company.

We shall, next week, give a general answer to Correspondents.

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The Mirror

OF

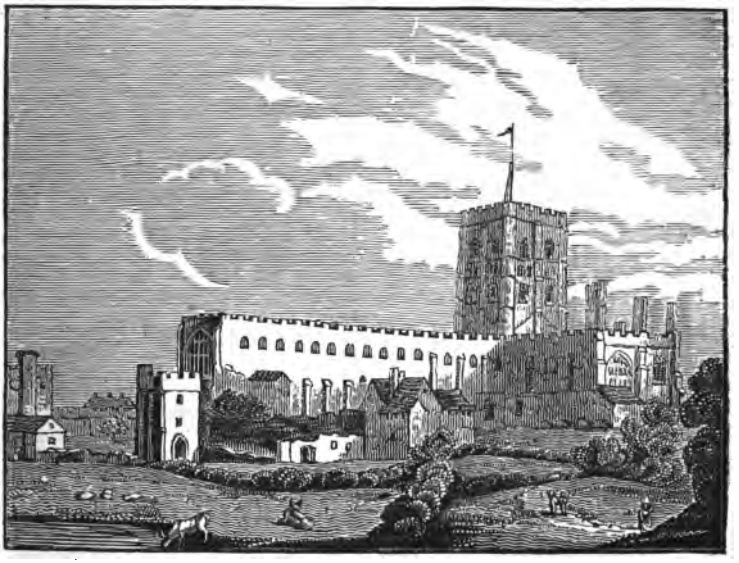
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. LXXIII.] SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1824. [PRICE 2*d*.

Illustrations of Shakspeare.

No. III.

ST. ALBAN'S CHURCH.



ST. ALBANS, an ancient town in the county of Hertford, and situated twenty-one miles from London, is celebrated in the early history of this country. It was the Verulamium of the Romans which the British heroine Boadicea laid in ashes, after she had caused 70,000 Romans to bite the dust; here also had Cassibelaunus been defeated by Cæsar, and it was in the vicinity of this town that two memorable engagements were fought between the rival houses of York and Lancaster.

These are events which would be sufficient to render St. Albans memorable, had the town not received that certain passport to posterity, a notice by Shakspeare, in his Play of Henry the Sixth. In the second part of this Play, Act. II. the scene is laid at St. Albans, where King Henry, Queen Margaret, Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, Cardinal Beaufort, the Duke of Suffolk and others are then residing. While in conversation an inhabitant of St. Albans approaches, crying out "a miracle." The Duke of Suffolk inquires what miracle, and is answered by an inhabitant.

Inhab. Forsooth, a blind man at St. Alban's shrine,
Within this half-hour, hath received his sight;
A man that ne'er saw in his life before.

The MAYOR *enters with his Brethren, accompanied by* SIMPCOX, *borne by two men in a Chair, and his* WIFE. *The* KING, *the* QUEEN, *and several others question him.*

Q. Mar. Tell me, good fellow, camest thou here by chance,
Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd
A hundred times, and oftener, in my sleep
By good St. Alban; who said,—*Simpcox, come;*
Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.

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Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

The fellow pleads lameness, and says he was born blind.

Glo. A subtle knave! But yet it shall not serve.—
Let me see thine eyes:—Wink now;—now open them:—
In my opinion, yet thou see'st not well.
Simp. Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God and Saint Alban.
Glo. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?
Simp. Red, master; red as blood.
Glo. Why, that's well said: what colour is my gown of?
Simp. Black, forsooth; coal black, as jet.
K. Hen. Why then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?
Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.
Glo. But cloaks, and gowns, before this day, a many.
Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life.
Glo. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?
Simp. Alas, master, I know not.
Glo. What's his name?
Simp. I know not.
Glo. Nor his?
Simp. No, indeed, master.
Glo. What's thine own name?
Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.
Glo. Then Saunder, sit thou there, the lyingest knave
In Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind,
Thou might'st as well have known our names, as thus
To name the several colours we do wear.
Sight may distinguish of colours; but suddenly
To nominate them all's impossible.—
My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle;
And would you not think that cunning to be great,
That could restore this cripple to his legs!
Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

The BEADLE *is sent for, and he is ordered to whip the fellow until he leaps over a stool, which he does, and then runs away followed by the people, who cry, "A Miracle! a Miracle!"*

This scene is founded on a story related by Sir Thomas More, who states, that he learnt it from his father; the impostor's name is not mentioned, but it is stated that he was detected by Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, in the way mentioned by Shakspeare. The shrine of St. Albans is in the church—one of the most venerable piles of ecclesiastical antiquity in the environs of London, since by a fine of £400. it escaped the destruction which befell nearly all the conventical churches in the reign of Henry VIII.

The church is in the shape of a long cross, and consists of an embattled bell-tower, a nave, choir, Lady Chapel, and two transepts. The different parts of this church exhibit in their construction and ornaments, characteristic varieties of the different styles of church architecture, from the rude Saxon to the florid Gothic; the tower, the eastern parts of the nave, and the two transepts being built in that style called by some writers Saxon, by others, early Norman, of the age of Henry the First; the remaining part in the Gothic or pointed style. This dissimilarity of style in the parts of the church seems to argue a different era in the time of their construction: and it is thought that it was successively erected in the reigns of Henry I., Edward I., and Henry III.

The dimensions of this church are large: the length from the west door to the high altar is 411 feet, and then into the east end of the Lady Chapel 189 feet; in all 600 feet. The breadth of the transept is nearly 32 feet, its extreme length 174 feet. The nave with its aisles is 74 feet and a half broad.

Humphrey Plantagenet, Duke of Gloucester, was buried in this church, though his remains were not discovered until towards the close of the seventeenth century, when some workmen digging a vault, struck against a small stone staircase of four or five steps, which on examination, was found to lead to a more ancient vault. In this vault they found a leaden coffin, containing the Duke's body, embalmed in a liquor of a brown colour. In consequence of this, the staircase with the vault and all its contents were opened to the view of the public, and a trap door being placed over it, "Duke Humphrey's Vault in St. Albans' Abbey," became a mine of wealth to the parish clerk for a long series of years, until, at length the embalming liquor became exhausted, by exposure to the air, and all the bones of the skeleton were either mouldered into dust or carried away. High on the wall that closes the south aisle, and near the shrine of St. Alban, are the Duke's arms surmounted by a coronet, and beneath an appropriate inscription.

The view of St. Albans is copied from an ancient drawing by Levens a disciple of Rembrandt.

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INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—The Manual Finger or Dumb Alphabet* I have sent, in hopes that you will insert the same in your widely-circulated and respectable paper, that, together with the following remarks, may stimulate every parent and schoolmaster in Great Britain to endeavour to relieve that class of unfortunates—*the Deaf and Dumb*—against whose universal education so much prejudice has been excited, by a set of men who have done every thing in their power to depreciate and vilify, one of the greatest men France ever produced—the late Abbé de l'Epée. This great and ever to be lamented priest was, on his death, succeeded by his pupil, the late Abbé Sicard, who succeeded him in his office, as well as in the possession of all his books and manuscripts, as appears by his own language in his "Course of Instruction of one born Deaf and Dumb," which he published; wherein he says, "Receive our first homage O thou! who was the creator of that art which has produced such wonders. Oh! how dear to us ought to be the name of this holy priest, of this friend to humanity, who believed himself, with much reason, called by providence to this useful and difficult apostleship, devoted himself entirely to this work so worthy the tender piety which animated him all his life time. They will bless him for ever as their father, and thankful posterity will unite with them in honouring his memory, and in recommending him to the respect and homage of all generations.—For myself who have the honour to be his immediate successor, I who was a witness of his zeal, and whom he charged when dying to be the promoter of his work—if I have added to his successful endeavours, if I have extended this sublime discovery, if I have made of it a complete system, a theory, the principles of which are now invariable, I must declare that I have only worked for the glory of a master so justly celebrated, and that we owe to him all that may be found useful in this book. Here is the spirit of those oral lessons that I received from his friendship; in publishing them I only acquit, as *universal legatee*, a sacred debt. It is sufficient for me to have the magnificent title of disciple of this prodigious genius, who had no guide, no model, and whose first master-pieces astonished the city which was witness of them, and learned Europe to whom his fame introduced them."

This is the character the Abbé Sicard has given his master; a character which he was richly entitled to. Only let us see what this priest did to fulfil the trusts imposed upon him, and what additional glory he has added to his former laurels, by representing to the world at large by every possible means, in the biographical works published in France, and with the assistance of teachers of the Deaf and Dumb Asylums in this country, to induce all the Encyclopedias in Great Britain to misrepresent the character of the good Abbé de l'Epée, and state that his system was good for nothing—that he taught his pupils "words by signs" and not "words by things," and suppressed all his valuable books and manuscripts. This is the *universal legatee*, who on the death of the donor did all he could to vilify his character; and after doing so to a most shameful extent, by attempting to impose upon the public a fabricated letter which he says the good Abbé wrote to him, wherein he acknowledged that he taught his pupils only to write, under the dictation of signs, without their knowing either question or answer, and after all such fallacies, he had the impudence to add another, the greatest of all, in the following words:—"But does it become a scholar to push his master so hard, above all when he told me frequently that his success satisfied all Europe, and that so great a glory ought to be sufficient for those who wished to imitate him;" adding this modest confession, moreover, "I have found the glass, and you are destined to make the spectacles!"

To prove the fallacy of this assertion, I refer the reader to the books published by the good Abbé de l'Epée, in which there is not a single sentence to justify the imputation of so gross a calumny. I am in possession of all the works of the good Abbé de l'Epée extant, and lately lent the volume to a teacher at an Asylum, where none but the Deaf and Dumb are taught, the last edition of it to read, he having never read it before, when he returned it me with a note, in which he thanked me for the perusal, as he says, of "de l'Epée's excellent and comprehensive little work which I have read with great pleasure and advantage, and in which *the true method of instructing the Deaf and Dumb is clearly exhibited.*"

This gentleman's opinion of the good Abbé's method, is very different from that of Dr. Watson, although equally capable of judging of its merits or demerits. Dr. Watson declares to have passed a heavy censure on the good Abbé's

* The Finger Alphabet is in the hands of our Engraver, and shall be given as soon as it is out of them. ED.

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method of educating the Deaf and Dumb, and endeavours to justify himself through the stories of Sicard. To refute the assertions of Dr. Watson, Sicard, and the Encyclopedias, that the good Abbé taught his pupils "words by signs," and not "words by things," and that his pupils were so ignorant when they returned to their parents, as not to be able "to put a single question of their own accord, or answer by more than one word to those put to them." Let us refer to the first chapter, 2nd edition, of the Abbé de l'Epée's "Method of educating the Deaf and Dumb;" where he says—"It is not by the mere pronunciation of words in any language, that we are taught their signification. The words *door*, *window*, &c. in our own, might have been repeated to us hundreds of times in vain; we should never have attached an idea to them, had not the objects designated by these names been shown to us at the same time. A sign of the hand or of the eye, has been the sole means by which we learned to unite the idea of these objects, with the sounds that struck our ears; whenever we heard these sounds, the same ideas arose in our minds, because we recollected the signs made to us when they were pronounced." This clearly proves that the Abbé taught his pupils "words by things;" and in a letter of the Abbé's published in this book, it is shown that his pupils could answer questions in writing, as well as, if not better, than any scholar of Dr. Watson's or Sicard's, as by the following question, which was put by the late learned Dr. Linguet, when he visited the Abbé for the purpose of ascertaining to what extent his system had been carried. After minute examination in every respect, and being perfectly satisfied of the utility of his method, he appeared to have, as it is said, "only one desire left," which was to know whether the Deaf and Dumb scholars "who displayed such sagacity in rendering ideas, communicated by methodical signs were able to define a metaphysical idea." The Abbé adds:—

"To satisfy him in this point, I wrote upon the table, *What do you understand by a metaphysical idea?* While I stood conversing with him, in no pain about the result of the question, one of the scholars presents a solution of it in these terms:—'By metaphysical ideas, I understand ideas of things which are independent of our senses, which are above our senses, which cannot be perceived by our senses, which nowise affect our senses!'"

Can Dr. Watson's pupils answer this question? I have seen many of them, but never met with one who could.

The following observation of an author on this very interesting subject merits attention. He says, "There is room to suspect, indeed, that some of those who have been engaged in it, so far from imitating Bonnet, de l'Epée, and others, by allowing the world at large the knowledge of their advances, or the benefit of their improvements, have, rather, like Heinick, and the teachers at the Asylums of the present day, been desirous of keeping them in obscurity and mystery: and, (to borrow the comparison of a recent writer, upon an occasion not very dissimilar,) like the Jewish Talmudists, who dealt in secret writings of allowing no person to be professed practical conjurers, but the Sanhedrim themselves."

As soon as the Abbé de l'Epée had published his "Method of Education," the tranquillity of all other teachers was disturbed, and produced the same effect as all new inventions which alarm interest and contradict prejudice: the natural consequence of all new discoveries and improvements being always offensive at the beginning, thereby making it extremely difficult to destroy habits deeply-rooted and upheld by prejudice.

To convince the public that the education of the Deaf and Dumb is not beyond the means and power of common charity schools, and to stimulate other schools to try where there is an object to be found, I shall quote an extract from the Liverpool "Report of the Committee of the Methodist Day and Sunday Schools for the year 1822," just published. "Since the publication of their last report, the committee have had their attention directed to the very melancholy situation of those children of the poor who are deprived of the faculty of speech. The lectures of Mr. Humphreys of Claremont, near Dublin, on this subject, first roused the state of the committee to the deplorable state of the Deaf and Dumb, and led them to an active inquiry as to the probable number of such objects amongst the poor in this town. The result was such as to induce them to believe there were considerably more than one hundred in such circumstances. The mode of instruction pointed out by Mr. Humphreys, though he considered it as only applicable to those institutions solely set apart for the instruction of mutes, appeared to the committee so plain and simple, that they were anxious to try the experiment upon a few children; but they were for some time discouraged from the attempt, by the fears of those who seemed best acquainted with

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the subject, lest greater harm than good should be the result. But finding no immediate prospect of the formation of an establishment for the purpose of instructing such very interesting objects of charitable feeling, they endeavoured to procure the best printed instructions on this subject. In prosecuting their inquiries for such publications, how were they astonished to find the work explanatory of the art—the simple, the blessed art of instructing the Deaf and Dumb, by the late venerable and ever to be admired Abbé de l'Epée, had been as far as possible suppressed, and the professed teachers, both in France and this country, had not only made it a subject of mystery, but had actually in most instances enjoined those admitted into their seminaries in order to learn the system, not to teach it to others, under a heavy penalty! On applying for the works of the Abbé de l'Epée, not a copy could be purchased either in London or Paris, although a considerable edition of a translation into English of the good Abbé's 'Method of teaching the Deaf and Dumb,' was printed a few years since in London. After diligent inquiry among the booksellers for a copy, none could be procured; and one of the committee was informed, that the whole edition was bought up a few days after it was announced, and thus suppressed. Fortunately the committee met with the work of Mr. Arrowsmith on the 'Method of teaching the Deaf and Dumb,' and this publication so convinced them of its practicability, that they immediately inquired and found out four or five mutes in the neighbourhood of their schools. They determined to take the advice of Mr. Arrowsmith, and to instruct them along with the other boys, in the first instance, merely teaching them the use of the Manual Alphabet, but in other respects giving them no advantage over the other children with whom they mixed. In less than six months after their admission, four of these children could go through their Manual Alphabet, had learned the names and uses of various things, and could write a fair legible hand. Their improvement in writing was far beyond any instance before met with in children who could hear and speak. Four of these five children still remain in the school; the eldest a girl, and the most promising of them, after having learnt to write a fair copy, was taken away by her friends who were Roman Catholics, on which account they would not allow her to continue longer in the school. Of the remaining four, one boy has learned to weave during the last few months, and is remarkably clever at his employment and well pleased with it. Another who is a cripple from an accident he met with when a little child, seems only fit for the occupation of a tailor, in which he is likely to make sufficient progress to enable him to get a livelihood. Of the others no experiment has yet been tried beyond teaching them their letters and to write. The committee, however, are so much encouraged to go on, from the success that has already crowned their exertions, that they shall not hesitate for the future, to take any mutes into their schools along with children who can hear and speak, being confident that in the general schools they can teach them whatever it is necessary the children of the poor should know; namely, their duty to God, their parents, and their neighbourhood; by training them up in habits of industry, and instructing them in their civil and religious obligations, preserve them from many of those moral lapses to which uninstructed youth are liable. To go more into detail on this very interesting subject, would occupy more room than the limits of an annual report would allow; but the committee cannot conclude their observations without acknowledging their great obligations to Mr. Arrowsmith, the author of the book of instructions before referred to, (and who is at present engaged in a translation of the entire works of the Abbé de l'Epée, which it is hoped will very soon be published,) for his very valuable and extensive correspondence, with the committee as well as for his personal attention to them both here and in London."

This fully justifies and proves the utility of the plan, suggested by the reviewer for the Quarterly Review, No 52, published in March, 1822, in reviewing the work of Mr. Arrowsmith, who says, "The national metropolitan schools, conducted upon Dr. Bell's plan, are opened not only for the instruction of children, but likewise for the reception of young men, who may be sent thither in order to become practically acquainted with the details of a system of tuition, which they may afterwards introduce into other seminaries. We earnestly submit it to the consideration of the governors of the Asylum for the gratuitous instruction of the Deaf and Dumb Poor, whether this establishment might not be opened with great advantage for a similar purpose.

"A residence for two months at this institution would, we are almost certain, enable any young person of ordinary capacity to acquire a competent knowledge of the system there pursued. It would not surely, be unreasonable to require of all the teachers of the national schools, at [illegible]

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in populous districts, a preparation which would qualify them to undertake the instruction of the Deaf and Dumb with the other children of the more indigent classes. Our common seminaries might then become available for educating children of parents in better circumstances. This would relieve the public from the enormous additional expense, at present unnecessarily incurred in boarding as well as instructing them: and it would save the pupils themselves from the danger, by no means imaginary, of contracting tastes and habits, inconsistent, as we have said, with their subsequent situations. If opulent individuals, to whom the expense is no object, give this preference to institutions exclusively devoted to the instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, let their wishes by all means be gratified. Schools of this description will always offer to caprice or prejudice, in favour of the occult system of instructing the Deaf and Dumb, the means of ample indulgence."

Intending to resume the subject, I shall only now observe, that the Alphabet may be taught a Deaf and Dumb Child by any person who knows the 26 letters. Words will suggest themselves—sentences will follow—and a language be acquired in spite of all prejudice.

No apology is necessary for being so prolix; the subject alone demands the particular attention of every one, in behalf of the objects it is intended to benefit.

Yours,

A FRIEND TO THE UNFORTUNATE.

APOPHTHEGMS, MAXIMS, &c.

AVOID law-suits; they are fires which men have much ado to extinguish when once kindled.

It is a great act of life to know how to sell air;—that is, to take advantage by giving good words.

Beware of uttering biting jests; the more truth they contain the greater wounds they give, the greater smarts they cause, and the greater scars they leave behind them.

If thou shouldest have the misfortune to be obliged to beg pardon, do it quickly, to avoid the blame of obstinacy.

There is as much difference between *us* and *ourselves*, as between *us* and *others*.

Contradict not, to vex others; it shows an ill temper, and provokes most persons, but profits nobody.

Always take the most pleasant view of a dubious event; at least, side with hopes; for, why should we call in supernumerary ills, antedate those sufferings which we shall too soon undergo, and destroy the happiness of the present time, with superficial views of futurity.

If thou hast knowledge, let others light their candle at it.

Broach not thy odd opinions to such as are not fit to hear them. Thou wilt do them no good by it, perhaps hurt; and mayest well expect discredit and mischief from it to thyself. An ill-placed paradox, and an ill-timed jest, have ruined many.

Such is human life, that thou wilt frequently have need of all the moral virtues, especially of patience. For we are obnoxious to so many infelicities and imbecilities, that if thou dost not accustom thyself to receive and suffer them, as thou dost to eat and drink, thou shalt find constant trouble, instead of tranquillity.

Be prudent and wary, and take heed of being caught, and presume not too much on thine own sufficiency. Men are every jot as easily imposed upon as beasts, birds, and fishes, whilst the eagerness of appetite suspends the exercise of reason. A treat, a bottle of wine, a woman, are the same thing to us, as a worm, a grain of corn, or a bit of flesh, is to those animals. We snap at the bait without ever dreaming of the trap, the snare, or the hook.

Never put it in any one's head to do you a mischief, by acquainting him that it is in his power.

Those are thought to have read much, who speak of it often, which is only a sign of not digesting what they read.—Praise is no match for blame and obloquy, for were the scales even the malice of mankind would throw in the casting weight.

If a fool knows a secret, he tells it because he is a fool; when a knave knows one, he tells it whenever it is his interest to do so:—but women and young men are very apt to tell what secrets they know, from the vanity of having been trusted.—Trust none of these.

Man is the only animal that is endowed with the power of laughter: perhaps he is the only one that deserves to be laughed at.

The most fatiguing ill-manners is that which proceeds from an excess of politeness.

Though *good breeding* and *politeness* are generally thought the same, they are qualities very different. *Politeness* is the influence of a natural refinement; *good-breeding* the form of an artificial civility. The last but restrains us from giving offence; the first empowers us to give pleasure. *Politeness* is the happy mixture of greatness with benignity; it is a sunshine from the soul, on the looks, words, and actions. *Good breeding* is often a surface without depth; and like the painter's gay colours on dark paintings

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spreads a gloss over the outside, even of vice and mean-spiritedness: whereas *politeness*, like the chrystal, is transparent as well as shiny; and always appears lovelier, the fuller light it is placed in.

If the spring put forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit; so if youth be trifled away without improvement, riper years may be contemptible, and old age miserable.

Philosophers assert, that nature is unlimited in her operations; that she has inexhaustible treasures in reserve; that knowledge will always be progressive; and that all future generations will continue to make discoveries, of which *we* have not the least idea.

T. Brown.

ON EARS, EAR-RINGS, AND EAR-PICKS.

(For the Mirror.)

Among the Athenians, it was a mark of nobility to have the ears bored, or perforated; and among the Hebrews and Romans, it was an indication of servitude. Suetonius speaks of the beauties of Augustus's ears; and Ælian, describing the beauties of Aspasia's, observes she had short ears. Martial also ranks large ears among the number of deformities. Several naturalists and physicians have held, that cutting off the ear rendered persons barren and unprolific; and this idle notion is what first occasioned the legislators to order the ears of thieves, &c. to be cut off lest they should produce their like. Loss of one ear is a punishment, enacted by 5 and 6 Edward VI. for fighting in a church-yard:

"*Earless* on high stood unabashed Defoe,
And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge below."
Pope.

The ear-rings worn by the East Indians, both men and women, are of an immense size, among whom it is the fashion to lengthen out the ears, and to enlarge the hole by putting in pendants of the size of saucers set with stones. In the West Indies, Columbus named a certain coast Oreja, because he found people with holes in their ears big enough to pass an egg through. They likewise make holes in their lips and nostrils, and hang pendants at them; which is also practised by the Mexicans and other nations. Ear-picks are instruments of ivory, silver, and any other metal, somewhat in form of a probe, for cleansing the ear. The Chinese are particularly fond of entertaining themselves with picking and tickling their ears; this they do either for themselves, or interchangeably for one another, and have a great number of instruments of peculiar shapes and structure, invented for the purpose.* But Sir Hans Sloane very justly observes, that the use of them seems very prejudicial; for, that among many people in England, who applied to him on account of deafness, the far greater part were thrown into their complaints by too often picking their ears, and thereby bringing humours, or ulcerous dispositions on them. See *Phil. Trans.*, No. 246, page 406. A fellow with only one ear, went into a haberdashers, and asked the woman how much she would charge for a shoe string, that would reach from one of his ears to the other, she said, one penny, and began to take measure, and finding but one, exclaimed, and said she could not see the other; upon which the fellow said he had left it nailed to a pillory, at York;—the poor woman sorely repented her bad bargain, and determined in future never to sell her goods by the *ear* measure.

P. T. W.

* This custom, (as well as the one with us, of picking teeth after dinner,) I should think "more honoured in the breach than the observance."

ANCIENT BRITISH TORQUES.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

Sir,—Before I proceed in the retrospective notices, to which I alluded in my last communication, permit me to present to the readers of the Mirror a short account of an ancient wreath of gold, recently discovered in the vicinity of Cader Idris, in Merionethshire, together with a few observations naturally suggested by the occasion.

It was on the 2nd of last September, that a gentleman, residing near Cader Idris, while grousing in that neighbourhood, discovered the valuable relic in question. At first he was totally ignorant of its nature, and conceived it to be nothing more than a mere iron chain. However, upon sending it to a gentleman in London, it has been ascertained to be pure gold, and, consequently, in all probability, one of the wreaths anciently worn by the Welsh chiefs as marks of distinction. Its weight is twelve ounces, and when fully extended, it measures nearly four feet, and, according to an assay that has been made of it, its intrinsic worth is twenty-five pounds; but, of course, its value as a piece of antiquity is considerably greater. It remains at present, in the possession of the gentleman last alluded to.

This, as far as I have been able to as-

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certain the fact, makes the fourth of these curious insignia, that have been discovered in Wales during the last hundred and forty years. The first was found at Harlech, in Merionethshire, in 1692, and is of the same length as that I have just described, but weighing only eight ounces. Mr. Pennant, in his *Tour in Wales*,* describes it as "a wreathed rod of gold, about four feet long, with three spiral furrows, with sharp intervening ridges, running its whole length to the ends, which are plain truncated, and turn back like pot-hooks." This *torques*, or *torch*, (to adopt the Welsh name) is, I believe, now the property of Sir Thomas Mostyn, Bart. Of comparatively late years, two others have been found, one at Dolau Cothi, in Carmarthenshire, and the other near Caerwys, in the county of Flint. The former of these, which is still in the possession of the family of Dolau Cothi, appears to be the largest and most remarkable of the whole, resembling rather a chain than a wreath. Its length is sufficient to encircle the neck several times, and at one extremity of the chain, when found, was the figure of a serpent, also of gold, of very fine workmanship, and which is now, I believe, in the possession of the Antiquarian society. The wreath or chain is, in other respects, of a simple but neat construction, and each link is about an inch in extent: the gold is remarkably pure. Of the *torch* found near Caerwys, I am unable to give any particulars; but it must have been considered of value, as the present Lord Grosvenor gave as much, I believe, as three hundred or four hundred pounds for it. It is at present, of course, in his Lordship's possession.

Such is a cursory account of all these ancient remains, which I can find to have been discovered in Wales. Mr. Pennant notices one of silver, some years ago in the possession of the Rev. Mr. Prescott, of Cambridge, and represents it as a very beautiful one, of considerable length, composed of links of silver wire, elegantly twisted, and fastened at the ends by clasps.†

It seems beyond a doubt, that the custom of wearing the *torques*, whether of gold or silver, is of very high antiquity, and that it was formerly known to other nations besides the first inhabitants of this island. The earliest notice apparently relating to it, occurs in the book of Numbers, (chap. xxxi. ver. 50), where the sacred historian, in enumerating the spoils taken in the conquest of the Midianites, mentions "chains and bracelets," and, as it would appear from the context, of gold. The most positive scriptural testimony on the subject, however, is that of the prophet, Daniel, who says that a chain of gold was, in his time, a mark of high rank at Babylon.* The Roman writers also make several allusions to the *torques*, and especially as having been common amongst the Gauls. Livy, in particular, tells us (lib. 36 chap. xl.), that Publius Cornelius, in a triumph over the Gauls, took as many as 1470 of these ornaments; and Propertius ascribes the use of one to Britomartus, a celebrated chieftain among the same people. Manlius Torquatus, too, the Roman general, it is well known, was so called from the *torques* he won from a distinguished Gaul, whom he had vanquished in single combat. There is ground for believing also, that the practice was not unknown to the Romans themselves. Virgil, when describing the games celebrated by Æneas in Sicily, seems expressly to allude to it in the following passage:—

Cornea bina ferunt præfixa hastilia ferro:
Pars læves humero pharetras; in pectore summo
Flexilis obtorti per collum circulus auri.
Æn. v. 557.

But Pliny, the elder, speaks still more explicitly on the point; for he informs us (lib. 33, chap. ii.), that the Romans bestowed wreaths or chains as military rewards; those of gold on their auxiliaries, and those of silver on their own citizens.

The earliest account we have of the use of the *torques* or *torch* among the Britons is, that by Dio Cassius, who speaks of a very large golden one, which was worn by the celebrated Boadicea, in the middle of the first century. After this period there are no particular notices, of which I am aware, until we come to the wars between the Britons and Saxons, in the fifth and sixth centuries. Aneurin, a poet of the northern Britons, who flourished during this era, and was himself a warrior, describes the march of three hundred and sixty-three chieftains to the battle of Cattraeth, all decorated with the *torques*. The original lines have been thus translated by Gray:—

To Cattraeth's vale, in glittering row,
Twice two hundred warriors go:
Every warrior's manly neck
Chains of regal honour deck,
Wreath'd in many a golden link.

Llywarch Hên, a cotemporary bard and a fellow countryman, also tells us, that

* Vol. ii. p. 133.
† Tour in Wales, vol. ii. p. 134.

* See chap. v. ver. 7 and 29. See also the Song of Solomon, chap. i. ver. 10, though, in this latter instance, the chain does not seem to have been worn as a martial emblem.

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he had twenty-four sons, who were distinguished by the same martial emblem:

Four and twenty sons have I had,
Wearing the golden wreath,—leaders of armies.

From this period until the twelfth century, the *torch* continued to be worn among the Britons, and their descendants, the Welsh. But about the time last mentioned, the custom was evidently on the decline; for we find, that Llywelyn Aurdorchog, a chieftain of north Wales, who lived during this period, acquired his designation of *Aurdorchog (Auro-torquatus)* from the circumstance of wearing the *torques*, a distinction that would not have been made, had the practice remained as general as in more ancient times. Hence it may reasonably be inferred, that the wreath recently found had lain on the spot, at least, for more than six centuries; and it was, in all probability, lost in one of the conflicts formerly so frequent in the vicinity of Cader Idris.

Although the usage in question has so long ceased, the memory of it is retained, in a proverbial expression, still common in Wales. This is "*Mi dynav y dorch â thi*," (I will pull the torques with thee), implying a resolution to make any obstinate struggle; from which we may conclude that it was a peculiar disgrace to an ancient British warrior to lose his *torch*, and that, accordingly, he never parted with it until after the most determined resistance.

VENEDOTA.

ST. DAVID'S DAY.

A NEW SONG.

(For the Mirror.)

HAIL, St. David! the day of St. David!
Hail St. David! and Wales O!
The bells shall ring,
And the girls shall sing,
And dance on the hills and the dales, O.
Hail, St. David! brave St. David!
Hail to the land of the *leeks*, O!
For the leeks prevail'd,
When the *Danes assail'd*,
And made them *repent* of their freaks, O.
Hail, St. David! brave St. David!
And his *mountains* of *high* renown, O!
And those mountains shall be
Like *liberty's* tree,
What *Despots* can never *pull down*!
Hail, St. David! brave St. David!
Llewellyn and bold *Glendower*, O!
And this shall be told,
Like the *Britons* of *old*,
The Taffies remain to this hour, O.
Hail, St. David! brave St. David!
And all of the *leek*-loving band, O!
May joy spread its sails
For the native of Wales,
And *their Prince is the King of this land*, O.

UTOPIA.

THE COMET.

(For the Mirror.)

Dira cometa micans.
Tempora mutantur, &c.—*The times are changed, and so are we.*

THEY say "the world's turn'd upside down,"
Strange things, indeed, are doing;
There's Ferdinand's regain'd his crown,
And **** as yet unwooing.
The farmer with his loaded wain,
Now draws some money from it;
Old times he hopes will come again,
If not—'tis all the comet.

There's Tree in trowsers treads the stage
And Young's assumed the sock, sir!
There's Fisher, scarce yet "half of age,"
And who has not heard Bochsa?
There's Catalani re-appears,
Much fame may she reap from it;
Some say, 'tis true, she gets in years,
Oh! no—'tis all the comet.

There's Wisdom tilts at all she meets,
For Folly's turn'd her teacher;
And Irving still finds crowded seats,
Oh! what a wondrous preacher.
The country's come to town for health,
And strange, health flies not from it;
And matches made for love, not wealth—
Oh! sure 'tis all the comet.

'Tis said, the tides Diana sways,
And who'll deny it? no man;
So surely have the comet's rays
The same effect on woman.
There's Delia leaves her early bed,
Say, what can drag her from it?
And out at window pops her head,
To gaze upon the comet.

How clear, how bright, I see it move,
'Tis more than I'd expected,
Yon radiant star? that's Venus, love,
Your own fair self reflected.
"Oh! fair, false star," young Delia cries,
As slow she turns her from it;
"Yet one more look," she says and sighs,
And quite forgets the comet.

Why still, fond maiden, linger there
Go, sleep, for know, between us,
You're not the first by many a fair
Who've been deceived in Venus;
Then let it not your slumbers break,
Yet learn this moral from it—
'Tis *Venus* makes the young heart ache,
And not, I ween, the *comet*.

ALPHEUS.

THE ARMS OF WALES.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

SIR,—Can any of your numerous correspondents inform me where or what are the arms of Wales? We are acquainted with her badge of the leeks, and the Bohemian feathers, which form the crest of the English princes of Wales; but had her ancient princes no coat-armour? or did Edward find the means of banishing it all from memory? Wales, indeed, has no college of arms, and, therefore, no heraldry like either England, Scotland, and Ireland; and a rogue of a wit at Cambridge would even persuade us that she has no Apollo! A Welsh scholar

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having produced an indifferent poem, the following epigram made its appearance:—

"We have heard of Ap-shenkin, Ap-reece, and Ap-shales,
But whoever heard of Ap-ollo in Wales?"

Can this be tolerated, however, of the country of the bards? Where are the ghosts of all that Edward slaughtered, and of so many beside?

"Hear from the grave, great Taliessin hear!"

My wish is, Mr. Editor, (I am no Taffy though,) that Apollo may shine out in Wales; and that we may have Welsh novels, too, to place by the side of the Scotch, is the earnest desire of

I. SAM WELY.

Select Biography.

No. IV.

HENRY HEADLEY.

(Concluded from our last.)

It would be difficult to find a person actuated by keener sensibility than Mr. Headley; his mind was accordingly the genial soil in which friendship took a rapid and a deep root, and soon bore the most delicious fruits. His heart beat with all the tenderness, and his actions displayed all the energetic charities of a son, a brother, a husband, and a friend. When his life was verging towards its close, and the fire of his imagination began to be weakened by his sufferings under a disorder, which it is singular enough, generally seizes as its victims, the most accomplished, interesting, and amiable of our species, his sympathies continued to be ardent and energetic: the kindness of his friends was still one of his favourite and prevailing topics of conversation, and he only ceased to recount the instances of their attachment, when he ceased to breathe.

Considered as a *poet*, he displayed some of the mature fruits, as well as the tender blossoms of genius. His verses were for the most part pleasing, elegant, spirited, and nervous, but generally of a pensive cast: his strains were those of the plaintive nightingale, rather than of the cheerful lark: his poetry was the exact picture of his mind—the image of his genuine feelings: it arose naturally out of the different situations of his life: he was born, and occasionally resided near the sea; he delighted, therefore, to describe those scenes, amid which, in his days of health, he had rejoiced to ramble

"On those lov'd shores where Yare, with ceaseless sweep,
Joins the dark bosom of the fearful deep."

He was a great admirer of good pictures; his taste as a connoisseur suggested to him the following appropriate description, and his gallantry prompted him to convert it into a high and very elegant compliment to a lady:—

"Slaves to the laws of taste, let some admire
Paulo's bold stroke, or vivid Titian's fire;
With critic skill, and just precision, trace
Poussin's learn'd air, or soft Correggio's grace;
In mute amaze let others trembling stand,
And feel the dark sublime of Rosa's hand;
Be mine the task, their varied styles to view,
And mark their blended beauties met in you!"

The excellence at which he aimed in his poetry, and to which he may be fairly said to have attained, consisted in the display of vivid images and vigorous expressions, faithful delineations of nature, and rich melody of versification. The following specimens may serve to confirm these remarks, and it will not be easy to find two poems of the kind, superior to them, in point of sweetness and tenderness. The former has much of the manner of Shakspeare, the latter of Pope:—

TO PHILOMEL.

A FRAGMENT.

No noise I heard, but all was still as death,
Save that at times a distant dying note
Of spirit unseen, or Heaven's minstrelsy,
Would indistinctly meet my ravish'd ear;
Such as was never heard from harp or lute,
Or waked into a voice by human hand,
Ah, Philomel, the strain was thine!

THE BEGGAR'S DOG.

Ye pamper'd favourites of base mankind,
Whether with riches, poor, or learning, blind,
From your distracted views, oh, pause awhile,
And hear a brother's tale without a smile;
And let contrition note how much is due
To all the generous cares I owe to you.
Whilst flatt'ring pomp secure incumbrous state,
His scanty crumbs withheld and barr'd his gate
Nor sullen deign'd with scorn's averted eye
The cheaper tribute of a selfish sigh,
The neediest suppliant of sorrow's train,
For bread I hungering sought, and sought in vain;
Each petty solace thus by you denied
With sleepless watch Fidelio supplied;
When winter, wet with rain, my trembling beard,
My falling tear, he felt, my groan he heard,
When my grey locks at night the wild wind rent
Like withered moss upon a monument,
What could he more? against the pitiless storm
He lent his little aid to keep me warm;
Even now, as parting with his latest breath,
He feels the thrilling grasp of coming death,
With all that fond fidelity of face
That marks the features of his honest race,
His half uplifted eye in vain he moves,
And grasps to lock the helpless hand he loves.

This is in far better taste, and with more correct feeling, than Lord Byron's poem on a similar subject, which will occur to the memory of most of our readers. Headley was a scholar of no ordinary attainments: he was familiar with

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the Greek tragedians, and well skilled in Latin composition, and his works are enriched with critical and illustrative remarks drawn from these and other classical sources.

His collection of the *twenty-nine* biographical sketches of the old English poets, may be considered as a rich cabinet of exquisite portraits, finished with all the truth and spirit of a Vandyke. They possess a peculiar delicacy of touch and fidelity of character. The colours are vivid, and the features discriminated with the greatest precision. We have only to regret that there are no more compositions of the kind from the same masterly hand.

We cannot better conclude this memoir, than with the following stanzas to the memory of Headley, by the Rev. William Lisle Bowles, M. A., which do much credit, both to the head and heart of the author:—

To every gentle muse in vain allied,
In youth's full early morning Headley died!
Ah! long had sickness left her pining trace,
Rueful and wan on each decaying grace;
Untimely sorrow touch'd his thoughtful mien!
Despair upon his languid smile was seen
Yet resignation, musing on the grave,
(When now no hope could cheer, no pity save,)
And virtue that scarce felt its fate severe,
And pale affliction dropping soft a tear,
For friends belov'd from whom she soon must part,
Breath'd a sad solace on his aching heart.
Nor ceas'd he yet to stray, where, winding wild,
The Muse's path his drooping steps beguil'd,
Intent to rescue some neglected rhyme,
Lone-blooming, from the mournful waste of time;
And cull each scatter'd sweet, that seem'd to smile,
Like flowers upon some long-forsaken pile.
Far from the murmuring crowd, unseen, he sought
Each charm congenial to his sadden'd thought,
When the grey morn illum'd the mountain's side,
To hear the sweet bird's earliest song he hied:
When meekest eve to the fold's distant bell
Listen'd, and bade the woods and vales farewell;
Musing in tearful mood, he oft was seen
The last that linger'd on the fading green.
The waving wood, high o'er the cliff reclin'd,
The murmuring waterfall, the winter's wind,
His temper's trembling texture seem'd to suit,
Like airs of sadness the responsive lute.
Yet deem not hence the social spirit dead,
Tho' from the world's hard gaze his feelings fled;
Firm was his friendship, and his faith sincere,
And warm as pity's, his unheeded tear,
That wept the ruthless deed, the poor man's fate,
By fortune's storms left cold and desolate.
Farewell!—yet be this humble tribute paid
To all thy virtues, from that *social shade*
Where once we sojourn'd.—I alas! remain
To mourn the hours of youth (yet mourn in vain)
That fled neglected.—Wisely thou hast trod
The better path; and that high meed, which God
Ordain'd for virtue, tow'ring from the dust,
Shall bless thy labours' spirit! pure and just!

EDGAR.

CATALANI.

MADAME ANGELICA CATALANI, who was born at Sinigaglia, in the Roman States, in 1780, was educated at the convent of Gubio, where her exquisite voice soon rendered her so conspicuous, that the nuns, jealous of her superiority, succeeded in getting her prohibited from singing in the church. At the age of fourteen, she quitted the convent, and made such rapid progress in music, that she soon ventured to compete with the two famous singers, Marchesi and Cresentini. She shone successively at the theatres of Venice, Milan, Florence, and Rome; and was then invited to Lisbon, where she remained four years, with a pension of twenty-four thousand cruzados. She next proceeded to Madrid, with letters of recommendation to the queen, who loaded her with favours. One concert which she gave in that capital produced upwards of three thousand guineas. England was the next theatre of her exertions; and during her first stay here, she is said to have earned more than £50,000. She afterwards visited all the different courts of Europe, and was every where received with a degree of distinction and liberality never before, perhaps, experienced by any public singer.

At Berlin, she received a complimentary letter from the King of Prussia, written with his own hand, accompanied by the grand medal of the Academy.

The Emperor of Austria presented her with a superb ornament of opal and diamonds; and the magistracy of Vienna, to manifest their sense of her charitable contributions to the institutions of that capital, struck a medal to her honour.

The Emperor and Empress of Russia, on her departure from St. Petersburgh, embraced her at parting, and loaded her with rich presents, consisting of a girdle of diamonds, and other ornaments. During the four months she remained in St. Petersburgh, she realized fifteen thousand guineas!

The late King of Wirtemberg was so captivated with her singing, that on his death, which happened soon after her arrival at Stutgard, her name was among the last words he uttered.

One of the most striking characteristics of Madame Catalani's voice, is—force. Indeed, distance is absolutely indispensable to the true enjoyment, to forming a true notion of this wonderful woman's powers. All her effects are calculated to operate through a vast space; and on persons near to her, the impression is often overpowering. At a rehearsal at the Argyll Rooms, young Linley was so astonished with the grandeur with which

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the song of *Della Superba Roma* burst from her lips, that forgetting his own task, he played a wrong note, and on being rebuked for it by the fair syren, he fainted, and dropped from his seat!

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

ALMACK'S ON FRIDAY.

"THE peculiar beauty of the British constitution, Sir, consists in this," said an opposition member to M. Cottu: "every man, however humble his origin, may aspire to the highest honours of the state. Thus it is that industry and talents are excited: all men feel an interest in the fabric, and therefore no men league to overthrow it." The senator might have extended his eulogium. This aptitude for high places is not confined in England to the senate, the pulpit, and the bar. The posts of fashion are as open to attack as the office of Lord High Chancellor; and it is not a little amusing to observe the straits to which people of ton are driven to avoid a contact with *les Bourgeois*. Bath, in the days of Beau Nash, was a resort for the great: so was Tunbridge Wells:—the North-parade and the Pantiles are now deserted. "The Moor is at the gate," and no Christian can be seen there. Ranelagh, the *ci-devant* "third heaven" of beauties of high life, is levelled with the dust. In vain did the Court make it unfashionable to be seen there before eleven. The East outbid the West, and would not enter till half-after that hour. Fashion withdrew in disgust, and Ranelagh perished. A very few years ago, an autumn at Brighton was by no means an unfashionable affair. But, alas! in rushed all Cheapside, with the addition of Duke's-place. Coy fashion took flight, and, when the coast was clear, resettled upon the Steine at Christmas. This had all the appearance of a decisive victory. But not so: hardly were her tents pitched, when the populous East "poured from her frozen loins" an army of brokers, brewers, and broad-cloth venders, to shiver for a month upon the East Cliff. Old Dixon, of Savage-gardens, was destined to be added to the frost-bitten fraternity. His neighbour Culpepper, who must likewise follow the fashion, called upon the worthy citizen, and found him in a sorry nankeen kind of tenement, on the Marine-parade, gazing upon vacancy from out a bow-window, which let in the winds from three points of the compass, until they inflated his carpet into the shape of a demi-balloon. "Well," said the visitor to his host, "I never thought you, of all people, would have chosen to put in to Brighton at this time of the year." "I did not choose to put in," answered Dixon; "I was driven in by stress of wife. I really do not know what people of distinction are to do next; for if turkey, chine, plum-pudding, galante-show, and twelfth-cake will not keep citizens in town, nothing will. To what Libyan desert, what rocky island in the watery waste, is high life now to retreat? Saint Helena may do, the distance is too great to allow of men of business frequenting it; they cannot well run down from Saturday to Tuesday: but I decidedly think that nothing short of it will be effectual. The Island of Ascension is too full of turtle: the whole court of aldermen would be there, to a dead certainty.

There is a dancing-establishment in King-street, St. James's-square, called *Almack's*. The proprietor of the mansion is named Willis. Six lady patronesses, of the first distinction, govern the assembly. Their fiat is decisive as to admission or rejection; consequently "their nods men and gods keep in awe." The nights of meeting fall upon every Wednesday during the season. This is selection with a vengeance, the very quintessence of aristocracy. Three-fourths even of the nobility knock in vain for admission. Into this *sanctum sanctorum*, of course, the sons of commerce never think of intruding on the sacred Wednesday evenings; and yet into this very "blue chamber," in the absence of the six necromancers, have the votaries of trade contrived to intrude themselves. I proceed to narrate the particulars.

At a numerous and respectable meeting of tradesmen's ladies, held at the King's-head Tavern in the Poultry, Lady Simms in the chair, it was resolved, in order to mortify the proud flesh of the six occidental countesses above alluded to, that a rival Almack's be forthwith established, to meet on every Friday evening: that Mr. Willis be treated with as to the hiring of his rooms: that the worthy chairwoman, with the addition of Lady Brown, Lady Roberts, Mrs. Chambers, Mrs. Wells. and Miss Jones, be appointed six lady patronesses to govern the establishment: that those ladies be empowered to draw a line of demarcation round the most fashionable part of the city, and that no residents beyond that circle be, on any account, entitled to subscriptions. The six lady patronesses, who originated these resolutions, dwell in the most fashionable part of the city, viz.

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Lady Simms, in Cornhill, Lady Brown, in Mansion-house-street, Lady Roberts, in Birchin-lane, Mrs. Chambers, in Throgmorton-street, Mrs. Wells, in Copthall-court, and Miss Jones, in Bucklesbury. It is astonishing with what rapidity the subscriptions filled; and the governesses of the establishment have acted with great circumspection in confining the amusement to none but their upper circles. The chief members are warehousemen and wholesale linen-drapers, with, of course, their wives and daughters. The original plan was to exclude all retail trades; but, as this would have made the ball rather *too* select, the scheme was abandoned. Grocers dealing both wholesale and retail, silversmiths, glovers, packers, dyers, and paper-stainers, are admissible, provided their moral characters be unimpeachable, and their residences be not too eastward. Some discord has arisen in consequence of black-balling a very reputable pawnbroker in East Smithfield. West Smithfield is within the line of demarcation, but not East; and the exhibiter of three blue balls, who has been thus rejected, complains loudly that he is thrust aside to make room for a set of vulgar innholders and cattle-keepers from Smithfield in the West. But to squalls like this the best-regulated establishments are liable. The line of demarcation includes Bow-lane, Queen-street, and Bucklersbury, on the south side of Cheapside; and King-street, the Old Jewry, and St. Martin's-le-Grand, on the north; but not a step beyond. The consequence is, that in the regions of Fore-street, Cripplegate, and Moorfields, northward, and in those of Watling-street, Old Fish-street, and Tower-royal, southward, a great mass of disaffection has been engendered. Wardmotes have been called, select vestries have been summoned, and special meetings have been convened; but *Almack's on Friday* flourishes notwithstanding. In the delivering out of subscriptions, I have heard it whispered that some tokens of partiality are discernible. Undue preferences are alleged to be given, which, if done in the way of trade, would force the obliged party to refund his debt for the equal benefit of himself and the rest of the creditors. Lady Simms's husband is a lottery-office keeper in Cornhill, and "they do say" that young men have but slender prospects of admission if they omit to buy their sixteenths at his shop. Lady Brown's lord and master is a wax-chandler in Mansion-house-street; let no man who hopes to visit Almack's on Friday seek his spermaceti in any other shop. Sir Ralph Roberts is a wholesale ironmonger in Birchin-lane; I have never heard that he is open to corruption in the way of trade; but he and Lady Roberts have six grown-up daughters, and the subscriber who fails to dance with them all in one night, may look in vain for a renewal of his subscription. Mrs. Chambers's helpmate is a tailor. A rule has recently crept into the establishment that no gentleman shall be attired otherwise than in the old school of inexpressibles terminating at the knee. This regulation (which I believe originated with Mrs. Chambers) has been productive of much confusion. The common attire of most of the young men of the present day is trowsers. These are uniformly stopped at the door, and the unhappy wearer is forced either to return home to redress, or to suffer himself to be sewed up by a member of the Merchant Tailors' Company, who attends in a private room for that purpose. This ceremony consists in doubling up the trowsers under the knee, and stitching them in that position with black silk: the culprit is then allowed to enter the ball-room, with his lower man strongly resembling one of those broad immoveable Dutch captains who ply in the long room at the Custom-house. It sometimes happens that the party, thus acted upon by the needle, little anticipating such a process, has worn white under-stockings, and a pair of half black-silk upper-hose reaching but to the commencement of his calf. The metamorphosis, in these cases, is rather ludicrous, inasmuch as the subscriber reappears with a pair of black and white magpie legs, and looks as if he had by accident stepped ancle deep into a couple of ink-bottles. These poor fellows are necessarily forced, by the following Friday, to furnish themselves with a new pair of *shorts*. I am afraid Mrs. Chambers is at the bottom of all this. I have never heard of any corrupt motive having been assigned to Mrs. Wells; and Miss Jones is a maiden lady of forty-four, living upon a genteel independence.

(To be concluded in our next.)

AFFECTING INCIDENTS.

As a party were proceeding up the river on Sunday, in passing Isharah, their attention was attracted by the cries of a child, and on drawing near the shore they were redoubled. Near her there was lying a heap of ashes, not quite extinguished, and which appeared like the remains of a recent concremation. A number of children were standing near her, and at a little distance three or four

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grown-up people looking on very contentedly. An inquiry was made by a humane individual of the party from whence the cause of her distress proceeded, and it was some time before an answer could be obtained. At length it was ascertained that the ashes were those of the funeral pile on which the mother of this unfortunate child had immolated herself along with the dead body of her husband, and that the lamentations of the child were occasioned by this cause. This circumstance certainly is a singular one, but I have no doubt that it is true, for the account of it was given me by one of the party, and by the individual who interested himself in the manner I have just described.

In the course of conversation on the subject, the following circumstance was mentioned as a proof of the good effects of the *friendly* interference of Europeans in preventing the immolation of human victims. A bearer who had lived for a long time in a family was taken ill, and was on the point of being carried to the banks of the river, for the purpose of being given over to the friendly care of the Ganges to be conveyed to heaven: before he was conveyed there, however, he requested to be allowed to speak to his old mistress; and on being taken to her, he begged her to interfere to procure for him a respite of three days. On her interfering, some remarks were made by his friends as to the expense which would be incurred if they were to comply with this request. His mistress promised to pay all the expenses that might be incurred, and the result is, that the man, who was so near death five or six years ago, is now alive in Calcutta, in the daily execution of his business.

These circumstances are thus narrated, to prove that the friendly interposition of individuals is of infinitely more value than all the official interposition of magistrates; and that the prejudices of the natives, although they may be eradicated by kindness, can never be forcibly rooted out with any prospect of success.—*Calcutta, August* 11, 1823.

Miscellanies.

TO A YOUNG LADY

On her having opened a Gate to me.

Just such a form, with wings of gold,
And wreaths of roses, I shall see
Wait my last moments, and unfold
The gates of Paradise to me!

Heaven speaks in signs. The watery bow,
To banish fear from earth was given;
And thou Maria, to foreshow
The beauty that inhabits Heaven! ††

POPE AND SWIFT.

POPE, notwithstanding his diminutive and mishapen figure, is said to have been not a little susceptible of even personal vanity; as he was one day asking Swift what people thought of him in Ireland? "Why," said Swift, "They think that you are a very little man, but a very great poet." Pope instantly retorted, with some acrimony, "And, in England they think of you, exactly the reverse."

PRINCESS AMELIA.

THE Princess Amelia, sister to his late majesty, being in the rooms at Bath, remarked a certain Captain in the army, of a most uncommon height. On inquiry, she was not only told his name and family; but, likewise, that he had been originally intended for the church. "Rather, I should suppose, for the steeple!" replied her royal highness.

STOOP! STOOP!

THE celebrated Dr. Franklin, of America, once received a very useful lesson from the excellent Dr. Cotton Mather, which he thus relates, in a letter to his son, Dr. S. Mather, dated Pessey, May 12th, 1781. "The last time I saw your father was in 1724. On taking my leave, shewed me a shorter way out of the house by a narrow passage, which was crossed by a beam over-head. We were still talking as I withdrew, he accompanying me behind and I turning towards him, when he said hastily 'Stoop, stoop!' I did not understand him till I found my head hit against the beam. He was a man who never missed an opportunity of giving instruction; and upon this he said to me, 'You are young, and have the world before you: learn to stoop as you go through it, and you will miss many hard thumps!' This advice, thus beat into my head, has frequently been of use to me; and I often think of it when I see pride mortified, and misfortunes brought upon people by their carrying their heads too high."

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.

REUBEN ROUZY, of Virginia, was indebted to General Washington about one thousand pounds. While he was President of the United States, one of his agents brought an action for the money—judgment was obtained—and execution issued against the body of the defendant, who was taken to jail. He had a considerable landed estate, but this kind of pro-

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perty cannot be sold in Virginia for debts, unless at the discretion of the proprietor. He had a large family, and for the sake of his children, preferred lying in jail to selling his land. A friend hinted to him, that, perhaps General Washington did not know any thing of the proceeding, and that it might be well to send him a petition, with a statement of his circumstances. He did so, and the very next post from Philadelphia (after the arrival of his petition in that city), brought him an order for his immediate release, together with a full discharge, and a severe reprimand to the agent for having acted in such a manner. Poor Rouzy was in consequence restored to his family, who never laid down their heads at night without presenting prayers to heaven for their "beloved Washington." Providence smiled upon the labours of the grateful family, and in a few years Rouzy enjoyed the exquisite pleasure of being able to lay the one thousand pounds with the interest, at the feet of this truly, truly great man. Washington reminded him that the debt was discharged. Rouzy replied, the debt of his family to the Father of their country, and preserver of their parent, could never be discharged; and the General to avoid the pleasing importunity of the grateful Virginian, who would not be denied, accepted the money—only, however, to divide it among Rouzy's children, which he did immediately. ANDREW.

MAN.

(For the Mirror.)

MR. EDITOR,—In Saint Saviour's Church, Southwark, you will find the first twelve lines of the poem (in your last Mirror) entitled "Man." They compose an epitaph upon Richard Humble, his two wives and children, which Pennant calls a pretty and moral inscription. This church is filled with relics, but now fast decaying, and there the contemplative loiterer may pass in pleasing reverie many an hour. P. T. W.

AN IRONICAL ORDER TO A COAL MERCHANT.

CHALDRONS three, you'll please to send,
To an old and constant friend:
Mind you let the measure lack,
Half a bushel in each sack.
For I never like to see,
Honest measure sent to me.
Please to send some tiles and stones,
Broken plates, and knobs, and bones,
Lest the coals should be too good,
And consume as fast as wood,
Bid your men pick out the small
Coals, and dust, and send 'em all:
Then when mix'd with bricks and slates,
Please me well in polish'd grates.
Let your ticket bear a name,
Whence the diamonds never came;
And the rogue who metes 'em swear,
That my measure's full and fair.
Don't forget to charge enough
For your load of paltry stuff.

Useful Domestic Hints.

INDELIBLE, OR PERMANENT INK.

TAKE of nitrated silver, *i. e.* lunar caustic, five scruples; best gum arabic, six scruples; sap green, one scruple; fresh rain water (boiled) two table spoonsful.

Dissolve the gum arabic and sap green in the water; then add the lunar caustic, which should be previously rubbed to powder.

Keep the ink in a phial with a glass stopper.

THE PREPARATORY LIQUID.

TAKE of caustic soda (marine or mineral fixed alkali, natron), one ounce; to be dissolved in four table spoonsful of boiling rain water. To be kept in a well-stopped phial.

METHOD OF USE.

WITH the Preparatory Liquid, by means of a feather or a camel's-hair brush, wet that part of the linen on which the Permanent Ink is to be used. When it is quite dry, rub it smooth with the bowl of a table spoon, and, with a common pen, write with the ink, but on such part of the linen *only* as has been wetted with the soda solution. Expose it to the air for a few minutes; and if it be when the sun can shine on it, the blackness will be increased.

The above quantity of the ink is sufficient for the usual purposes of a family of five or six persons for seven years.

RECIPE FOR SINKING SPIRITS.

TAKE gum-ammoniac, one drachm; assafœtida, half-a-drachm; dissolved and mixed in six ounces of penny-royal water; add to this mixture half an ounce of syrup of saffron, and take two spoonsful twice or thrice a day.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

IMPROMPTU.

Addressed to a Young Lady who was going to be married to a Mr. Gray.

THY beauteous graces oft I've told,
No fairer form than thine,
Tresses more rich in flowing gold,
No eyes of brighter shine.

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Where are thy blooming graces sped?
My spirits droop away,
With all thy *virgin* graces fled,
To see the TURNING GRAY.

VALENTINE.

(For the Mirror.)

OH Maria, Maria, the spring is advancing,
All nature is blooming, birds sing on each spray;
How blest should I be with a form so entrancing,
And a heart like your own on sweet Valentine's day.
The thought how extatic my love to disclose,
To you, dearest maid, and St. Val to declare it;
In thy bosom to place, I wou'd offer a rose,
With a promise the thorns should ne'er rankle or tear it.
But if you shou'd doubt me and place no belief,
Oh pluck not the rose from the stem of the tree:
But leave it to wither, and drop leaf by leaf,
As a punishment due for its falsehood to thee. R—E.

MITCHELL, ON THOMSON'S SEASONS.

BEAUTIES and faults so thick lie buried here,
Those I could read, if these were not so near.

THOMSON IN ANSWER.

WHY all not faults, injurious Mitchell, why
Appears one beauty, to thy blasting eye?

INSCRIPTION ON A BELL.

(For the Mirror.)

To call the folks to church in time
I chime;
When mirth and pleasure's on the wing
I ring;
When from the body parts the soul
I toll.

THE industrious Aubrey tells us, that Shakspeare took the humour of the Constable, Dogberry, in Much Ado about Nothing, from an actual occurrence which happened at Crendon, in Bucks, during one of the poet's journeys between Stratford and London, and that the Constable was living at Crendon when Aubrey first went to Oxford, which was about the year 1642.

LATOUR MAUBOURG lost his leg at the battle of Leipsic. After he had suffered amputation with the greatest courage, he saw his servant crying, or pretending to cry, in the corner of the room. "None of your hypocritical tears, you idle dog," said his master; "you know you are very glad, for now you will have only one boot to clean instead of two."

The Professor of Hebrew at Oxford, frequently made mention of "radical words." After the sermon two bed makers were walking together out of the church, when one was heard to observe, "I say, Jack, how he touched up the Radicals, didn't he?"

MAIL COACH GUARDS.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

SIR,—The Guard of the Exeter and Plymouth coach leaves London (we will suppose) on Monday evening, he arrives at Exeter on Tuesday evening, starts for Plymouth on Wednesday morning, and reaches it the same evening. Leaves for London on Thursday morning, and arrives in Bull and Mouth street on Friday evening

He has been absent from London four days and four nights, during which time he has travelled *four hundred and forty-four miles*, and rested two nights and one day. This he continues to do every four days, or about ninety-one times in the course of a year, amounting in that time to *forty thousand four hundred miles* and upwards.

There are guards now on the road who have held their situations upwards of ten years, and during that time (allowing for illness and other casualties) they must each have travelled the astonishing number of *four hundred and four thousand* miles. A. B.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SEVERAL articles given to the Printer for insertion this week are unavoidably deferred to our next.

Alpheus was received.

T. E. Cooper shall be heard in behalf of British Seamen. If he turns to the article he will find it was not original, but part of the Spirit of Public Journals.

* *Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) and sold by all Newsmen and Booksellers.*

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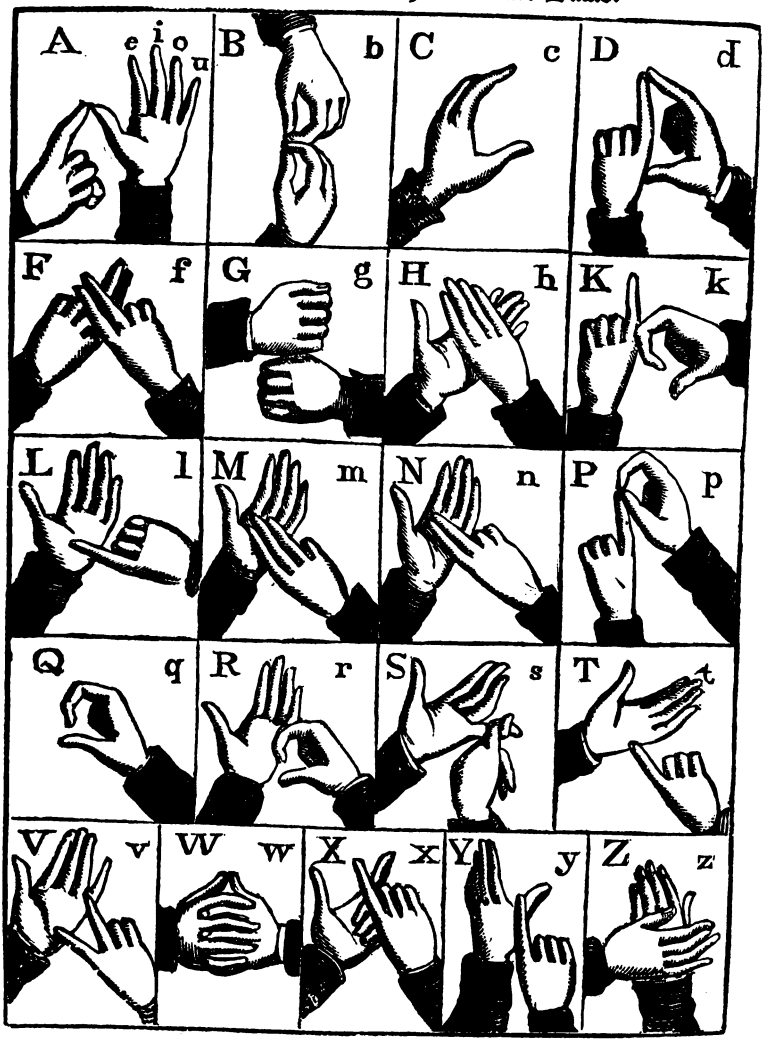
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. LXXIV.] SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1824. [PRICE 2*d*.

Manual Alphabet for the Deaf and Dumb.



In our last number, we gave an interesting article on the subject of educating the Deaf and Dumb; and we now add from the same correspondent, an Explanation of the Finger, or Manual Alphabet, with an engraving.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—The very name of one born Deaf and Dumb. to a person unacquainted with the system of educating them, conveys an idea painful in the extreme, but when explained how simple

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and easy it appears. The reasons for it are so clear, that it is astonishing men of moderate education, who can hear and see, should not conceive of themselves, the moment the subject is mentioned, that their eyes have been the principal means by which they were taught. The Deaf having their sight, are as capable of comprehending a language as we are.

The Manual, or Finger Alphabet, of which we give an engraving, should first be taught the Deaf and Dumb; and as soon as the child has acquired a perfect knowledge of the Alphabet, and can tell each letter as well printed as by his fingers, by placing the letters D, O, G, (or any other word,) then by showing the animal, the child's eyes convey to his mind the same notion of the animal signified, and with equal certainty as the sound we give the letters, does in our heads through our ears. I have lately met with a letter on the subject, written so long since as 1662, by the great philanthrophist Dr. Wallis of Oxford, to Mr. Beverley, from which letter alone and the Manual Alphabet, so many mutes have been taught. I am induced to send you an extract from it, confident as I am that an insertion of it in your widely circulated and respectable publication, will be the means of affording relief to the minds of many parents who may have a child thus born, when they see how simple and easy it is to instruct a mute, and that they are capable of being taught not only a language, but the blessed truths of christianity.

After reading an extract which we shall give in our next, none but sceptics will be found to deny, that the Deaf and Dumb can be as well educated by parents or common schoolmasters, as at the Asylums established for the purpose.

ARMS OF WALES AND APOLLO.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

Sir,—Permit me to offer a word or two, through your next number, in answer to the inquiry of your correspondent, "I. Sam Wely," respecting the "Arms of Wales," though I regret that I cannot speak quite decidedly on the subject. That armorial bearings were known to the *Cymry*, or natives of Wales, at a very remote period, is to be proved from the office of *Arwyddvardd*, or Herald-bard, which existed under the Druidical Institution. Originally, this person performed the part of a Herald at Arms, by bearing a flag of truce between contending armies, on which occasion he generally wore a white dress, to denote the sacredness or purity of his character. In after ages, his duties were to pourtray arms, to draw out pedigrees, and to register all family occurrences of importance. Hence the accuracy, with which the Welsh genealogies and other domestic records have been preserved from the earliest times. It is certain, therefore, that coat armour was common in Wales many centuries ago. The founders of the Five Royal Tribes of Wales, and of the Fifteen Tribes of North Wales had their peculiar armorial bearings, and some of these personages lived as early as the ninth century. But I do not think there ever were any arms peculiar to Wales as a nation; and this may have been owing to the turbulent and divided state of the country which was seldom, if ever, united under one dominion for ten years together.

If I may be allowed to pass, for a moment, "from grave to gay," I would admit with your correspondent, that Apollo, to a certainty, was never in Wales, notwithstanding that Wales has her Parnassus as well as Greece.* But the fact is, (if I must confess it) that the Welsh bards and classical deities were never on terms of familiarity, not even as speaking acquaintance. The former, on the contrary, were under no obligation to any celestial worthies whatever, but, like Arachne, drew all their resources from themselves, and invoked only their own Awen.† I know no exception to this practice.—By the bye, I may here observe, *en passant*, that there were no bards "slaughtered" by Edward. It is but justice to the memory of that prince, to remove this blot from his character. The popular notion on the subject had its origin, no doubt, in the well known effusion of Gray.

I heartily concur in the wish expressed by your correspondent, that "Apollo," although an alien, "might shine out in Wales" in the form of a novel-writer, to emulate the far-famed Sir Walter. But where is the Cambro-Briton, who shall have the hardihood to say to that redoubtable knight, in the words of the celebrated Italian, "*Io anchi sono pittore?*"

Venedota.

March 8, 1824.

* This is Cader Idris, in Merionethshire, alluded to in my last letter, of which the tradition of the country relates, that whoever falls asleep on its summit infallibly awakes a poet. How often the experiment has been made I am not now prepared to say.

† *Awen* means poetical genius or inspiration, and it is not very improbable, that it may have formed the root of *Aonides*, one of the names of the Muses. If so, these ladies may have had more to do with Wales than I have above imagined

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LETTER

From Selina Countess of Huntingdon, to the Rev. Wm. Dodd.

[The following letter has been put into our hands by a friend; we know not whether it has ever appeared in print, but of its being genuine and authentic, we are convinced, as we are that it will be highly acceptable to our numerous readers. There is no date to the letter, but it is evident that it was written after the reverend divine had committed the crime for which he suffered, and, indeed, after his condemnation. Dr. Dodd was tried at the Old Bailey, Feb. 24, 1777, for forging a bond in the name of the Earl of Chesterfield, and was executed on the 27th of June in the same year. —Ed.]

Rev. Sir,—From the first hearing of your unfortunate situation, I could not look for any less supplies of support and comfort for you, than to him who chose for our sakes to be numbered with transgressors. You are master of every rational and scriptural argument, and in this perhaps, inferior to few. And I earnestly pray God that these may have their place and times of consolation for you. But reason, Sir, or the wisest conclusions drawn from even truth itself neither removes the stings of guilt, nor possess the soul with that peace, which ever surpasses the best informed understanding. O! no, nothing but that voice of Almighty power, that spoke from the cross to your suffering companion there, can be your point now; and we all like him, must pass sentence upon ourselves, and say, we indeed receive the due reward of our deeds; how soon then the welcome request, Lord remember me, &c. reached the heart of our divine substitute; how speedy the relief; how lasting and complete the comfort. The meaning of my prayers and tears for your grief, would have no other language, but, "Go and do thou likewise." Forgive and do not wonder you should find my views so limited as this seems for your only relief. Were life extended to its latest possible period, the alone solid or well grounded hope of happiness must subsist purely by this interior blessing, as making the little good we have on earth have all its safety, and all the various evils of a miserable world, wisely or rationally supported by it. Thus every thing unites to render the importunity of your suffering heart, the happy subject of this mercy. This mercy once obtained will bear you through the fluctuating emotions, and various views of life and death, which so immediately and naturally operate upon you, and even cause you to glory in tribulation.

May you thus rejoice in the truth and power of that religion you have so long professed and taught to others, and becoming a witness of our Saviour's grace to sinners, be enabled to preach the best sermon you ever preached in your life, and to people, the most miserable and ignorant of the high christian privilege of salvation by the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. Should he answer the affectionate cries of his poor unworthy people for you, and that arm of infinite consolation be stretched out for your strength and eternal blessedness, how little will the appendages appear which to mere suffering nature are so bitter; and how thankfully will you see justice and mercy thus met together and mixed in that cup, so severe in the eyes of others, or should the tender compassions of royal mercy be extended to save from the present suffering hour, yet in life, or in the more remote event of death, this grace only must be the one cause of praise, through time and eternity, for you. It is this I would most affectionately recommend you day and night. And it is in him, who is able to do abundantly above all we can ask or think, I would wish to leave you, and beg to remain a sympathizing friend, and Reverend Sir, your humble servant, S. Huntingdon.

LITHOGRAPHY.

Lithography, the art of printing from stone was first discovered in the year 1800,* by Aloys Senefelder, a performer of one of the German Theatres, who observed that calcareous stones had the property of receiving greasy lines, and by a pressure transmitting them to paper, and that by charging the same with ink it was possible to obtain a series of impressions. He thus became the inventor of the Lithographic art, which has excited so much curiosity lately by the specimens imported from Germany and France.

The stones made use of are principally found in Bavaria, they possess rather a lime quality, are exceedingly hard, at the same time porous. The surface of the stone being ground level with fine sand until a grain appears, it is sent to the artist, who with a chalk composed principally of grease, makes the drawing on the surface similar to drawing on paper. He has nothing more to perform but send it to the printer, who throws a solution of about one

* The art has been but few years in general use in England, and not till very lately any great improvements made.

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twentieth part of acid with water over the whole surface, when a fermentation takes place and fixes the drawing sufficiently strong to allow of as many as 5,000 impressions to be taken from it. It is then fixed in the press made expressly for this art, and charged with the printing ink, which (being composed of nearly the same materials as the chalk,) only adheres (while the stone is kept wet) to the drawing, the impression is produced by a scraper, which is drawn over the surface, and thus by wetting the stone every impression, and charging the same, the stone is able to take so many impressions; if it is an ink drawing, upwards of double the number may be taken, provided care and attention is paid.

The great progress which this art is making in this country, and the curiosity it has excited, has induced me to lay the above sketch for your inspection, hoping you will give it room in your valuable miscellany as soon as possible. X. Z.

GLENARA.

O HEARD you yon pibroch sound sad in the gale,
Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and wail;
Tis the chief of Glenara laments for his dear,
And her sire, and the people, are call'd to the bier.

Glenara came first with the mourners and shroud,
Her kinsmen they follow'd, but mourn'd not aloud;
Their plaids o'er their bosoms were folded around,
They march'd all in silence---they look'd on the ground.

In silence they reach'd over mountain and moor,
To a heath where the oak tree grew lonely and hoar,
Now here let us place the grey stone of her cairn,
Why speak ye no word!'---said Glenara the stern.

'And tell me I charge ye! ye clan of my spouse,
'Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud ye your brows?'
So spake the rude chieftain---no answer is made,
But each mantle unfolding, a dagger display'd.

'I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her shroud,'
Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and loud;
'And empty that shroud, and that coffin did seem,
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!'

O pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween,
When the shroud was unclos'd and no lady was seen;
When a voice from the kinsmen, spoke louder in scorn,
(Twas the youth who had lov'd the fair Ellen of Lorne.)

'dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her grief,
dreamt that her lord was a barbarous chief,
On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem,
Glenara! Glenara now read me my dream.'

In dust low the traitor has knelt to the ground,
And the desert reveal'd, where his lady was found,
From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne,
Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorne.

AGNES.

THE WAY TO GET MARRIED.

ADDRESSED TO THE LADIES.

(For the Mirror.)

SWEET girls shall I tell ye the way to get married?
"O yes, to be sure, Sir,"---methinks you exclaim;
"'Tis a *way* we confess that our wishes are carried,
"And why not?---pray where is the wonder or blame?"

Lovely dears, neither wonder nor blame need affright ye,
'Tis the rights of your sex, (one and all) to love man!
Who was born to *protect, not* to *injure* or slight ye,
And therefore *get married* as soon as you can.

And yet, shall I tell you the way to allure him?
Then give up some whims, little fancies and airs;
Lay your *bait-hooks* with care, if you hope to *secure* him,
And spread not too freely, your *wires* and *snares*.

Tho' your *lips* like two spell-nets, are pregnant with *kisses*,
Those lips *can* for *trifles*, too frequently *pout!*
Tho' your *eyes* like two diamonds, sparkle with blisses,
Those eyes *(and you know it,) can frown* beyond doubt.

Then your *tongues*, pretty tongues! which can talk so endearing,
(O yes! and can *sting* too, whenever they please!)
Let me beg you to keep now and then, *out* of *hearing*,
And give up a little, that power---*to tease!*

Sweet creatures remember to keep him in fetters,
The man that adores you. must *now and then rule!*
For though to your beauty and charms, we are debtors,
Affectation and *pride* may the *warmest heart cool.*

"Well, then," you may say, "Mr. Censor, pray tell us,
"What is it you want us in reason to do?"
"What is it?"---I'll tell ye, and be not too jealous,
The task is most easy, yes, easy for you.

Let *smiles* and *good nature* be ever about ye,
And be not too often, by *flattery* carried;
Shew this, and proud *man, no, he can't live without ye!*
And *this* dearest girls, *is the way to get married.*

UTOPIA.

INDIAN CUSTOMS.

THE practice of Huskanawing was a solemnity which formerly took place among the Indians in Virginia, once

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every fourteen or sixteen years. It was an institution or discipline that all young men must pass under before they could be admitted to be of the number of great men, officers, or cockarouses of the nation. The following is the manner in which it was done:—

The choicest and briskest young men of the tribe, and such only as have acquired some treasure by their travels and hunting, are chosen out by their rulers to be *Huskanawed*, and whoever refuses to undergo this process, dares not remain among them. The ceremony is performed after the following manner:—After the performance of several odd preparatory ceremonies, the principal part of the business is to carry them into the woods and there to keep them under confinement and destitute of all society for several months, giving them no other sustenance but the infusion or decoction of some poisonous intoxicating roots; by virtue of which physic, and the severity of the discipline which they undergo, they become stark mad: in which raving condition they are kept eighteen or twenty days.

During this time, they are shut up night and day in a strong inclosure made on purpose, in shape like a sugar loaf, and every way open like a lattice, for the air to pass through. After shutting them up in this cage till the doctors find they have drank sufficiently of the *Wysoccan*, (as they call this mad potion) they gradually restore them to their senses, by lessening the intoxication of their diet, and then bring them back into the town, whilst still wild and crazy, through the violence of the medicine.

The undergoing this discipline is, with them, the most meritorious thing in order to preferments to the greatest posts in the nation, which they claim as their undoubted right at the next promotion.

The *Indians* pretended that this violent method of taking away their memory, is to release the youth from all childish impressions, and from that strong partiality to persons and things which is contracted before reason takes place.

They hoped by this proceeding to root out all the prepossessions and unreasonable prejudices which are fixed in the minds of children; so that the young men when they come to themselves again, may use their reason freely without being biassed by custom.

Thus also they become discharged from the remembrances of any ties of blood, and are established in a state of equality and perfect freedom, to order their actions and dispose of their persons without any other control than that of the law of nature. HISTORICUS.

Bermondsey, May 5, 1823.

THE SEASONS.

WRITTEN BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

In the smiling morn of SPRING,
When the woods were fresh and green:
And the wild-birds, round did sing,
Like the Genii of the scene;
Then, my heart, was woo'd and won,
Then, its sweetest hopes begun!

When the SUMMER'S glaring ray,
Wak'd to life the opening flowers;
And the glorious God of day,
Smil'd upon, the new-deck'd bowers;
Then, my bosom's fluttering guest,
Own'd itself, too sweetly blest!

When rich AUTUMN'S golden hue,
Gleam'd upon the ripened corn;
And a milder lustre threw,
O'er the blushes of the morn;
Then, my heart's best hopes betray'd,
Like Autumnal leaves did fade!

When cold WINTER'S icy breath,
Froze the stream, and stript the spray;
And the chilling hand of Death,
Swept the ling'ring birds away;
Then, my heart's fond hopes all o'er,
Wither'd, sunk, to bloom no more!

DOING BUSINESS IN SCOTLAND.

IT is not as in England, where, when an article is offered for sale, it is immediately purchased, or at once rejected as being too dear, but here there is a long haggling and cheapening of every article successively offered. The relation of my transactions with a man, will serve to shew the general mode of doing business.—He bids me call again, which I do several times without doing any thing. He wishes to be the *last* I do with, but *all* cannot be *last*, and *all* have wished to be *so*. After a few days I get him to proceed to business; he objects to the price of the article I offer—he will not buy—try to induce him, but do not offer to make any reduction. Says he, "You are over dear, Sir; I can buy the same gudes ten per cent. lower: if ye lik to tak aff ten per cent. I'll tak some of these." I tell him that a reduction in price is quite out of the question, and put my sample of the article aside; but the Scotchman wants it—"Weel, Sir, it's a terrible price, but as I am oot o' it at present, I'll just tak a little till I can be supplied cheaper, but ye maun tak aff five per cent." "But, Sir," says I, "would you not think me an unconscionable knave to ask ten or even five per cent. more than I intended to take?" He laughs at me—"Hoot, hoot, man, do ye expec to get what ye ask! Gude Lord, an was I able to get half

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what I ask, I would soon be rich. Come, come, I'll gie ye within twa an a half of your ain price, and gude faith, man, ye'll be well paid." I tell him that I never make any reduction from the price I first demand, and that an adherence to the rule saves much trouble to both parties. "Weel, weel," says he, "since you maun hae it a' your ain way, I maun e'en take the article; but really I think you are over keen." So much for buying and selling: then comes the settlement. "Hoo muckle discount do you tak aff, Sir:" "Discount! you cannot expect it; the account has been standing a twelve-month." "Indeed, but I do expec discount—pay siller without discount; na, na, Sir, that's not the way here ye maun deduct five per cent." I tell him that I make no discount at all: "Weel, Sir, I'll gie ye nae money at a'." Rather than go without a settlement, I at last agree to take off two and a half per cent. from the amount, which is accordingly deducted. "I have ten shillings doon against ye for short measure, and fifteen shillings for damages." "Indeed these are heavy deductions; but if you say that you shall lose to that amount, I suppose that I must allow it." "Oh, aye, its a right then, Sir, eight shillings and four-pence for pack sheet, and thirteen shillings for carriage and postage." These last items astonish me: "What, Sir," says I, "are we to pay all the charges in your business?" But if I do not allow these to be taken off, he will not pay his account; so I acquiesce, resolving within myself, that since these unfair deductions are made at settlement, it would be quite fair to charge an additional price to cover the extortion. I now congratulate myself on having concluded my business with the man, but am disappointed. "Hae ye a stawmpe," asks he; "A stamp, for what?" "Just to draw ye a bill," replies he: "A bill, my good Sir; I took off two and a half per cent. on the faith of being paid in cash." But he tells me it is the custom of the place, to pay in bills, and sits down and draws me a bill at three months after date, payable at his own shop. "And what can I do with this?" "Oh, ye may tak it to Sir William's, and he'll discount it for you, on paying him three months interest;" "and what can I do with his notes?" "He'll gie ye a bill in London at forty-five days." So, Sir, after allowing you twelve months credit, and two and a half per cent discount, and exorbitant charges which you have no claim on us to pay, I must be content with a bill which we are not to cash for four months and a half. "Weel, weel, and now, Sir," says he. "If you are going to your Inn, I'll gang wi ye and tak a glass of wine."

SPIRIT OF THE
Public Journals.

ALMACK'S ON FRIDAY.

(Concluded from our last.)

About eight o'clock on every Friday evening, during the season, (for I assure you the city has its seasons—"a Negro has a soul, your Honour,") a large mass of hackney-coaches may be seen plying about the purlieus of Cheapside, the same having been hired to convey our city fashionables to the scene of festivity. Dancing commences precisely at nine, and the display of jewels would not discredit the parish of Marylebone. The large room with the mirror at the lower end is devoted to quadrilles. Waltzes were at first proscribed, as foreign, and consequently indecent: but three of the six Miss Robertses discovered accidentally one morning, while two of the other three were tormenting poor Mozart into an undulating see-saw on the piano, that they waltzed remarkably well. The rule thenceforward was less rigidly enforced. Yet still the practice is rather scouted by the more sober part of the community. Lady Brown bridles, and heartily regrets that such filthy doings are not confined to Paris: while Lady Simms thanks God that *her* daughter never danced a single waltz in the *whole* course of her life. This instance of self-denial ought to be recorded, for Miss Simms's left leg is shorter than her right. Nature evidently meant her for a waltzer of the first water and magnitude, but philosophy has operated upon her as it did upon Socrates. There is a young broker named Carter, who has no very extensive connexion, in Mark-lane, but he has notwithstanding contrived to waltz himself into a subscription. He regularly takes out Harriet Roberts, and, after swinging with her round the room till the young woman is sick and faint, he performs a like feat with Jane Roberts, and successively with Betsy. The exhibitor of samples, when this is well over, is as giddy as a goose. He therefore retires to take a little breath; but in about ten minutes returns to the large apartment like a giant refreshed, claps his hands, calls out "Zitti zitti" to the leader of the band, and starts afresh with Lucy, Charlotte, and Jemima Roberts, in three consecutive quadrilles. The pertinacity of this young man is indeed prodigious. When the most experienced quadrillers are bowled out of

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the ring, he may be seen spinning by himself, like an Arabian Dervise. He is no great beauty, his head being several degrees too big for his body; but this disproportion does not extend further, for Lady Roberts says there is not a better hearted young man in all Portsoken Ward. According to the rules of the establishment, nobody is admitted after ten o'clock, except gentlemen of the common council: their senatorial duties are paramount. About three Fridays ago an odd incident occurred. One Mrs. Ferguson and her daughter alighted at the outer door from a very clean hackney-coach, delivered her card to Mr. Willis, and swept majestically past the grating up stairs into the ball-room. On a more minute inspection of the document, it was discovered to be a forgery. What was to be done? The mother was sitting under the mirror, and the daughter was dancing for dear life. Lady Simms, Mrs. Wells, and Miss Jones (three make a quorum) laid their heads together, and the result was a civil message to Mrs. Ferguson, requesting her and her daughter to abdicate. Mrs. Ferguson at first felt disposed to "shew fight;" but, feeling the current too strong, had recourse to supplication. This was equally vain; the rule was imperative: indeed, according to Sir Ralph Roberts, as unalterable as the laws of the *Sweeds* and *Stertions*. The difference was at length split. A young stock-broker of fashion had just driven up from Capel-court in a hackney cabriolet. Mamma was consigned to the pepper-and-salt coated driver of the vehicle; and Miss Ferguson was allowed to dance her dance out, Lady Brown undertaking to drop her safe and sound in Friday-street in her way homeward, at the conclusion of the festivity.

The managing committee meet monthly at the King's Head in the Poultry, picking their road on a pavement strewed with live turtle, "with what appetite they may." Precisely at two o'clock Mr. Willis makes his appearance, with a large blue bag full of application cards, accompanied by proper certificates: these latter consist of the portrait of the candidates, a statement of their stature, age, &c. Each of the female candidates sends also her right shoe, to exhibit the size of her foot. I doubt whether the latter custom be any thing more than *Brutum Fulmen*. For certain it is, that I have seen feet at Almack's on a Friday, that never could have passed the ordeal of critlcism. The gravity with which claims are here discussed, would not discredit a meeting of Privy Councillors to debate on the Recorder's report. Little Miss Fifield was recently debated upon. Her residence in Bond-court, Walbrook, just placed her out of the select line, or as Lady Roberts denominated it, on the wrong side of the post; and the committee were upon the point of passing to the order of the day, when Willis, with tears in his eyes, exclaimed, "Ladies, have mercy upon her; she is but young; and her poor uncle, who is now dead and gone, kept the Grasshopper tea-shop, at the corner of Paul's Chain." The appeal was not to be resisted, and little Miss Fifield got her subscription. It would be unpardonable to omit mentioning an incident, which, in the glorious days of immortal Rome, would have entitled our Lady Patronesses to six civic wreaths. The Lord Mayor of London, at the third meeting in last June, drove up to the door in his gorgeous private carriage, but, not having brought his ticket with him, his Lordship was refused admittance, and was constrained to finish the evening at half-price at the Tottenham-street Theatre. I have already mentioned the generating of a mass of disaffection in the excluded fauxbourgs. Lady Pontop, the wife of Sir Peter Pontop, a coal-merchant in Tower-royal, is among the loudest of these malcontents. This lady, who has been nicknamed the City Duchess, has been heard to utter threats about "knocking up Almack's," and mutters something about establishing a rival concern. The Lady Patronesses, however, laugh to scorn these symptoms of rebellion, and say that Cheapside has not lived to these days in comfort and credit, to be bearded by Tower-royal! A slight accident occurred last Friday se'nnight, which might have been attended with heavy effects. Young Carter, the broker, was quadrilling with Jemima Roberts: he had passed the ordeal of the Mount Ida step, wherein the shepherd is destined to foot it several seconds with three rival goddesses, and had looked as stiff and as sheepish as young men usually do at that effort, when he came suddenly and unexpectedly, *dos-a-dos*, against huge Miss Jones, who, though denominated a single woman, would make three of the ordinary size of the softer part of the creation. The consequences were obvious: the lady, weighty and elastic, stood firm as a rock, and "the weakest went to the wall," young Carter, the slender broker, being precipitated head-foremost against the wainscot.

Before the conclusion of the evening's diversion, the ladies and their partners walk the *Polonaise* round the room. Last Friday evening the order of march was suddenly impeded. Miss Donaldson, the

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grocer's daughter, having insisted upon taking the precedence of Miss Jackson, whose father sells Stiltons, that mock the eye with the semblance of pine-apples, at the corner of St. Swithin's-lane. The matter was referred to the Patronesses, who gave it in favour of Miss Jackson, inasmuch as, at dinner, cheese comes before figs. I am aware that certain caustic tradesmen, who dwell eastward of the magic circle, are in the habit of throwing out sarcasms upon those who choose to go so far west in quest of diversion. "If you must have a ball," say these crabbed philosophers, "why not hold it at the London Tavern, or at the George and Vulture, Lombard-street?" But surely this is bad reasoning. If the pilgrim glows with a warmer devotion from visiting the shrine of Loretto, well may a Miss Dawson or a Mr. Toms move with a lighter heel, when kicking up a dust upon the very same boards, which, on the Wednesday preceding, were jumped upon by a Lord John or a Lady Arabella.

New Monthly Magazine.

LONDON LYRICS.

POOR ROBIN'S PROPHECY.

When girls prefer old lovers,
When merchants scoff at gain,
When Thurtell's skull discovers
What pass'd in Thurtell's brain;
When farms contain no growlers,
No pig-tail Wapping-wall,
Then spread your lark-nets, fowlers,
For sure the sky will fall.

When Boston men love banter,
When loan-contractors sleep,
When Chancery-pleadings canter,
And common-law ones creep;
When topers swear that claret's
The vilest drink of all,
Then, housemaids, quit your garrets,
For sure the sky will fall.

When Southey leagues with Wooller,
When dandies shew no shape,
When fiddlers' heads are fuller
Than that whereon they scrape;
When doers turn to talkers,
And Quakers love a ball,
Then hurry home, street-walkers,
For sure the sky will fall.

When lads from Cork or Newry
Won't broach a whisky flask,
When comedy at Drury
Again shall lift her mask;
When peerless Kitty utters
Her airs in tuneless squall,
Then, cats, desert your gutters,
For sure the sky will fall.

When worth dreads no detractor,
Wit thrives at Amsterdam,
And manager and actor
Lie down like kid and lamb;
When bard with bard embraces,
And critics cease to maul,
Then, travellers, mend your paces
For sure the sky will fall.

When men, who leave off business
With butter-cups to play,
Find in their heads no dizziness,
Nor long for "melting day;"
When cits their pert Mount-pleasants
Deprive of poplars tall,
Then, poachers, prowl for pheasants,
For sure the sky will fall. *Ibid.*

EPIGRAMS AND EPITAPHS.

(From the German.)

Is it a wonder—with his pelf;
That Tom his friends remembers not?
For friends are easily forgot
By him who can forget himself.

EPITAPH.

Here lies, thank God, a woman who
Quarrell'd and storm'd her whole life through;
Tread gently o'er her mouldering form,
Or else you'll rouse another storm.

EPITAPH ON A MISER.

Here lies old father Gripe, who never cried, "*Jam satis*,"
'Twould wake him did he know you read his tomb-stone gratis.

I never dine at home, said Harry Skinner;
True! when you dine not out, you get no dinner.

O lovely May! thou art a kiss
From heaven to earth, of nuptial bliss;
A kiss that hails a blushing bride,
Who soon shall feel a mother's pride.

Thou addest daily to thy store thy gains,
Will a gold fleece give to a sheep more brains?

ADAM'S SLEEP.

He laid him down and slept—and from his side
A woman in her magic beauty rose,
Dazzled and charm'd he called that woman "bride,"
And his first sleep became his last repose.

A BISHOP'S BLESSING.

With cover'd head, a country boor
Stood, while the Bishop bless'd the poor—
The mitred prelate lifted high
His voice—"Take off your hat"—"Not I
Your blessing's little worth," he said,
"If through the hat't wont reach the head."

Of all Job lost, his history tells us plain,
God gave him doubled portions back again,
God did not take his pretty wife—'tis true,
What could the patient man have done with *two*?

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The Novelist.

No. XLVIII.

MARTHA, THE GIPSY.

"We are indebted for the following extraordinary tale (for such we deem it, notwithstanding the credulity of the author) to a very clever work, just published, entitled *Sayings and Doings*, from the pen of Mr. Theodore Hook."]

In the vicinity of Bedford-square lived a respectable and honest man, whose name the reader will be pleased to consider, Harding. He had married early; his wife was an exemplary woman; and his son and daughter were grown into that companionable age, at which children repay, with their society and accomplishments, the tender cares which parents bestow upon their offspring in their early infancy.

Mr. Harding held a responsible and respectable situation under the Government, in an office in Somerset-House. His income was adequate to all his wants and wishes; his family was a family of love; and, perhaps, taking into consideration the limited desires of what may be fairly called middling life, no man was ever more contented, or better satisfied with his lot, than he.

Maria Harding, his daughter, was a modest, unassuming, and interesting girl, full of feeling and gentleness. She was timid and retiring; but the modesty which cast down her fine black eyes, could not veil the intellect which beamed in them. Her health was by no means strong; and the paleness of her cheek—too frequently, alas! lighted by the hectic flush of our indigenous complaint—gave a deep interest to her countenance. She was watched and reared by her tender mother, with all the care and attention which a being so delicate and so ill-suited to the perils and troubles of this world demanded.

George, her brother, was a bold and intelligent lad, full of rude health and fearless independence. His character was frequently the subject of his father's contemplation; and he saw in his disposition, his mind, his pursuits, and propensities, the promise of future success in active life.

With these children, possessing as they did the most enviable characteristics of their respective sexes, Mr. and Mrs. Harding, with thankfulness to Providence, acknowledged their happiness, and their perfect satisfaction with the portion assigned to them in this transitory world.

Maria was about nineteen, and had, as natural, attracted the regards, and thence gradually chained the affections, of a distant relative, whose ample fortune, added to his personal and mental good qualities, rendered him a most acceptable suitor to her parents, which Maria's heart silently acknowledged he would have been to *her*, had he been poor and pennyless.

The father of this intended husband of Maria was a man of importance, possessing much personal interest, through which, George, the brother of his intended daughter-in-law, was to be placed in that diplomatic seminary in Downing-street, whence, in due time, he was to rise through all the grades of office, (which, with his peculiar talents, his friends, and especially his mother, was convinced he would so ably fill,) and at last turn out an ambassador, as mighty and mysterious as my Lord Belmont, of whom I have had occasion to speak in another part of this collection of narratives.

The parents, however, of young Langdale and of Maria Harding were agreed, that there was no necessity for hastening the alliance between their families seeing that the united ages of the couple, did not exceed thirty-nine years; and seeing, moreover, that the elder Mr. Langdale, for private reasons of his own, wished his son to attain to the age of twenty-one before he married; and seeing, moreover still, that Mrs. Langdale, who was little more than six-and-thirty years of age herself, had reasons, which she also meant to be private, for seeking to delay as much as possible, a ceremony, the result of which, in all probability, would confer upon her, somewhat too early in life to be agreeable to a lady of her habits and propensities, the formidable title of grandmamma.

How curious it is, when one takes up a *little bit* of society, (as a geologist crumbles and twists a bit of earth in his hand, to ascertain its character and quality,) to look into the motives and manœuvrings of all the persons connected with it; the various workings, the indefatigable labours, which all their little minds are undergoing to bring about divers and sundry little points, perfectly unconnected with the great end in view; but which, for private and hidden objects, each of them is toiling to carry. Nobody, but those who really understood Mrs. Langdale, understood why she so readily acquiesced in the desire of her husband to postpone the marriage for another twelvemonth. A stranger would have seen only the dutiful wife according with the sensible husband; but I knew her, and knew that there must be more than met the eye, or the ear, in that sympathy

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of feeling between her and Mr. Langdale, which was not upon ordinary occasions so evidently displayed.

Like the waterman who pulls one way and looks another, Mrs. Langdale aided the entreaties and seconded the commands of her loving spouse, touching the seasonable delay of which I am speaking; and it was agreed, that immediately after the coming of age of Frederick Langdale, and not before, he was to lead to the hymeneal altar the delicate and timid Maria Harding.

The affair got whispered about; George's fortune in life was highly extolled—Maria's excessive happiness prophesied by every body of their acquaintance; and already had sundry younger ladies, daughters and nieces of those who discussed these matters in divan after dinner, begun to look upon poor Miss Harding with envy and maliciousness, and wonder what Mr. Frederick Langdale could see in her: she was proclaimed to be insipid, inanimate, shy, bashful, and awkward; nay, some went so far, as to discover that she was absolutely awry.

Still, however, Frederick and Maria went loving on; and their hearts grew as one; so truly, so fondly were they attached to each other. George, who was somewhat of a plague to the pair of lovers, was luckily at Oxford, reading away till his head ached, to qualify himself for a degree, and the distant duties of the office whence he was to cull bunches of diplomatic laurels, and whence were to issue rank and title, and ribands and crosses innumerable.

Things were in this prosperous state, the bark of life rolling gaily along before the breeze, when Mr. Harding was one day proceeding from his residence, to his office in Somerset-place, and in passing along Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury, was accosted by one of those female gipsies who are found begging in the streets of the metropolis, and especially in the particular part of the town in question: "Pray remember poor Martha the gipsy," said the woman: "give me a halfpenny for charity, Sir."

Mr. Harding was a subscriber to the Mendicity Society, an institution which proposes to check beggary by the novel mode of giving nothing to the poor: moreover, he was a magistrate—moreover, he had no change; and he desired the woman to go about her business.

All availed him nothing; she still followed him, and reiterated the piteous cry, "Pray remember poor Martha the gipsy."

At length, irritated by the perseverance of the woman—for even subordinates in Government hate to be solicited importunately—Mr. Harding, contrary to his usual custom, and contrary to the customary usages of modern society, turned hastily round and fulminated an oath against the supplicating vagrant.

"Curse!" said Martha: "have I lived to this? Hark ye, man—poor, weak, haughty man! Mark me—look at me!"

He did look at her; and beheld a countenance on fire with rage. A pair of eyes blacker than jet, and brighter than diamonds, glared like stars upon him; her black hair dishevelled, hung over her olive cheeks; and a row of teeth whiter than the driven snow displayed themselves from between a pair of coral lips, in a dreadful smile, a ghastly sneer of contempt which mingled in her passion. Harding was riveted to the spot; and, what between the powerful fascination of her superhuman countenance, and the dread of a disturbance, he paused to listen to her.

"Mark me, Sir," said Martha; "you and I shall meet again. Thrice shall you see me before you die. My visitings will be dreadful; but the third will be the last!"

There was a solemnity in this appeal which struck to his heart, coming as it did, only from a vagrant outcast. Passengers were approaching; and wishing, he knew not why, to soothe the ire of the angry woman, he mechanically drew from his pocket some silver, which he tendered to her.

"There, my good woman—there," said he, stretching forth his hand.

"Good woman!" retorted the hag. "Money now? I—I that have been cursed? 'tis all too late, proud gentleman—the deed is done, the curse be now on you." Saying which, she tossed her ragged red cloak across her shoulder, and hurried from his sight, across the street by the side of the Chapel, into the recesses of St. Giles's.

Harding felt a most extraordinary sensation: he felt grieved that he had spoken so harshly to the poor creature, and returned his shillings to his pocket with regret. Of course fear of the fulfilment of her predictions did not mingle with any of his feelings on the occasion; and he proceeded to his office in Somerset-place, and performed all the official duties of reading the opposition newspapers, discussing the leading politics of the day with the head of another department, and of signing his name three times, before four o'clock.

Martha the gipsy, however, although he had *poohpoohed* her out of his memory, would ever and anon flash across his mind; her figure was indelibly stamped

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upon his recollection; and though, of course, as I before said, a man of his firmness and intellect could care nothing, one way or another, for the maledictions of an ignorant, illiterate being like a gipsy, still his feelings—whence arising I know not—prompted him to call a hackney-coach, and proceed *en voiture* to his house, rather than run the risk of encountering the metropolitan sibyl, under whose forcible denunciation he was actually labouring.

There is a period in each day of the lives of married people, at which, I am given to understand, a more than ordinary unreserved communication of facts and feelings takes place; when all the world is shut out, and the two beings, who are in truth but only one, commune together freely and fully upon the occurrences of the past day. At this period, the else sacred secrets of the drawing-room coterie, and the *tellable* jokes of the after-dinner convivialists, are mutually interchanged by the fond pair, who, by the barbarous customs of uncivilized Britain, have been separated during part of the preceding evening.

Then it is, that the husband informs his anxious consort how he has forwarded his worldly views with such a man—how he has carried his point in such a quarter—what he thinks of the talents of one, of the character of another; while the communicative wife gives *her* view of the same subjects, founded upon what she has gathered from the individuals composing the female cabinet, and explains why she thinks he must have been deceived upon this point, or misled upon that. And thus, in recounting, in arguing, in discussing and descanting, the blended interest of the happy pair are strengthened, their best hopes nourished, and, perhaps, eventually realized.

A few friends at dinner, and some refreshers in the evening, had prevented Harding from saying a word to his beloved Eliza about the gipsy; and, perhaps, till the "witching time" which I have attempted to define, he would not have mentioned the occurrence even had they been alone. Most certainly he did not think the less of the horrible vision; and when the company had dispersed, and the affectionate couple had retired to rest, he stated the circumstance exactly as it had occurred, and received from his fair lady just such an answer as a prudent, intelligent, and discreet woman of sense would give to such a communication. She vindicated his original determination not to be imposed upon—wondered at his subsequent willingness to give to such an undeserving object, while he had three or four soup-tickets in his pocket—was somewhat surprised that he had not consigned the bold intruder to the hands of the beadle—and, ridiculing the impression which the hag's appearance seemed to have made upon her husband's mind, narrated a tour performed by herself with some friends to Norwood, when she was a girl, and when one of those very women had told her fortune, not one word of which ever came true—and, in a discussion of some length, animadverting strongly upon the weakness and impiety of putting faith in the sayings of such creatures, she fell fast asleep.

Not so Harding: he was restless and worried, and felt that he would give the world to be able to recall the curse which he had rashly uttered against the poor woman. Helpless as she was, and in distress, why did his passion conquer his judgment? Why did he add to the bitterness of refusal the sting of malediction? However, it was useless to regret *that* which was past—and, wearied and mortified with his reflections, he at length followed his better half into that profound slumber, which the length and subject of his harangue had so comfortably insured her.

The morning came, and brightly beamed the sun—that is, as brightly as it can beam in London. The office hour arrived; and Mr. Harding proceeded, *not* by Charlotte-street, to Somerset-House, such was his dread of seeing the ominous woman. It is quite impossible to describe the effect produced upon him by the apprehension of encountering her: if he heard a female voice behind him in the street, he trembled, and feared to look round, lest he should behold Martha. In turning a corner he proceeded carefully and cautiously, lest he should come upon her, unexpectedly; in short, wherever he went, whatever he did, his actions, his movements, his very words, were controlled and constrained by the horror of beholding her again.

The words she had uttered rang incessantly in his ears; nay, such possession had they taken of him, that he had written them down, and sealed the document which contained them. "Thrice shall you see me before you die. My visitings will be dreadful; but the third will be the last."

"Calais" was not imprinted more deeply upon our Queen's heart, than these words upon that of Harding; but he was ashamed of the strength of his feelings, and placed the paper wherein he had recorded them at the very bottom of his desk.

Meanwhile Frederick Langdale was

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unremitting in his attentions to Maria; but, as is too often the case, the bright sunshine of their loves was clouded. Her health, always delicate, now appeared still more so, and at times her anxious parents felt a solicitude upon her account, new to them; for symptoms of consumption had shewn themselves, which the faculty, although they spoke of them lightly to the fond mother and to the gentle patient, treated with such care and and caution, as gave alarm to those who could see the progress of the fatal disease, which was unnoticed by Maria herself, who anticipated parties and pleasure and gaieties in the coming spring, which the doctors thought it but too probable she might never enjoy.

That Mr. Langdale's *punctilio*, or Mrs. Langdale's excessive desire for apparent juvenility, should have induced the postponement of Maria's marriage, was, indeed, a melancholy circumstance. The agitation, the surprise, the hope deferred, which weighed upon the sweet girl's mind, and that doubting dread of something unexpected, which lovers always feel, bore down her spirits and injured her health; whereas, had the marriage been celebrated, the relief she would have experienced from all her apprehensions, added to the tour of France and Italy, which the happy couple were to take immediately after their union, would have restored her to health, while it ensured her happiness. This, however, was not to be.

It was now some three months since poor Mr. Harding's rencontre with Martha; and habit, and time, and constant avocation had conspired to free his mind from the dread she at first inspired. Again he smiled and joked, again he enjoyed society, and again dared to take the nearest road to Somerset-House; nay, he had so far recovered from the unaccountable terror he had originally felt, that he went to his desk, and selecting the paper wherein he had set down the awful denunciation of the hag, deliberately tore it into bits, and witnessed its destruction in the fire, with something like real satisfaction, and a determination never more to think upon so silly an affair.

Frederick Langdale was, as usual, with his betrothed, and Mrs. Harding enjoying the egotism of the lovers, (for, as I said before, lovers think their conversation the most charming in the world, because they talk of nothing but themselves,) when his curricle was driven up to the door to convey him to Tattersall's, where his father had commissioned him to look at a horse, or horses, which he intended to purchase; and Frederick was, of all things in the world, the best possible judge of a horse.

To this sweeping dictum, Mr. Harding, however, was not willing to assent; and, therefore, in order to have the full advantage of two heads, which, as the proverb says, are better than one, the worthy father-in-law elect proposed accompanying the youth to the auctioneer's at Hyde-Park-Corner, it being one of those few privileged days when the labourers in our public offices make holiday The proposal was hailed with delight by the young man, who, in order to shew due deference to his elder friend, gave the reins to Mr. Harding, and bowing their adieux to the ladies at the window, away they went, the splendid cattle of Mr. Langdale prancing and curvetting, fire flaming from their eyes, and smoke breathing from their nostrils.

The elder gentleman soon found that the horses were somewhat beyond his strength, even putting his skill wholly out of the question, and in turning into Russell-street, proposed giving the reins to Frederick. By some misunderstanding of words in the alarm which Harding felt, Frederick did not take the reins which he (perfectly confounded) tendered to him. They slipped over the dashing iron between the horses, who thus freed from restraint, reared wildly in the air, and plunging forward, dashed the vehicle against a post, and precipitated Frederick and Harding on the curb-stone: the off-horse kicked desperately as the carriage became entangled and impeded, and struck Frederick a desperate blow on the head. Harding, whose right arm and collar-bone were broken, raised himself on his left hand, and saw Frederick weltering in blood apparently lifeless before him. The infuriated animals again plunged forward with the shattered remnant of the carriage; and as this object was removed from his sight, the wretched father-in-law beheld, looking upon the scene with a fixed and an unmoved countenance—MARTHA, THE GIPSY.

It was doubtful whether the appearance of this horrible vision, coupled as it was with the verification of her prophecy, had not a more dreadful effect upon Mr. Harding than the sad reality before him. He trembled, sickened, fainted, and fell senseless on the ground.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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The Sketch Book.

No. XIX.

LIFE IN LONDON

WHEN I hear a man complain of *ennui*, of *tædium vitæ*, or accuse a London life of sameness, I am convinced that either the body of such a one is diseased, which deranges his intellect, or that there is a void in the mind which he has neither activity nor the talent to fill up. A sameness in London! Preposterous! Every street, every square, every public walk, and every theatre, presents novelty and variety. The very shops with their shopmen and shopwomen, their proprietors and customers, offer a world of information and a wide field for remarks.

Neither the elegante, who canters through the streets to be admired, the debauché who half sleeps over his curricle horses, or by the side of his tilbury-groom, nor the rich subject for the gout, who lolls stupidly in his carriage, see much of this; but the man who studies his fellow-creatures, and whose active mind finds employment in all classes of life, can draw experience and knowledge from every character and from every scene in the eventful drama of existence. Such a man must be able to pass from the senate to the coffee-house, from the gay lounge of morning amusement to the busy scene of a Stock Exchange, and from taking the living portraits of titled idlers at auctions and in ice-shops, to the toil and bustle of trade and commerce.

The court end of the town and the city, St. James's and St. Giles's, the puny efforts of coxcomb's table wit and the broad farce and vulgar cant of the river boatmen, or the stage coachman, must all be examined and sifted by such a one. He must quit his spring poney, or his Gennet, in order to see men nearer, and mingle with the pedestrian train in their walk from Oxford-street to St. Mary Axe. Shops, countenances—but above all, manners, will all pass by him like the magic lanthorn. Without light it would produce no effect;—without a ray of genius he would see nothing but uninteresting men and women, crowded streets, busy and imposing tradespeople, by whom he is pressed and jostled, without deriving any benefit from his intercourse with the world, or his collision with mankind. But, blest with observation, life itself seems compressed for him into the abridgment of a morning walk.

Or if he take his horse or his open carriage, returning from the city about four or five o'clock, and follow the duchesses, and countesses, the smart commoners' wives, and tradeswomen; in short, the ladies of every description, with all the titled and untitled beaux, to the parks and favourite rides, what diversity of character will he find! The ruffian at Tattersall's, the half-pay officer hanging out for an invitation, the mercenary beauty fishing for a gudgeon, the adventure hunter casting about by chance, the park saunterer, the dinner hunter, the beau, or belle, on their road to an assignation, the minor or the young female on the road to ruin, the yawning time-killer, the reader on a bench under a tree, rooks and sharpers on the look out, the author feasting on his own brain, and the alderman in such a state of repletion that a doctor must inevitably be called in, the gaping countryman and the pert studier of fashion — surely these are subjects enough for contemplation.

Then suppose a man has quitted his house in Grosvenor-square, and after a ride in the park and a morning visit or two, where his only dread is to find any one at home, strikes into Bond-street, and pursues his course down the Strand. How many various characters will he see in one linen-draper's shop! The superb dame who is there from idleness, and buys every thing, the fickle, troublesome fashionable, who shops from vacancy of mind and habit, and who turns over every thing without the least intention of purchasing, the boarding-school miss who looks wistfully at a rich aunt, but cannot soften her aunt into the purchase of a lace veil or a French shawl, the arch cyprian who eyes an embroidered gown and the linen-draper, or some chance male customer in the shop, with equal fondness—and, lastly, the adroit shop-lifter, with Argus eyes on every side, endeavouring to seize the opportunity of taking off some article of value whilst the attention of those serving in the shop is occupied, or whilst a shopman is dispatched to hand down some parcel to be looked at.

From the linen-draper or the jeweller, let him call in at a confectioner's and take an ice. There will he again see an endless variety of character; the pert, but pretty, shopwoman, who is the loadstone of her customers; the lounger talking nonsense, and drawling out his half-formed sentences; the appointed beau or belle looking with eagle-eye alternately at the clock and the street-door with irresistible impatience; some happy couple in a corner, or by themselves in the soup room, making the most of the stolen half hour; the fungous glutton devouring his mock turtle and perspiring over it like an ox; the poor gentleman making his scanty

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repast on a bason of gravy soup, and passing away his time until the hour of memorialing the commander-in-chief, of cooling his heels at the Admiralty, or of groaning in a great man's anti-chamber, and seeking some never-to-be-granted favour, arrive.

There also observe the young man fearful and anxious in his appearance, who is to meet his lawyer, and to learn what writ is out against him, and at whose suit, and who arrives in a hackney coach with all the windows up. Finally, see "the school-boy with his satchel on his back," devoid of care and drawn to this central point of rendezvous like a fly, merely by the fruit and sugar.

From a rendezvous ice-shop, or coffee-house, supposing the inquiring promenader now to take a turn in the Mall of St. James's Park. How many different parts are acted there! Here he will see the gay Life Guardsman casting his net for female game on every side, and sighing for some belle to whom this "soldier tired of war's alarms," may recount the action of *Quartres Bras*, and in whose bewitching society he may make up for the rigours of past campaigns. There he may behold a foreign demirep who, by the agency of a poodle dog, has a happy talent of forming acquaintance with those whom she has never seen before. On one hand is a *chevalier d'Industrie* hunting simultaneously for a wife and for a dinner. On the other hand, the lovely wife of many husbands, affecting the sentimental, and reading "Zimmerman on Solitude," or Moore's poems, without turning over a single leaf for a whole hour together, but throwing her line for an admiring novice who may seat himself beside her on the same bench.

Too often may we see the weather-beaten and scarred veteran, whose laurels are as faded in his country's remembrance as the verdure of the sapless elm under which he sits: see him occupy the whole bench with his legs stretched on it; mark the disappointment of his brow—the diminished fire of his eye, and regret that his fate has been so hard. Now my lady, too late for her distracted swain, leaps out of her carriage and runs down the alley of trees:—*vous etes trop tard, ma belle;* a letter must explain the delay. At last the idle, over-fed footman makes his appearance: he is sent on a message of urgency, but he takes his time—a few lies will account for his loitering and amusing himself, and in order to do his duty as a *confidential* messenger, he thrusts his fingers into the billet and reads its contents.

Quitting the Park and proceeding down the Strand, what crowds are led there by business or by pleasure! The major part are drawn by the former: but "fronti nulla fides:" there are masks, blinds, and decoys amongst them. That pretty brunette who trips so nimbly, as if in haste with a band-box in her hand, has been up and down the Strand half a dozen times. The band-box is a lure:—see the alderman taken by it. Will he be in the wrong box?—*nous n'en savons rien.* Had she been dressed like a west end of the town cyprian, the sugar-baker had not been caught. That fellow disguised as a Quaker, too, is no Quaker at all. He has an oil-skin bundle of samples—this is a blind. Follow him close. He is sticking to the skirts of a countryman, who is gaping and staring into every window. He will follow him to St. Dunstan's church. The clock and the false Quaker strike their blow at the same time. Giles Jolter's pocket-book and watch are no longer in their master's pocket.

It would be quite endless to recount the variety of London, from all these scenes to the painted halls of the great, the evening brilliant assemblies, the sales by the candle, and the candle-light beauty's sale, down to the lowest pitch of life, the roofless wanderer and the morn-twinkling coffee-shop. Let any man complain of sameness amidst such variety if he can.—But, surely, from every one of these scenes, moral and useful lessons may be drawn, if the eye and the brain of the draftsman be clear enough to profit by his models.

PETER PINDARICS;

OR, JOE MILLER VERSIFIED.

THE GOUTY MERCHANT, AND THE STRANGER.

In Bond-street Buildings, on a winter's night,
Snug by his parlour fire a gouty wight
Sate all alone, with one hand rubbing
His leg roll'd up in fleecy hose,
While t'other held beneath his nose
The *Public Ledger*, in whose columns grubbing,
He noted all the sales of hops,
Ships, shops, and slops,
Gum, galls and groceries, ginger, gin,
Tar, tallow, turmerick, turpentine and tin;
When lo! a decent personage in black
Entered, and most politely said,—
"Your footman, sir, has gone his nightly track,
To the King's Head,
And left your door ajar, which I
Observed in passing by,
And thought it neighbourly to give you notice."
"Ten thousand thanks—how very few get
In time of danger
Such kind attentions from a stranger.
Assuredly that fellow's throat is
Doom'd to a final drop at Newgate.
He knows, too, the unconscious elf,
That there's no soul at home except myself."

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"Indeed!" replied the stranger, looking grave,
"Then he's a double knave.
He knows that rogues and thieves by scores
Nightly beset unguarded doors:
And see how easily might one
  Of these domestic foes,
  Even beneath your nose
Perform his knavish tricks,---
Enter your room as I have done,
Blow out your candles---*thus*---and *thus*
Pocket your silver candlesticks,
  And walk off---*thus*."

So said---so done---he made no more remark,
  Nor waited for replies,
  But marched off with his prize,
Leaving the gouty merchant in the dark.

THE CASE IS ALTERED.

HODGE held a farm, and lived content,
While one year paid another's rent,
But if he run the least behind,
Vexation stung his anxious mind;
For not an hour would landlord stay,
But seize the very quarter day!

That cheap the market! scant the grain!
Though urg'd with truth, was urg'd in vain;
The same to him, if false or true,
The rent must come, when rent was due;
Yet that same landlord's cows and steeds,
Broke Hodge's fence, and cropt his meads;
In hunting that same landlord's hounds
Spread over Hodge's new spread grounds;
Dog, horse, and man, alike o'erjoy'd,
While half the rising crop destroy'd;
Yet tamely was the loss sustain'd,
Save once, and then, when Hodge complain'd,
The 'squire laugh'd loudly while he spoke,
And paid the bumpkin with a joke.

But luckless still poor Hodge's fate;
His worship's bull forc'd ope a gate,
And gor'd his cow, the last and best:
By sickness he had lost the rest.
Hodge felt at heart resentment strong,
The heart will feel that suffers long;
A thought, that instant took his head,
And thus, within himself, he said---
"If Hodge, for once, don't fling the 'squire,
The village post him for a liar;"
He said---and cross his shoulders throws
The fork, and to his landlord goes.

"I come, an' please you, to unfold
What soon or late you must be told;
My bull, (a creature tame till now,)
My bull has gor'd your worship's cow;
'Tis known what shifts I make to live,
Perhaps your Honour may forgive."
Forgive! the 'squire reply'd and swore,
Pray of forgiveness cant no more.
The law my damage shall decide,
And know that I'll be satisfy'd,---
Think sir, I am poor, sir---as a rat!---
Think I'm a justice! think of that!
Hodge bow'd again, and scratch'd his head,
And recollecting, archly said,
Sir, I'm so struck, when here before ye,
I fear I've blundered in my story;
'Fore George; but I'll not blunder now,
Yours was the bull, sir! mine the cow!
His Worship found his rage subside,
And with calm accents thus reply'd:
I'll think upon your case to night,
But, I perceive, 'tis altered quite.---
Hodge shrugg'd, and made another bow;
An't please you, where's the justice now?

K. S.

Miscellanies.

PARENTAL AFFECTION.

THE white bear of Greenland and Spitzbergen, is considerably larger than the brown bear of Europe, or the black bear of North America. This animal lives upon fish and seals, and is not only seen upon land, in the countries bordering upon the North Pole, but on floats of ice several leagues at sea. The following relation is extracted from the "Journal of a Voyage for making Discoveries towards the North Pole."

"Early in the morning, the man at the mast-head gave notice, that three bears were making their way very fast over the ice, and that they were directing their course towards the ship. They had, without question, been invited by the scent of the blubber of a sea-horse killed a few days before, which the men had set on fire, and which was burning on the ice at the time of their approach. They proved to be a she-bear and her cubs, but the cubs were nearly as large as the dam. They ran eagerly to the fire, and drew out from the flames part of the flesh of the sea-horse that remained unconsumed, and ate it voraciously.—The crew from the ship threw great lumps of the flesh of the sea-horse, which they had still left upon the ice, while the old bear fetched away singly—laid every lump before her cubs, and dividing it gave each a share, reserving but a small portion to herself. As she was fetching away the last piece, they levelled their muskets at the cubs, and shot them both dead, and in her retreat they wounded the dam but not mortally.

"It would have drawn tears of pity from any but unfeeling minds, to have marked the affectionate concern expressed by this poor beast, in the last moments of her expiring young. Though she was sorely wounded, and could but just crawl to the place where they lay, she carried the lump of flesh she had taken away, as she had done others before, tore in pieces and laid it down before them; and when she saw that they refused to eat, she laid her paws first upon one and then upon the other, and endeavoured to raise them up: all this while it was pitiful to hear her moan. When she found she could not stir them she went off, and when she had got at some distance looked back and moaned; and that not availing her to entice them away, she returned and smelling round them began to lick their wounds. She went off a second time as before; and having crawled a few paces

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looked again behind her, and for some time stood moaning. But still her cubs not rising to follow her, she returned to them again, and with signs of inexpressible fondness, went round one and round the other, pawing them and moaning. Finding at last that they were cold and lifeless, she raised her head towards the ship, and groaned a curse upon the murderers, which they returned with a volley of musket balls. She fell between her cubs, and died licking their wounds."

Useful Domestic Hints.

REMEDY FOR DEAFNESS.

PUT a table-spoonful of bay-salt into nearly half-a-pint of cold spring water; and after it has steeped therein for twenty-four hours, (now and then shaking the phial), cause a small tea-spoonfull to be poured in the ear most affected, every night when in bed, for seven or eight nights successively.

A CORRESPONDENT who was tormented for several weeks violently with what is called a stomach-cough, and at last was quite relieved by the following prescription, most earnestly recommends it to the notice of all similarly afflicted:—Purified storax and the pil. ruffi. of the shops, equal quantities; make them into a mass, which form into pills of a convenient size with magnesia. Take three at going to bed, and two in the morning, until the cough is gone, which will take place in a few days, and the *effects in giving ease will be immediate.* Should the bowels be affected, the quantity may be reduced.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

EPITAPH

On a tomb-stone in Calcutta church-yard. The deceased kept an earthenware shop.

Bene:
AT. HT, Hi S: ST—
Oneli: E: Skat..
He, Ri, N. eg, Rayc—
(Hang'd)
. F . R .
O! mab, V. Syli, Fetol—
IF . . E le:
(SSCL)
Ayb . . . Year.
. Than .
Dcl. ——— Ays
: Hego .

Therpel:
. Fand .
No, WS. He: stur
N'D to Ear,
TH, h, Ersel
Fy! EWE: EP . . .
In: G. F. R: I E: N
D. S. L
Et, mea D
V: I.
Sea: . . . . . Batey.
O! — V: rg . . .
R i E . . . . Fan .
. D . D .
RYY. O! V. RE
Yes. F . O . R W: H
. ATa .
Vai . . . . LS . a . flo.
O! do. F. Tea. R.
SW: Hok: No: WS:
Buti . nar . U.
No! Fy: Ear, SI: N . . .
SO: Metal:
L . Pit . c
HERO: . . r . Bro, a
D. P.
ANS. Hei
N. H.
Ers. Hop. ma:
Y . B .
Ea: Gai . . . N .

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. T. W's Multum in Parvo has been received, and we shall insert a portion of it in our next.

Alpheus in an early number.

The *Anecdote of Milton* is not true: in *Collet's Relics of Literature*, the story is traced to its source.

Did *Ergo* ever hear Mathews, or read Joe Miller? if so, he would find his old joke better told.

Clavis's "Sonsie Lassie" would be *Greek* to nine-tenths of our readers.

Fuzzymuzzy should leave Cromwell alone.

Dr. Pangloss is stale and indelicate.

E. Bobadil ought to know that extravagance and humour are not inseparable.

The Beggar's Tale is not without interest, but that interest is not sufficiently strong for us.

As we trust there are no readers who doubt the existence of Jesus Christ, we think it unnecessary to print *Alfred's* arguments to prove it, though we admire the feeling in which his communication is written.

The Counterbalance is indelicate.

We shall be glad to hear from *Vyvyan* on the terms he proposes.

Lislett will be a welcome contributor.

We have mislaid the *Stanzas on seeing the King's Squadron*, but shall, we doubt not, find them in a day or two.

Judgments deferred on *J. H. W., A Friend to the Drama, P. Staunton, S—r, A. Westminster*, and several other correspondents.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. LXXV.] SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1824. [PRICE 2*d*.

Dean Wotton's Monument.

MANY of our readers have no doubt visited that novel and beautiful exhibition the Diorama, a detailed account of which first appeared in the *Mirror*. The view of Trinity Chapel in Canterbury Cathedral, is the most remarkable and the most complete pictorial illusion we ever witnessed; and we have met with many persons, who while they acknowledged the talent that could present the interior of a stately edifice with its walls, its aisles, its pillars, and its roof, have been completely incredulous as to the steps leading to the Chapel, and the workmen who appear asleep in the foreground. These say our doubting friends are real steps, and although the figures may not be actual living individuals, yet they must be stuffed effigies. In this, however, we can assure every unbeliever that he is mistaken. The whole view is one plain surface, and the illusion is the triumph of art: and in presenting our readers with the most striking object in Trinity Chapel, which has had the honour of being so strikingly displayed upon canvass, we shall be rendering an acceptable service.

Trinity Chapel, which is built behind the high altar of St. Anselm's Chapel in the Cathedral, formerly contained the rich and much adored shrine of Thomas-à-Becket, where pilgrims used to worship, and even kings to kneel. The pillars of the Chapel were built to form a circle round the eastern part of the shrine, and between them all the monuments except one are placed. That of Dean Wotton, who died in 1566, is on the north side of the Chapel at the foot of the monument of Henry IV. The Dean is represented kneeling on his tomb, his hands clasped, and raised in the attitude of prayer; a desk is before him, on which is an open book.

The whole is an excellent piece of sculpture, particularly the head, which is said to have been taken from the life, and executed at Rome during his stay there. The countenance is highly expressive. The Dean appears in his Doctor's robes,

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bare-headed, and with short curly hair and beard.

Dean Wotton was an eminent statesman, and we should suspect a most accomplished courtier, for he continued in office during four reigns, when there were as many changes of religion.

THE ARMS OF WALES.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—Observing in the *Mirror* an inquiry respecting the Arms of Wales, I forward the following particulars from the best authorities.

The Ensign of Cadwallader, the last King of the Britains, was a *red Dragon.* Henry the Seventh wore it as the dexter supporter to his arms, he likewise adopted as the Badge of Wales *a dragon passant, wings elevated gu. upon a mount vert.* It is from the device of the red Dragon this Monarch created the Pursuivant of Arms, Rauge Dragon. Upon the great seal of James the First appeared the banner of the *Arms* of Cadwallader, viz. *Az. a Cross, patteé fitcheé or,* to show the descent from the Welsh Blood Royal.

J. L. F.

(For the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—A correspondent in your last Number, wishes to know the Arms of Wales. The ancient Armorial Bearings of that Principality, are quarterly Gu and Or, in each quarter a lion passant guardant counterchanged. The following badge also appertains to Wales, (as may be seen in Berry's Encyclopædia Heraldica, a voluminous work now in course of publication) viz. upon a mount vert, a dragon passant, wings elevated, Gules.

E. F.

THE BENEFIT OF CLERGY EXPLAINED.

(For the Mirror.)

THE Benefit of Clergy, is a legal phrase, or technical term, which we often hear, and sometimes repeat, without understanding its precise meaning. The dark cloud of barbarism which succeeded the downfall of the Roman empire having nearly effaced literary pursuits, the attention of the nobility, and the body of the people placed above labour, was wholly absorbed by military exercise and the chase, while the regular and secular clergy, became, for ages, with some exceptions, almost the sole depositaries of books, and the learned languages. As it is natural to respect what we do not understand, the Monks turned the advantage to good account, and it gradually became a principle of common law, that no clerk, that is to say, no priest, should be tried by the civil power.

This privilege was enjoyed and abused without restriction, till the reign of Henry the Second, when the council, or parliament of Clarendon, or the sense of the nation, were provoked by murder, rape, and other crimes, to set bounds to ecclesiastic licentiousness, by a salutary regulation on this subject, but a law as necessary was evaded by the insolence of Becket, and the base pusillanimity of King John, and his successor.

During a period equally disgraceful to the monarch and the clergy, a provision, artful, because it seemed to wear the face of a remedy, was enacted, by which any person tried for felony and found guilty, was pronounced to be exempt from punishment *si legit ut clericus,* if he was able to read as a priest. From this *finesse* the Monks derived a considerable emolument, by teaching prisoners to read, which, however odious or bloody their crimes,—rescued them from the penalty of the laws, and also answered another important purpose, as by these means, men of the most desperate characters, were thus rendered humble and obedient tools of the church. This lucrative monopoly remained, till it was provided against in the twenty-seventh year of the reign of Edward the Third: but the noxious weed grew up in a shade of ignorance and confusion, during the bloody contests of the houses of Lancaster and York, till it received a considerable check under Edward the Sixth, when it was determined that no person convicted of manslaughter shall claim the benefit of clergy, unless he is a peer of the realm, or a clerk in priest's orders: and, by the ninth of James the First, it was entirely taken away from those delinquents.

Persons at all conversant in legal points, or general reading, will, perhaps, smile at this article on a subject which they consider as generally understood; but I have frequently met with persons, who imagined that the words, without benefit of clergy, implied that a criminal should have no spiritual guide, when no more is meant, than that his being able to read or write, shall not in any manner exempt him from punishment, and that he shall not be entitled to any of those privileges formerly enjoyed by the clergy.

L. S.

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OF THE ARUNDELIAN MARBLES.

(For the Mirror.)

THE Arundelian marbles, Oxford marbles, or Parian chronicle, are ancient stones (as has been supposed,) whereon is inscribed a chronicle of the city of Athens, engraven in capital letters in the island of Paros, one of the Cyclades, 264 years before Jesus Christ.

They take their first name from Thomas, Earl of Arundel, who procured them out of the east, or from Henry his grandson, who presented them to the University of Oxford. The Arundelian marbles in their perfect state, contain a chronological detail of the principal events of Greece during a period of 1318 years, beginning with Cecrops, B. C. 1582, and ending with the Archonship of Diognetus, B. C. 264: but the chronicle of the last ninety years is lost, the inscription is at present so much corroded and effaced, that the sense can be discovered only by very learned and industrious antiquaries; or, more properly speaking, supplied by their conjectures. This chronicle, and many of the other relics of antiquity, real or pretended, were purchased in Asia Minor, in Greece, or in the islands of the Archipelago, by Mr. William Petty, who in the year 1624, was sent by Thomas, Earl of Arundel, for the purpose of making such collections for him in the east; they were brought into England about the beginning of the year 1627, and placed in the gardens belonging to Arundel house in London. Soon after their arrival they excited a general curiosity, and were viewed by many inquisitive and learned men; among others by Sir Robert Cotton, who prevailed upon Selden to employ his abilities in explaining the Greek inscriptions; the following year Selden published a small volume in 4to., including about thirty-nine inscriptions copied from the marbles. In the turbulent reign of Charles I. and the subsequent usurpation, some of the marbles were defaced and broken, and others stolen or used for the ordinary purposes of architecture; the chronological marble in particular was unfortunately broken and defaced. In 1667, the Hon. Henry Howard, afterwards Duke of Norfolk, the grandson of the first collector, presented these supposed remains of antiquity to the university of Oxford. Selden's work becoming very scarce, Bishop Fell engaged Mr. Prideaux to publish a new edition of the inscriptions, which was printed at Oxford in 1676. In 1732 Mr. Maittaire obliged the public with a more comprehensive view of the marbles than either of his predecessors; lastly, Dr. Chandler published a new and improved copy of the marbles in 1763, in which he corrected the mistakes of the former editors; and in some of the inscriptions, particularly that of the Parian chronicle, supplied the *lucunæ* by many ingenious conjectures. The Arundelian marbles have generally been regarded as a curious monument of antiquity: they were, however, discovered in some instances to be inconsistent with the most authentic historical accounts; Sir Isaac Newton and several other modern philosophers paid little or no regard to them, and their authenticity has been severely questioned by Mr. Robertson in a dissertation, entitled the Parian Chronicle. In this dissertation much ingenuity as well as judgment and a great extent of ancient learning are displayed. His doubts, the author observes, arise from the following considerations. First, "The characters have no certain or unequivocal marks of antiquity." Second, "It is not probable that the chronicle was engraved for private use." Third, "The chronicle does not appear to have been engraved by public authority." Fourth, "The Greek and Roman writers, for a long time after the date of this work, complain that they had no chronological account of the affairs of ancient Greece." Fifth, "The chronicle is not once mentioned by any writer of antiquity." Sixth, "Some of the facts mentioned in the chronicle seem to have been taken from writers of later date." Seventh, "Arachronisms appears in some of the epochas, which we scarcely suppose a chronologer of the 129th Olympiad would be liable to commit." Eight, "The history of the discovery of the Parian chronicle is obscure and unsatisfactory." Ninth, "The literary world has been frequently imposed upon by spurious books and inscriptions; and, therefore, we should be extremely cautious with regard to what we receive under the venerable name of antiquity." These several articles have been replied to by Mr. Hewlett, in his Vindication of the Parian Chronicle, but the objections are of a nature very difficult to be removed. The marbles are now fixed in the school in Oxford. S——R.

VALENTINES.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—According to a former statement of your *Mirror* it appears, that the number of Valentines sent to the receiving houses within the district of the *two-penny post* in 1821, exceeded 200,000,

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the amount of which is £1,666 13*s.* 4*d.*; which we may call the *Citizens'* Anniversary tribute, in aid of Government. But as a considerable number, perhaps a *fourth* of these equivocal, anonymous, or sometimes *quizzical* overtures are charged *three-pence*, an increase of £208 6*s.* 8*d.*, or one eighth more is produced — making £1,875 sterling. To which, if the very low estimate of £468 15*s.* for duty on paper be added, the whole emolument flowing into the treasury for one day's Folly *in London only*, will amount to £2,343 15*s.*!! All of which is collected with a few pounds additional expense to Government, for extra letter carriers. With respect to country Valentines, the circumstances differ too much to say any thing of *certainty* about it, seeing the postage would vary with the distance: and while some were charged as *single*, others from the manner of *folding*, would be accounted *double*, or even *triple*. Therefore, waving *niceties*, the number would be, probably, in proportion to the *population*, and the sway of the Blind Divinity is *universally* acknowledged to bear. Then according to a late Census, the population of England, Wales, and Scotland, to say nothing of that hot bed of the amatory passion (Ireland) amounted to 12,552,144, out of which 864,845 were assigned to *London*, being between a fourteenth and fifteenth part of the whole twelve millions and a half. Therefore, without stickling about excess of postage, or double and triple letters, if the whole supposed number be averaged according to the London rate, that is £2,343 15*s.* multiplied by thirteen and a half, the last product will be found to amount to the enormous total of £33,640 12*s.* 6*d.* !!! as Folly's free-will-offering in *one day* every year *to support the State*. The expression in one of Dibdin's songs, that

"*Puppies* now prop up the Nation!"

wants but the alteration of *one word* to make it suit the present case; for our *follies*, are really *valuable considerations* to the Receiver General: and none but a cynic would be angry if the *whole National Debt* should be paid off by means equally innocent. T. S.

THE HUSBAND,

From the Greek.

Faithful as dog, the lonely shepherd's pride,
True as the helm, the bark's protecting guide,
Firm as the shaft that props the towering dome,
Sweet as the shipwreck'd seamen's land, and home,
Lovely as child, a parent's sole delight,
Radiant as morn that breaks a stormy night,
Grateful as streams, that in some deep recess,
With rills unhop'd the panting traveller bless,
Is he, that links with me his chain of life,
Names himself lord, and deigns to call me WIFE.

THE WIFE.

(In Imitation of the above.)

Beautiful as young day, when the sweet season s waking,
Joyous as the bird of song when the gay morn is breaking,
Mild as Zephyr's softest sigh, on Flora's bosom breathing,
Chaste as that fair queen, who found the art of endless wreathing,
Constant as Apollo's flow'r, which blooms but in his beaming,
Fond as the moon of that bright star, upon her path-way gleaming,
Graceful as the slightest reed upon the green bank waving,
Courteous as the rippling stream, which that green bank is laving,
Yet great in soul, and high in mind, the charm, the bliss, of life,
Is she, the gentlest of her kind, I proudly call MY WIFE.

J. W., Jun.

ON THE INFLUENCE OF SOCIETY.

(For the Mirror.)

IT is hardly possible to view the connection of society with our comfort, without hailing it as a blessing almost indispensable to our existence.

You will not expect that in mustering my ideas upon any subject, I should reinforce them with the sanction of the musty ancients, or the trite moderns; or that I should embellish my sentiments with cramp quotations from languages to which the softer sex have no pretensions; for that matter, I am quite satisfied with simply expressing them upon any given subject, and shall be much prouder of their meeting the pre-conceived ideas of my readers, than, if they were upheld by a host of *literati*; with whose opinions the idea of corroboration would despoil me of all pretension whatever to originality. So vast a range of thought and sentiment is accessible in the present day to almost every class in society, by the universal diffusion of the press, that it is scarcely reasonable to expect novel sparks of genius—they may perhaps present themselves in a somewhat varied form, but the basis is in most cases easily traced and defined; new ideas are so scarce, that they should deservedly immortalize the projectors. I speak not for myself, for I cannot hope to raise the slightest pretensions—but they occasionally present themselves, although like angel visits "few and far between."

Being naturally of a lively temperament, I confess myself much delighted

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in mingling with the busy world, and participating (moderately mind you) in its multifarious attractions; not that I dislike occasionally to indulge a little in the sombre mood, but I consult my glass too often not to know, that the hue of the rose is as important as that of the lily in the estimation of the sweet somebodys, whose good opinion I would not forfeit for worlds—at least just at present; I know not how far my wilfulness may extend by and bye: I am not in the least ambitious to appear

'Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought'—

not I, time enough for that when care with his furrowed cheeks raps at my door in good earnest—my desire is, to keep him at arms length as long as possible—and if he needs will assail me, to be well prepared for the encounter.

But I was about to gossip a little about the sweets of society—*retournons a nôtre sûjet*—I confess I am not much given to reflection; but I do now and then indulge a little, and cannot say it has ever operated prejudicially on my happiness, for although it may have occasionally engendered a little dissatisfaction with self, this has been more than counterbalanced by the whispering counsels of conscience, my infallible arbitress in points of a questionable character. In verity I believe there is a season for all things, but I do love to study human nature beyond all other occupations whatever; for it alone conveys practical instruction, being just of that specific character which we most need to curb and facilitate our intercourse with each other. Learning cuts but a sorry figure without this qualification; it is theory without practice, and we should be the tamest creatures imaginable had we no other medium than books, to become familiarized to each other. No, no, this would never do; I have a thousand times commiserated the awkward, well-intentioned gaiety of the student, (who deeply conscious of having suffered the Muses to supersede the Graces) feels himself ill-qualified to cope with the bold pretensionless stripling in the *minutiæ* of the gay world; but whose society would be infinitely preferred to the obtrusive frivolity of his brainless opponent. It would be invidious in us to evince a preference by any other mode than polite attention; and this should challenge the best efforts of the well-informed, whose sound judgment would soon expel the trifler from the field.

Society cannot be enjoyed with true *gusto* by other than a well-stored mind, for the intelligent will seek kindred spirits, in order that their treasures may not be uselessly dissipated; and that they may be similarly recompensed in return: how hopeless would this expectation be rendered, did they resort to the illiterate or uninformed, whose pretensions are common place or sensual. Cultivation of intellect will be unavailing, unless attended to for the advantage or amusement of others, it must neither be neglected nor hoarded, for the diffusion of acquirements procures not merely respect and esteem, but the display of similar excellencies in return, and thus renders mutual gratification of the most prepossessing character. But if such results accrue from general society, far happier is the associating of nearer and dearer friends; how joyous the recognition of those we love and esteem accidentally amidst strangers; social chat speedily restores past events afresh to the imagination in all their natural vividness; occurrences, grave or gay, succeed each other in rapid continuity, beguiling us in turn of sighs or smiles, and cement a fresh enduring attachments or partialities. Memory summons at will the minutest particulars of events which may have required years to consummate; and not merely the events, but the sensations which accompanied them—and who will say that even grief may not be delicious, with a valued friend at hand to pour in the balm of consolation—a friend whose heart may throb in unison with your own, and on whose affectionate disposition and kindly offices you can confidently rely in every exigence.

These and a thousand other advantages are contingent on society; there are some evils to avoid, it is true, but what they are, a sound discretion will readily discriminate; slander and detraction are perhaps the most prevalent, but these hateful qualities will be shunned by a mind trained for rational enjoyment; compassionate regret will deaden their influence, which will be superseded by liberal and enlightened sentiments, on whatever topics the imagination may present for discussion.

That solid acquirement, and its cheerful and graceful diffusion may be the qualification of every reader of your very interesting publication, is the sincere wish of your obliged JANET.

January 31, 1824.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

DERVISHES.

WE took boat one afternoon, with two English gentlemen, for Scutari, to see

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the howling Dervishes. The Mosque was very plain; having taken our seats in the gallery, we waited for some time, while the Dervishes were engaged in drinking, as our guard, a captain of the Janizaries, informed us, to excite themselves to go through the strange exhibition that followed. A young man of the order then mounted on a flight of steps without the door, and summoned, in a very loud and mournful voice, for nearly half an hour, the faithful to attend. The Dervishes all entered, and, ranged in a long line, began to rock their bodies to and fro in simultaneous movement. But this motion soon became more rapid, and Alla and Mohammed, at first pronounced in a low and sad tone, burst from their lips with violence. They then all threw off their outer garments, sprang from the ground, and threw their arms furiously about. As their imaginations became more heated, some stripped themselves nearly naked, others foamed at the mouth; one or two old men, exhausted, sunk on the ground, and the cries of God and the Prophet might be heard afar off. It was a singular spectacle of enthusiasm and hypocrisy combined; but what ensued was more disgusting, for they took red-hot irons and applied them to their legs and feet, and other parts of their bodies, still howling out amidst their pain the name of the Eternal, in whose honour, they would have their credulous assembly believe, they suffered all this. A great part of the Dervishes are notorious libertines and profligates, as the better informed Turks are often heard to call them. They consist of various orders; some live in monasteries, others lead a wandering life through different parts of the empire, chiefly subsisting on the hospitality of the faithful. In the island of Cyprus I met with a young Dervise of this kind; his features were fair and effeminate, and his long hair fell in ringlets on his neck and bosom; on the latter he wore several pieces of stained glass, fancifully disposed; his appearance betokened any thing but devotion. Others are to be seen roving about with thick dishevelled hair, wild looks, and half naked; these profess poverty and self-denial, and are held most in reverence by the people. Many of these men, however, are sincere teachers and examples of their religion, and lead the life of pilgrims, or fix on some secluded spot, where they live abstemiously, and repay with their counsels the simple presents of the people. The most eminent of them are termed Santons, and have handsome monuments built on their graves in the shade of trees, which are ever after regarded with peculiar veneration.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

FAST OF RAMADAN.—TURKISH MOSQUES.

THE fast of Ramadan, at Constantinople, is as rigidly kept as that of the Jews: the Turk finds it severe enough to remain from one sun-set to the next without a morsel; then coffee and his pipe are indeed his solace, for these are permitted. With what tumultuous joy did the believers deport themselves in a coffee-house not far from the English palace. They danced wildly in groups to the sound of the guitar and tambour, embraced one another as they talked of the night near at hand, when the first appearance of the new moon should announce that Ramadan was over, and Beiram was begun. It came at last; on that night every minaret of the grand mosques was illumined from top to bottom with innumerable rows of lamps. You could distinguish those of Achmed, Suleimanieh, and St. Sophia; it was a peculiar and splendid sight; and the vast city and its people seemed to be hushed in the stillness of midnight, waiting for the signal of festivity. The Imauns from the tops of the highest minarets eagerly bent their looks to catch the first glimpse of the new moon; the moment it was perceived, loud and joyful shouts, which spread instantly all over the city, announced that the hour of indulgence was come, and full compensation for all their denials. It was really pleasing to observe, the next day, the looks of kindness and almost fraternal feeling which they cast on each other. The poor man is often seen at this period to take the hand, and kiss the cheek of the rich and haughty, who returns the salutation as to his equal, a brother in the glorious faith of their Prophet, a heir alike to the privileges of his paradise. Delight was pictured in every countenance; every one put on his finest apparel, and the sound of music was heard on every side, mingled with songs in honour of their religion. We are too apt to divest the Turks of domestic virtues, yet one cannot but be struck with their extreme fondness for their children; beautiful beings they often are, beyond those of any other country. In Damascus, I have many times stopped in the streets to gaze at children of six or eight years of age, whose extreme loveliness it was impossible not to admire; and afterwards in Tripolitza, I cannot forget how the love of a Turkish lady to her two youngest children, risked the murder of herself,

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her son and daughter, and her most intimate friend. The population of Constantinople has been much overrated; according to General Sebastiani's calculation, while he was ambassador, it does not exceed four hundred thousand; and the suburbs of Pera, Galata, Scutari, &c. with the line of villages along the shores of the Bosphorus, contain eight hundred thousand more. A considerable part of the ground the city covers is taken up with gardens. The areas of the mosques are generally planted with trees, and a fountain, sometimes richly ornamented, stands at the entrance, for a Turk seldom enters without first washing his feet, and, laying aside his shoes, he treads in his soft slippers. The solemnity of this people at their devotions is very striking; whether in the mosque or in the open air, they appear entirely abstracted from all around; and you would think from the expression of their features, that the spirit and the senses were alike devoted to this sacred duty; they are generally silent, save that the sound of Alla, pronounced in a low and humble tone, is often heard. The mosques are in general unadorned, and the architecture quite simple; the name of God and passages from the Koran are inscribed in gold letters on the walls. A lofty corridor goes all round the interior of the building; the circular space in the middle, where the pulpit of the Imaun stands, is lighted by a dome at the top. The assembly range themselves beneath the corridor on mats and carpets; the greater part of the time is occupied in prayer.—*Ibid.*

TURKISH WOMEN.

THE condition of the women in Turkey has little resemblance to slavery, and the pity given to it by Europeans has its source more in imagination than reality. From their naturally retired and indolent habits, they care less about exercise in the open air than ourselves. They are very fond of the bath, where large parties of them frequently meet and spend the greater part of the day, displaying their rich dresses to each other, conversing, and taking refreshments. From this practice, and the little exposure to the sun, the Turkish ladies have often an exquisite delicacy of complexion. They often sail in their pleasure-boats to various parts of the Bosphorus, or walk veiled to the favourite promenades near the cemetery, or in the gardens of Dolma Batcke, with their attendants; and they sometimes walk disguised through the streets of the city, without any observation. The government of an English wife over her own household does not equal that of the Turkish, which is absolute, the husband scarcely ever interfering in the domestic arrangements, and in case of a divorce her portion is always given up.—*Ibid.*

OPIUM EATERS.

THE practice of eating opium does not appear to be so general with the Turks as is commonly believed. But there is a set of people at Constantinople devoted to this drug; and the Theriakis, as they are called, have that hollow and livid aspect, the fixed dulness of the eye at one time, or the unnatural brightness at another, which tell too plainly of this destructive habit. They seldom live beyond thirty; lose all appetite for food; and as their strength wastes, the craving for the vivid excitement of opium increases. It is useless to warn a Theriakee that he is hurrying to the grave. He comes in the morning to a large coffee-house, a well-known resort for this purpose, close to the superb mosque of Suleimanieh. Having swallowed his pill, he seats himself in the portico in front, which is shaded by trees. He has no wish to change his position, for motion would disturb his happiness, which he will tell you is indescribable. Then the most wild and blissful reveries come crowding on him. His gaze fixed on the river beneath, covered with the sails of every nation; on the majestic shores of Asia opposite, or vacantly raised where the gilded minarets of Suleimanieh ascend on high: if external objects heighten, as is allowed, the illusions of opium, the Turk is privileged. There, till the sun sets on the scene, the Theriakee revels in love, in splendour, or pride. He sees the beauties of Circassia striving whose charms shall most delight him; the Ottoman fleet sails beneath his flag as the Captain Pacha: or seated in the divan, turbaned heads are bowed before him, and voices hail the favoured of Alla and the Sultan. But evening comes, and he awakes to a sense of wretchedness and helplessness, to a gnawing hunger which is an effect of his vice; and hurries home, to suffer till the morning sun calls him to his paradise again. —*Ibid.*

ANECDOTES OF THE DOG.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

I WAS once at the farm of Shorthope, on Ettrick head, receiving some lambs that I had bought, and was going to take to market, with some more, the next day. Owing to some accidental delay, I did not get final delivery of the lambs till it

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was growing late; and being obliged to be at my own house that night, I was not a little dismayed lest I should scatter and lose my lambs, if darkness overtook me. Darkness did overtake me by the time I got half way, and no ordinary darkness for an August evening. The lambs having been weaned that day, and of the wild black-faced breed, became exceedingly unruly, and for a good while I lost hopes of mastering them. Hector managed the point, and we got them safe home; but both he and his master were alike sore forefoughten. It had become so dark, that we were obliged to fold them with candles; and after closing them safely up, I went home with my father and the rest to supper. When Hector's supper was set down, behold he was wanting! and as I knew we had him at the fold, which was within call of the house, I went out, and called and whistled on him for a good while, but he did not make his appearance. I was distressed about this; for, having to take away the lambs next morning, I knew I could not drive them a mile without my dog, if it had been to save me the whole drove.

The next morning, as soon as it was day, I arose and inquired if Hector had come home. No; he had not been seen. I knew not what to do; but my father proposed that he would take out the lambs and herd them, and let them get some meat to fit them for the road; and that I should ride with all speed to Shorthope, to see if my dog had gone back there. Accordingly, we went together to the fold to turn out the lambs, and there was poor Hector sitting trembling in the very middle of the fold door, on the inside of the flake that closed it, with his eyes still stedfastly fixed on the lambs. He had been so hardly set with them after it grew dark, that he durst not for his life leave them, although hungry, fatigued, and cold; for the night had turned out a deluge of rain. He had never so much as lain down, for only the small spot that he sat on was dry, and there had he kept watch the whole night. Almost any other colley would have discerned that the lambs were safe enough in the fold, but honest Hector had not been able to see through this. He even refused to take my word for it, for he durst not quit his watch though he heard me calling both at night and morning.

It cannot be supposed that he could understand all that was passing in the little family circle, but he certainly comprehended a good part of it. In particular, it was very easy to discover that he rarely missed aught that was said about himself, the sheep, the cat, or of a hunt. When aught of that nature came to be discussed, Hector's attention and impatience soon became manifest. There was one winter evening, I said to my mother that I was going to Bowerhope for a fortnight, for that I had more conveniency for writing with Alexander Laidlaw, than at home; and I added, "But I will not take Hector with me, for he is constantly quarrelling with the rest of the dogs, singing music, or breeding some uproar." —"Na, na," quoth she, "leave Hector with me; I like aye best to have him at hame, poor fallow."

These were all the words that passed. The next morning the waters were in a great flood, and I did not go away till after breakfast; but when the time came for tying up Hector, he was wanting.— "The d——'s in that beast," said I, "I will wager that he heard what we were saying yesternight, and has gone off for Bowerhope as soon as the door was opened this morning."

"If that that should really be the case, I'll think the beast no canny," said my mother.

The Yarrow was so large as to be quite impassable, so that I had to go up by St. Mary's Loch, and go across by the boat; and, on drawing near to Bowerhope, I soon perceived that matters had gone precisely as I suspected. Large as the Yarrow was, and it appeared impassable by any living creature, Hector had made his escape early in the morning, had swum the river, and was sitting, "like a drookit hen," on a knoll at the east end of the house, awaiting my arrival with great impatience. I had a great attachment to this animal, who, with a good deal of absurdity, joined all the amiable qualities of his species. He was rather of a small size, very rough and shagged, and not far from the colour of a fox.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

A MOTHER.

TO A YOUNG CHILD SMILING IN A DREAM.

May gazing angels ever keep,
Strict charge around thy bed;
And o'er those eyes now clos'd in sleep,
Their shadowy pinions spread.

Sweet innocent! thy pleasing dreams
With wearied Israel's vie;
Rivers of milk and honey streams
The Land of Promise nigh.

But, Oh! when reason's light shall shine
And beauty's bud shall blow;
Guide to thy steps may Faith divine,
The real Canaan shew.

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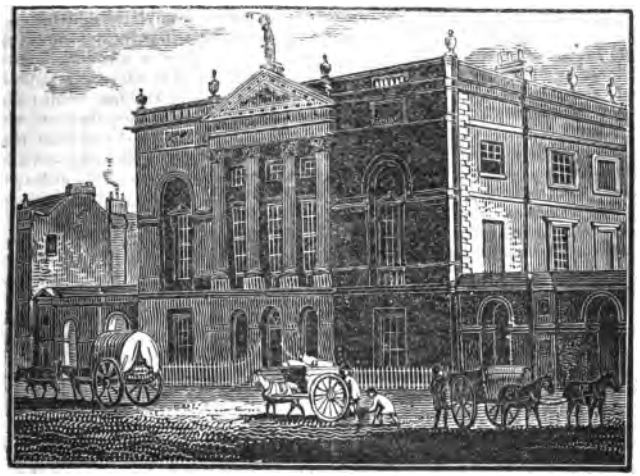
Town-Hall, Bath.



THE Guildhall of the city of Bath was formerly in the centre of the High-street, but the Corporation finding its situation inconvenient, and its offices incommodious, resolved on erecting a new building for the same purpose on the east side of the High-street; the first stone of which was laid on the 11th of February, 1768; but in consequence of the exorbitant demand made by the inhabitants for leases of the houses necessary for the object, a total stop was put to the building for some years, after the walls had been built to the height of fifteen feet.

In 1775 it was determined to complete the hall, but the first design was relinquished, and a new one adopted, which was made by Mr. Thomas Baldwin the Architect, and immediately carried into effect. This building, of which our engraving is an accurate view, is of the composite order; at each end is a wing fifty-two feet long, where the corn, poultry, fish, and vegetable markets are held. There is also a watch-house at one end, and a lock-up house at the other. The basement story of the hall is occupied by a noble kitchen and offices; the ground-floor consists of a vestibule, a justiciary room, with a drawing-room for the Mayor, and several other apartments for different officers. A grand staircase leads to the banqueting room, which is eighty feet long, forty wide, and thirty-one feet high. On the west side of this apartment is a council room. In the hall there is a curious relic of Roman antiquity, a head of Minerva which was dug up in Stall-street, in the year 1725. Bath was a Roman city, and was then called *Aquæ Salis-Fontes Calidi*. It is a corporate town 107 miles from London, and contains a population of 31,496 persons.

THE LONGEST LAW-SUIT

THE longest law-suit ever heard of in England, was between the heirs of Sir Thomas Talbot, Viscount Lisle, on the one part, and the heirs of Lord Berkeley on the other, respecting certain possessions not far from Wotton-under-Edge, in the county of Gloucester. It commenced at the end of the reign of Edward IV. and was depending till the reign of James I., when a compromise took place, it having lasted above 120 years.

A MISTAKE.

WHEN Mrs. Robinson published her Sappho and Phaon, she wrote to Mr. Boden, the newspaper editor, in the following terms:—Mrs. Robinson would thank her friend Boden for a dozen puffs for Sappho and Phaon. By mistake of the two-penny post this note was delivered to Mr. Bowden the pastry cook in the Strand, who sent this answer: "Mr. Bowden's respectful compliments to Mrs. Robinson, shall be very happy to serve her, but as Mrs. R. is not a constant customer, he cannot send the puffs for the young folks without first receiving the money."

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Scientific Amusements.

No. I.

ARITHMETICAL INSTRUMENTS.

PLATO said arithmetic and goemetry were the two wings of the mathematician, by which he might soar to an almost indefinite height. If the comparison of Plato be continued, it may be asserted that arithmetic is the mathematician's right wing, because geometrical demonstrations would frequently afford but little satisfaction to the mind, if they could not be reduced to numerical relations; a circumstance which justifies the common practice of commencing scientific pursuits with common arithmetic. The science itself presents an extensive field for speculation and curious research; but we shall confine ourselves to such things as are best calculated to excite the curiosity of young persons, who, when they find that a vast fund of amusement is within their reach, may be induced to put forth their native energies, in pursuit of the useful and important, as well as the light and amusing.

They, it will be admitted, have been peculiarly happy who have successfully combined instruction with relaxation, and who have contrived to teach important truths under the semblance of diversion.

Sometimes persons are, for a moment, put to a stand by problems the most simple and amusing, though they are themselves deeply versed in science, because they have not been accustomed to think upon subjects which, perhaps, appeared too trifling to engage their thought. The solution, however, must depend upon elementary calculation, the natural properties of certain bodies, or arithmetical combinations. The sagacity and pretended knowledge of the person who proposed them are subjects of admiration, though nothing is easier than to understand and to execute what excites our astonishment, and with a little consideration things still greater.

Puzzling questions have, at all times, formed a part of the amusements of the most polished nations; and they have been received with avidity, even by young persons, when presented under the agreeable form of an enigma of recreation; and it may be affirmed, judging from experience and facts, that we are sometimes conducted to the higher parts of abstract studies, by the flowery path of experiments, which we, at first, considered as objects of mere curiosity.

We are always gratified when we overcome an obstacle, and comprehend a difficulty that has checked the progress of others, or have unveiled a mystery concealed from persons possessed of apparently more penetration than ourselves. As a specimen of arithmetical recreations, we shall give what has been called a puzzle: it is a sort of toy that has induced many to learn the early and fundamental rules of arithmetic, who would unwillingly have applied to books or the slate.

The whole art of arithmetic, is comprehended, in all its various modifications, of the four rules, Addition, Subtraction, Multiplication and Division. And of these, addition and subtraction may be said to be fundamental, as multiplication and division are only short methods of addition and subtraction.

There have been various mechanical helps to the attainment of the early rules in arithmetic. Sir Samuel Morland, in the reign of Charles II., invented two arithmetical machines, of which he published an account, under the title of "The Description and Use of two Arithmetic Instruments; together with a short Treatise, explaining the ordinary Operations of Arithmetic," &c. presented to his Most Excellent Majesty, Charles II., by S. Morland, in 1662. This work is illustrated with twelve plates, in which the different parts of the machine are exhibited; and from these we learn, that the four rules above named are very readily worked, and, to use the author's own words, without charging the memory, disturbing the mind, or exposing the operations to any uncertainty. The machines referred to were manufactured and sold by Humphrey Adanson, in the Tower of London.

About thirty years ago, the present Earl Stanhope invented two machines for the like purposes as those for which Mr. Morland's were intended; and we have it upon unquestionable authority, that his lordship, when proposing a plan to parliament for the reduction of the national debt, actually verified the truth of all the calculations by means of these instruments. The smaller of the two machines, intended for addition and subtraction, is about the size of an octavo volume, and by means of dial plates and indices, moveable with a steel pin, the operations, to any extent, are performed with undeviating accuracy. The second, and by far the most curious instrument, is about half the size of a common table writing-desk. By this, problems in multiplication and division are solved, without the possibility of a mistake, by the simple revolution of a small winch. The mul-

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tiplier and multiplicand, in one case, and the divisor and dividend in the other, are first properly arranged; then, by turning the winch, the product or quotient is found. What appears very extraordinary to spectators, is,—that in working sums in division, if the operator be inattentive to his business, and attempts to turn the handle a single revolution more than he ought, he is instantly admonished of his mistake by the sudden springing up of a small ivory ball.

The following tables have been denominated an arithmetical puzzle; we therefore present them with an explanation. They are, no doubt, familiar to many of our readers, but we trust they will still be acceptable.

(1.)	(2.)	(3.)	(4.)	(5.)	(6.)
1	2	4	8	16	32
3	3	5	9	17	33
5	6	6	10	18	34
7	7	7	11	19	35
9	10	12	12	20	36
11	11	13	13	21	37
13	14	14	14	22	38
15	15	15	15	23	39
17	18	20	24	24	40
19	19	21	25	25	41
21	22	22	26	26	42
23	23	23	27	27	43
25	26	28	28	28	44
27	27	29	29	29	45
29	30	30	30	30	46
31	31	31	31	31	47
33	34	36	40	48	48
35	35	37	41	49	49
37	38	38	42	50	50
39	39	39	43	51	51
41	42	44	44	52	52
43	43	45	45	53	53
45	46	46	46	54	54
47	47	47	47	55	55
49	50	52	56	56	56
51	51	53	57	57	57
53	54	54	58	58	58
55	55	55	59	59	59
57	58	60	60	60	60
59	59	61	61	61	61
61	62	62	62	62	62

These columns of figures are to be written or pasted on slips of card-board, ivory, bone, &c., which are to be given into the hands of a person to fix upon a number, and having done so he returns the cards, and on which the number fixed on is found; and his friend tells him instantly, by addition, what number he has selected; this is done by adding together the top figures on the cards returned.

Example (1.) Suppose he fix on 18; then he will return the cards No. 2 and 5, because 18 will be found on those only; and the top figures of those cards are 2 and 16, which added together give 18.

(2.) Suppose he fix on 41: then he will return No. 1, 4, and 6, and the top figures in these are 1, 8, and 32, =41.

(3.) Suppose he fix on 58; then he will return No. 2, 4, 5, and 6, and the upper figures on these are, 2, 8, 16, 32, =58.

For subtraction, the method is equally obvious; and in this case, the cards are to be returned which have not the number; and the upper figures added together, and their sum subtracted from 63 (which is the sum of the top figures on all the cards), will give the number fixed on.

Example (1.) Suppose a person fix on 41, as above; then, for an exercise in subtraction, he will return the cards No. 2, 3, and 5, the top figures of which are 2, 4, and 16, =22, and 22 taken from 63, leave 41.

(2.) Suppose he fix on 51; then he will return No. 3 and 4, the top figures of which are 4 and 8, =12, and 12 from 63 give 51; and so of all other numbers.

The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM *NEW WORKS.*

THE THREE HUNCHBACKS.

At a short distance from Douai, there stood a castle on the bank of a river near a bridge. The master of this castle was hunchbacked. Nature had exhausted her ingenuity in the formation of his whimsical figure. In place of understanding, she had given him an immense head, which nevertheless was lost between his two shoulders: he had thick hair, a short neck, and a horrible visage.

Spite of his deformity, this bugbear bethought himself of falling in love with a beautiful young woman, the daughter of a poor but respectable burgess of Douai. He sought her in marriage, and as he was the richest person in the district, the poor girl was delivered up to him. After the nuptials, he was as much an object of pity as she, for being devoured by jealousy, he had no tranquillity night or day, but went prying and rambling every where, and suffered no stranger to enter the castle.

One day, during the Christmas festival, while standing sentinel at his gate, he was accosted by three humpbacked minstrels. They saluted him as a brother, as such asked him for refreshments, and at the same time, to establish the fraternity,

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they ostentatiously shouldered their humps at him. Contrary to expectation, he conducted them to his kitchen, gave them a capon with peas, and to each a piece of money over and above. Before their departure, however, he warned them never to return, on pain of being thrown into the river. At this threat of the Chatelain the minstrels laughed heartily and took the road to the town, singing in full chorus, and dancing in a grotesque manner, in derision of their brother hump of the castle. He, on his part, without paying further attention, went to walk in the fields.

The lady, who saw her husband cross the bridge, and had heard the minstrels, called them back to amuse her. They had not been long returned to the castle, when her husband knocked at the gate, by which she and the minstrels were equally alarmed. Fortunately, the lady perceived in a neighbouring room three empty coffers. Into each of these she stuffed a minstrel, shut the covers, and then opened the gate to her husband. He had only come back to espy the conduct of his wife as usual, and, after a short stay, went out anew, at which you may believe his wife was not dissatisfied. She instantly ran to the coffers to release her prisoners, for night was approaching, and her husband would not probably be long absent. But what was her dismay when she found them all three suffocated! Lamentation, however, was useless. The main object now was to get rid of the dead bodies, and she had not a moment to lose. She ran then to the gate, and seeing a peasant go by, she offered him a reward of thirty livres; and, leading him into the castle, she took him to one of the coffers, and showing him its contents, told him he must throw the dead body into the river: he asked for a sack, put the carcase into it, pitched it over the bridge, and then returned quite out breath to claim the promised reward.

"I certainly intended to satisfy you," said the lady, "but you ought first to fulfil the condition of the bargain—you have agreed to rid me of the dead body, have you not? There, however, it is still." Saying this, she showed him to the other coffer, in which the second humpbacked minstrel had expired. At this sight the clown was perfectly confounded—"how the devil! come back! a sorcerer!"—he then stuffed the body into the sack, and threw it, like the other over the bridge, taking care to put the head down and to observe that it sank.

Meanwhile the lady had again changed the positon of the coffers, so that the third was now in the place which had been successively occupied by the two others. When the peasant returned, she shewed him the remaining dead body:—"You are right, friend," said she, "he must be a magician, for there he is again." The rustic gnashed his teeth with rage. "What the devil! am I to do nothing but carry about this humpback?" He then lifted him up, with dreadful imprecations, and having tied a stone round the neck, threw him into the the middle of the current, threatening, if he came out a third time to despatch him with a cudgel.

The first object that presented itself to the clown, on his way back for his reward, was the hunchbacked master of the castle returning from his evening walk, and making towards the gate. At this sight the peasant could no longer restrain his fury. "Dog of a humpback, are you there again?" So saying, he sprung on the Chatelain, threw him over his shoulders, and hurled him headlong into the river after the minstrels.

"I'll venture a wager you have not seen him this last time," said the peasant, entering the room where the lady was seated. She answered, she had not. "You were not far from it," replied he: "the sorcerer was already at the gate, but I have taken care of him—be at your ease—he will not come back now."

The lady instantly comprehended what had occurred, and recompensed the peasant with much satisfaction.—*Points of Humour, Part II.*

ON THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

By Jacob Jones, Esq., Jun.

Wreathe the lyre, O Britain! wreathe it
Darkly, with the cypress tree;
And the tale of tears, Oh! breathe it
To the saddest minstrelsy.

Never, since the sun, in glory,
Leapt resplendent forth to life;
In the annals of our story,
In the records of our strife;

Never did the blast of sorrow
Fairer hopes condemn to fade;
Nor the grief that knows no morrow,
Cast o'er earth so wide a shade.

Little, when the bud was blighted,
Deem'd we that the tree would fall:
But the thunderbolt, that lighted,
Smote the blossom, stem, and all.—

When the brave in battle perish,
Swept untimely to the grave,
Trophied urns their memories cherished:
Such the record of the brave.

But when falls the wife and mother
Pride and hope of Britain's isle!
What can Britain's anguish smother?
What reanimate her smile?

Fall of Constantinople and other Poems

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The Novelist.

MARTHA THE GIPSY.

(Concluded from our last.)

ASSISTANCE was promptly procured, and the wounded sufferers were carefully removed to their respective dwellings. Frederick Langdale's sufferings were much greater than those of his companion, and in addition to severe fractures of two of his limbs, the wound upon the head presented a most terrible appearance, and excited the greatest alarm in his medical attendants.

Mr. Harding, whose temperate course of life was greatly advantageous to his case, had suffered comparatively little: a simple fracture of the arm and dislocation of the collar-bone, (which was the extent of his misfortune,) were, by skilful treatment and implicit obedience to professional commands, soon pronounced in a state of improvement; but a wound had been inflicted which no doctor could heal. The conviction that the woman, whose anger he had incurred, had, if not the power of producing evil, at least a prophetic spirit, and that he had twice again to see her before the fulfilment of her prophecy, struck deep into his mind: and although he felt himself more at ease when he had communicated so Mrs. Harding the fact of having seen the Gipsy at the moment of the accident, it was impossible for him to rally from the shock which his nerves had received. It was in vain he tried to shake off the perpetual apprehension of again beholding her.

Frederick Langdale remained for some time in a very precarious state. All visitors were excluded from his room, and a wretched space of two months passed, during which his affectionate Maria had never been allowed to see him, nor to write to, nor to hear from him. While her constitution, like that of my poor Fanny Meadows, was gradually giving way to the constant operation of solicitude and sorrow.

Mr. Harding meanwhile recovered rapidly, but his spirits did not keep pace with his mending health: the dread he felt of quitting his house, the tremour excited in his breast by a knocking at the door, or the approach of a footstep, lest the intruder should be the basilisk Martha, were not to be described; and the appearance of his poor Maria did not tend to dissipate the gloom which hung over his mind. When Frederick at length was sufficiently recovered to receive visitors, Maria was not sufficiently well to visit him: she was too rapidly sinking into an early grave, and even the physician himself appeared desirous of preparing her parents for the worst, while she, full of the symptomatic prospectiveness of the disease, talked anticipatingly of future happiness, when Frederick would be sufficiently re-established to visit her.

At length, however, the doctors suggested a change of air—a suggestion instantly attended to, but alas! too late; the weakness of the poor girl was such, that upon a trial of her strength it was found inexpedient to attempt her removal.

In this terrible state, separated from *him* whose all she was, did the exemplary patient linger, and life seemed flickering in her flushing cheek; and her eye was sunken and her parched lip quivered with pain.

It was at length agreed, that on the following day Frederick Langdale might be permitted to visit her:—his varied fractures were reduced, and the wound on the head had assumed a favourable appearance. The carriage was ordered to convey him to the Hardings at one, and the physicians advised by all means, that Maria should be apprised of and prepared for the meeting, the day previous to its taking place. Those who are parents, and those alone, will be able to understand the tender solicitude, the wary caution with which both her father and mother proceeded in a disclosure, so important as the medical men thought, to her recovery—so careful that the coming joy should be imparted gradually to their suffering child, and that all the mischiefs resulting from an abrupt announcement should be avoided.

They sat down by her—spoke of Frederick—Maria joined in the conversation—raised herself in her bed—by degrees, hope was excited that she might soon again see him—this hope was gradually improved into certainty—the period at which it might occur spoken of—that period again progressively diminished: the anxious girl caught the whole truth—she knew it—she was conscious that she should behold him on the morrow—she burst into a flood of tears and sank down upon her pillow.

At that moment the bright sun, which was shining in all its splendour, beamed into the room, and fell strongly upon her flushed countenance.

"Draw the blind down, my love," said Mrs. Harding to her husband. Harding rose and proceeded to the window.

A shriek of horror burst from him—"She is there!" exclaimed he.

"Who?" cried his astonished wife.

"She—she—the horrid she!"

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Mrs. Harding ran to the window and beheld on the opposite side of the street, with her eyes fixed attentively on the house—MARTHA THE GIPSY.

"Draw down the blind, my love, and come away; pray come away," said Mrs. Harding.

Harding drew down the blind.

"What evil is at hand?" sobbed the agonized man.

A loud scream from Mrs. Harding, who had returned to the bed-side, was the horrid answer to his painful questions.

Maria was dead!

Twice of the thrice had he seen this dreadful fiend in human shape; each visitation was (as she had foretold) to surpass the preceding one, in its importance of horror.—What could surpass this?

Before the afflicted parents lay their innocent child stretched in the still sleep of death; neither of them believed it true—it seemed like a horrid dream. Harding was bewildered, and turned from the corpse of his beloved, to the window he had just left. Martha was gone—and he heard her singing a wild and joyous air at the other end of the street.

The servants were summoned—medical aid was called in—but it was all too late! and the wretched parents were doomed to mourn their loved, their lost Maria. George, her fond and affectionate brother, who was at Oxford, hastened from all the academic honours which were waiting him, to follow to her grave his beloved sister.

The effect upon Frederick Langdale was most dreadful, it was supposed that he would never recover from a shock so great, and at the moment so unexpected; for, although the delicacy of her constitution was a perpetual source of uneasiness and solicitude, still the immediate symptoms had taken rather a favourable turn during the last few days of her life, and had re-invigorated the hopes which those who so dearly loved her, entertained of her eventual recovery. Of this distressed young man I never indeed heard any thing, till about three years after, when I saw it announced in the papers that he was married to the only daughter of a rich west-country baronet, which, if I wanted to work out a proverb here, would afford me a most admirable opportunity of doing so.

The death of poor Maria, and the dread which her father entertained of the third visitation of Martha, made the most complete change in the affairs of the family. By the exertion of powerful interest, he obtained an appointment for his son to act as his deputy in the office which he held, and having achieved this desired object, resolved on leaving England for a time, and quitting a neighbourhood where he must be perpetually exposed to the danger which he was now perfectly convinced was inseparable from his next interview with the weird woman.

George, of course, thus checked in his classical pursuits, left Oxford, and at the early age of nineteen commenced active official life, not certainly in the particular department which his mother had selected for his *début*; and it was somewhat observable, that the Langdales after the death of Maria, not only abstained from frequent intercourse with the Hardings, during their stay in England, but that the mighty professions of the purse-proud citizen dwindled by degrees into an absolute forgetfulness of any promise, even conditional, to exert an interest for their son.

Seeing this, Mr. Harding felt that he should act prudentially, by endeavouring to place his son, where, in the course of time, he might perhaps attain to that situation, from whose honourable revenue he could live like a gentleman and "settle comfortably."

All the arrangements which the kind father had proposed being made, the mourning couple proceeded on a lengthened tour of the Continent; and it was evident that his spirits mended rapidly when he felt conscious that his liability to encounter Martha was decreased. The sorrow of mourning was soothed and softened in the common course of Nature, and the quiet domesticated couple sat themselves down at Lausanne, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," except by their excellent and exemplary son, whose good qualities, it seems, had captivated a remarkably pretty girl, a neighbour of his, whose mother appeared to be equally charmed with the goodness of his income.

There appeared, strange to say, in this affair, no difficulties to be surmounted, no obstacles to be overcome; and the consent of the Hardings (requested in a letter, which also begged them to be present at the ceremony, if they were willing it should take place,) was presently obtained by George; and at the close of the second year, which had passed since their departure, the parents and son were again united in that house, the very sight of which recalled to their recollection their poor unhappy daughter and her melancholy fate, and which was still associated most painfully in the mind of Mr. Harding with the hated Gipsy.

The charm however had, no doubt, been broken. In the two past years

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Martha was, doubtless, either dead, or gone from the neighbourhood. They were a wandering tribe—and thus Mrs. Harding checked the rising apprehensions and renewed uneasiness of her husband; and so well did she succeed, that when the wedding-day came, and the bells rang and the favours fluttered in the air, his countenance was lighted with smiles, and he kissed the glowing cheek of his new daughter-in-law with warmth, and something like happiness.

The wedding took place at that season of the year when friends and families meet jovially and harmoniously, when all little bickerings are forgotten, and when, by a general feeling founded upon religion and perpetuated by the memory of the blessing granted to the world by the Almighty, an universal amnesty is proclaimed; when the cheerful fire, and the teeming board announce that Christmas is come, and mirth and gratulation are the order of the day.

It unfortunately happened, however, that to the account of Miss Wilkinson's marriage with George Harding, I am not permitted, in truth, to add that they left town in a travelling carriage and four, to spend the honey-moon. Three or four days permitted absence from his office alone were devoted to the celebration of the nuptials, and it was agreed that the whole party, together with the younger branches of the Wilkinsons, their cousins and second cousins, &c. should meet on twelfth-night to celebrate in a juvenile party, the return of the bride and bridegroom to their home.

When that night came it was delightful to see the happy faces of the smiling youngsters; it was a pleasure to behold *them* pleased—a participation in which, since the highest amongst us, and the most accomplished prince in Europe annually evinces the gratification he feels in such sights, I am by no means disposed to disclaim. And merry was the jest, and gaily did the evening pass; and Mr. Harding, surrounded by his youthful guests, smiled, and for a season forgot his care: yet, as he glanced round the room he could not suppress a sigh, when he recollected that in that very room his darling Maria had entertained her little parties on the anniversary of the same day in former years

Supper was announced early, and the gay throng bounded down stairs to the parlour, where an abundance of the luxuries of middling life crowded the board. In the centre appeared the great object of the feast—a huge twelfth-cake, and gilded kings and queens, stood lingering over circles of scarlet sweetmeats, and hearts of sugar lay enshrined with warlike trophies of the same material.

Many and deep were the wounds the mighty cake received, and every guest watched with a deep anxiety the coming portion, relatively to the glittering splendour with which its frosted surface was adorned. Character-cards illustrated with pithy mottoes and quaint sayings, were distributed; and by one of those little frauds which such societies tolerate, Mr. Harding was announced as king, and the new bride as queen; and there was such charming joking, and such harmless merriment abounding, that he looked to his wife with an expression of content, which she had often but vainly sought to find upon his countenance since the death of his dear Maria.

Supper concluded, the clock struck twelve, and the elders looked as if it were time for the young ones to depart. One half-hour's grace was begged for by the "King," and granted; and Mrs. George Harding on this night was to sing them a song about "poor old maidens"—an ancient quaintness, which by custom and usage ever since she was a little child she had annually *performed* upon this anniversary; and, accordingly, the promise being claimed, silence was obtained, and she, with all that shew of tucker-heaving diffidence which is so becoming in a very pretty downy-cheeked girl, prepared to commence, when a noise, resembling that produceable by the falling of an eight-and-forty pound shot, echoed through the house. It appeared to descend from the very top of the building down each flight of stairs, rapidly and violently. It passed the door of the room in which they were sitting, and rolled its impetuous course downwards to the basement. As it seemed to leave the parlour the door was forced open, as if by a gust of wind, and stood ajar.

All the children were in a moment on their feet, huddled close to their respective mothers in groups. Mrs. Harding rose and rang the bell to inquire the meaning of the uproar. Her daughter-in-law, pale as ashes, looked at George; but there was one of the party who moved not—who stirred not: it was the elder Harding, whose eyes first fixed stedfastly on the half-opened door, followed the course of the wall of the apartment to the fire-place;—there they rested.

When the servants came, they said they had heard the noise, but thought it proceeded from above. Harding looked at his wife; and then turning to the servant, observed carelessly, that it must have been some noise in the street, and desiring him to withdraw, intreated the

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bride to pursue her song. She did; but the children had been too much alarmed to enjoy it, and the noise had in its character something so strange and so unearthly, that even the elders of the party, although bound not to admit any thing like apprehension before their offspring, felt glad when they found themselves at home.

When the guests were gone, and George's wife lighted her candle to retire to rest. her father-in-law kissed her affectionately and prayed God to bless her. He then took a kind leave of his son, and putting up a fervent prayer for his happiness, pressed him to his heart, and bade him adieu with an earnestness, which, under the common-place circumstance of a temporary separation, was inexplicable to the young man.

When he reached his bed-room he spoke to his wife, and entreated her to prepare her mind for some great calamity.

"What it is to be," said Harding, "where the blow is to fall I know not; but it is impending over us this night!"

"My life!" exclaimed Mrs. Harding, "what fancy is this?"

"Eliza, love!" answered her husband, in a tone of unspeakable agony, "I have seen her for the third and last time!"

"Who?"

"MARTHA, THE GIPSY,"

"Impossible!" said Mrs. Harding, "you have not left the house to day!"

"True, my beloved," replied the husband; "but I have seen her. When that tremendous noise was heard at supper, as the door was supernaturally opened, I saw her. She fixed those dreadful eyes of hers upon me; she proceeded to the fire-place, and stood in the midst of the children, and there she remained till the servant came in."

"My dearest husband," said Mrs. Harding, "this is but a disorder of the imagination!"

"Be it what it may," said he, "I have seen her. Human or superhuman—natural or supernatural—there she was. I shall not strive to argue upon a point where I am likely to meet with little credit: all I ask is, pray fervently, have faith, and we will hope the evil, whatever it is, may be averted."

He kissed his wife's cheek tenderly, and after a fitful feverish hour or two fell into a slumber.

From that slumber never woke he more. He was found dead in his bed in the morning!

"Whether the force of imagination, coupled with the unexpected noise, produced such an alarm as to rob him of life, I know not," said my communicant; "but he was dead."

This story was told me by my friend Ellis in walking from the city to Harley-street late in the evening; and when we came to this part of the history we were in Bedford-square, at the dark and dreary corner of it where Caroline-street joins it.

"And, there!" said Ellis, pointing downwards, "is the street where it all occurred!"

"Come, come," said I, "you tell the story well, but I suppose you do not expect it to be received as gospel."

"Faith," said he, "I know so much of it, that I was one of the party, and heard the noise."

"But you did not see the spectre?" cried I.—"No," said Ellis, "I certainly did not."

"No," answered I, "nor any body else, I'll be sworn." A quick footstep was just then heard behind us—I turned half round to let the person pass, and saw a woman enveloped in a red cloak, whose sparkling black eyes, shone upon by the dim lustre of a lamp above her head, dazzled me.—I was startled—"Pray remember old MARTHA, THE GIPSY," said the hag.

It was like a thunder-stroke—I instantly slipped my hand into my pocket, and hastily gave her therefrom a five-shilling piece.

"Thanks, my bonny one, said the woman, and setting up a shout of contemptuous laughter, she bounded down Caroline-street, into Russell-street, singing, or rather yelling a joyous song.

Ellis did not speak during this scene—he pressed my arm tightly, and we quickened our pace. We said nothing to each other till we turned into Bedford-street, and the lights and passengers of Tottenham-court-road re-assured us.

"What do you think of *that*?" said Ellis to me.

"SEEING IS BELIEVING," was my reply.

I have never passed that dark corner of Bedford-square in the evening since.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several communications intended for insertion this week are unavoidably postponed.

Numerous letters have reached us to which we cannot at present give answers. All letters inquiring after communications, should be particular in stating the subject and the signature.

The following are intended for insertion:—*J. M. C., J. D—s, J. D., Pasche, I. I. C., Sixel Fitzroy, O—ll, J. W. D., D. D., I. A. I., Jonebus*, with divers communications from our constant and well-known contributors.

Ergos is very stale. Mathews has the joke.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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The Ancient Cross in Cheapside.

Few streets are more celebrated in the history of London, than Cheapside, a place where the busy merchant, the heavy-loaded porter, the chivalrous knight, and even the monarch have played their parts. Tilts and tournaments have frequently been held in Cheapside, and at one of these martial sports, which a French king well observed, were too much for a jest, and too little for earnest, had nearly been attended with disastrous consequences. This was in the year 1329, when the lists were appointed between King-street and Wood-street: near the latter place a scaffold was erected across the street, "resembling a tower," says the historian Stowe, in which the Queen and principal ladies of the court were seated, to behold the spectacle. The justings continued three days, on one of which the scaffold broke down and the Queen and many ladies were precipitated to the ground, but fortunately escaped unhurt. Edward III. threatened the builders with exemplary punishment, but through the intercession of Philippa (his Queen), made on her knees, the King and Council were pacified, whereby, says Stowe, "she purchased great love of the people."

A Cross formerly stood in Cheapside, just opposite to Wood-street. It was erected as a monument of the affectionate regard which Edward I. entertained for the memory of his Queen, Eleanor, who had been his companion in the Crusades, and who, according to report, had saved his life when wounded with a poisoned arrow, by sucking his wounds. The Cross at Cheapside, like that at Waltham, given in No. 55 of the Mirror, was erected on one of the places where her corpse rested on its way from Hareby, in Lincolnshire, where she died, to Westminster Abbey, the place of her interment.

The Cross in Cheapside was originally a statue of the Queen, but becoming ruinous it was rebuilt in 1446 at the expense of the citizens. It was then ornamented with various images and emblematical figures of the Resurrection, the Blessed Virgin, Edward the Confessor, &c. and on the eve of every public procession the Cross was generally regilt.

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In the year 1581, after complaint had been made that the Cross was a nuisance, on the night of the 21st of June, the images round about the Cross were broken and defaced, and the image of the Virgin was robbed of that of her son, which she bore in her arms; the images were repaired, but were again demolished in 1596 with profane indignity. Queen Elizabeth did all in her power to restrain the bigots; but the Cross at Cheapside met with more formidable enemies in the succeeding age of Puritanism. On the 27th of April, 1642, the Common Council ordered the city members to apply to Parliament for leave to take down this Cross, which was one of the most elegant ancient structures that had ornamented the city; and in the following year, the Parliament passed a law for the demolition of all Crosses.

The destruction of this famous Cross was committed to Sir Robert Harlow, who marched to Cheapside with a troop of horse, and two companies of foot. The soldiers were necessary to protect the workmen from the indignation of the citizens, many of whom viewed with pain and regret the demolition of one of their proudest monuments.

Our engraving represents the parties in the Gothic art, and at the same time exhibits the beauty of this ancient Cross.

THE INVENTION AND PROGRESS OF PRINTING.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

MR. EDITOR,—To the art of printing we chiefly owe our deliverance from ignorance and error; the progress of learning; the revival of the sciences; and numberless improvements in the arts, which, without this noble invention, would have been either lost to mankind, or confined to the knowledge of a few.

Thus the art of printing deserves to be considered with respect and attention. From the ingenuity of the contrivance, it has ever excited mechanical curiosity; from its intimate connection with learning, it has justly claimed historical notice; and from its extensive influence on morality, politics, and religion, it is now become a very important speculation. Coining and taking impressions on wax are of great antiquity, and the principle is precisely that of printing. The application of this principle to the multiplication of books, constituted the discovery of the art of printing. The Chinese have for many ages printed with blocks, or whole pages engraved on wood; but the application of single letters, or moveable types forms the merit and superiority of the European art.

The honour of giving rise to this method has been claimed by the cities of Haerlem, Mentz, and Strasburg; and to each of these it may be ascribed in some degree, as printers resident in each made successive improvements in the art.

It is recorded by a reputable author, that one Laurentius, of Haerlem, walking in the wood near that city, cut some letters upon the rind of a beech tree, which for fancy sake, being impressed upon paper, he printed one or two lines for his grandchildren; and this having succeeded, he invented a more glutinous ink, because he found the common ink sunk and spread; and then formed whole pages of wood, with letters cut upon them, and (as nothing is complete in its first invention) the sides of the pages were pasted together, that they might have the appearance of manuscripts, written on both sides of the paper.

These beechen letters he afterwards changed for leaden ones, and these again for a mixture of tin and lead, as a less flexible and more solid and durable substance. He died in 1440, and we may suppose his first attempt to have been about 1430.

From this period, printing made a rapid progress in most of the principal towns of Europe, superseded the trade of copying, which was, till then, very considerable, and was in many places considered as a species of black art or magic. In 1490 it reached Constantinople, and was extended by the middle of the following century to Africa and America. It was introduced into Russia about 1560; but from motives, either of policy or superstition, it was speedily suppressed by the ruling powers.

Before 1465, the uniform character was the old Gothic or German-text; but in that year a book was printed in a kind of semi-gothic of great elegance, and approaching nearly to the present upright Roman type, which latter was first used in Rome, in 1467. Toward the end of the fifth century, Aldus invented the Italic character.

It was for a long time supposed that printing was first introduced and practised in England, by William Caxton, a mercer, and citizen of London; who, by many years residence in Holland, Flanders, and Germany, had informed himself of the whole process of the art, and by the encouragement of the great, set up a press in Westminster Abbey, in the year 1471. But a book has since been found, with a date of its impression, from Oxford, in 1468, which is considered as a proof

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of the exercise of printing in that university several years before Caxton began to practise it in London.

March 12, 1624. D. K. L.

LOVE RESTORED.

IN ANSWER TO LOVE OUT OF PLACE.*

Too true is the picture young Cupid has painted;
To live without him, oh! how vainly I strove;
I soon was too well with each passion acquainted,
That avoided my heart when 'twas guarded by love.

Cold Friendship's stern maxims I soon disregarded,
For he sought the advance of each joy to reprove;
From his seat in my heart he was quickly discarded,
And I sigh'd for the easy compliance of Love.

Suspicion I own was a merciless traitor,
Who ne'er from the gate any enemy drove;
He quickly became an unfeeling dictator,
And I mourn'd when I thought of the mildness of Love.

Pride, Envy, and Malice gained easy admission,
And each sought in turn their suggestions to prove;
I expell'd from my heart the fell demon, Suspicion,
And grieved that I ever had parted with Love.

Despair now presented to fill up the station,
And sought from my heart every hope to remove;
He admitted pale Sorrow, Remorse, and Vexation,
And with ev'ry harsh epithet vilified Love.

If Pity, thy sister, can sway thy decision,
Oh! once more return from the Cyprian grove,
At her soft persuasion forgive thy dismission,
For the heart must be broke if not guarded by Love.

E. G. B.

* See Mirror, No. 72.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

In two preceding Numbers of the Mirror, we gave some observations of a correspondent on the best means of instructing those unfortunates who are born Deaf, and consequently are Dumb. In No. 74, we also gave a copy of the Manual Alphabet, which, though we doubt not is familiar to many of our readers, we have reason to believe has been very acceptable to the public; we at the same time adverted to a letter of the celebrated Dr. Wallis, from which we promised an extract. We shall, however, perhaps, best consult the general taste of our readers by a brief analysis, and then insert the concluding letter of our correspondent on the subject.

"It is most natural, as children learn the names of things," says Dr. Wallis, "to furnish them (by degrees) with a nomenclature, containing a competent number of names of things common and obvious to the eye, (that you may show the thing answering to such a name,) and these digested under convenient titles, and placed under in such convenient order, (in several columns, or other orderly situation on the paper,) as (by their position) best to express to the eye their relation or respect to one another; as *Contraries* or *Correlatives* one against the other; *Subordinates* or *Appurtenances* under their principle, which may serve as a kind of *local memory*.

"Thus (in one paper) under the title *Mankind*, may be placed (not confusedly, but in decent order) man, woman, child, (boy, girl).

"In another paper, under the title *Body*, may be written (in like convenient order) head (hair, skin, ear), face, forehead, eye, (eyelid, eyebrow), &c.

"And when he hath learned the import of words in each paper, let him write them in like manner, in distinct leaves, or pages of a book, (prepared for that purpose,) to confirm his memory, and to have recourse to it upon occasion.

"In a third paper you may give him the *Inward Parts*, as skull, (brain), throat, &c.

"You may then put *Plants* or *Vegetables* under several heads or subdivisions of the same head. And the like of *Inanimates*, as heaven, sun, moon, star, element, earth, water, air, fire, &c.

"And in like manner from time to time may be added more collections, or clauses of names or words, conveniently digested under distinct heads and suitable distributions, to be written in distinct leaves or pages of his book, in such order as may seem convenient.

"When he is furnished with a competent number of names, it will be reasonable to teach him under the titles the elements of grammar, the qualities of things, &c. which he will readily learn.

"It will be convenient all along to have pen, ink, and paper ready at hand, to write down in a word what you signify to him by sounds, and cause him to write, or show him how to write, what he signifies by signs; which way of signifying their mind by signs, Deaf persons are often very good at. And we must endeavour to learn their language, if I may so call it, in order to teach them ours, by showing what words answer to their signs."

We now insert the letter of our correspondent, with which we take leave of the subject.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

Sir,—Agreeable to my promise, I have taken up my pen for the purpose of pointing out to you the great benefit and advantage that must arise by the education of the Deaf and Dumb with children wh-

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can hear and speak, and the reverse if educated at a close Asylum, where none but the unfortunates are instructed.

Only for one moment let us consider the situation of a child born Deaf and Dumb, when he shows by all outward appearances that he possesses every sense but that of hearing. His sense of sight soon makes him sensible of beings, things, and objects, and by degrees he understands the use of them, and that without knowing a single letter or word. Now, put this child into a school where the children are all unfortunate like himself, what benefit can such children render to each other? and after all their education in such a school, when they return home, their parents, brothers, and sisters, should they have any, find that they should have gone to school with them in order to converse with them; nay, they soon discover that they cannot communicate their ideas to the child so well as before he went to the Asylum. This is one of the least of the evils arising from an Asylum education. To obviate this evil, send the child to a school in common with other children; let him learn a written language the same as them, and which he is as capable of doing; by this means the child will not only be able to exchange ideas with his parents, brothers, and sisters, but his neighbours; and his school-fellows will be equally happy in rendering the unfortunate child every assistance in their power, and, in many instances, would do it better than any one else, particularly when they saw by what simple means the child was taught the meaning of one word. It is not to be supposed that it will ever happen that the Deaf and Dumb who are educated at an Asylum will spend the remainder of their days together, or often see each other, after they leave the Asylum, although when at school they form an attachment for each other much stronger than other children, and separate from each other with greater reluctance and regret; this must be extremely painful to them, when they know they will have to join, as it were, a society of foreigners totally unacquainted with their language or manners. This is one of the greatest evils attached to the present system of educating them. Whereas, if they had the benefit of an education at a common school with other children less unfortunate, or with their parents and family, how happy, how contented must their feelings be, when they grow up in general society, and are capable of exchanging their ideas with all around them. Every thing that tends to do away the distinction between the fortunate and unfortunate must be conducive to the comfort and happiness of the latter, and will enable them to fight their way through life with greater pleasure and satisfaction.

That parents in affluent circumstances, who have plenty of leisure time, should think of sending such a child to a school where none but the Deaf and Dumb are taught, is to me as unnatural as a mother who will send her babe to the breast of a stranger for food.

I cannot close this article without stating my opinion of the Deaf and Dumb Asylums, and the manner in which they have been established and supported. The first public Deaf and Dumb Asylum established in England, was opened in Grange Road, Bermondsey, by voluntary contributions in 1792, since which, a new one has been erected in the Kent Road. As soon as the superintendent had taught a few of his pupils to speak, he presented them to the public by means of advertisements, soliciting the benevolent public to attend at such a church and place, when a sermon would be preached by some eminent divine, and after which a collection would be made for the benefit of the establishment, and that the children would repeat the Lord's Prayer and a hymn, for the gratification of the public, and to show that their money had not been spent in vain. The very idea of teaching the Deaf and Dumb to speak was supposed to be such a miracle, that who would have believed it unless they had actually heard them? When they were heard to speak, how dissonant were their voices; it was even painful to hear them. The encouragement this establishment met with, soon induced the City of Edinburgh to come forward and propose a like Asylum there, and by the same means, a sum was raised for that purpose. I happened to be at Edinburgh a few years ago and attended at one of the annual meetings convened for the purpose of raising money, when it was observed by the superintendent, that as some of the company at the last annual meeting, had expressed a dislike to hear the poor children attempt to speak, it was not intended that they should do so on that day and it was omitted; which clearly justifies the Encyclopædia Edinensis when under the title "Deaf and Dumb" it is said "We do not contemplate the acquisition of speech on the part of the Deaf in any other light than as one of those sorts of feats in which the *eclat* and *fame* of the teacher are more *promoted* than the welfare of the pupil."

Lastly.—I shall conclude my observations by the following very just remarks in No. 52 of the Quarterly Review, on

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"The Art of Instructing the Infant Deaf and Dumb," by Mr. Arrowsmith. It speaks volumes. The Reviewer says—

"To those who are still incredulous and feel an interest in the subject, we earnestly recommend the account which Mr. Arrowsmith gives of the plan adopted in educating his brother. And to render their conviction more certain, let them try the plan which he details. There are few neighbourhoods in which, unfortunately, a subject may not be found for such a purpose. Let him be regularly sent to any village school with other children. Let him be treated in all respects like them, and we venture to predict that it will be even impossible to prevent him from acquiring the knowledge of a medium which may enable him to converse with his youthful associates. The mind is fully as active and vigorous in the one as it is in the other; and the curiosity of a Deaf and Dumb child, being strongly excited by the objects which attract his attention, he can hardly fail to devise some means of obtaining from his companions the information which he wishes to procure.

"We are perfectly convinced that the Deaf and Dumb might be admitted with peculiar advantage, into seminaries in which children who hear and speak receive their instruction. The efforts which would be made by the latter class of pupils to explain their ideas to their less fortunate associates, would, in the end, prove highly beneficial even to themselves. It is well known that children frequently acquire a knowledge of words without comprehending the ideas of which they are representatives. A constant association with the Deaf and Dumb, would impose upon them the necessity of acquiring a precise conception of the words which they used, for the purpose of making them intelligible to their young companions.

"The advantages which would inevitably result from this admixture would be, therefore, mutual, and would much more than counterbalance any imaginary excess of skill which a teacher who confines himself to the sole Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb may be supposed to possess. The admission of Deaf and Dumb pupils into establishments now exclusively devoted to the reception of those who can hear and speak, could, by no possibility retard the progress of the latter, while it would greatly facilitate the instruction of the former. Were the intercourse of the Deaf and Dumb to be confined in after life, to persons labouring under a similar misfortune, separate establishments for their education would be recommended by reasons much more cogent than any which can be urged in their favour while it is remembered that, when they leave these institutions, they must converse principally, if not exclusively with persons who hear and speak.'

If any of your numerous correspondents can suggest a better plan for the education of these unfortunates, or can point out any improvement I shall thankfully acknowledge it as a benefaction.

I am, yours,

A FRIEND TO THE UNFORTUNATE.

ST. ALBANS

On viewing the remains of the Roman city of Verulam, near St. Albans, and the Abbey Church, founded in the ninth century, by Offa, king of Mercia:—

Some secret spirit bids me sing,
And high on soaring pinions mount,
Tho' yet undipt my nestling wing
In Pindus or Parnassus' fount---
How bold th' attempt, untaught, to fly
And seek the realms of Poesy.

Yet see how all around me spread
Smiling invites my untried powers!
A cloudless sky above my head---
Beneath my feet unnumber'd flowers---
Whilst the blithe lark from out the west
Gay carols ere she sinks to rest.

How calm, how sweet an eve, how fair
The primrose blooms on mossy bank;—
The fairies oft disport them there,
And oft at dawn the herbage rank,
In many a darker circlet seen
Shews where their midnight dance has been.

And yon green slopes I now survey
With bushes rough, and void of care,
Have known a brighter---fairer day---
Seen Britons roll the tide of war---
What time the Roman eagle waved
His wings o'er Verulam enslaved.

Yes,* Roman, Verulam was thine,
Tho' purchased at no common rate.
But, oh! far greater Britain's fine,
Concentred in Bonduca's fate;
Yet history's pages still can tell,
And proudly how she fought and fell.

There, towering on a neighbouring hill
That once o'er frown'd the battling bands
Majestic, grand, and perfect still,
The church of Mercian Offa† stands,
Tho' now no more its walls around
Pace the shorn monks with solemn sound.

And well---for Superstition there
Her most severe of courts hath kept,
Bear witness many a white-robed fair
Who long 'neath Sopwell's towers‡ hath slept;
Oh! could ye burst the marble tomb,
And tell how sad your cloister'd doom.

Those days are gone, and with them fled,
The clouds that dimm'd Religion's sun;
And Luther's light around is spread,
And dark Deception's hour-glass run,
Nor more shall sinners, weak with age,
To Zion bend their pilgrimage.

* Ostorius Scapula.
† Almost the only part of the abbey remaining
‡ A nunnery in ruins not far distant.

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And, hark! how o'er the grassy vale
Sound its sweet bells in solemn mood,
Where once gay barks were wont to sail,
Upborne on Ver's collected flood,
Tho' now the musing gazer sees
But lowing herds, or tufted trees.

Thus, mortal, as o'er Nature's face,
What once was lake, now land appears;
So thou a different scene must trace,
To pristine dust resolved for years—
Till Heaven's last trump shall bid thee rise,
An angel form, 'neath purer skies.

ALPHEUS.

LOSS OF THE ABEONA TRANSPORT BY FIRE.

NARRATIVE OF MR. FISHER, SURGEON OF THE ABEONA.

It is with the most painful feelings that I undertake the melancholy duty of giving an account of the destruction of the Abeona transport (No. 36), by fire, in lat. 4. 30. N. long. 25. 30. W., bound to the Cape of Good Hope, with settlers.

About a quarter past twelve o'clock, on the 25th November, when Mr. Duff, the first mate, was serving out the rum in the lazaretto, or store-room, the flame of the candle, it is supposed, communicated accidentally with the spirits, or the other combustible stores. The catastrophe was sudden and awful in the extreme. Every possible exertion was made in handing the water along, by the sailors and settlers, whom I joined and encouraged, until the flames came up in such fury and quantity, that the chance of saving the vessel was irrecoverably lost. Our only alternative now was to get the boats out, to which our attentions were directed, and, happily for us, we got the two gigs, which were on the quarters, and skiff, lowered down; the latter of which was stowed on the booms in the long-boat. The long-boat was the only one remaining on board; it was started from the booms to the gang-way, and we had her almost clear of the bulwarks; the tackle-falls were taken to the windlass, and I continued heaving round, with Mr. Mudge, and some of the sailors and settlers, until the case was hopeless, when Mr. Mudge got into his boat, and I followed him: it happened to be under the larboard bow at the time. We were only a minute or two in the boat, when the main mizen-masts fell overboard, to the larboard side. The fore-mast was now in a blaze, and the scene of horror rapidly increasing—some leaping overboard, and others going out on the bowsprit, who were either knocked off or killed by the fall of the fore-mast, which went directly forward. We saved as many as we prudently thought the boats could swim with, considering the immense distance the nearest land was from us, and the innumerable difficulties we had to contend against; even those in the boats, who beheld their relatives perishing before their eyes, felt constrained to acknowledge that the attempt to save more would only be involving the whole in one common calamity; this, along with the number of women and children that were saved, is a convincing proof of our impartial behaviour. The sight now was the most awful and most distressing that ever was beheld by mortal eye. Without being able to render them any succour, we beheld some of our fellow-creatures throwing themselves from the consuming fire into the unfathomable deep; while others were hanging by ropes, and eagerly clinging to life, which we all so dearly value, though inevitable destruction stared them in the face, whichever way they turned. Being unable to withstand this sad spectacle of human misery, we rowed to some distance from it. We picked up some hammocks, spars, and casks, that were floating by. There were some bacon hams accidentally in one of the boats, and three pigs that were saved, one of which I threw overboard myself, it being handed to me by the cook: we had also about ten pounds of biscuit, and some water that we collected by wringing our drenched clothes. We contemplated making for the coast of South America, but thus provided, and without a compass, for a voyage of nearly six hundred miles, full of hope, indeed, must that mind have been, which could fancy to itself success from the dreary prospect before us;—but it pleased God, in his omnipotence, that we should be left living monuments, to tell the dismal fate of those who perished. We resolved to remain within sight of the dreadful conflagration, in hopes that some vessel might see in the night, and make for it in the morning. The burning continued until between three and four o'clock, A. M.—making fifteen hours from the period of the commencement.

When the accident happened, the weather was calm, and continued so during the night, with occasional puffs of wind and heavy falls of rain. At day-light on the 26th, about two miles distant, was descried a vessel, with all sail set, before the wind, and coming towards us; our sensations at the time can be more easily imagined than described. We hailed her, rowed alongside, and asked to be taken on board; which was done with the utmost alacrity. We had then been in the boats about seventeen hours. The captain cruized about the spot where we thought the wreck had been, from six in the morning until twelve o'clock at noon,

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in hopes that we might see some poor sufferers floating about on spars; but not even a single vestige of any thing was discovered.

The ship which saved us was a merchant vessel, called the Condessa da Ponte, Captain Joaquim Almeida, from Bahia, bound to Lisbon, and, with the exception of one vessel which passed us about five days before, was the first sail we had seen for twenty days previously. The flames of our ship were not observed from the Condessa da Ponte during the night. The humanity and kindness that we met with on board this ship redounds very much to the honour of the Portuguese nation. We arrived at Lisbon, Dec. 21, 1820.

Various instances of parental affection and of the most devoted attachment, were exhibited in this dreadful calamity, of which I shall only mention one or two:—Mr. and Mrs. Barrie, from Provan Mill, near Glasgow, appeared to be insensible to their imminent danger, or were wholly engrossed in saving their helpless offspring. Having thrown their eight youngest into the boat, Mrs. Barrie was desired to go into it herself, but she refused, and went in search of her eldest daughter; unfortunately, before she could return, the boat was obliged to put off, and both parents were lost, with their eldest daughter and son, leaving eight orphans—the youngest a boy, only fifteen months old, and whom one of the girls, who is an ornament to human nature, has cherished with all the tenderness of a mother. A person of the name of M'Farlane, who had been married but a few days before sailing, plunged overboard, with his wife lashed to his back, and endeavoured to swim towards the boats, but his strength failing, he turned about and made for the vessel again, but unable to catch hold of any thing to which he might cling for support, the unfortunate young couple sunk together.

It is with regret I have to announce the loss of Mr. Duff, the first mate, who was a meritorious young man, although the unfortunate cause of the calamity; and I understand he was the support of an aged mother.

Our good treatment at Lisbon, by Mr. Jeffery, (the British Consul General,) and the gentlemen of the British factory, cannot be spoken of in too high terms; and also the friendship shown us by the Rev. J. H. Siely and Mrs. Siely.

EPIGRAM.

WHAT's honour? Not t' unjustly fight;
'Tis to own what's wrong, and do what's right.

STANZAS,

Written on seeing the Royal Squadron off Portland, on the King's voyage to Ireland.

BY DR. CAMPBELL.

(For the Mirror.)

HUSH'D is the raving of the subject main,
Rude Boreas yields to Zephyrus his sway,
While, gliding onwards through the liquid plain,
Britannia's Monarch urges on his way---
He whom the happiest isles of earth obey,
On ocean direful as on land sublime,
Glory around his standard seems to play,
His pendant points to Britain, happy clime,
And bids her history give the sight to latest time;

Bids her record, on adamantine page,
The glorious deed that still shall grace his brow;
How, fir'd with all the patriot's noblest rage,
Too tardy for his wishes moves the prow,
(To which the waves in due submission bow,)
A gallant nation to embrace and free,
To rout oppression and alleviate woe,
While Peace, his herald, sounds the blest decree,
Slavery no longer lives---rise, sons of liberty!

The rocks of Mona* hear the glorious sound,
The sea-beat coast reverberates the strain,
Till lofty Snowdon's cliffs with joy rebound,
And Penmanmaur re-echoes it again,
The em'lous Tritons of old Neptune's reign,
Convey the sounds till Wicklow mountains ring,
And tongues of millions on Clontauf's swee plain,
The anthem due to goodness humbly sing---
Great God of mercy blees long-injur'd Erin's King.

Glorious his arms---speak Waterloo and Nile
Tagus, Trafalgar, ye can bear record---
The names are dear to all the emerald isle;
Sweet to her eyes the banners of her lord---
The elements and men with heaven accord,
To gratulate and guide him on Love's wing.
Favour him, heaven! See thou his squadron moor'd.
The praise be thine, who didst our Monarch bring.
Glory to God on high! Joy comes with Erin King

* Anglesea.

ON CHURCH BELLS.

(For the Mirror.)

CONNECTED with the subject, the MIRROR has already given us interesting papers on "Bow Bells," "Bells and Bell-Ringing," and, "though last not least," amusing feature of its pages, "The Village Bells," but they do not ascertain their *data*, in so clear a manner as could be wished, and may induce the insertion of the present article, which has been collected from different authorities, as containing *some further* information on their origin.

The invention of bells, such as are hung in towers or steeples of christian churches, is, by Polydore, Virgil, and others, ascribed to Paulinus, Bishop of

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Nola, a city of Campania, about the year 400. It is said that the names Nolæ and Campanæ, the one referring to the city, the other to the country, were for that reason given to them. In the time of Clothair, King of France, and in the year 610, the army of the king was frighted from the siege of the city of Sens, by ringing the bells of St. Stephen's church. In the times of popery, bells were baptized and anointed, *oleo Chrismatis;* they were exercised, and blessed by the Bishop, from a belief that when these ceremonies were performed, they had power to drive the devil out of the air, to calm tempests, to extinguish fire, and even to recreate the dead. The ritual of these ceremonies is contained in the Roman Pontifical: and it was usual in their baptism to give each bell the name of some saint. In Chauncey's History of Hertfordshire, is the relation of the baptism of a set of bells in Italy with great ceremony, a short time before the writing of that book. The bells of the Priory of Little Dunmow, in Essex, were, anno 1501, new cast and baptized. The bells at Osney Abbey, near Oxford, were also very famous.

In the funeral monuments of Weever, the Antiquary, are the following particulars relating to bells: "In the little Sanctuary at Westminster, King Edward III. erected a clochier, and placed therein three bells for the use of St. Stephen's Chapel: about the biggest of them were cast in the metal these words:—

"King Edward made me thirtie thousand weight
and three;
Take me down, and wey mee, and more you
shall find me."

But these bells being taken down in the reign of King Henry VIII. one writes underneath with a coal:—

"But Henry the Eighth,
Will bait me of my weight."

This last distich alludes to a fact mentioned by Stowe, in his Survey of London: "Ward of Farringdon Within, to wit, near St. Paul's School, stood a clochier, in which were four bells, called Jesus bells, the greatest in all England, against which Sir Miles Partridge staked a hundred pounds, and won them of King Henry VIII. at a cast of dice."

It is said that the foundation of the fortunes of the Corsini family in Italy, was laid by an ancestor of it, who at the dissolution of religious houses, purchased the bells of abbeys and other churches, and by the sale of them in other countries, acquired a very great estate. Nevertheless it appears that abroad there are bells of a great magnitude. In the steeple of the great church at Roan, in Normandy, is a bell with an inscription, which has been thus translated:—

"I am George of Ambois,
Thirty-five thousand in pois;
But he that shall weigh me,
Thirtie-six thousand shall find me."

Moscow was formerly celebrated for the number and the size of its bells, many of which were of great weight.

It is a common tradition that the bells of the King's College Chapel, in the University of Cambridge, were taken by Henry V. from some church in France, after the battle of Agincourt. They were taken down some years ago, and sold to Pheeps the bell-founder in Whitechapel, who melted them down.

The practice of ringing bells in change, is said to be peculiar to this country, but the antiquity of it is not easy to be ascertained. There are in London and other places, several societies of ringers particularly one called the College Youths. and in the life of Sir Mathew Hale written by Bishop Burnet, some facts are mentioned which favour the report that, this learned and upright judge was a member in his youth. In England the practice of ringing is reduced to a science, and peals have been composed which bear the names of the inventors. Some of the most celebrated peals (tunes) now known were composed upwards of fifty years ago by one Patrick: this man was a maker of barometers; in his advertisements he styled himself Toricellion operator, from Torricelli, who invented instruments of this kind.

In the year 1684, one Abraham Ruddal, of the city of Gloucester, brought the art of bell-founding to great perfection. His descendants in succession have continued the business of casting bells, and by a list published by them, it appeared that at Lady-day, 1774, the family, in peals and odd bells, had cast to the number of 3,594. The peals of St. Dunstan in the East, St. Brides Fleet-street, and St. Martin in the Fields, Westminster, are in the number.

The following tables are from printed statements.

There are 12 peals of twelve bells in England; seven in London and five in the country, the weight of which are from 28½ cwt. to 51½ cwt. and in Great Britain and Ireland, there are 50 peals of ten bells, 380 peals of eight, 600 peals of six, 500 peals of five, besides upwards of 720 peals of four, three, and two. The heaviest single bells in England are at the following cities and towns:—

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			Ton.	Cwt.
Oxford	the Mighty Tom	weighing	7	15
Exeter	the Great Tom	ditto	6	0
London, St. Paul's...	the Tom Growler	ditto	5	0
Lincoln	the Great Tom (and best bell)	ditto	4	14
Canterbury Cathedral	clock bell.....	ditto	3	10
Gloucester College.....	clock bell.....	ditto	3	5
Beverley Minster.....	clock bell.....	ditto	2	10
	These seven great bells weigh together.....		32	14

The following ingenious table shews the full extent of changes that can be produced on each number of bells, viz.—

		Changes.
A peal of 2	bells produces.....	2
——— 3	ditto	6
——— 4	ditto	24
——— 5	ditto	102
——— 6	ditto	720
——— 7	ditto	5,040
——— 8	ditto	40,320
——— 9	ditto	362,880
——— 10	ditto	3,628,800
——— 11	ditto	39,916,800
——— 12	ditto	479,001,600

F. R——y.

ORIGIN OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

Sir,—When the Spaniards took possession of America they found that the natives, from the feebleness of their frame, from indolence, or from the injudicious manner of treating them, were incapable of the exertions needful to work the mines or cultivate the earth. Eager to find hands more industrious and efficient, the Spaniards had recourse to their neighbours the Portuguese, who then held a sufficient intercourse with Africa, to supply them with negro slaves; experience soon discovered that the Africans were men of a more hardy race, and much better fitted for enduring fatigue: and that the labour of one negro was computed to be equal to that of four Americans, from that time the number employed in the New World increased with rapid progress. In this practice the Spaniards were unhappily imitated by all the nations in Europe who held territories in America. At one period the number of negro slaves in the settlements of Great Britain and France in the West Indies, exceeded a million, could the numbers have been ascertained with equal exactness in the Spanish dominions and North America, the total number might have been as many more.

Most certainly this execrable traffic would have continued to this hour, but for the glorious interposition of humane Britons.

Lector.

A SKETCH ON THE BANKS OF THE THAMES.

. . . . . released from rougher toil,
I pass a melancholy pleasing hour. Anon

Roll placidly, thou crystal stream,
While on thy bosom of delight
Enamoured Phœbus cools his beam,
And scatters pearls of dazzling light.

But lest his rays too fervid prove,
And spoil the freshness they would share,
Mild Zephyrus, with lips of love,
Breathes chastened gales of fragrance there.

Reflected in thy glassy face,
The landscape shines serenely gay,
Where rosy blooms, in thick embrace,
Announce the birth of laughing May.

Encased with mail, the finny brood
Move devious through their native deep,
Or mirthful, or enticed by food,
Above the surface boldly leap.

The watchful angler this descries,
And soon presents the tempting lure;
The fish dart eager for the prize,
And seal their own destruction sure

So fatal snares in every path
The nobler race of man enchant--
Elate we seize the glittering death,
And lack the wisdom fishes want.

Fancy invents a thousand schemes,
Unreal as the splendid bow;
We revel in the flattering dreams,
Nor till too late our folly know.

Commerce, with clamorous buzz, no more
Disturbs this sweet, sequestered nook:
'Tis stillness all, save dash of oar,
Or plaintive fall of neighbouring brook.

Amidst the vanities of earth
A sigh will oft escape the heart,
For solid pleasures, things of worth,
That live, when shadows shall depart.

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Happy, who here may rest awhile,
Ere Time's declining glass be run,
And welcome, with a grateful smile,
The cloud that veils their setting sun.

Methinks, the never-dying song,
By Thomson sung in Thames's praise
Upon the breeze now glides along,
And claims anew unwith'ring bays.

In yonder pile* his ashes sleep,
Spring sheds her blossoms o'er his urn:
Thither the Muses go to weep---
His story there relate in turn.

Philomela the saddened strain
Pours wildly through her darksome brake,
Till ruddy morn begins to reign,
And meaner birds from slumber wake.

Borne onward by the swelling tide,
Floats many a torn, untimely flower:
Ah! what avails our nature's pride
To shield in Desolation's hour!

Coy beauty's charms-- the gaudes of state,
Fade as the gems of early dew;
Enjoyments of an earthly date,
Though fair, are transitory too.

What'er our lot, where'er we roam,
A voice prophetic meets our ear---
"MORTAL! PURSUE THE REST TO COME---
ALL, ALL IS VOID AND FLEETING HERE!"

B. C.

* Richmond church.

THE LILY.

SHOULD the rude wind too roughly blow
Then would yon gem of living snow
Droop o'er its parent bed!
And though the mildest breeze should play,
Nor evening's dew, nor morning's ray,
Could raise its weeping head!

Ah! thus by dark suspicion's breath
The rose of love was chilled to death,
Never to blossom more!
In vain did hope contend with fears,
Nor sweetest smiles, nor softest tears,
Could e'er that rose restore. ††

MADRIGAL.

From the French of Cocquard.

I FEEL when I see you a joy past expressing;
When no longer I see you in anguish I fall;
Ah, to see you for ever would mine were the blessing,
Or would that I never had seen you at all! ††

The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM *NEW WORKS.*

CURIOSITY.

Curiosity!
True, lady, by the roses on those lips,
Both man and woman would find life a waste,
But for the cunning of---Curiosity!
She's the world's witch, and through the world she runs,
The merriest masquer underneath the moon!
To beauties, languid from the last night's rout,
She comes with tresses loose, and shoulders wrapt
In morning shawls; and by their pillow sits,
Telling delicious tales of---lovers lost,
Fair rivals jilted, scandals, smuggled lace,
The hundredth Novel of the Great Unknown!
And then they smile, and rub their eyes, and yawn,
And wonder what's o'clock, then sink again;
And thus she sends the pretty fools to sleep.
She comes to ancient dames,---and stiff as steel,
In hood and stomacher, with snuff in hand,
She makes their rigid muscles gay with news
Of Doctors' Commons, matches broken off,
Blue-stocking frailties, cards, and ratafia,
And thus she gives them prattle for the day.
She sits by ancient politicians, bowed
As if a hundred years were on her back;
Then peering through her spectacles, she reads
A seeming journal, stuff'd with monstrous tales,
Of Turks and Tartars; deep conspiracies,
(Born in the writer's brain;) of spots in the sun
Pregnant with fearful wars. And so they shake,
And hope they'll find the world all safe by morn.
And thus she makes the world, both young and old,
Bow down to sovereign CURIOSITY!

Pride shall have a Fall.

WOMAN.

What's woman's wit,
Gentle and simple, toiling for thro' life,
From fourteen to fourscore and upwards? Man!
What are your sleepless midnights for, your routs,
That turns your skins to parchment? Why, for Man!
What are your cobweb robes, that, spite of frost,
Show neck and knee to Winter? Why, for Man!
What are your harps, pianos, simpering songs
Languish'd to lutes? All for the monster, Man!
What are your rouge, your jewels, waltzes, wigs,
Your scoldings, scribblings, eatings, drinkings, for?
Your morn, noon, night? For Man! Aye, Man, man, man!

Ibid.

MUSIC.

Oh, silver sounds! whence are ye? From the thrones,
That spirits make of the empurpled clouds,
Or from the sparkling waters, or the hills,
Upon whose leafy brows the evening star
Lies like a diadem! O, silver sounds!
Breathe round me till love's mother, slow-paced Night,
Hears your deep summons in her shadowy cell.

Ibid.

CUSTOMS OF THE THIRTEETH CENTURY.

ON the birth of Charles the Seventh of France, his mother hung her apartments with green, which then became the colour appropriated to queens alone; but previous to that period, princesses, with better taste, had adopted that colour which is emblematic of infant innocence.

On the day of baptism, preparatory to total immersion at the font, the infant was laid on the bed of the chamber of parade enveloped in a mantle of cloth of gold, lined with ermine, but otherwise quite naked. A *couvre-chef*, or wrapping quilt of violet silk, covered the head, and hung down over the mantle. All

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who took part in the ceremony assembled in the chamber of parade. The child was carried by the most illustrious of its female relatives, and the cumbrous mantle was borne up by the next in rank.

The bearer of the infant was supported by the most exalted of its male relatives, followed by three others carrying wax tapers, a covered goblet containing salt, and two gold basins (the one covering the other) containing rose water for the font. Before these royal personages walked a long line of torch-bearers, two and two; others were stationed on each side of the space the procession was to pass, from the palace or castle, up to the font of the baptistery. The streets, the body of the church, and the font, were hung with tapestry, silk, or cloth of gold; and a splendid bed, richly draped in front of the choir of the church, marked the highest rank. As soon as the ceremony of baptism was concluded, the sponsors and their attendants assembled in the apartment of the mother, when the infant was laid beside her. A matron of royal birth presented the drageoir or confection-box to her immediate superior, and was followed by another bearing the spiced wines (hypocras or pimento.) A less noble matron served those who held the rank of princes of the second degree, that is, counts or barons, lords or fiefs; whilst those still inferior, as simple knights not bannerets, or the minor officers of the household, were served by an unmarried lady of gentle blood.

On common occasions, the office of serving guests was performed by the gallantry of the men; but it was the peculiar privilege of the female sex to dispense the refreshments which were offered to all who entered the natal apartments for the space of a month. When the period arrived for the mother to appear again in public, she was placed at the side of the bed in the chamber of ceremony, habited in her most sumptuous robes, and was conducted by princes and knights to the church, preceded by minstrels and trumpets, as when espoused. At the altar she presented three gifts borne by three noble ladies of her suite—a candle, with a piece of gold inclosed, a loaf of bread rolled up in a napkin, and a cup filled with wine. The attendant ladies kissed these offerings as they delivered them to the princess, and she kissed the patina each time the priest presented it to receive them, it being esteemed a mark of respect to kiss whatever was presented to a superior. When the ceremony was finished, she was reconducted to the palace in the same state.

The various gradations of rank on such occasions were marked in the middle ages by a variety of minute circumstances. A countess, for instance, could have but *three shelves* in her buffet, on which she might place but *two* confection-boxes. The hangings of her apartments could not be hung with satin or damask, but she was obliged to be contented with silk of an inferior quality, tapestry, or embroidery on silk. These regulations show how various must have been the products of the loom, when tapestry and embroidery in silk were assigned to the inferior ranks. The coverlet of a countess was of *menu vair* (that is, *petit gris*) in lieu of ermine, and the lining might only appear beneath the fur *half a yard*, whilst an additional quarter marked the royal rank. The canopy of her buffet must consist of velvet, not of cloth of gold, and must not be bordered with a different colour or texture. The number and form of the very pillows were exactly regulated. One restriction appears to our ideas peculiarly strange—it was the exclusive privilege of a royal dame to place her couch opposite the fire, or fire-place; and the punctilious author of "The Ceremonies of the Court" observes, that all is going wrong in the world, since some unprivileged ladies of the low countries had presumed to set their couches opposite the fire, "for which they were justly ridiculed by all." Modern lenity might, perhaps, suggest an excuse for the dangerous innovation in the humid atmosphere of their climate.

Historical Life of Joanna of Sicily.

TRIBES OF THE CAUCASUS.

The Tchetchinzi are masters in the art of robbery; in the pursuit of which they show no pity, even for their countrymen. If a Tchetchintz get the better of another in single combat, the victor will strip and put him to death; but if one of these people seize an European, he will plunder his prisoner, yet preserve his life in hope of ransom. Notwithstanding such a continual sytem of pillage, the very profession of a Tchetchintz, his dwelling is a mere den, destitute of every convenience; his bed a skin placed by the hearth; his food, coarse bread, half baked, which he eats in a smoking state, with half-roasted meat; these, with ardent spirits, of which they are particularly fond, are their luxuries. As long as the pilfered provision lasts, the wretch remains idle, and want alone drives him to active exertion in search of more. The Tchetchinzi do not take much trouble about agriculture; they cultivate only a little barley and wheat, with some tobacco and onions. The women perform all the

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domestic offices, while the men give themselves no care but in the chase and robbery. They are of a middling height, and very hardy. When influenced by fear or mistrust they can be obliging, and are particularly so to the rich, or to strangers, in hope of some profit. Their arms consist of a fusil, a sabre, and a dagger; sometimes also they carry a lance with a shield. The Tchetchinits never goes out of his house without being armed, if only with a stick, at the end of which is fixed a ball of iron having three triangular points; this murderous weapon they call a *toppus*.

The Ossitinians differ little from the Tchetchinzi; they use bows and arrows, although their usual arm is a fusil. They are great boasters and quarrellers, threatening each other continually, either with a gun, a dagger, or the bow: usually, however, they content themselves by making a great uproar, and are quickly friends again; if any third person will celebrate the reconciliation with a glass of brandy, or a draught of their country beer, which is very strong. Their houses are, for the most part, enclosed by a wall or paling, surmounted with horses' heads and other bones.

Upon the death of an Ossitinian, his widow shrieks, tears her hair and face, and beats her bosom; but frequently this despair is only occasioned by the impossibility of her ever marrying again: she pretends at every moment to be ready to kill herself with a knife or a stone, to drown herself, or to cast herself from the top of some rock; but is as invariably withheld by her neighbours, who never leave her during the three days of mourning. These friends employ the next three days in administering consolation to the widow, and in eating and drinking at her expense; while the conversation consists in praises of the deceased, who is usually soon after forgotten.

Letters from the Caucasus.

ROMANTIC ADVENTURE.

A MAJOR in the Russian service, a man of great bravery, the scourge of these fellows, who had sworn vengeance against him, was passing a wood with a small detachment, when the Tchetchinzi attacked him in superior numbers; but he defended himself with great intrepidity. Already had he lost many of his party, and perceived their ammunition to be nearly expended; when the enemy, who wanted only to secure the Major, proposed to cease fighting, if he alone would yield himself up. In order to spare the few of his comrades, who survived, he resolved to sacrifice his own person; and was followed by a single soldier, attached to his personal service, who would not abandon his master. The others returned, and the Tchetchinzi carried off the captive to their haunts. It is impossible to describe the torments which this unfortunate officer, abandoned to the malice of his persecutors, had to suffer in prison. Even the women came every day to pluck at his beard, to tear his nails, to pinch him, and to spit in his face; indeed, had it not been for the assistance of his faithful servant, who was left at liberty, he must have died of hunger and vexation.

The jailer and his family chanced to be fond of music; so, when they learnt the Major was acquainted with the guitar, they obliged him to play day and night upon an instrument of that description, which the petty tyrant put into his hand. This circumstance revived the Major's hopes; and, with his faithful follower, he concerted a plan for their escape. The old jailer liked to be lulled asleep in the evenings by the guitar; after which his wife was in the habit of putting the prisoner into his irons again. Upon the evening fixed for their flight, the Major played on the guitar as usual; the jailer was already asleep, and the soldier pretended to be so; the old woman was the only one awake. When she approached the Major to put on his chains, the soldier sprang upon her, and killed her by one blow of a hatchet, with which he had taken care to provide himself; the same weapon served to dispatch the jailer: but the most pressing necessity could not induce them to sacrifice a boy ten years old, who awoke, although the murderous instrument was thrice raised for the purpose, and, by sparing the lad, the risk of surprise was considerably increased. To add to their distress, they were in the dark, the fire was out, and they had to search for the key of the door. What a situation for these unhappy creatures! Amidst the corpses, in perfect darkness, and in a state of the utmost alarm, they were ready to turn the hatchet against themselves, when fortunately the soldier found the key. The two captives hurried from their prison, carrying in their arms the boy whom pity had preserved; and both mounting instantly upon a horse they found in the stable, they took the child up with them, and committing themselves to Providence, quitted the village with all possible speed. The least noise made them start; in their fright they lost the road, and, to complete their misfortune, fell in with some Tchetchinzi, who laid hold of them. To these they told their tale, and met with compassion

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although from Tchetchinzi, who called them *Konaks*, by which they mean guests, *protégés*, and friends. However, the compassion of a Tchetchintz is very liable to suspicion: and it might on this occasion have been excited by a natural hope of gain, in their protection of the runaways.

The new captors took them to their abode, shut them up in an out-of-the-way room, and gave information to the Russian government of what had happened. In the mean time, the Major's enemies, exasperated at the murders committed, and at his escape, sought for him in every direction, and came to the actual spot where the fugitives were. The Tchetchinzi, however, faithful to their oath, pretended ignorance of the occasion of their countrymen's arrival; who, close to the Major's place of concealment, made a horrible noise, swearing eternal vengeance against their lost prisoners. At length a Russian messenger arrived, and set the Major free.—*Ibid.*

ELEGY BY A SCHOOL-BOY.

'How blest was I at Dobson's ball!
The fiddlers come, my partner chosen
My oranges were five in all,
Alas! they were not half a dozen!

'For soon a richer rival came,
And soon the bargain was concluded;
My Peggy took him without shame,
And left me hopeless and deluded.

'To leave me for an orange more!
Could not your pockets full contain ye
What could you do with all that store?
He had but six, and five were plenty.

And mine were biggest, I protest,
For some of his were only penny ones,
While mine were all the very best,
As juicy, large, and sweet as any one's.

Could I have thought, ye beaux and belles,
An orange would have so undone me!
Or any thing the grocer sells,
Could move my fair one thus to shun me!

'All night I sat in fixed disdain,
While hornpipes numberless were hobbled;
I watch'd my mistress and her swain,
And saw his paltry present gobbled.

'But when the country-dance was call'd,
I could have cried with pure vexation;
For by the arms I saw her haul'd,
And led triumphant to her station.

'What other could I think to take?
Of all the school she was the tallest;
What choice worth making could I make
None left me, but the very smallest!

'But now all thoughts of her adieu!
This is no time for such diversion;
Mair's Introduction lies in view,
And I must write my Latin version.

'Yet all who that way are inclined,
This lesson learn from my undoing;
Unless your pockets are well lined,
'Tis labour lost to go a wooing.'

Bachelor's Wife.

ON THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH.

For myself, I entertain an almost invincible abhorrence to the taking away the life of man, after a set form and in cool blood, in any case whatever. The very circumstance that you have the man in your power, and that he stands defenceless before you to be disposed of at your discretion, is the strongest of all persuasives that you should give him his life. To fetter a man's limbs, and in that condition to shed his blood like the beasts who serve us for food, is a thought to which, at first sight, we are astonished the human heart can ever be reconciled. The strongest case that can be made in its favour, is where, as in this business of Strafford, the public cause, and the favourable issue of that cause seem to demand it.—*Godwin's History of the Commonwealth.*

The Novelist.

No. XLIX.

GRATITUDE,

A PERSIAN TALE.

Rustem, who once swayed the sceptre of Persia, was negligent of business and a slave to pleasure. His jeweller was the most important personage at his court. To him he committed the education of his son, Narwan; and the preceptor, whose heart lusted after wealth, instilled avarice into the mind of the youth. A Jew from Aleppo one day brought precious stones of the greatest beauty to the sultan's seraglio for sale. Prince Narwan insisted on having them at a price arbitrarily fixed by himself, and when the Jew threatened to complain of this treatment to the sultan, the prince ordered his slaves to beat him so unmercifully, that the poor fellow expired under the blows of his tormentors.

After some time, Rustem was informed of this circumstance: he was exceedingly incensed against Salem, the jeweller, and banished him from his court. The prince too was exiled to a distant palace.

Salem withdrew, and immediately set out to leave the dominions of the sultan. He had reached a wood, when he had the misfortune to fall into a wolf-pit, in which there were already three prisoners, a lion, an ape, and a serpent. Salem passed a whole day in the company of these animals, in continual fear of being torn in pieces. At length a man appeared on the brink of the pit; and when he cried

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out lustily for help, the stranger let down a rope, for the purpose of liberating the half-dead jeweller: but the ape was too quick for Salem, and catching hold of the rope, was drawn up by the traveller. Perceiving the amazement of the stranger at his unexpected appearance, he thus addressed him: "Repent not of saving my life. Brutes are more grateful than men, and depend upon it, thou wilt get no good by it, if thou deliverest the man down yonder; but shouldst thou ever want my assistance, thou mayst reckon upon it with confidence. I live at the foot of the next mountain."

The traveller built very little on the fine promises of the ape, and let down the rope a second time into the pit; but this time the lion got before the man, and was drawn up, to the terror of the stranger. He also expressed his acknowledgments to his deliverer, and promised, when opportunity should offer, to manifest his gratitude. The same thing happened the third time with the serpent, and Salem was the last that was drawn out. He loaded the stranger with assurances of his everlasting gratitude, and expressed in his conversation so deep a sense of justice and religion, that the traveller deemed himself fortunate in having rescued a philosopher from destruction. Salem besought his benefactor to accompany him to his habitation, hoping, by means of his extraordinary story, to regain the favour of the sultan: but as the stranger was not to be diverted from the object of his journey, he parted from him with cordial and repeated assurances of his eternal obligations.

Achmet—such was the name of the stranger—pursued his way to India, and was so successful in his speculations there, that he set out on his return, enriched with diamonds of the greatest value. He had arrived at the spot where he had rescued Salem and the three animals from the wolf-pit, and the remembrance of this good deed gave him particular pleasure. All at once he was attacked by robbers: plundered of his treasures, and bound to a tree, he found himself exposed to a lingering death by hunger in the wilderness. In this melancholy condition, he was rejoicing by the appearance of the very ape whom he had a year before delivered from the pit. The grateful animal gnawed to pieces the cords that bound him, and conducted him to a cavern, where he appeased his hunger with fruit of various kinds: he then hastened to the cave where the robbers of Achmet dwelt, and carrying off a bag full of gold and the finest garments, joyfully brought his booty to his benefactor; and when the latter had dressed himself, he went with him, and led him out of the forest. But they had not gone far, before they were met by a tremendous lion, who obstructed the way, and opened his immense jaws as if to swallow them up. Achmet shuddered, but he was soon relieved from his apprehensions; for the lion proved to be the same whose life he had saved twelve months before. The lion requested Achmet to accompany him to his den, and begging him to remain there till he should come back, he hastened away. The palace to which Prince Narwan was exiled was not far from the forest. The lion ran thither, and finding the prince walking abroad, he fell upon him and tore him in pieces; but his exceedingly rich turban, adorned with jewels, he brought as a present to Achmet, whom he then conducted to the environs of the city, in which Salem, late jeweller to the sultan, resided.

Achmet, moved by the generosity and gratitude of the two animals, promised himself still more cordial demonstrations of acknowledgment from a man who was under equal obligations to him; and went straightway to Salem, who received him very courteously, and after listening with astonishment to the new wonderful adventure with the ape and the lion, solemnly protested that he would not be surpassed by those animals in generosity and grateful attachment.

The death of the prince was already known to the whole city. Salem had recognised the turban in Achmet's possession as being the same which the prince had worn; and as soon as his guest had lain down to sleep, the perfidious jeweller repaired to the sultan. "Mighty ruler of the world!" said he, "the murderer of thy son is in my house. I have seen the turban of the prince, with all the costly jewels that adorn it, in the hands of my guest. There can be no doubt that he is his murderer. Give orders, O king! that he be brought to thy feet." This was done forthwith, and Achmet was conducted into the presence of the sultan. He was ignorant how the lion had come by the richly decorated turban, nor had he heard till that moment of the death of the prince. But when he saw Salem by the side of the sultan, it was clear to him that his host had betrayed his treasures to the sultan, and he was sorry that he had not followed the advice of the ape, who had predicted, that he would have reason to repent it if he released the man out of the pit.

Achmet was condemned to be paraded through the whole city on an ass, and then to be thrown in a gloomy dungeon. This sentence was immediately executed;

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and there he lay in the dungeon, deeply deploring his melancholy fate, when the very same serpent which he had delivered out of the pit, approached him. It informed him, that the lion had killed the prince, and then said, "I am now come to be grateful to thee for thy kindness. Take this herb; it is an antidote to the strongest poison. I have bitten the sultan's daughter, and thou alone wilt be able to cure her. Tell thy jailer what a wonderful herb thou possessest."—Achmet did not fail to comply; and he was quickly conducted to the princess, who was sick unto death. The sultan was beside himself for joy when he saw his daughter instantaneously restored, and ordered the man who had saved her so miraculously to be rewarded with the choicest gifts. But Achmet seized this favourable opportunity to avail himself of the sultan's favour for his justification. He first related to him the deliverance of the ape, the lion, and the serpent, and afterwards the circumstances of the prince's death. Salem's ingratitude he mentioned with indignation at his inhuman perfidy, and implored the sultan to decree his punishment. The sultan was highly incensed at Salem's baseness; he ordered him to be immediately seized and beheaded in the public place. But Achmet, loaded with presents, proceeded to his own home.

And thus this story teaches us, not to bestow confidence on any one whose integrity we have not tried.

Select Biography.

No. V.

ELEANOR GWYN.

THE maternal founder of the St. Alban's family was a very singular woman, and an extraordinary instance of the caprice of fortune. This family is of royal origin, being descended from Charles II. in consequence of an intercourse with Eleanor Gwyn. Charles their son, born in Lincoln's Inn Fields, May 8, 1670, on whom that monarch conferred the name of Bleaucler, was ennobled, by letters patent, having a Barony, an Earldom, and Dukedom conferred on him in succession. He was made by King William, one of the bedchamber, and Captain of the Band of Pensioners, and sent by that King to France, to congratulate the marriage of the Duke of Burgundy.

The origin of this person was of the lowest rank, and her employment in that city, where one of her descendants enjoys the emoluments of the prelacy, of the most inferior kind; indeed, it is there, or in the neighbourhood, that the tradition of the place supposes her to have been born. From thence, by one of the many transitions which transplant individuals of the labouring class from one place to another, she became an inhabitant of the metropolis, and the servant of a fruiterer, who was probably one of those who attended the play-house, as it appears that in this character she first obtained admission into the theatre in Drury Lane. What favour of fortune advanced her from this humble situation to the stage, whether from the general recommendation which her natural humour and vivacity gave her, or a passion which Mr. Hart, the player, had for her is unknown. It is certain, she was a favourite of Dryden's, who gave her the most shewy and alluring parts in his comedies, and wrote several prologues and epilogues expressly for her. The first notice we have of Miss Eleanor Gwyn is in 1668, when she appeared in Dryden's play of "Secret Love." It appears that her person was small, and that she was negligent of her dress; but she possessed the powers of captivation in no small degree, but the more immediate cause of her becoming an object of the monarch's affection was as follows:

At the Duke's house, under Killegrew's patent, the celebrated Nokes had appeared in a hat larger than Pistol's, which pleased the audience so much as to help off a bad play; Dryden caused a hat to be made of the circumference of a large coach-wheel, and as she was low in stature,* made her speak an epilogue under the umbrella of it, with its brim stretched out in its most horizontal extension. No sooner did she appear in this strange dress, than the house was in convulsions of laughter. Among the rest, the king gave the fullest proof of approbation, by going behind the scenes immediately after the play, and taking her home in his own coach to supper with him.

After this elevation, she still continued on the stage, and though in general comedy, she did not rank with Betterton, Marshall, Lee, Bourell, &c. for the airy fantastic, and sprightly exhibitions of the comic muse, her genius was most aptly calculated, and according to the taste of those times, she was considered the best

* In her person, according to her picture by Lely, she was low in stature, red haired, and what the French call *en bon point*. There is a bust now to be seen of her at Bagnigge Wells, formerly her country house. She had remarkable small but lively eyes; her foot was of the most diminutive size, and used to be the subject of much mirth to her merry paramour.

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prologue and epilogue speaker on either theatre.

It now remains to consider her as the mistress of a king, and here she nobly belied the baseness of her origin: she met and bore her good fortune, as if she had been bred to it, discovering neither avarice, pride, nor ostentation; she remembered all her theatrical friends, and did them services; she generously paid off her debt of gratitude to Dryden, and was the patroness of Otway and Lee.

When she became more immediately connected with the king, that gay monarch was already surrounded with mistresses, that were known to have been unrestrained in their conduct. Cibber observes:—"that she had less to be laid on her charge than any other of those ladies who are in the same state of preferment: she never meddled in matters of serious moment, or was the tool of working politicians: never broke into those amorous infidelities which others are accused of; but was as visibly distinguished by her particular personal inclination to the king, as her rivals were by their titles and grandeur." This character the following anecdote clearly illustrates:—being once solicited by a Sir John Germain, to whom she had lost a considerable sum of money at play, to exchange the debt for other favours, she no less honestly than wittily replied, "No, Sir John, I am too good a sportswoman to lay the dog where the *deer* should lie." Nevertheless Bishop Burnet terms her "the indiscreetest and wildest creature that ever was in a court;" but adds, "that she continued to the end of the king's life in great favour; and was maintained at a vast expense."

She was not only the favourite of the monarch, but the favourite of the people, and, though that age abounded with satires and lampoons against the rest of the king's favourites, as the causes of political disasters, Mrs. Gwyn, except in the instance of a few lines written by Lord Rochester, not only escaped, but even met their approbation, as she never troubled herself with politics. She was munificent in her charities, sociable with her friends, and what was singular enough, piqued herself on her regard for the Church of England, contrary to the then disposition of the court.

She had a very fine understanding, was humourous, witty, and possessed the talents so necessary to enliven conversation in an eminent degree, and generally kept her place at table with the King, the Lord Rochester, Shaftsbury, &c. till they quitted the bounds of decency, when she never failed to retire. She lived long enough to see, and without doubt to lament the decline of that family which had raised her to rank and fortune, having the good sense to avoid meddling with the politics of the times.

After the king's death, Pennant, in his "London" states, that she lived in St. James's Square, (and according to tradition, the back room and ceiling on the ground floor were entirely of looking-glass) many years with an unblemished reputation, and where she died in 1691, and was buried with great funeral solemnity in the parish church of St. Martin in the Fields, to the ringers of which, among other valuable donations, she left a sum of money to supply them with a weekly entertainment, which they enjoy to this day.

Dr. Tennison, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, preached her funeral sermon, a circumstance which did not hurt his preferment during the reign of Queen Anne.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Venedota is requested to call on Mr. LIMBIRD as soon as he can conveniently.

We agree with *F. W. D.*; but the author he vindicates needs no defence.

The *Epithalmic Address* is too local for us.

We thank *R. M. D.*, but his epistle is too well known.

We admire the sentiment of *Mostak*, but our Memoir is not political.

We sincerely thank *Jonathan Dead* and *H. R.*

The selection of *G. O. W.* is not very choice.

The Epitaph of *C. R. S.* is somewhat profane.

We shall not take "Fright from an unpublished Novel."

W. D. T. is good, but we have done with the subject.

We admire the economy of the *Attorney's Clerk*, who keeps a wife and six children on twenty-four shillings a week, but we cannot bestow two pages on him.

We must follow *Z. Y.'s* example, and send the gin-shop idolaters to the tomb of all the Capulets.

To *Veritas*.—We never meddle with family affairs.

Dr. Pangloss has not sent us any novelty.

Romaoldo was received.

The *Marble Ponds of Persia*, and the *Cascade in Buckinghamshire*, "copied from a MS. collection," appear in the same juxtaposition in the "Cabinet of Curiosities," as did the article on the *Fecundity of Fish*, sent by the same correspondent.—O! fie *Jacobus*.

The following communications are, for various reasons, inadmissible:—

F. G. A.; *Bonas*; *W. G. B.*; *I. C—h.*; *The Mysterious Assassin*; *Saint M.A.*; *The Dying Sailor*; *Auceps*; *A Rider*; *T. P—k*; *The Packet*; *Quid Nescio*; *R. M.*; *Samuel Tynnus*; *R. B. to his Friend*; *S. H—s*; *H. C.*; *G. T—n*; *N.*

We deal not in Riddles, Rebuses, Conundrums, or Charades.

Further answers in our next.

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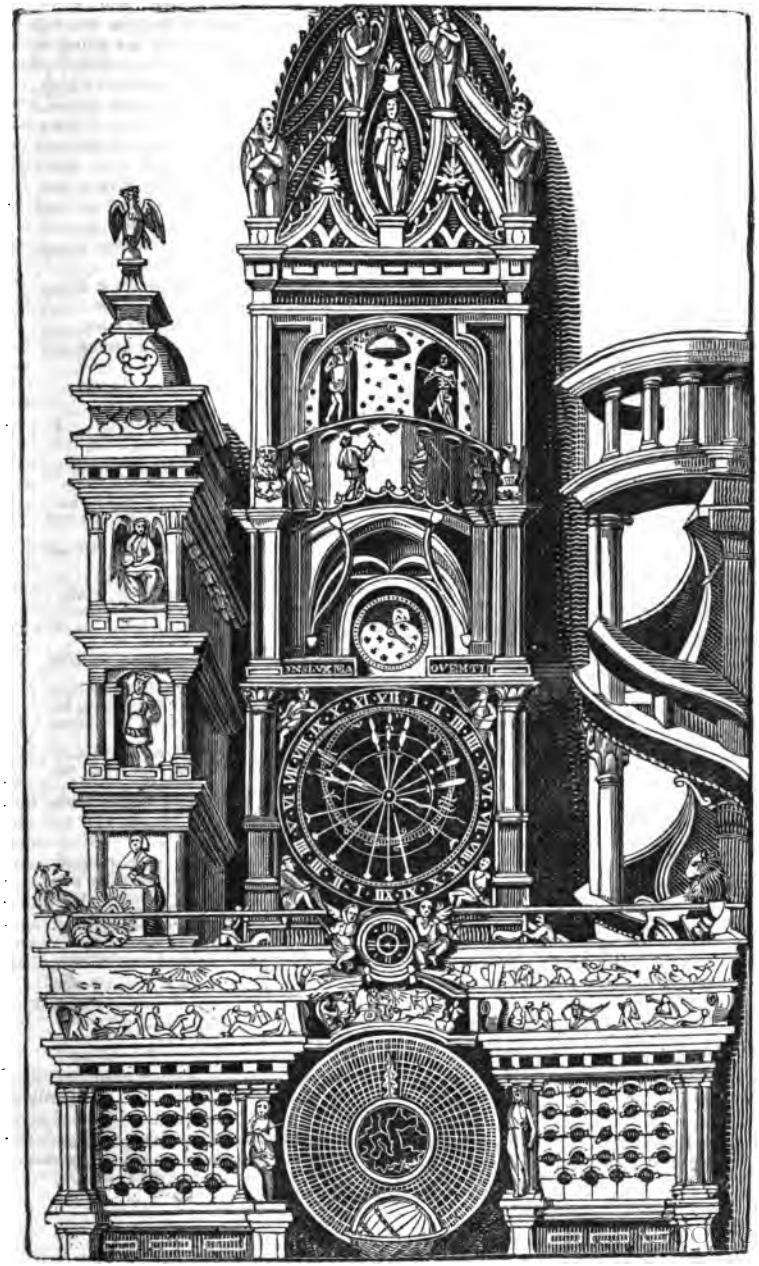
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. LXXVII.] SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1824. [PRICE 2*d.*

The Celebrated Clock of Strasburg.



THE invention of clocks, such as are now in use, is ascribed to Pacificus, Archdeacon of Verona, who died in 846; but they were not known in England until 1368, nor was the pendulum applied until 1657, when Huygens, a Dutch astronomer and mathematician, made the discovery.

In the infancy of the art of clock-work, Strasburg was celebrated for having extended it beyond the mere record of the hours of the day. The clock, in the cathedral of that city, a noble structure, with a tower 470 feet high, was constructed about the year 1370, and is described at great length in the Strasburg Chronicle. It represents the motions of the globe, the sun, and the moon, in their regular circuit. The day of the week, the circle of the sun, the year of the world and of our Lord, the equinoctials, the leap-year, the moveable feasts, and the dominical letter, are all clearly exhibited by this clock. The eclipses of the sun and moon, and the weekly motion of the planets, are also displayed. Thus, on Sunday the sun is drawn about in his chariot, and so drawn into another place, that, before he is quite in, you have Monday; that is, the moon appears full, and the horses of Mars' chariot appearing; and the scene is thus varied on every day of the week.

There is also a dial for the minutes of the hour, so that you see every minute pass: two images of children appear on each side, one with a sceptre counting the hours. The motion of the planets, the moon's rising and falling, and several other astronomical motions, are exhibited in this clock. Death and Christ are also personified; and at the top of the tower is an excellent chime, which plays various tunes, and, says an old account of this clock, "at Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, a thanksgiving unto Christ; and when this chime has done, the cock, which stands on the top of the tower on the north side of the main work, having stretched out his neck, shaken his comb, and clapped his wings twice; and this he does so shrill and natural, as would make any man wonder."

This celebrated clock, of which we present an engraving from a very rare print, was constructed by Dassipodius and Wolkinstenius, two famous working mathematicians of the time.

THE GREY ASS THE BETTER SIGN.

WHEN Prince Charles of Hesse, field-marshal of Denmark, was on his march to Hamburgh, he halted at a small town called Pinneberg, in the Dutchy of Holstein, distant from Hamburgh about twelve English miles. There were two inns in the place, the one had for its sign a *Grey Ass*, and the other a *Black Cow*. On asking which was the best, his Serene Highness was told the former. He accordingly alighted there, and went in. As he was preparing to take his departure, the landlord made his appearance, and in a supplicating tone, told him, that he had a favour to request, which he trusted his Serene Highness would not take amiss, but grant him. Why not? was the reply, provided nothing particular be in the way. The landlord then told his illustrious visitor that he had long been dissatisfied with his present sign, alleging that it was too vulgar, considering the number of gentry that resorted to his house; he, therefore, thought that if permission was given him to hang up a portrait of his Serene Highness in the place of the *Grey Ass*, it could not fail to be a still greater inducement to companies repairing to his tavern, which, by the way, had always enjoyed a pre-eminence over that of his neighbour. The Prince gave his assent, and the painter was immediately sent for, who, in a great hurry, finished the so-much-desired sign, at the bottom of which was written, in large golden letters, *Prince Charles of Hesse*. The other landlord, a fellow, it should seem, of some acuteness of discernment, was struck with the idea that there was now, perhaps, a fine opportunity for him to raise the fame of his house by transforming the *Black Cow* into the *Grey Ass*, thinking, as he very justly did, that he would thereby, at least, attract a great many guests that otherwise intended going to his rival, the fame of whose house, known by the sign of the *Grey Ass*, was spread far and wide. Nor was he in the wrong, for the thing took, and succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations. Our other hero, sadly disappointed and chagrined, saw too late into the inconsistency of his conduct. Out of revenge, and, as it were, to make good the injury he had thus evidently brought upon himself, he ordered down the new sign, and, as a necessary *eclaircissement* previous to its being replaced, causes to be written over the head of the field-marshal, *This is the real Grey Ass.*

PASCHE.

MEMORY

A PLAYER being reproached by Rich for having forgot some of the words in the Beggars' Opera on the fifty-third night of its performance, cried out, "What do you think one can remember a thing for ever?"

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ORIGIN OF CHESS.

(For the Mirror.)

THE following account of the origin of chess is given by the Arabian writers. At the commencement of the fifth century of the Christian æra, India was governed by a young and powerful monarch, of an excellent disposition, but who was greatly corrupted by his flatterers. This young prince soon forgot that monarchs ought to be the fathers of their people, that the love of the people for their king is the only solid support of the throne, and that they constitute all his strength and power. It was in vain that the Bramins and the Rajahs repeated to him these important maxims. Intoxicated by his greatness, which he imagined to be unalterable, he despised their wise remonstrances. Then a Bramin, named Sissa, undertook, in an indirect manner, to open the eyes of the prince. With this view he invented the game of chess, in which the king, though the most important of the pieces, is powerless to attack, and even to defend himself against his enemies, without the assistance of his subjects.

The new game speedily became celebrated; the king of India heard talk of it, and wished to learn it, Sissa while explaining the rules of it, gave him a taste of those momentous truths, to which till this moment he had refused to listen.

The prince, who possessed both feeling and gratitude changed his conduct, and gave the Bramin the choice of his recompense. Sissa required to be delivered to him the number of grains of wheat which would be produced by all the squares of the chess-board; one being given for the first square, two for the second, four for the third, and so on, still doubling the amount till the sixty-fourth square. The king, without hesitation, acceded to a request of such apparent moderation; but when his treasurers had calculated the quantity, they found that the king had engaged to perform a thing to which not all his riches nor his vast states would suffice. They found in reality, that the amount of these grains of wheat would be equal to 16,384 cities each containing 1,024 granaries, each granary containing 174,762 measures, each measure consisting of 32,768 grains. Of this circumstance the Bramin availed himself to make the king sensible, how much sovereigns ought to be on their guard against those who surround them, and how much they ought to fear lest even their best intentions should be perverted to sinister ends.

THE ORIGIN OF CARDS.

(For the Mirror.)

WITHOUT inquiring whether any games with cards, which resemble those of our times, were in use among the Greeks and Romans, Father Menestrier, in his "Bibliotheque Curieuse," confining himself to France, says, that it is only about four hundred years since games of cards were first known. This he demonstrates by a negative argument, drawn from an ordinance of Charles VI. in 1391, against the use of all such games as did not assist the military science; and in which though the forbidden games are enumerated, there is no mention of cards. The following year, however, is that to which he gives their origin, as the occasion of their being invented. It was in 1392, when Charles VI. became disordered in his mind, the whole court was employed in contriving every possible method of diverting his melancholy.

The four suits are supposed to represent the two branches of the state—the church and the army; the city and the country. The hearts, or *cœurs*, and which should be choir-men, for the church, the Spaniards represent by copes, or chalices, instead of hearts. Spades in French *piques*, signify pikes. In Spanish, swords are called *spada*, denoting the military order. Diamonds, *carreaux*, or squares; on Spanish cards *dineras* or coins; are expressive of the monied or mercantile men of the city. Clubs, *trefoil* in French; in Spanish, *casta*, a club or rustic weapon, for the peasantry of the country.

The king and queen need no explanation; the knave may be intended as a sly stroke at the minister. The ace seems to be one distinguished character, selected from each rank, and elevated to an honourable situation. T. H. Y.

THE FIRST CONCERT IN TOWN.

(For the Mirror.)

As music is now so universally taught and admired, the following account of the first musical concert that was ever held in London, (taken from Sir Hawkins's History of Music,) may not be unacceptable to your readers. Thomas Britton, bound himself, and served seven years to a small-coal man in St. John-street. After which his master gave him a sum of money, and Tom went back to his native place, Higham Ferrers, Northamptonshire. When he had spent his money he returned to London, and set up the small-coal trade, notwithstanding his master was still living, and took a stable, which he turned into a house. Some

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time after he became an excellent chemist, and perhaps, performed such things in that profession as had never been done before, by the help of a moving laboratory, that was contrived and built by himself, and much admired by the faculty, He was, also, famous for his skill in the theory and practice of music; and kept up for forty years, in his own little cell, a musical club, which was nothing less than a concert, and was the first meeting of the kind, and the undoubted parent of some of the most celebrated concerts in London. Its origin was from Sir Roger L'Estrange: and this attachment of Sir Roger, and other ingenious gentlemen, arose from the profound regard that Britton had, in general, to all literature. Men of the best wit, as well as some of the best quality, honoured his musical society with their company. When passing the streets in his blue linen frock, and with a sack of small-coal on his back, he was frequently accosted with, "There goes the small-coal man who is a lover of learning, a performer of music, and a companion for gentlemen." Britton's house was next to the Old Jerusalem Tavern, under the gate-way (since pulled down and rebuilt.) On the ground floor was a repository for small-coal; over that was the concert room, which was very long and narrow, the ceiling of which was so low, that tall men could but just stand upright in it. The stairs to this room were on the outside of the house, and could hardly be ascended without crawling. Notwithstanding all, this mansion, despicable as it may seem, attracted as polite an audience as ever the Opera did. At these concerts, Dr. Pepusch, and frequently Mr. Handel, played the harpsichord; Mr. Banister the first violin. Dubourg, (then a child,) played his first solo at Britton's concert, standing upon a stool, but so terribly awed at the sight of so splendid an assembly, that he was near falling to the ground. As to his own skill in music, it is not to be doubted: it is certain he could play on the harpsichord; and he frequently played the viol da gamba in his own concert. Britton was in his person a short thick set man, with a very honest ingenuous countenance. This extraordinary man was also well skilled in ancient books and manuscripts, much esteemed by the then collectors. While the Earls of Oxford, Sunderland, Winchelsea, Pembroke, Duke of Devonshire, &c. who had the passion for collecting old books and manuscripts, were assembled at Bateman's shop, in Paternoster-row, on Saturdays, about twelve o'clock, Britton would arrive in his blue frock, and pitching his sack on Bateman's bulk, would go in and join them in conversation, which generally lasted an hour. The singularity of his character induced various suspicions some thought his musical assembly cover for seditious meetings; others for magical purposes. Britton himself was taken for an atheist, a presbyterian, and a jesuit; but he was perfectly inoffensive; and highly esteemed by all who knew him. The circumstances of his death are not less remarkable than those of his life. One Honeyman, a blacksmith, had become famous for the faculty of speaking without opening his lips; by which art the voice seemed to proceed from some distant part of the house. Mr. R——, a justice of the peace in Clerkenwell, who frequently played at Britton's concert was wicked enough to introduce Honeyman, unknown to Britton, for the sole purpose of terrifying him, in which he succeeded; Honeyman without moving his lips, or seeming to speak, announced, as from afar off, the death of poor Britton within a few hours; with an intimation, that the only way to avert his doom was, for him to fall on his knees and say the Lord's prayer. Britton did as he was bid—went home, took to his bed, and in a few days died: leaving his friend, Mr. R——, to enjoy the fruits of his mirth. He died in September, 1714. G. L. I.

ON THE REVIVIFICATION OF ANIMALS.

(For the Mirror.)

It has been mentioned as a fact long known to the inhabitants of India, that in that country, when the wet season commences, the rain falls so abundantly as to form ponds of considerable depth in hollow places, where, for several months previous, not any moisture could be observed; not even so much as to give nourishment to any kind of plant whatever. No sooner, however, does the rain begin to fall, than in the fields, which were in general utterly destitute of the most remote appearance of vegetation, vegetation commences; and in less than twenty-four hours, verdure can be distinctly perceived. But the most wonderful circumstance that is represented to occur on this occasion is, that almost as soon as verdure is perceptible, the new-formed ponds abound with fishes, which are not only fit for food, but are esteemed a great delicacy. The precise time that occurs between the commencement of the rainy season and the taking of the fish, is not mentioned; but, it is stated, that they have been eaten within forty-eight hours of the former period.

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It has been suggested that the ponds have communication with rivers; but to this it is answered, that fishes are, in like manner, found even in islands where, during the dry season, there is not any running water.

As in some measure analogous to this circumstance, we shall detail another, which may, perhaps, be deemed still more extraordinary:—

In forming a collection of shells, great diligence had been employed to obtain a variety of the snails of this country, which, after being cleaned and dried, were placed in a cabinet. In this state they remained for many years, during which time they were occasionally inspected, and not any idea was entertained but that life was utterly extinct. One day, however, the snails were found dispersed throughout the cabinet, crawling in a state of perfect life and complete activity; and it was discovered, upon examination, that water had obtained access, so as to moisten the snails, by which means they were restored to life after they had, in consequence of the dissection of all their members, been wholly deprived of action for many years, without, however, the principle of life being entirely destroyed.

Contradictory to the common operations of nature as these instances may appear, they are not on that account to be rejected as unentitled to credit, since it is known to those who are intimately acquainted with minute objects of animated nature, that some of these can be preserved in a dry state for an indefinite length of time, liable to be revived at pleasure by being moistened with water;* it must, however, be confessed that till the occurrence of the phenomenon here mentioned, it had never been suspected that any animal body, of a magnitude in any respect approaching to the size of a snail, could admit of having its life prolonged after this manner.

The winter sleep of bats and several other animals is a fact well known; this, though not a privation of life, is yet a suspension of the principal animal functions for many months together, and seems to be occasioned by the influence of a certain degree of cold, which retards, if it does not put a stop to, the circulation, during the continuance of its influence. While, however, the germ of life exists, putrefaction is prevented from taking place; and the parts of the body, being unaltered during this period, are in a condition to perform their functions once more after the fluids are set in motion. In the instance of the snails, it would seem that the want of moisture produced, in the suspension of the animal functions, an effect similar to that which cold occasions with regard to the sleeping animals, but in a far more powerful degree.

To a similar cause we might be induced to attribute the presence of the fishes already alluded to, were we not told, that the hollows in which the ponds are formed do not possess, during the dry season, any appearances upon which the revivifying principle could be supposed so to act as to produce them; nor can they be considered as produced from spawn deposited during the previous wet season, as they are represented to be, at their first coming, of such a size as to admit of being caught with nets.

That such multitudes of living creatures, arrived at such a size in so short a period of time, should be found under such peculiar circumstances, remains, therefore, a mystery which cannot readily be solved, but which has been attempted to be explained, by supposing that on the approach of dry weather, these fishes have buried themselves deep in the mud, into which they would naturally dive as low as possible in search of moisture, till at last, when that entirely failed them, they were there dried up like the snails, and their animal functions suspended, without being deprived of life, until the return of moisture revived them, when they instantly returned to their natural element in that state of growth to which they had attained before the period of their desiccation.

It is doubtless in the power of some of the intelligent correspondents of *The Mirror*, to throw additional light on this interesting subject LISLETT.

* A short article in illustration of this assertion, will be hereafter offered.

CUSTOMS IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—Underneath I send you an extract from the journal of a lady of rank and fashion in the fifteenth century,—the perusal of it shows how great a change *time* has made in the duties and employment of the female sex, as well as the alteration in the hours of breakfast, dinner, and supper, and the difference in the viands set upon the table.

The extract is taken from a MSS. preserved in Drummond Castle. A. D.

This is part of the journal of Elizabeth Woodville, previous to her marriage with Lord Grey. She was afterwards Queen to Edward IV. and died in confinement at Southwark under Henry VII.

Monday morning—rose at four o'clock

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and helped Catherine to milk the cows—Rachael the other dairy-maid having scalded her hands in so bad a manner the night before: made a poultice for Rachael, and gave Robin a penny to get something from the apothecary. Six o'clock—the buttock of beef too much boiled, and the beer a little stale. Mem. to talk with the cook about the first fault, and to amend the other myself by tapping a fresh barrel directly. Seven o'clock—went to walk with the lady my mother in the court-yard; fed twenty-five men and women; chid Roger severely for expressing some ill-will at attending us with broken meat. Eight o'clock—went to the paddock behind the house with my maid Dorothy, caught Thump, the little pony, myself, and rode a matter of six miles without saddle or bridle. Ten o'clock—went to dinner—John Grey a most comely youth, but what is that to me, a virtuous maiden should be entirely under the direction of her parents. John ate but little, and stole a great many tender looks at me—said women would never be handsome in his opinion who were not good tempered; I hope my temper is not intolerable, nobody finds fault with it except Roger, and he is the most disorderly serving-man in the whole family. John Grey says white teeth are lovely—my teeth are of a pretty good colour I think, and my hair is as black as jet, though I say it, and John, if I mistake not, is of the same opinion. Eleven o'clock—rose from the table, the company all desirous of walking in the fields—John Grey would lift me over every stile, and twice he squeezed my hand with vehemence, I cannot say I should have any objections to John Grey, he plays at prison bars as well as any of the country gentlemen, is remarkably dutiful to his parents, my lord and lady, and never misses church on a Sunday. Three o'clock—poor Farmer Robinson's house burnt by accidental fire—John Grey proposed a subscription among the company for the relief of the Farmer, gave no less than four pounds with this benevolent intent. Mem. never saw him look so comely as at that moment. Four o'clock—went to prayers. Six o'clock—fed the hogs and poultry. Seven o'clock—supper on the table, delayed till that hour on account of Farmer Robinson's misfortune. Mem. the goose pie too much baked, and the pork roasted to rags. Nine o'clock—the company fast asleep; these late hours very disagreeable—said my prayers a second time, John Grey distracted my thoughts too much the first time—fell asleep and dreamed of John Grey.

INNOCENCE.

(For the Mirror.)

UNDER the wing of one of the Angels, supporting the Arms of England, which decorate the new entrance to Westminster Hall, a sparrow has built its nest. There, free and at ease, near the rampant lion, safe from the despoiler's hand, it may rear in peace its infant progeny. What a contrast to the various contending passions which at times agitate the courts below!! But if the inmates of this peaceful abode are attacked by any superior power, they will resist, for Shakspeare says,

"The poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl."

P. T. W.

SUNDRY MISERIES.

(For the Mirror.)

RESIDING between a stone-cutter's and an undertaker's.

Haggling with a surly hackney-coachman for six-pence, and after he has driven off about a quarter of an hour, recollecting that you have left a new umbrella in his coach.

Drying a long letter by the fire; holding it negligently in one hand behind you, whilst you are conversing with a friend in the room, turning round and perceiving it to be in flames.

In sharply turning a corner, coming suddenly in contact with a chimney-sweeper, who impresses your white waistcoat and light-coloured breeches with very visible memorials of the rencontre.

Passing a narrow passage fresh painted.

Forced, by politeness, to quit a comfortable party, to attend a cross old maid to her lodgings at the distance of two miles.

Wishing to wake early to be in time for a morning coach, waking, and upon looking at your watch, discovering that you had not wound it up.

Making several memorandum knots in your handkerchief, and forgetting the important cause of every one of them.

Dreaming that you have wings, and waking with a fit of the gout.

Endeavouring to make violent love under the table and pressing the wrong foot.

Toasting a bit of cheese, and when it is more than half done, letting it fall into the ashes.

Hearing the bells ring for the marriage of your rival.

Knocking at the door of a house for

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half an hour, and then being told that the house has been empty for the last two months.

In a hurry to send off a letter, dipping your finger into the ink instead of the wafer-stand. J. J. H.

THE FOREST OAK.

(For the Mirror.)

PRIDE of the glade! Time's scythe hath spread
His ruthless sway o'er thine aged head;
And thy leafless boughs, through the midnight air,
In the moon's pale beam, shew barren and bare;
And the ivy alone round thy mossy trunk
Looks fadeless and green as before 'twas shrunk
By Heaven's red bolt, when the angry storm
Raged long and loud o'er thy giant form.
The bolt hath sped, and the storm's no more---
Old oak! thy days of youth are o'er.

Pride of the glen! I remember well
When the gipsy was wont her tale to tell,
As beneath thee she sate, and the winds around
Seem'd hushed as they listed the magic sound;
And the maidens blush'd, and the youth would smile
As solemn she chaunted her verse the while,
For little they dream'd that her words so fair
Would so soon be scatter'd abroad in air.
The spell, and the verse, and the chaunt's no more---
Old oak! thy days of youth are o'er.

Pride of the acorn'd forest green!
How many a summer hath o'er thee been;
How many a winter hath o'er thee past,
And thy leafy head with its hollow blast;
But thy leafy head hath been long laid low,
And the raven croaks from thy wither'd bough,
And the fawn no longer courts, as wont,
Thy grateful shade as its noon-tide haunt,
Nor the shepherd-boy when the rain-storm pour---
Old oak! thy days of youth are o'er.

Pride of thy country's proudest boast!
Of the fleets that encircle our sea-girt coast,
When the towery mast and the swelling sail
Rise high on the green waves and court the gale,
And the sounds of death and the waste of war
O'er the foaming billows are heard afar;
Time was too thou might'st have rode the tide,
The pride of the flood, as the forest's pride,
And bid o'er the waves thy thunders roar---
Old oak! thy days of youth are o'er.

ALPHEUS.

ON GENIUS

(For the Mirror.)

GENIUS is a term applied frequently to premature talents, which shew themselves at a very early age, but seldom equal the expectations they excite; or to a marked predilection for any particular branch of art or science, which, if united to industry and perseverance, seldom fails to obtain pre-eminence. Genius without industry can be of little avail, for industry will improve the meanest capacity, and kindle every latent spark of genius, which would otherwise have remained in obscurity. In no instance where early talents have been followed by success in maturer age, has there been any lack of application. And, on the other hand, no indolent genius ever turned out an accomplished character; but many who, in their earlier years, promised nothing but stupidity, have, by making good use of the opportunities afforded them, acquired talents that nature had not originally bestowed on them, which, though they may not rival the united efforts of genius and application, will always command respect; and, though they may not aspire to the highest objects of ambition, may still be superior to the generality of mankind. We rarely meet with a man who has talents for more than one art; those whose minds are indifferently turned towards several professions, are not likely to excel in any. We must turn our mind exclusively towards one object, without allowing any minor considerations to divert our attention from the pursuit we have chosen; if we do not depart from this rule, but steadily adhere to our purpose, we may be pretty sure of success: but no genius can obtain pre-eminence without exertion; no one can expect to arrive at the height of his ambition without passing every progressive stage of improvement, however tedious he may find the necessary delay. "Rome was not built in a day," is an old but good proverb. In most cases of early genius the mind is not capable of receiving any later improvement; it is already formed and mature, and is not susceptible of new impressions; nd those talents which were astonishing n a child, lose all their wonders, and sink into humble mediocrity when the possessor of them is no longer young; and we are surprised at the pleasure we receive from an individual, who no longer can afford new enjoyments, nor revive those sentiments of admiration which he formerly inspired. Such a genius is rather a misfortune than a means of happiness: nothing can be so disheartening as to have outlived one's talents; it would be better to remain in obscurity for the whole of a long life, than to emerge from it merely to make the return more mortifying.

T. R.

THE PAUPER'S GRAVE.

(For the Mirror.)

THE burial-bell tolls heavily and drear,
The new-dug earth makes known departed breath
Sound after sound comes murmuring on the ear,
And tells the triumph of devouring death.

The *plume-deck'd hearse* in funeral pomp comes on;
Coach after coach displays a host of friends,
Who weep, or *seem to weep*, for him that's gone,
And thus the last sad solemn mockery ends!

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The death-bell stops—and yet another train
A *humbler* group, in still procession creep,
Whose limbs can scarce the lifeless weight sustain,
For whom no eye, not one, is seen to weep.

The *work-house pauper* is by all forsook,
His place of quiet is the *parish hole*;
On his poor corpse no sorrowing mourners look;
For him, no tears of fond remembrance roll.

And yet he *once* could boast of joy-fraught days,
Of friends who buzz'd like sun-flies round his door;
His *feasts*, while he had feasts to *give, their* praise!
And then, like reptiles, then, were *seen no more.*

His hand was open, and his heart sincere!
To those that wanted *he* unsparing gave,
Nor thought the locusts, that he priz'd so dear,
Could scowl like demons on the *pauper's grave.*

UTOPIA.

Scientific Amusements.

No. II.

A LAMP WITHOUT FLAME.

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY discovered that a fine platina wire, heated red hot, and held in the vapour of ether, would continue ignited for some time. Mr. Gill has practically applied this discovery in the formation of an alcohol lamp on the following construction:—A cylindrical coil of thin platina wire is placed, part of it round the cotton wick of a spirit lamp, and part of it above the wick, and the lamp to be lighted so as to heat the wire to redness; on the flame being blown out, the vapour of the alcohol will keep the wire *red hot*, for any length of time, according to the supply of alcohol, and with a very small expenditure thereof, so as to be in constant readiness to kindle German fungus, or paper prepared with nitre, and by this means to light a sulphur match, &c. at pleasure.

The proper size of the platina wire is the one-hundredth part of an inch, which may be readily known by wrapping ten turns of the wire round a cylinder, and if they measure the one-tenth part of an inch, it will be right. A larger size will only yield a dull red light; and a smaller one is difficult to use.

About twelve turns of the wire will be sufficient, coiled round any cylindrical body, suited to the size of the wick of the lamp; and four or five coils should be placed on the wick, and the remainder of the wire above it. A wick composed of twelve threads of the ordinary sized lamp cotton yarn, with the platina wire coiled around it, will require about half an ounce of alcohol to keep it alight for eight hours.

To render bodies luminous in the dark, so as to give a sufficient light to show the hour on the dial of a watch, at night.

IF a four or six ounce phial, containing a few ounces of liquid phosphorus, be unstopped in darkness, the vacuous space in the bottle emits a sufficient light for showing the hour of the night, by holding a pocket watch near it. When the phial is again corked the light vanishes, but reappears instantly on opening it. In cold weather, it is necessary to warm the bottle in the hand before the stopper is removed; without this precaution it will not emit light. Liquid phosphorus may likewise be used for forming luminous writings, or drawings; it may be smeared on the face or hands, or any warm object, to render it luminous; and this is in nowise hazardous. If rubbed on the face, taking care to shut the eyes, the appearance is most hideously frightful; all the parts appear to be covered with a luminous lambent flame, of a bluish-white colour, whilst the mouth and eyes are depicted as black spots.

Easy method of breaking glass in any required direction.

DIP a piece of worsted thread into spirit of turpentine, wrap it round the glass in the direction that you require it to be broken, and then set fire to the thread; or, apply a red-hot wire round the glass, and if it does not immediately crack, throw cold water on it, whilst the wire remains hot.

By this means, glass that is broken may often be fashioned and rendered useful for a variety of purposes.

To set a combustible body on fire by the contact of cold water.

FILL a saucer with water, and let fall into it a piece of potassium, of the size of a peppercorn (which is about two grains). The potassium will instantly become red-hot, with a slight explosion, and burn vividly on the surface of the water, darting at the same time from one side of the vessel to the other, with great violence, in the form of a red-hot fire-ball.

Vivid combustion of three metals when brought into contact with each other.

MIX a grain or two of potassium with a like quantity of sodium. This mixture will take place quietly; but if the alloy of these two bodies be brought into contact with a globule of quicksilver, the compound, when agitated, instantly takes fire, and burns vividly.

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Illustration of the production of gas-lights.

To imitate in miniature the production of gas-lights, put common coal into the bowl of a tobacco-pipe; cover the coal closely with clay, made into a stiff lute, or paste, with water; and when the clay is dry, put the bowl of the pipe into the fire, and heat it gradually. In a few minutes, a stream of carburetted hydrogen gas will issue from the end of the tobacco-pipe, accompanied with an aqueous fluid, and a tenacious oil or tar. The gas may be set fire to with a candle, and will burn with a bright flame. When no more gas is disengaged, there will be found, in the bowl of the pipe, the coal, deprived of its bituminous matter, or coke.

The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM *NEW WORKS.*

CAPTAIN PARRY'S JOURNAL.

[In No. 57 of the MIRROR, we gave a very circumstantial narrative of Captain Parry's last voyage for the discovery of a north-west passage, preceded by an historical account of the various attempts made by preceding navigators, to solve this great geographical problem, illustrated by a map engraved on steel, of the Arctic regions. Captain Parry has just published his own Journal of the voyage, which was issued from the press last Saturday, and we now lose no time in extracting from it an interesting account of the Esquimaux of the Savage Islands, in Hudson's Straits, who visited the ships on the 21st of July, 1821, and other particulars of this voyage.]

THE ESQUIMAUX OF THE SAVAGE ISLANDS.

THEY possessed, in an eminent degree, the disposition to steal all they could lay their hands on, which has almost universally been imputed to every tribe of Esquimaux hitherto visited by Europeans. They tried, more than once, the art of picking our pockets, and were as bold and unembarrassed as ever, immediately after detection. It is impossible to describe the horribly disgusting manner in which they sat down, as soon as they felt hungry, to eat their raw blubber, and to suck the oil remaining on the skins we had just emptied, the very smell of which, as well as the appearance, was to us almost insufferable. The disgust which our seamen could not help expressing at this sight, seemed to create in the Exquimaux the most malicious amusement; and when our people turned away literally unable to bear the sight without being sick, they would, as a good joke among themselves, run after them holding out a piece of blubber, or raw seal's flesh, dripping with oil and filth, as if inviting them to partake of it. Both the men and women were guilty of still more disgusting indecencies, which seemed to afford them amazing diversion. A worse trait even than all these was displayed by two women alongside the Hecla, who, in a manner too unequivocal to be misunderstood, offered to barter their children for some article of trifling value, beginning very deliberately to strip them of their clothes, which they did not choose to consider as included in the intended bargain.

Upon the whole, it was impossible for us not to receive a very unfavourable impression of the general behaviour, and moral character, of the natives of this part of Hudson's Strait, who seem to have acquired, by an annual intercourse with our ships for nearly a hundred years, many of the vices which unhappily attend a first intercourse with the civilized world, without having imbibed any of the virtues or refinements which adorn and render it happy.

SEAL HUNTERS AND SEAL EATERS.

The party we at first joined were seated on a high hummock of ice, with their spears in their hands, looking out for seals. After we had talked to them for a few minutes, Okotook suddenly started up and set off along the edge of the ice, without giving us or his own companions the least warning. The latter seemed so much accustomed to this, that they took no further notice than by immediately following him, and we did the same; the whole party walking at a very quick rate, and the natives keeping their heads constantly turned towards the sea to look out for seals. After being thus engaged for a hour and a half, we judged, from the motions of a party at some distance beyond us, that they had game in view. As we approached them, Okatook evidently began to be apprehensive that we, who did not understand the matter, would spoil their sport. To prevent this, he did the most civil thing that could well have been devised, which was, to send his companions one by one to the spot, and to remain with us himself, keeping us at such a distance as to allow us to see their proceedings, without alarming the animals they were in pursuit of. The other seven Equimaux, now forming one party, disposed themselves into a single line, so as

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to make as small an appearance as possible in the direction in which they were going, and in this manner crept very cautiously towards the margin of the floe. On a sudden they all stooped down quite low, to hide themselves, and continued thus a quarter of an hour, during which time they prepared their lines and spears; and then, when the animal appeared to be intercepted from their view, again took the opportunity of gaining a few paces upon him in the same cautious manner as before. When they had been thus occupied for a full hour, alternately creeping and stooping down, the seal which had been lying on the ice took the water, and they then gave up their chase. During this time, Okotook could scarcely restrain his impatience to be nearer the scene of action; and when we produced a spy-glass, which appeared to bring his companions close to us, he had not words to express his surprise and satisfaction. In a short time he held it as steadily as we did, and explained by signs every motion he observed.

As soon as they had given up the seal they had been watching, the whole party seemed with one accord to turn their steps homeward, in which direction, being that of the ships also, we were by this time not sorry to accompany them. We were now between three and four miles north-east of the ships, and full a mile and a half from any part of the shore. In the open water beyond the floe, the tide was running two knots to the northward, and as the ice on which we stood had been formed only within the last fortnight, and a sheet as substantial as this had before been carried away by the stream, it was impossible not to feel some apprehension lest we might thus be detached from the shore, an accident that has been known to happen to Esquimaux ere now, and has probably more frequently befallen them, when none have survived to tell the tale.

As we returned towards the land, we came to a small rising on the level surface of the floe not larger than a common mole-hill, and of much the same shape, at which one of the Esquimaux immediately stopped. His companions, still walking on, called us away, explaining that what we saw was the work of a seal, and that it was probable the animal was about to complete his hole and to come up on the ice, in which case the man would endeavour to kill him. We watched the man at the hole, however, with a glass, for more than half an hour, observing him constantly putting his head down towards the ice, as if in the act of listening for the seal, but without otherwise changing his position; after which, he followed us on board without success.

If, however, a man has any reason to suppose that a seal is at work beneath, he immediately attaches himself to the place, and seldom leaves it till he has succeeded in killing the animal. For this purpose, he first builds a snow-wall about four feet in height, to shelter him from the wind, and, seating himself under the lee of it, deposits his spear, lines, and other implements upon several little forked sticks inserted into the snow, in order to prevent the smallest noise being made in moving them when wanted. But the most curious precaution to the same effect consists in tying his own knees together, with a thong, so securely as to prevent any rustling of his clothes which might otherwise alarm the animal. In this situation, a man will sit quietly sometimes for hours together, attentively listening to any noise made by the seal, and sometimes using the *keip-kuttuk*, an instrument hereafter described, in order to ascertain whether the animal is still at work below. When he supposes the hole to be nearly completed, he cautiously lifts his spear, to which the line has been previously attached, and as soon as the blowing of the seal is distinctly heard, and the ice consequently very thin, he drives it into him with the force of both arms, and then cuts away with his *panna* the remaining crust of ice, to enable him to repeat the wounds and get him out. The *neitiek* is the only seal killed in this manner, and, being the smallest, is held, while struggling, either simply by the hand, or by putting the line round a spear with the point stuck into the ice. For the *oguke*, the line is passed round the man's leg or arm; and for a walrus, round his body, his feet being at the same time firmly set against a hummock of ice, in which position these people can from habit hold against a very heavy strain. Boys of fourteen or fifteen years of age consider themselves equal to the killing of a *neitiek*, but it requires a full-grown person to master either of the larger animals. - - -

- - - After distributing a number of presents in the first four huts, I found on entering the last, that Pootooaloo had been successful in bringing in a seal, over which two elderly women were standing, armed with large knives, their hands and faces besmeared with blood, and delight and exultation depicted on their countenances. They had just performed the first operation of dividing the animal into two parts, and thus laying open the intestines. These being taken out, and all the blood carefully baled up and put into the *oothkooseek*, or cooking-pot, over

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the fire, they separated the head and flippers from the carcass, and then divided the ribs. All the loose scraps were put into the pot for immediate use, except such as the two butchers now and then crammed into their own mouths, or distributed to the numerous and eager bystanders for still more immediate consumption. Of these morsels the children came in for no small share, every little urchin that could find its way to the slaughter-house, running eagerly in and between the legs of the men and women, presenting its mouth for a large lump of raw flesh, just as an English child of the same age might do for a piece of sugar-candy. Every now and then also a dog would make its way towards the reeking carcass, and when in the act of seizing some delicate part, was sent off yelping by heavy blows with the handles of the knives. When all the flesh is disposed of, for a portion of which each of the women from the other huts usually brings her *ootkooseek*, the blubber still remains attached to the skin, from which it is separated the last; and the business being now completed, the two parts of the hide are rolled up and laid by, together with the store of flesh and blubber. During the dissection of the seals, they have a curious custom of sticking a thin filament of skin, or of some part of the intestines, upon the forehead of the boys, who are themselves extremely fond of it, it being intended, as Iligliuk afterwards informed me, to make them fortunate seal-catchers.

The seals which they take during the winter are of two kinds, the *Neiteik*, or small seal *(phoca hispida,)* and the *Oguke*, or large seal *(phoca barbata.)* These and the *Ei-u-ek*, or Walrus, constitute their means of subsistence at this season; but, on this particular part of the coast, the latter are not very abundant and they chiefly catch the *neitiek*. The animal we had now seen dissected was of that kind, and with young at the time. A small one taken out of it had a beautiful skin, which, both in softness and colour, very much resembled raw silk; but no inducement could make Pootoocalook part with it, he having destined it for that night's supper. - - -

- - - Toolooak having been concerned in killing one of the seals just brought in, it fell to his mother's lot to dissect it, the *neitiek* being the only animal which the women are permitted to cut up. We had therefore an opportunity of seeing this filthy operation once more performed, and entirely by the old lady herself, who was soon up to her elbows in blood and oil. Before a knife is put into the animal, as it lies on its back, they pour a little water into its mouth, and touch each flipper and the middle of the belly with a little lamp-black and oil taken from the under part of the lamp. What benefit was expected from this preparatory ceremony we could not learn, but it was done with a degree of superstitious care and seriousness that bespoke its indispensable importance. The boys came eagerly into the hut as usual, and held out their foreheads for the old woman to stick the charms upon them; and it was not till now that we learned from Iligliuk the efficacy of this very useful custom. As soon as this dirty operation was at an end, during which the numerous bystanders amused themselves in chewing the intestines of the seal, the strangers retired to their own huts, each bearing a small portion of the flesh and blubber, while our hosts enjoyed a hearty meal of boiled meat and hot gravy soup. Young Sioutkuk ate at least three pounds of solid meat in the first three hours after our arrival at the huts, besides a tolerable proportion of soup, all which his mother gave him whenever he asked it, without the smallest remark of any kind. We now found that they depended on catching seals alone for their subsistence, there being no walruses in this neighbourhood. As they were several miles from any open water, their mode of killing them was entirely confined to watching for the animals coming up in the holes they make in the ice.

The Esquimaux went out to endeavour to catch seals as usual, but returned unsuccessful after several hours' labour. As it was now evident that their own exertions were not at all times sufficient to procure them food at this season, and that neither indolence nor any idea of dependence on our charity induced them to relax in those exertions, it became incumbent on us carefully to attend to their wants, and by a timely and judicious application of the slender resources we had set aside for their use, to prevent any absolute suffering among them. We therefore sent out a good meal of bread-dust for each individual, to be divided in due proportion among all the huts. The necessity of this supply appeared very strongly from the report of our people, who found some of these poor creatures actually gnawing a piece of hard seal-skin with the hair on it, while few of the huts had any lamp alight. It must be remembered that the failure of their seal-fishery always involves a double calamity, for it not only deprives them of food, but of fuel for their lamps. When this is the case, not to mention the want of

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warmth and light in the huts, they are also destitute of the means of melting snow for water, and can therefore only quench their thirst by eating the snow, which is not only a comfortless but an ineffectual resource. In consequence of this, it was surprising to see the quantity of water these people drank whenever they came on board; and it was often with difficulty that our coppers could answer this additional demand. I am certain that Toolooak one day drank nearly a gallon in less than two hours. Besides the bread-dust, we also supplied them to-day with a wolf's carcass, which, raw and frozen as it was, they eat with a good appetite; and indeed they had not the means of cooking or even thawing it. I cannot here omit a pleasing trait in their character, observed by our people who carried out their supplies; not a morsel of which would the grown-up people touch till they had first supplied the wants of their hungry little ones. - - -

On the 13th our friends at the huts were fortunate in procuring three seals, an event that created great joy at the village. Mr. Allison, who happened to be there when one of these prizes was announced, informed me that there was a general outcry of joy; all the women hurried to the doors of the huts, and the children rushed to the beach to meet the men dragging along the prize. One of these little urchins, to complete the triumphant exultation with which this event was hailed, instantly threw himself on the animal, and, clinging fast to it, was thus dragged to the huts. Each woman was observed to bring her *ootkooseek*, or cooking-pot, to the hut where the seal was dissected, for the purpose of receiving a share of the meat and blubber.

ESQUIMAUX FEMALE, ILIGLIUK.

THE most intelligent Esquimaux was a female named Iligliuk, who drew maps for the voyagers; she favoured us with a song, struck us as having a remarkable soft voice, an excellent ear, and a great fondness for singing, for there was scarcely any stopping her when she had once begun. We had, on their first visit to the ships, remarked this trait in Iligliuk's disposition, when she was listening for the first time to the sound of the organ, of which she seemed never to have enough; and almost every day she now began to display some symptom of that superiority of understanding for which she was so remarkably distinguished. A few of the women learned several of our names to-day, and I believe all thought us Angekoks* of a very superior class, when we repeated to them all round, by the assistance of our books, the names of all their husbands, obtained on board the preceding day.

In proportion as the superior understanding of this extraordinary woman became more and more developed, her head (for what female head is indifferent to praise!) began to be turned with the general attention and numberless presents she received. The superior decency and even modesty of her behaviour had combined, with her intellectual qualities, to raise her in our estimation far above her companions; and I often heard others express what I could not but agree in, that for Iligliuk alone, of all the Esquimaux women, that kind of respect could be entertained which modesty in a female never fails to command in our sex. Thus regarded, she had always been freely admitted into the ships, the quarter-masters at the gangway never thinking of refusing entrance to the 'wise woman' as they called her. Whenever any explanation was necessary between the Esquimaux and us, Iligliuk was sent for quite as an interpreter; information was chiefly obtained through her, and she thus found herself rising into a degree of consequence to which, but for us, she could never have attained. Notwithstanding a more than ordinary share of good sense on her part, it will not therefore be wondered at if she became giddy with her exaltation, assuming certain airs which, though infinitely diversified in their operation according to circumstances, perhaps universally attend a too sudden accession of good fortune in every child of Adam from the equator to the poles. The consequence was that Iligliuk was soon spoiled; considered her admission into the ships and most of the cabins no longer as an indulgence but a right; ceased to return the slightest acknowledgment for any kindness or presents; became listless and inattentive in unravelling the meaning of our questions, and careless whether her answers conveyed the information we desired. In short, Iligliuk in February and Iligliuk in April were confessedly very different persons; and it was at last amusing to recollect, though not very easy to persuade one's self, that the woman who now sat demurely in a chair so confidently expecting the notice of those around her, and she who had at first with eager and wild delight assisted in cutting snow for the building of a hut, and with the hope of obtaining a single needle, were actually one and the same individual.

* Sorcerers or wizards.

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ANECDOTE OF BARRY THE ACTOR.

When the affairs of his (the Dublin) theatre took an unfavourable turn, and, unlike Mr. Sheridan, he left every department unpaid and unsatisfied, the angry tradesmen used to besiege his door, vowing that though they had been frequently paid off with words, *this* time they would not depart without their money. Mr. Barry would then desire to see them. A single claimant was admitted at a time. After a conference of some duration, he returned with a pleased and satisfied countenance to the anxious and expectant crowd of creditors below. Judging by the reception their companion met what was likely to be their own chance, he was eagerly interrogated by the gaping crowd. "Well, you have seen Mr. Barry?"—"Yes."—"You have got your money?"—"No." "A part of it?"—"Not one shilling.—But Mr. Barry spoke to me so kindly—seemed so distressed to keep me waiting—promised me *so faithfully* that *the next time I called* the money should be forthcoming—that he has, I know not how, got the better of my anger, and I could not find in my heart to press a gentleman any further."—*Memoirs of Mrs. Sheridan.*

AN IRISH DISH.

It was here (at Quilca in Ireland) that, surrounded by a party of chosen friends, Mr. Sheridan on one occasion was enabled to make an estimate between the advantages of ancient and modern cookery. Although the enthusiasm for every thing that was old had not at that time risen to the height it has since done, several of his guests were of opinion that their ancestors were the true possessors of the *savoir vivre*, and were very desirous that Mr. Sheridan should give them a specimen of the old Irish taste in hospitality. They particularly enlarged on the merits of a "swilled mutton," a dish which they affirmed preserved the juices of the animal in much greater perfection than any mode of dressing in which its limbs are divided. Mr. Sheridan agreed to the proposal, and, accordingly, a day was fixed for this revival of primeval hospitality. The floor of the eating-room was strewed with rushes, and the different dishes, cooked after the ancient manner recommended, were placed upon the table. The sight of the antique preparations pleased these lovers of simplicity. Nothing could be more agreeable than dining in a room strewed with fresh-cut rushes, and the "swilled mutton" was hailed as a noble relic of former times. It consisted of a sheep roasted whole, in the inside of which was insinuated a lamb; the lamb was again stuffed with a hare and rabbits. There was also a goose, the body of which was stuffed with a duck, and other delicacies of a similar description. Having been so loud in their commendations of these dishes, the guests tried to do honour to them on their appearance, but found them strangely repugnant to the taste of modern palates. Still they affected to relish them, praised the juiciness of the mutton and the high taste of the goose; but through all their affected approbation, Mr. Sheridan saw they were thoroughly disappointed. He, however, suffered them to regale on these ungrateful viands, having only given a private hint to one or two friends to reserve themselves for something that was to succeed. When every one was completely satisfied, and more than satisfied, with the trial of their forefathers' mode of living, these antique dishes were taken away, and replaced by a second course; consisting of venison, wild fowl, turbot from Dublin, and every delicacy the most grateful to a modern taste. The two or three epicures who had received a hint to reserve themselves till now, with great satisfaction began their real dinner; while the rest, who had already dined heartily, could only lament their mistake, which had left them no appetite for the luxurious fare that succeeded.—*Ibid.*

SAGACITY OF WOLVES.

24th January, 1820.

"So much snow had fallen this night, that the track we intended to follow was completely covered, and our march today was very fatiguing. We passed the remains of two red-deer, lying at the basis of perpendicular cliffs, from the summits of which they had, probably, been forced by the wolves. These voracious animals, who are inferior in speed to the moose and red-deer, are said frequently to have recourse to the following expedient, in places where extensive plains are bounded by precipitous cliffs.

"Whilst the deer are quietly grazing, the wolves assemble in great numbers, and forming a crescent, creep slowly towards the herd, so as not to alarm them much at first, but when they perceive that they have fairly hemmed in the unsuspecting creatures, and cut off their retreat across the plain, they move more quickly, and with hideous yells terrify their prey, and urge them to flight by the only open way, which is that towards the precipice; appearing to know, that

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when the herd is once at full speed, it is easily driven over the cliff, the nearmost urging on those that are before. The wolves then descend at their leisure, and feast on the mangled carcasses. One of these ferocious animals passed close to the person who was beating the track, but did not offer any violence.

"Dr. Richardson (the medical attendant on the expedition) having the first watch, had gone to the summit of the hill, and remained seated contemplating the river that washed the precipice under his feet, long after dusk had hid distant objects from his view. His thoughts were, perhaps, far distant from the surrounding objects, when he was roused by an indistinct noise behind him, and on looking round, perceived that nine white wolves had ranged themselves in form of a crescent, and were advancing, apparently with the intention of driving him into the river. On his rising up, they halted, and when he advanced, they made way for his passage down to the tents. He had his gun in his hand, but forebore to fire, lest there should be Esquimaux in the neighbourhood."—*Captain Franklin's Narrative.*

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

DESCRIPTION OF LISBON

Lisbon, 1809

COME here to my window, and overlook the public market!—Look at the grapes—and at the water-melons—and at the "frails" of figs—and at the oranges! See the olive!—you have it in groves. See the aloe!—it blows in the very hedges! Look at the shrimps—in this country they are all prawns; taste the Bucellas wine—it is sold at a drinkable price! Then, there is your coffee, your liqueur, your lemonade, and your sweetmeat! And what are all these—even all these—set against your view! In front, a clear river, full three miles across—with hills, and woods, and valleys, and white villages beyond. Behind, a city hanging in the air!—a city of enchantment, which you see five-sixths of at a glance!—covering a tract of ground, as compared with its population, three times greater than is occupied by London; besides suburbs, prolonged almost farther than the eye can follow, of villas, gardens, palaces, orchards, aqueducts, and olive plantations! —And all this—the river, the city, and the suburbs! the far shore of the Alentejo, and the white harbour of Casildeas! the Moorish fort of St. Juliao's, the distant village of Belem, the port, with two hundred ships at anchor in it, and room for twice two hundred more! See it all—all at one view—in the rich red glow of a purple summer's evening!

Here, Robert, are the very phantasies, living and being, which you and I have so often talked about, rather as if they had been matters of romance. The antique *costume*, among the men, (that is in the higher orders,) has disappeared; and their adopted modern garb seems to us ill-fashioned and untasteful. We laugh at people who put on a cocked hat with jockey boots, because we ourselves think fit to wear one only with silk stockings. But the women maintain all their ancient attributes, in dress, feature, and deportment. The veil, and the dark eyes; and the rosaries, and the profuse ringlets, and the loose cloak, and the female domestic following them in the street. Then there are the fishermen from the Casildeas coast, with their Salvator beards, and swarthy visages. And the swine-herds, from Aldea Galega, in their straw cloaks and russet shoes. And the muleteers from Beira—who carry you, soul and body, back to Don Quixote! with scarlet sashes short knee-breeches, *sombrero* hats, and gaudy waistcoats, leading long strings of staring mules, with bells at their necks, and pack-saddles, as vigorous as Ukraine horses, and as wicked as wild asses, and decorated grotesquely (besides a saint or two sheared out upon each of their haunches) with a profusion of worsted fringe and tassels about their bridles, and other head-gear, much like the fashion that was rife among the brewers of London some few years since.

Evening (ill company apart) is the preferable season here for walking. Annoyance sometimes accrues out of a slovenly custom the people have of throwing their slops and rubbish (even in respectable houses) from the windows; but this ceremony does not commence—(you will hear enough of it from our friends—along with execrations about bad soap, and muslin towels, with wide frills to them)—it seldom becomes very general until ten, or, perhaps, eleven o'clock, when scarcely any Portuguese (unless in carriages) are abroad. A stranger should go forth, as the first bat gets on the wing! Just after the bell has done ringing for vespers—as the stars begin to peep gently through the clear red of the horizon, and the ladies' eyes to glance curiously from the cross lattices of their *windows!* Then plant yourself in one of the several squares which run along the edge of the Tagus, (as our Temple gardens lie upon the bank of the river Thames,) and you have the

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fresh, cool, sea breeze (no suggestion even of mud) fanning you on one side, while, on the other, terrace above terrace, as children build their palaces of cards, the whole city, like one vast edifice rises on your view.

I stood at a point like this, on the night before last, when the town was generally illuminated, for the birth-day, I believe of the Prince of the Brazils.

You never saw any thing at all like the scene, unless, perhaps, it was a scene in a fairy pantomime at a theatre! The illumination consisted, not of coloured lamps, or of lamps laid into devices, as the fashion is in England; but principally of candles, disposed in great abundance (through houses five or six stories high) in every window, from top to bottom. This arrangement, if followed universally, would be lively even in level streets; but imagine a pile of blazing lanterns three miles wide, and three times as high as St. Paul's church—yourself standing at the foot of it—taken in as part only of a prospect!—Suppose the rock of Clifton, seen at night from the shore opposite the Hot Wells, and stuck over (the face of it) with lamps and torches down to the very water's edge! And even see this at Clifton, and you see nothing; for the river at Clifton is nothing! If you could have watched the progress of the view here—its gradual developement from the beginning! The flashing up, one after another, of the lights on the different quarters of the town, as the dusk of the evening deepened into darkness! the bright glare of the lamps and tapers upon the white of yellow houses; relieved, but not saddened, by the free mixture of green, (the favourite colour here for shutters and window-blinds,) or varying into a thousand different tints, with every successive gust of wind, upon the trees in the courts and gardens of the city, which are seen as fully here from below, (lying on the belly of the hill,) as those of London would be (in bird's eye view) from an eminence! And then, in the midst of all this array of tapers, and lamps, and torches, to see the moon suddenly bursting out, and throwing her cold white light across the flickering, yellow blaze of the candles—dazzling with a reflection from glass windows in one place—breaking the rocks, and convents, and churches, into strange irregular shadow in another! And all this delicious scene of fairy splendour and confusion—these lighted palaces, and these gardens, and statues, and running fountains—the whole of this gay tissue of *bizarrerie* and brilliancy, running, from such a height, that the lights of the topmost buildings seemed to mix with the very stars, right down to the river's edge, and reflected in the waters of the Tagus! All this, Robert—conceive it!—But no, you cannot conceive it! without any of the English accompaniment (by patent) to a *fête*. With very little riot; very little accident; still less of quarrel; and no intoxication at all! Ah, think how ebullient the shoemakers of London would have been on such a night! And what computations of damage, and holdings to bail, and bindings over to prosecute—what settlings of broken windows, and compoundings for bloody noses, would have occupied the police magistrates for three days after! *Ah! nous autres Anglois!* Never tell me, Sir, of the Irishman who flung himself out of the tree for joy; if he had been an Englishman, he would have shewn his satisfaction by throwing out his next-door neighbour!

But to my tale.—As you move along the banks of the river, not upon a continued quay, but through a succession of squares, or open areas, having stairs (each) down to the water; the guitar, touched well or ill, is twanging on every side. The boatmen and waterbearers sing (here) instead of molesting those who pass. Their music is not eminent; but it is better than their abuse would be; besides that, one does, now and then, hear a reasonable bass, chaunting those interminable *Rondos*—the melodies simple and sweet, but everlastingly repeated—which live all along the Spanish coast, and up the shores of the Mediterranean. These squares, too, or *largos*, for their own merits, are worth looking at in an evening; for they then exhibit specimens from every class of the Lisbon population; and, amongst other curiosities, vast swarms of beggars—who have their peculiarities as well as richer people.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Useful Domestic Hints.

REMEDY FOR THE GOUT.

Dissolve two ounces of resin of guiaicum in three pints of the best French brandy. One or two table spoonfuls of this solution are to be taken every morning fasting, taking afterwards either a cup of tea, or a glass of water.

ON MAKING BUTTER.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

Sir,—In No. 71 of the Mirror, I perceive that a Russian nobleman has received a patent for the discovery of a new

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method of making butter. I can assure you, that it is not a recent invention; for as long as I can recollect, or (I suppose) the oldest man in Devonshire, there has been no other method practised in the lower part of that country, for that it is (with the richness of the verdure) that makes Devonshire clouted cream so much esteemed above all others.

I am, sir,

A NATIVE OF DEVONSHIRE.

CURE FOR DEAFNESS.

FILL a clean stone bottle, about the size of a blacking bottle, with hot water; lay the ear on the bottle as hot as it can be borne, so that the steam may ascend into it, every night when going to bed, for five or ten minutes.

EFFECTUAL METHOD OF CURING THE STINGS OF BEES AND WASPS.

THE sting of a bee is generally more virulent than that of a wasp, and with some people attended with very violent effects. The sting of a bee is barbed at the end, and, consequently, always left in the wound: that of a wasp, is pointed only so that they can sting more than once, which a bee cannot do.

When any person is stung by a bee, let the sting, in the first place, be instantly pulled out; for the longer it remains in the wound, the deeper it will pierce, owing to its peculiar form, and emit more of the poison. The sting is hollow, and the poison flows through it, which is the sole cause of the pain and inflammation. The pulling out of the sting should be done carefully, and with a steady hand; for if any part of it breaks in, all remedies then, in a great measure, will be ineffectual. When the sting is extracted, suck the wounded part, if possible, and very little inflammation, if any, will ensue. If hartshorn drops are immediately afterwards rubbed on the part, the cure will be more complete. All notions of the efficacy of sweet oil, bruised parsley, burnet, tobacco, &c. appear, on various trials, to be totally groundless. On some people, the sting of bees and wasps have no effect, it is therefore of little consequence what remedy they may apply to the wound. However, the effect of stings greatly depends on the habit of body a person is of; at one time a sting shall take little or no effect, though no remedy is used, which at another time will be very virulent on the same person.

I. J. L.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

ADIEU.

AN Adieu should in utterance die,
If written, but faintly appear;
Only heard in the burst of a sigh;
Only seen in the drop of a tear.

IRISH BULLS.

"Did you give the horses a feed of oats at the village where we stopped, Dennis?" inquired a traveller in Ireland of the driver, who for the last three or four miles had, with much exertion, urged on the jaded hacks.

"I did not, your honour," was his reply; but sure and they know I promised them a good one at Limerick."

A gentleman riding once in company with a poor farmer to Mallow, advised him to quicken the pace of his steed, as the evening was closing in, and the lurid appearance of the sky foreboded a storm.

"Sure then that I would with the greatest pleasure in life, for the honour I have out of your company, sir; but I promised the *baste* to let him walk, and I never would belie myself to any one, much less to a poor creature that carries me—for, says the *baste* to me, I'm tired, as good right I have, and I'll not go a step faster—and you won't make me—I scorn it, says I, so take your own way."

EPIGRAM

UPON A BAD WIFE.

Not all the charms of Paradise
Could please old father Adam,
Till the Creator, ever wise,
Had blest him with a Madam!
But I, tho' one of Adam's race,
Ye fair, look not unpleasant,
Can pleasure find in any place
But where my wife is present.

LARGE MARGIN.

THE most curious instance extant of a small page of text surrounded by an ample margin, like a cockboat in the open ocean, is to be found in an edition of Bacon's Essays, printed by Bensley, in the Cracherode collection, of which only four copies were taken off.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received our usual abundant supply of communications, which we shall decide on in our next, if possible.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. LXXVIII.] SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1824. [PRICE 2*d.*

Illustrations of Shakspeare.

No. IV.

SANDAL CASTLE, YORKSHIRE.

AT a distance of about two miles from Wakefield, on the road towards Barnesley, is a large village called Sandal, famous for its ancient Castle, built in the reign of Edward II., by John, Earl of Warren, and afterwards the property of Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, who, aspiring to the crown during the feeble reign of Henry VI., fell in battle before its walls. Drayton, in his *Queen Margarite*, alluding to the circumstance, speaks of Sandal as the place

"Where York himself, before his castle gate,
Mangled with wounds, on his own earth lay dead;
Upon whose body Clifford down him sate,
Stabbing the corpse and cutting off the head,
Crowned it with paper, and to wreake his teene,
Presents it so to his victorious queene."

The place where he fell was enclosed by a wall, and on it was erected a cross of stone, which was demolished in the civil wars between Charles I. and his parliament.

Richard III. is said to have resided in Sandal Castle some time previous to his ascending the throne. In the time of the civil wars, the king had a garrison here, which surrendered, after a siege of three weeks, to Colonel Overton, in the month of October, 1645, and in the following year this Castle was demolished by act of parliament.

The long contest between the houses of York and Lancaster, for the crown of England, forms an important era in English history; for nearly a century the country was convulsed by rival claims of these two families, and if they were not all that time at open war, subtle intrigue, plots and conspiracies existed, which kept the nation in a state of perpetual agitation. One of the last efforts of the house of York, was made by Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York. This Prince, who was the father of Edward IV. and Richard III. taking advantage of the feeble reign of Henry VI., openly claimed the crown during the life time of that king, and

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even prevailed upon the weak monarch to have him proclaimed heir to the throne, and protector of the realm.

Henry's Queen, Margaret of Anjou, who had none of the timidity of her husband, and not much of the gentleness of her sex, seeing her son, the Prince of Wales, dispossessed of his inheritance, proceeded to the north of England with the Prince, and rallied round her the friends of the house of Lancaster. In order the more effectually to raise an army, she proclaimed that all that joined her standard should have leave to plunder the country, south of Trent. By this means she assembled an army of 18,000 men.

The Duke of York, informed of the Queen's endeavours to raise an army, left London with only four or five thousand men. As he advanced to the north he received the mortifying news of her success, and arriving at Wakefield, he resolved to retire to Sandal Castle, and await the arrival of his son, the Earl of March, with another army from Wales.

The Queen advanced with her troops, and was mortified to find she could not force the Castle, she therefore placed troops in ambush, on each side of Wakefield Green, under the command of Lord Clifford and the Earl of Wiltshire. She then appeared before the walls of Sandal with the main body of her army, led by the Dukes of Somerset and Exeter, provoking her enemy to battle, sometimes by menaces, at others by defiances and insults, observing, that it was disgraceful to a man who aspired to the crown to suffer himself to be thus shut up by a woman.

The Duke of York had hitherto acted with great prudence; and, during the wars of France, where he had often commanded, he proved himself a brave and skilful general, but stung by the taunts of the Queen, he resolved to march out of the Castle, and drew up his forces on Wakefield Green, trusting that his own courage and experience would compensate his deficiency of numbers. He had no sooner arranged his small army than he was attacked by the Queen's troops, who being far more numerous than his, had greatly the advantage. While he was pressed in front by the main body of the enemy, the troops placed in ambush attacked his rear. This unexpected assault threw his forces into such confusion, that in less than half an hour they were routed, and he himself slain, valiantly fighting hand in hand with his enemies. His second son, Earl of Rutland, who was only twelve years of age, flying from the sanguinary scene, was overtaken by Lord Clifford, who plunged his dagger into his breast, notwithstanding the earnest entreaties of his governor to spare the young Prince's life. Lord Clifford afterwards finding the body of the Duke, cut off his head and crowning it with a paper crown, fixed it to the top of a lance and presented it to the Queen, who ordered it to be placed on the walls of York. This battle was fought on the 31st of December, 1460.

The circumstances of this event are very closely narrated in the third part of Shakspeare's Play of Henry VI. Act I.—the disparity of the forces—the malignity and cruelty of Clifford in murdering the child, and the insults to the Duke by placing a paper crown on his head, are all noticed with no other difference than might be necessary for stage effect. The battle which is a very memorable one in history, is powerfully described by Shakspeare in the fourth scene, when York enters the Castle after the engagement:—

"*York.* The army of the Queen hath got the field:
My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back and fly like ships before the wind,
Or lambs pursued by hunger-starved wolves.
My sons—God knows, what hath bechanced them;
But this I know,—they have demean'd themselves
Like men born to renown, by life or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me;
And thrice cried—*Courage father! fight it out!*
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple fauchion, painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter'd him;
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cried,—*Charge, and give no foot of ground!*
And cried—*A crown or else a glorious tomb!*
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!"

Of the four or five thousand men of which York's army consisted, more than 2,800 fell. Lord Clifford, whose father was slain at the battle of St. Albans by the Duke of York, had sworn that he would not leave one branch of the York line standing, and killed so many in the battle of Wakefield, that he was ever afterwards called the Butcher.

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ABBADONA.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY KLOFSTOCK.

On the confines of the throne, where Satan sways his infernal sceptre, agonized by remorse, and replete with care, was the wretched and terror-stricken Abbadona. In mournful silence he recalled to his memory, his days of glory and innocence, his once happy hours for ever fled; when tranquil and submissive he partook of the lot of the celestial spirits; but now he only perceived that a hapless futurity and frightful despair were all that remained for him.

The thoughts of his rebellion and dreadful error, assailed his mind and spirit without ceasing: he had continually before his eyes the image of faithful Abdiel, the seraph, who at all times embraced the quarrel of the Most High, and the tender remembrance of their friendship only added more pangs to his unavailing repentance.

Alas! this magnanimous friend, this wise seraph, did all that was in his power to prevent his crime. He had the joint examples of all the wise angels, but pride, that foolish bane, prevented him following their bright examples.

The fierce Abbadona nourished in his bosom the hopes of becoming a deity, and to have the dominion of the Almighty; but this deceptive ambition which he had cherished in his mind, doomed him for ever to be bound to the chariot of Satan; what a dreadful reflection strides along his senses, pursuing the intoxication of his passions.

Nothing equals his shame and detestation of life, he sees all his disgrace, and his troubled mind quivers at the recollection of heavenly immortality. However, his lamentations inflame and boil up his choler, and nothing has the power of quelling the vociferations of his darted tongue. The author of all his misfortunes attracted his attention during his passion, and he addressed him thus, "Thy tongue can find no grace from you; O Satan, I am too well aware of your criminal audacity to have the least suspicion that your heart of flint can be softened. It is you, O vile debaucher! that have reduced me to this dreadful dungeon. Nevertheless, nothing can force me to silence; the state that I am at present in, gives me the power of fearing your vengeance less than of the omnipotent, so justly irritated. I only quitted that seat of bliss by your infamous machinations. And can he, being aware of the grief which weighs me down, turn away his justly merited vengeance. O thou obdurate beguiler! Satan, I hate thee, infamous suborner, I abjure thee, may that Almighty ruler whose heavenly power you strove to undo, O wretch! on you alone may he guide his horses of vengeance, and trample you down for ever. Satan beware and tremble, his thunderbolts are now hastening along to quell thy iniquitous career. On the first crime they ought to split; it is your ambition, it is your sable mantled malice, O monster, that lays a snare for our weak minds to be caught; it is you that destroys us! But what do I behold? your pride that resists all power, wishes once more to aggravate the Almighty, (at whose will and pleasure the clouds flash lightning and utter dreadful roaring, at whose command the clouds send forth rain as torrents,) who has already marked his anger on your brow; but overcome by this Great Being, to whom all things give place, O fiend, thou would'st make his son perish! thy hand already besmeared with the blood of many seraphs burns with a desire to dye itself with the blood of the Messiah; but your efforts are vain, depart, ye frightful projects, and may they be like you for ever in stupor."

Then Satan rose, bursting with rage, furious, and his throat was choked by the foam of his passion, so that he had not the power of speaking, but his terrible countenance and restlessness depicted the movement of his barbarous heart. Three times he seized his large scimitar to fell this rash spirit at his feet, and his arm three times refused to serve the wrath that he felt himself overpressed with. Then Adramelec the enemy of the human creation, of God, and even of Satan, rose, loading Abbadona with direful threats, and making hell resound with his dreadful exclamations.

"Away from us (said he) you pusillanimous spirit, who dares to attribute to us a crime, because we fought and had revenge for our rights; go with your false virtue, go you unworthy soldier, your speeches are marks which foretell that you have no courage; deserter of our laws, can you in your delirium cast the die of an adverse tide to our new-formed empire. May your bare wish hurl more tortures on your miserable head—you will sigh in vain, O dastard! for this trifling, you ought still to feel the wretchedness of existence, and to know the power of our nervous arms.

"If you, one day, should shake off this imperial prince's yoke, to proceed to that heaven which you ought to abhor, may the clanking of irons eternally run through your ears, you vile traitor. And may you from this time, O glorious

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Satan, at whose name the earth and heavens shudder! May you once more give men proofs of your valour, and punish the arrogance of our fierce enemies: chief of our legions, may your arm hurl fire and brimstone on the bosom of your detested adversary; let us guide the reins of the courser of fraud and artifice towards his arms if heaven is propitious, so that we may destroy him. No prudence can make firm the insidious battlements which I know how to discover. And if we cannot guide the dart of death to the heart of the king of heaven, we will endeavour to pour torrents of destruction on the head of the Messiah, and may he perish!" All the arched roof of hell resounded with applauses that the fiends sent forth, Olympus burst with indignation, and the earth shook. The deserted Abbadona, in a solitary corner of this horror-blasted abode, was considering how to throw away the allegiance of the prince of darkness, he had already passed divers obstacles, when, on a sudden, he found himself freed from the taint and smell of that place of woe, and transported to the palace of true happiness. What joy and transport run through his veins when he finds himself among the seraphs, who guarded the entrance. He observed Abdiel, and so great was his terror that all his blood froze and deserted his heart. Alas! how could he present himself to the companion of his ancient glory, who still had a deep remembrance of his rebellion, and more, before the friend of God, overwhelmed with grief so justly merited! ALFRED.

COOKEY'S LOVE LETTER,

*In answer to Dusty Bob.**

DEAR Edgar, dear Edgar, to thee I'm now sending
My love and my dripping by Sally our maid,
And your sweet little song-book, with thanks for the lending,
And a dozen of quills, nice pens to be made.

Accept, my sweet Edgar, I pray you, this present,
This leg of a goose, duck, turkey, and pig;
This pie made of pigeons, this half of a pheasant,
This bottle of claret, my Edgar, to swig.

This venison pasty, which I made rather hasty,
But I'm fearful 'tis not like the last;
And as you're in the habit of eating of rabbit,
I send you the whole of the breast.

The parsley and butter, it might have been better,
Which I send you on this bit of veal;
But don't you refuse it, but pray do excuse it,
And, my Edgar, accept this cow-heel.

We've a party on Sunday, don't failon the Monday,
My Edgar, to come with thy bag;
We have all sorts of dainties, such venison pasties!
But, stay, 'twas I made them, so I must not brag.

Dear Edgar, adieu! be constant, be true,
With hunger you never shall die;
Whilst mistress has meat, you always shall eat;
Don't forget me, and never will I.

* See Mirror, No. 72.

THE INTRODUCTION OF THE USE OF SILKS.

SILK is said to have been first brought from Persia into Greece 323 years before the birth of Christ, and from India into Rome in the year of our Lord 274. During the reign of the Roman emperor Tiberius, a law was made in the senate, forbidding men to disgrace themselves by wearing silk, which was only fit for women; and so little were the Europeans acquainted with its culture, that it was then supposed to grow upon trees like cotton.

In the year 555, two monks brought from Cerinda, in the East Indies, to Constantinople, the eggs of some silk-worms, which having hatched in a dung-hill, they fed the young insects with mulberry-leaves; and by this management they soon multiplied to such a degree, that manufactories of silk were erected at Constantinople, at Athens, at Thebes, and at Corinth.

In the year 1130, King Roger of Sicily, brought manufacturers of silk from Greece, and settled them at Palermo, where they taught the Sicilians the art of breeding silk-worms, and of spinning and weaving their silk.

From Sicily the art was carried all over Italy, thence to Spain; and a little before the time of Francis I. it reached the south of France.

Henry IV. of France was at great pains to introduce manufactures of silk into his kingdom, and by his perseverance at last brought them to tolerable perfection.

In the year 1286, the ladies of some noblemen first appeared in England in silks, at a ball in Kenilworth Castle, in Warwickshire.

In the year 1620, the art of weaving silk was first introduced into England; and, in the year 1719, Lombe's machine for throwing silk was erected at Derby—a curious piece of mechanism, containing 26,586 wheels turned by water. The perfect model of this machine is now preserved, and to be seen in the Tower of London.

Such was the first introduction of silk into England, which long continued to be too scarce and dear to be applied to common use.

Henry II. of France was the first European who wore silk stockings. In the reign of our Henry VIII. no silk stock-

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ings had appeared in England. Edward VI., his son and successor, was presented by Sir Thomas Gresham with the first pair that were ever seen in this country; and the present was, at that time, much talked of as valuable and uncommon. S.

MAIL-COACH GUARDS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—In your 73rd Number is a communication on the subject of mail-coach guards, in which your correspondent is incorrect when he says that the man rests two nights and one day, in making the journey from London to Plymouth and back; for if he travels according to his statement, *i.e.* Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, and stops on the first and third evenings only until the following mornings, it is clear that he does not rest one day. But I presume, the fact is, he remains in London until the Saturday evening, and then he rests three nights and one day, making five days in all. So that, instead of performing the journey 94 times, he performs it 73 times only every year, by which the annual amount of miles is reduced to 32,412.

I should not have taken up my pen to point out this error, as every reader must have detected it after a moment's consideration; but I wish to have it recorded in the MIRROR, that a greater distance than either is annually travelled by the driver of one of the Norwich day coaches from town. His name, I believe, is Thorowgood, and he has now for almost three years made the journey alternately to and from that city every day without a single exception. Now, as he goes by Bury, the distance between Norwich and London is 112 miles; and this performance daily amounts to no less than 40,880 miles in one year. If we suppose the three years, one of them being leap-year, fully completed, he will have travelled in the time nearly as far as five times round the earth. This will be seen by taking the estimated circumference of our planet, which is 25,020 miles: multiply the same by five, and you have 125,100; and the distance he will have gone will be 122,752 miles. In 21 days more he would exceed the difference, say 2,348, by 12. Such a task is, perhaps, without parallel. OCULUS.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

ASK'D the heavens—"What foe to God hath done
This unexampled deed?"—The heavens exclaim'd,
"'Twas Man;—and we in horror snatch'd the sun
From such a spectacle of grief." Asham'd,
I ask'd the sea. The sea with fury boil'd,
And answer'd by her voice of storms—"'Twas Man—
My waves in panic at this crime recoil'd,
Disclos'd the abyss, and from the centre ran."
I ask'd the earth. The earth replied, aghast,
"'Twas Man—and such strange pangs my bosom rent,
That still I fear and tremble at the past."
To Man, gay-smiling Man I went,
And ask'd him next. *He* turn'd a scornful eye,
Shook his proud head, and deign'd me no reply.
J. G.

GEOGRAPHICAL GARDEN.

A NOVEL proposition has been made to the American Congress, in a memorial of Ira Hill, of Baltimore, for a grant of ten acres of land and ten thousand dollars capital, to enable him to construct in the city of Washington a geographical garden.

The proposition of Mr. Hill promises to be of great utility.

This plan literally makes the paths of science to be strewed with flowers, and while it will serve to attract the young to the useful studies of geography and topography, it is admirably adapted to imprint strongly on their memories, as well as those of riper years, the important facts which it conveys, by the principles of association and location, which are the foundation of the Mnemonic Art.

The following extracts from the memorial will give the reader an idea of the intended garden:—

"The memorialist proposes to form near the capital a geographical garden. In this, all the known parts of the world shall be accurately delineated. The beds of oceans, seas, gulfs, bays, and lakes, shall be depressed, and the continents, peninsulas, and isthmuses, mountains, islands, &c. shall be raised in proportion to their respective elevations on this terraqueous sphere.

"The beds of the oceans, &c. shall be covered with gravel, and the lands shall be adorned with verdure; and the mountains may rest on the same kind of stone as compose them in their natural state.

"The channels of rivers shall be described as in their natural courses, and lowered in proportion to the heights of their respective banks. If required, the beds of oceans, seas, &c. shall be so constructed, that they can be filled with water at any time, so that the whole world, in its native elements, will be completely represented in miniature.

"If the proposed topographical delineation should be constructed on ten acres of ground, and described according to Mercator's projection, the lakes Erie and Ontario would be each more than eight feet in length, and the United States, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, will be

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160 feet; and every country, kingdom, state, and province, will be clearly delineated; the situations of all the important cities shall be so described as to convey a complete idea of them. The parallels of latitude and the meridians shall be correctly laid down, as shall likewise the Equator, Ecliptic, the Tropics, and other circles.

"Such a topographical delineation of the world would possess many advantages over any map or chart that was ever described. It will be made on so large a scale, that the countries will be laid down in more exact proportion, and their relative positions would be more clearly seen.

"The various elevations of lands, on which the temperature of climate and the productions greatly depend, could here be clearly ascertained. The proper situations for roads, canals, and other improvements, may be seen at one view, that a far more useful knowledge of the science of geography can be obtained by walking a few hours in this garden, than could be gained by reading in as many years."

TONSON'S EPITAPH.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

I SEND you herewith a translation of the Latin epitaph on *Tonson*, which is nearly similar to the celebrated one on the late Dr. Franklin. Unless I had reason to believe that Tonson's epitaph was unknown to the Doctor, I should certainly be inclined to think that he was indebted to it, at least for the idea.

THE EPITAPH.

THE rolling course of Life, being finished,
This is the end of Jacob Tonson;
A man of eminence in his profession:
Who, as Accoucheur to the Muses,
Ushered into Life
The happy productions of Genius.

Mourn! ye choir of writers, and break your tuneful reeds.
He, your assistant, is no more:
But this last inscription is engraven
On this first page of mortality,
Lest, being committed to the press of the grave,
The Editor himself should be without a title.

Here lies a Bookseller,
(The leaves of life having gone to decay)
Waiting for a New Edition,
Much increased and amended.

T. A. C.

LOSS OF THE ABEONA TRANSPORT.

(For the Mirror.)

THE loss of the Abeona Transport in a former number exhibits perhaps one of the most dreadful calamities that can befall human beings. It does not stand single upon record; and possibly ships, which have been totally lost without any tidings of their fate, may have perished by a similar fate. Any means, therefore, of preventing its recurrence well deserve to be pointed out. The combustion appears to me evidently to originate from the inflammable gas evolved by the spirit in drawing it off, which, accumulating in the confined space of the spirit-room, easily catches fire. Instances of ships burned in consequence of drunkards stealing spirits by candlelight are too common. If against this there be no absolute remedy, yet the mischief would very rarely occur, were the spirits stowed away in casks of a size barely sufficient for a single day's consumption, and it were made a fixed law, never to draw off spirits any where but on deck. It is true, some diffusion of inflammable gas in the spirit-room might then take place in cases of leakage; but even this would be greatly abated by the use of small casks; and the employment of a safety-lamp, when a light was required, would render the danger trifling.

S. N.

PETER PINDARICS;

OR, JOE MILLER VERSIFIED

THE GUESS.

TOM POPLIN was a London modern spark,--
Such as we see on Sundays in Hyde-Park,
Or mounted on a sleek and handsome filly,
Through Regent-street, Pall-Mall, or Piccadilly,
Pursue their way, elate with conscious pride,
And, doubtless, pleas'd to think how well they ride,
How grand they look, and how the poor pedestrian
Must be delighted with the art equestrian,
Or rather with their skill!---But hold!---a truce
To any thing that might be deem'd abuse.
Like others he adopted ev'ry plan
To be suppos'd a *military* man;
Could hold himself erect---his tight new coat---
His boots---his spurs---his stock that cramp'd his throat---
His waist compress'd---his swagg'ring martial stride---
In the most sceptical a doubt defied
He might indeed be term'd a downright swell;
And why not? I would ask you, who could tell
That such a *gentleman* could e'er be seen
To measure satin, silk, or bombazine?
But truth will out. In spite of all this vapour
He was---assistant to a *linen-draper!!*
And nothing more. Yet I would not upbraid
A man for following such or such a trade.

Tir'd of the *odious shop*, one summer day,
Tom hir'd a steed---to Brighton took his way;
Abode of rank and fashion. What a dash
He there should cut! How he would sport his cash;
And such like thoughts the pleasant road beguil'd,
And at his sure success he inward smil'd.

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Tom deem'd, too, he was not devoid of wit---
Indeed, sometimes he made a lucky hit;
But, when his converse took a witty turn,
That which he utter'd he had first to *learn*.

Arriv'd, where two roads meet, at dusk of night,
Awhile our hero ponder'd which was right;
As thus he mus'd a ploughboy chanc'd to pass;
"What's to be done? I'll ask this clownish ass---
Though they're so very stupid; to their shame,
These *bumpkins* scarce can tell their *christian* name."---
"Is this the road to Brighton, Jack?" he said:
The clown look'd wise, and grinn'd and scratched his head,
And thus replied, "First tell me how you know
My name is Jack?"---"Why boy, I guess'd 'twas so;
I could not know it."---"Oh, *guess'd* it, you say---
Why, then, to Brighton you may *guess* your way!"

W. S.

Select Biography.

No. VI.

CONSTANTIA GRIERSON.

THAT the most splendid talents, united with the most intense application, is not confined either to sex or sphere of life, is fully evinced by the subject of the present memoir. This prodigy of early learning and acquirements (whose maiden name is no where mentioned) was born in the county of Kilkenny, of parents poor and illiterate. Nothing is recorded of her until her eighteenth year, when we are told by Mrs. Pilkington, that she was brought to her father to be instructed in midwifery, and that then she was a perfect mistress of the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and French languages, and was far advanced in the study of the mathematics. Mr. Pilkington having inquired of her where she gained this prodigious knowledge, she modestly replied, that when she could spare time from her needle-work, to which she was closely kept by her mother, she had received some little instruction from the minister of the parish. She wrote elegantly (says Mrs. P.) both in verse and prose;* but the turn of her mind was chiefly to philosophical or divine subjects; nor was her piety inferior to her learning. The most delightful hours, this lady declares that she had ever passed, were in the society and conversation of this "female philosopher." My father, adds she, readily consented to accept of Constantia as a pupil, and gave her a general invitation to his table, by which means we were rarely asunder. Whether it was owing to her own design or to the envy of those who survived her, I know not, but of her various and beautiful writings I have never seen any published, excepting one poem of her's in the works of Mrs. Barber. Her turn, it is true, was principally to philosophical or religious subjects, which might not be agreeable to the present taste; yet could her heavenly mind descend from its sublimest heights to the easy and epistolary style, and suit itself to my then gay disposition.

Mrs. Barber, likewise, gives her testimony to the merit of Constantia, of whom she declares, "that she was not only happy in a fine imagination, a great memory, an excellent understanding, and an exact judgment, but had all these crowned by virtue and piety. She was too learned to be vain, too wise to be conceited, and too clear-sighted to be irreligious. As her learning and abilities raised her above her own sex, so they left her no room to envy any, on the contrary, her delight was to see others excel. She was always ready to direct and advise those who applied to her, and was herself willing to be advised. So little did she value herself upon her uncommon excellencies, that she has often recalled to my mind a fine reflection of a French author, 'That great geniuses should be superior to their own abilities.'"

Constantia married a Mr. George Grierson, a printer in Dublin, for whom Lord Carteret, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, obtained a patent appointing him printer to the King, in which, to distinguish and reward the merit of his wife, her life was inserted.

She died in 1733, at the premature age of twenty-seven, admired and respected as an excellent scholar in Greek and Roman literature, in history, theology, philosophy, and mathematics. Her dedication of the Dublin edition of Tacitus to Lord Carteret, affords a convincing proof of her knowledge in the Latin tongue; and by that of Terence to his son, to whom she wrote a Greek epigram. Dr. Hazword esteems her Tacitus one of the best edited books ever published. She wrote many fine poems in English, but esteemed them so slightly, that very few copies of them were to be found after her decease. What makes her character more remarkable is, that she rose to this extraordinary eminence entirely by the force of natural genius and uninterrupted application.

* The following epigram was written by Mrs. Grierson to the Hon. Mrs. Percival, with Hutcheson's Treatise on Beauty and Order:---

Th' internal senses painted here we see,
They're *born* in others, but they *live* in thee;
Oh! were our author with thy converse blest,
Could he behold thy virtues in thy breast,
His needless labours with contempt he'd view,
And bid the world not read---but copy you.

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AN EPITAPH, OR PUNNING RUN MAD

HERE lies old JOHN MAGEE, late the landlord at the Sun,
He never had an *ail* unless when all his *ale* was done:
The Sun was on his sign, tho' what sign his sun was on,
No studier of the Zodiac could ever hit upon.
Some said it was Aquarius, so queerious he'd get;
But he declar'd no *soda-hack* should ever share his *wheat*:
His burnish'd sun was sol-o, soul-heart'ning was his cheer,
And quaffing of good *porter* long kept him from his *bier*,
As draughtsman he'd no equal, his drawings were so good,
And many a noble draught has he taken from the *wood*,—
Rare *spirited* productions, with tasty views near *Cork*;
And then he had a *score* or two *rum* characters in *chalk*.
Above the mantle taillee his tally it was nail'd,
And tho' he'd lost one eye-sight, his *hop-ticks* never fail'd.
Good ale and cider *sold here*, oft made the *soldier* halt,
And sailor Jack, his sail aback, would hoist aboard his malt;
Most cordially he'd pour out a cordial for the fair,
Whose peeper meant to ogle the pepper-mint so rare.
While buxom Jen would toss off the juniper so gay,
And swear it was both sweet and nice as any *shrub* in May.
At last JOHN took to drinking, and drank till drunk with drink,
His stuffing he would stuff in till stuff began to shrink;
Tho' mistress shook her hand high, he suck'd the sugar-candy,
And often clos'd his brand eye by tippling of the brandy:
His servants always firking, his firkins ran so fast,
And staggering round his bar-rails, his barrels breath'd their last;
And when he treated *all hands* his *Hollands* ran away,
Nor reap'd he fruit from *any seed* for *aniseed* to pay.
And tho' he drank the bitters, his bitters still increas'd,
He puffi the more *parfait aucour* till all his efforts ceas'd.
The storm, alas! was brewing, the brewer drew his till,
And Mrs. Fig, for 'bacca, to back her brought her bill.
Distillers still'd his spirits, but could'nt still his mind;
He told the bailiff he would try a bail if he could find,
But fumbling round the tap-room, Death tapp'd him on the head,
So here he lies quite flat and stale, because, d'ye see, he's dead. *Lit. Gaz.*

FIRST ENGLISH DEED.

THE earliest instance yet known of the English tongue being used in a Deed, is that of the Indenture between the Abbot and Convent of Whitby, and Robert, the son of John Bustard, dated at York, in the year 1343.

The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM *NEW WORKS.*

ANECDOTES OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

DEATH OF NELSON.

NELSON, in the early part of the day, was in high spirits, and expressed great pleasure at the prospect of giving a fatal blow to the naval power of France and Spain. Confident of victory, he declared he would not be satisfied with capturing less than twenty sail of the line. It is singular, that he had often predicted the 21st of October would be the day; "It was," he said, "the happiest day in the year among his family."

Before the action began, he retired to his cabin, and composed that remarkable prayer, which having been granted in its fullest extent, has so much endeared his memory to the British nation.

"May the great God, whom I worship, grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory; and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity after the victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet. For myself, individually, I commit my life to Him that made me; and may His blessing alight on my endeavours for serving my country faithfully; to Him I resign myself and the just cause which is intrusted to me to defend. Amen, amen, amen."

About half-past one, the Admiral was standing on the middle of the quarter-deck, and had just turned to walk aft, when a musket-ball, from the mizen-top of the French ship, struck him on the left shoulder, passed through the strap of the epaulette, and grazing the collar-bone, entered his chest, and lodged in one of the dorsal vertebræ. The lamented chief fell with his face upon the deck. Sergeant-Major Secker, of the Royal Marines, and two seamen, flew to his assistance, and were raising him up, when Captain Hardy, who was on the larboard side, turned round and saw that the Admiral was wounded. In answer to the anxious inquiries of the Captain, the gallant chief replied, "They have done for me at last, Hardy," "I hope not," said Hardy. "Yes," answered the dying hero, "my back-bone is shot through." From the situation whence the shot was fired, Dr. Beatty calculates the distance to have been about fifteen yards; the

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mizen-top of the Redoubtable being just abaft, and below the Victory's main-yard. The spot where he fell is now marked with a dark piece of wood, about an inch square, inlaid in the deck.*

While the attendants conveyed the wounded Admiral to the cock-pit, the hero was still mindful of the great duty he had to perform, and not regardless of minor cares, even in the agonies of death. As he passed the gun-room he saw that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away early in the action, were not replaced, and commanded that it should be instantly done; and having delivered this order, he covered his face with his pocket handkerchief, that he might not be noticed by his crew. The cockpit was fast filling with the dead and the dying. Lieutenant Ram and Mr. Whipple, the captain's clerk, had just expired, when the surgeon, turning from them, was called to the Admiral. Mr. Burke and Dr. Beatty received the feeble fainting frame of their beloved chief from the arms of those who had conveyed him to the cockpit, and placed him in one of the midshipmen's births. The Admiral observed to the doctor, "You can do nothing for me; I have but a short time to live, my back-bone is shot through." The surgeon soon discovered that the hero was indeed mortally wounded, but except from the captain and one or two surrounding friends, cautiously concealed the mournful secret until the day was decided. Nelson, now in the agonies of death, constantly and impatiently called for Hardy; but it was long before the captain could quit the deck, the duty of the Commander-in-chief, during the action, having devolved upon him by the rules of the service. At length Hardy came, and Nelson inquired, "How the day went?" "Very well, my Lord," replied the captain, "we have got twelve or fourteen of the enemy's ships in our possession; but their van has tacked and shows an intention of bearing down on the Victory; I have therefore called two or three of our best ships about us, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing." The symptoms of approaching dissolution crept on with resistless power, as the hero lay surrounded by many brave officers and men, similarly situated. The surgeon could do no more, and quitted him to afford his professional aid to less desperate cases. In fifty minutes after his first visit to the cockpit, Hardy returned, and congratulated the Admiral on the capture of fourteen or fifteen sail of the line. "That is well," said Nelson, "but I bargained for twenty;" and then he earnestly exclaimed, "Anchor, Hardy, anchor." To this Hardy replied, "I suppose, my Lord, Admiral Collingwood will now take upon himself the direction of affairs." "Not while I live, I hope," said Nelson, as he ineffectually endeavoured to raise himself from his bed: "No, Hardy, do you anchor," "Shall I make the signal, Sir?" said Hardy. "Yes," answered Nelson, "for if I live, I will anchor." Shortly after this interesting dialogue, the captain returned to the quarter-deck, and Nelson, with his last breath, thanked God he had done his duty, and expired in the cockpit of the Victory, at thirty-five minutes past four o'clock in the afternoon.—*Brenton' Naval History.*

* The Victory now in Portsmouth harbour, on the spot where Nelson fell, is marked by a medal of the hero within a fram and a brass cover.—ED.

HUMANITY.

AFTER the action of Trafalgar, the Donegal, Captain Malcolm, was at anchor off Cadiz in a violent gale of wind, with upwards of 600 prisoners then on deck. An unfortunate Spaniard fell overboard. Notwithstanding the sea was then running so high that they had not ventured a boat out for twelve hours before, two seamen jumped on the gangway "Suppose he is a Spaniard, (cried one, it's no reason the poor —— should be drowned!" and they instantly dashed overboard to his rescue, while the admiring Spaniards were lost in astonishment at so daring an act. The poor man, however, sunk, and was drowned just as one of the English seamen, Joe Thompson, was about to lay hold of him. A boat was immediately hoisted out, and fortunately the two gallant fellows got safe on board.

A TRUE BRITISH TAR.

THE English frigate Minerve, commanded by Captain Brenton, unfortunately run ashore near Cherbourg. A sailor who had both his legs shot off while endeavouring to heave her into deep water, was carried to the cockpit. Waiting for his turn to be dressed, he heard the cheers of the crew on deck, and eagerly demanded what they meant. Being told that the ship was off the shoal, and would soon be clear of the forts, "Then d—— the legs," exclaimed the poor fellow; and taking his knife from his pocket, he cut the remaining muscles which attached them to him, and joined in the cheers with the rest of his comrades. When the ship was taken, he was placed in the boat to be conveyed to the hospital; but, determined not to outlive the loss of

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liberty, he slacked his tourniquets and bled to death.

MRS. SIDDONS.

In 1775, Mrs. Siddons appeared at Drury Lane Theatre, in Mrs. Cowley's insipid comedy, the Runaway; but, although she displayed talents, the piece did not succeed.

It was still confidently asserted, that she needed only to be brought forward in parts equal to her genius, to shine forth a theatrical star of the first magnitude; and her friends lamented the selfish policy of Garrick, who avoided bringing her forward, from a fear that she would divide the public attention with him. As his jealousy even of female performers was well known, the truth of this assertion was never doubted; and one anecdote in particular was circulated, that on occasion of a dispute with Miss Younge, who had begun, as well as other actresses, to show a refractory temper, he had said, "I tell you, you had better not give yourself airs, for *there is a woman in the house*, who, if I choose to bring her forward, would eclipse you all in youth, beauty, and talent."

These mysterious expressions were considered by Yates, Younge, and Abington, the three reigning female favourites, as merely an empty boast; but much mirth was excited by the idea of Garrick's "Green-room goddess," for such was the name she obtained in consequence of the praises he had bestowed on her. Her attraction, however, was not sufficient to enable her to obtain a renewed engagement at the end of the season. A few years after Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Esq. had succeeded to the direction of the theatre, the elder Mr. Sheridan, while at Bath for his health, was strongly solicited to go to the play, to witness the performance of a young actress, who was said to distance all competition in tragedy. Though in general he had a dislike to provincial exhibitions, Mr. Sheridan was induced, by the warm commendations bestowed upon this young performer, to depart from his usual practice, and go to the theatre to see her. He found, to his astonishment, that it was the lady who had made so little impression on him some years before in the Runaway; but who, as Garrick had secretly declared, was possessed of tragic powers sufficient to delight and electrify an audience. There prevailed at that time, and long afterwards, a very disagreeable clause in the articles of the Bath company, by which they were obliged to perform also at Bristol; and in consequence, by some mistake in their frequent and hurried journeys, the stage clothes of this admired actress were not arrived on the night Mr. Sheridan saw her, and she was obliged to perform in one of the dresses she usually wore in private life. But no disadvantage of dress could conceal her transcendent merit from an eye so penetrating as that of Mr. Sheridan; and after the play was over he went behind the scenes, to get introduced to her, in order to compliment her in the highest terms upon her performance. Such a distinction, from a judge of his acknowledged merit, could not fail of being highly flattering. Mr. Sheridan said, "I am surprised, Madam, that with such talents you should confine yourself to the country; talents that would be sure of commanding, in London, fame and success."

The actress modestly replied, that she had already tried London, but without the success which had been anticipated; and that she was advised by her friends to be content with the fame and profit she obtained at Bath, particularly as her *voice* was deemed unequal to the extent of a London theatre.

Mr. Sheridan, who judged very differently of this actress's powers from what her modesty induced her to do herself, spoke, immediately on his return to London, to Mr. King, the acting manager of Drury Lane, strenuously recommending to him, if he had any regard to the interests of the theatre, to engage a performer of abilities so distinguished.

His zeal for the success of his *protégée* did not stop here, but, upon her being engaged, he directed her, with a truly kind solicitude, in the choice of a part for her first appearance. With the usual preference of young and handsome actresses for a character of pomp and show, she inclined to that of Euphrasia, in the Grecian Daughter; but the juster taste of Mr. Sheridan determined her in favour of the far more natural and affecting character of Isabella: and the judgment with which the selection was made was amply confirmed by the bursts of rapturous admiration which hailed, after the long obscurity to which the jealousy of contemporary talent had condemned her exertions, the full blaze of transcendent merit in Mrs. Siddons! The kindness of Mr. Sheridan, which did not stop here, but showed itself in every possible way in her behalf, was gratefully acknowledged by the object of it; who, when at the height of her professional prosperity, was wont to term him "The father of my fortune and my fame!"—*Memoirs of Mrs. Sheridan.*

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LETTER FROM THE POET YOUNG TO MRS. HOWARD, AFTERWARDS COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK.

MADAM,—I know his Majesty's goodness to his servants, and his love of justice, in general, so well, that I am confident, if his Majesty knew my case, I should not have any cause to despair of his gracious favour to me.

Abilities,
Good Manners,
Service,
Age,
Want,
Sufferings, and Zeal, } for his Majesty.

These, Madam, are the proper points of consideration in the person that humbly hopes his Majesty's favour.

As to *Abilities*, all I can presume to say is, I have done the best I could to improve them.

As to *Good Manners*, I desire no favour, if any just objection lies against them.

As for *Service*, I have been near seven years in his Majesty's, and never omitted any duty in it, which few can say.

As for *Age*, I am turned of fifty.

As for *Want*, I have no manner of preferment.

As for *Sufferings*, I have lost 300*l.* per ann. by being in his Majesty's service, as I have shown in a *Representation*, which his Majesty has been so good to read and consider.

As for *Zeal*, I have written nothing without showing my duty to their Majesties, and some pieces are dedicated to them.

This, Madam, is the short and true state of my case. They that make their court to the ministers, and not their Majesties, succeed better. If my case deserves some consideration, and you can serve me in it, I humbly hope and believe you will: I shall therefore trouble you no farther, but beg leave to subscribe myself, with truest respect and gratitude,

Yours, &c. EDWARD YOUNG.

P. S. I have some hope that my Lord Townshend is my friend; if, therefore, soon, and before he leaves the court, you had any opportunity of mentioning me with that favour you have been so good to show, I think it would not fail of success; and if not, I shall owe you more than any.

Suffolk Papers.

The Novelist.

No. L.

MARIAN.

(For the Mirror.)

How transient and worthless are all those feelings which look not in the first instance for the mental perfections of its object! it is only in virtue we desire no variety; in contemplating it, we can trace the hand of the creator, and at every glance discover some new perfection; but personal beauty, what is it?—a thing of mere opinion, and loses all its loveliness, when separated from those noble qualities which elevate the soul, and endear it to the observer: but when we can see mental and material beauty united, when we can look on a fair face merely as an index to a fine heart, oh! this is perfection! to adore it is natural, and we honour the creator, in cherishing the being, thus formed by his hands: and there *was* one whom I fondly thought was all this, and I choose her from all the rest, to live in my bosom, to share my pleasures, and to administer consolation in the hour of adversity.

The village of D——, in the county of K——, has been my place of residence for nearly thirty years; it was there the ties of husband and father were formed, and it was there those ties were broken. I am alone in the world, my peace of mind, and all that energy of character necessary for the success of my worldly speculations, destroyed, and deserted by her whom I imagined as fond and virtuous as she was beautiful,—whose smiles should have cheered me, when all else was gloomy, and who should have sustained my drooping heart, when all beside had forsaken me. Enough of this,—the smile of an all-gracious God will efface the remembrance of all earthly sorrows, and console a heart which, sometimes unguided by the dictates of religion, still clings around the sepulchre of happiness.

Returning to my solitary home, I paid my usual visit to one of my poorer neighbours: I entered the neat dwelling; my old friend, Dame Langdon, sat industriously knitting near the door, and her daughter Marian, as usual, with her pale cheek resting on her hand, and her child on her knees, whose little fingers entwined her dark glossy curls, and sometimes his attention caught by the glitter of the wedding-ring which decorated the hand which supported him; but as the lip of the mother pressed the rosy cheek of her boy, I observed her eyes looked beyond it with the

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fixed gaze of vacancy, or filled with tears, which she had but too much reason to shed. Poor Marian! four years since she became the wife of an amiable young man, whose love for her overcame his obedience to his father, and, quitting the haunts of comparative luxury, was contented to work for the means to support a wife, amply rewarded for all his exertions by her smiles and affection, and only anxious to see her happy; yet they had a lurking cause of uneasiness, the blessing of a father on their marriage was still withheld. At length, to complete their felicity, which on this account they had always thought imperfect, a letter arrived, dated from the adjoining village, requesting an affectionate son to hasten to a father, who would not hesitate now to pronounce his forgiveness. "I have met with an accident," he said, "and I may never recover from the illness it has occasioned, should I die, it will console me to breathe my last in the arms of a son whose worth I never properly valued, and from whom I have so long been estranged, come alone to-day William, for I have much to say, but to-morrow you shall introduce your Marian, whom I am prepared to love as a daughter, and cherish as the wife of my son."

"I must be gone instantly, Marian," said William, as he threw down the letter and walked to the door of their cottage. "I think" continued he, as he looked around him, "my shortest way will be along the cliff." "Do not come home that way," said Marian, catching his arm, "consider William, there is no moon to light you on your return, and if your foot *should* slip——oh! I can't bear to think of it."

"And is it Marian, my Marian," interrupted William, as he looked tenderly on her, and thought her face never had appeared to him so beautiful, as when anxiety for his safety was so eloquently expressed there, "and is it my wife," he said, "who, by infecting me with these idle fears, would keep me from my dear little home an hour longer than necessary? nay, why so pale Marian? late and dark has it been sometimes when I have been far from you, and you would beguile the hour of my absence with a song, and think of nothing but my return; and to-night I shall return, my love, enriched with a father's blessing, and *then* we shall be perfectly happy."

"But for me" said Marian sorrowfully, "you would never have forfeited his blessing, nor have had his forgiveness to ask." The tone of tender reproach in which her name was uttered, checked her; he kissed off the tears which glittered on her pale cheek, and, whispering a parting benediction on his sleeping boy, he gaily bent his way towards the steep and rugged cliff leading to R———y. Marian tearfully looked after him, and hastened to the gate of her little garden, that she might catch one more glance of his retreating figure. She saw him standing on a narrow elevated part of the cliff overhanging the beach, apparently anxious to take a last view of a spot which contained all that was most dear to him: he perceived her, and waved his handkerchief towards her; she returned the signal, implored heaven to watch over him, and wished he was already at the end of his journey, that he might think of soon returning to her. At this moment, a gun suddenly fired, caused the object of her affectionate anxiety to start, she saw him turn hastily round, and oh, horror! saw him vainly endeavouring to recover the footing he had lost! but the earth gave way beneath his feet, the wretched wife heard one piercing shriek of despair, and beheld her husband dashed from the tremendous height! She pressed her hand on her heart and attempted to rush towards the cliff, "We perish together!" she cried, but her strength failed, and for a moment she lost the recollection of that scene in temporary insensibility.

Since that dreadful hour, it is only the endearing little word "father" pronounced by the soft voice of her child, which has the power of rousing her from the state of melancholy apathy into which she has fallen—it is then confused recollections of what she once was, when affection realized every fairy dream of her youth rushes on her memory, tears will come to her relief, and as she looks towards the fatal cliff, or watching the waves dashing unconsciously near the spot where all her happiness was destroyed, she sinks on her knees, and in an unconnected prayer, entreats the father of mercies to protect her child, and prays, earnestly prays, that in his own good time her spirit "may enter into its rest!"

FRANCISCO.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE MASSACRE OF SCIO.

ON the fourth morning, says a traveller, as the sun rose, we were close to the Isle of Scio. Its appearance is very singular: six or eight miles from the shore is a lofty chain of barren and purple rocks, which shut out all view of the interior, and the space between these and the sea, is covered with delightful gardens and

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verdure, which enclose the town on every side, except towards the main.

The fine climate of this isle, the profusion of delicious fruits, the beauty of its women, and the friendly and hospitable character of the people, caused it to be preferred by travellers to any other of the Greek islands. In the evening, when the setting sun was resting on the craggy mountains and the rich gardens at their feet, the shores and the shaded promenades around the town were filled with the Greek population, among which were multitudes of the gay and handsome women of Scio, distinguished for their frank and agreeable manners.

On landing, we went to the Consul's house: he was a Sciote, and received us with much civility. His wife and daughter, who were both very plain, made their appearance, and sweetmeats and fruit, with coffee, were handed round. The day was sultry, and the water-melons and oranges, which were in great abundance, were very refreshing. The unfortunate Sciotes were the most effeminate and irresolute of all the Greeks. The merchants lived in a style of great luxury, and the houses of many of them were splendidly furnished. From the commencement of the revolution, they contrived to preserve a strict neutrality; and, though often implored and menaced by their countrymen, refused to fight for the liberties of Greece, or risk the drawing on themselves the vengeance of the Turks. So well had they kept up appearances, that the Ottoman fleet never molested them: till, unfortunately, one day a Greek leader entered the harbour with some ships, having a body of troops on board, who were landed to attack the citadel, in which was a small Turkish garrison; and the Sciotes, fancying the hour of freedom was come, passed from one extreme to the other, rose tumultuously, and joined the troops. The fort was soon taken, and the garrison, together with the Turks who were in the town, was put to the sword. This was scarcely accomplished, when the Ottoman fleet entered the harbour; and the Greek forces, who had come from Samos, too inferior in number to cope with them, instantly embarked, and took to flight, leaving the island to its fate. Those islanders who had taken part with them, consisted chiefly of the lower orders, and two hundred of the chief merchants and magistrates repaired on board the ship of the Capitan Pacha, and made the most solemn protestations of innocence, and unqualified submission to the Porte. The admiral received them with great civility, expressed himself willing to forget all that had passed, and ordered coffee and a variety of refreshments. But no sooner had the Pacha landed his forces, about six thousand men, than he gave the signal for the massacre. The details given me afterwards by Sciotes who had escaped, were enough to harrow up the soul. During the massacre, the Turks, exhausted, sheathed at times their bloody sabres and ataghans, and, seated beneath the trees on the shore, took their pipes and coffee, chatted, or fell asleep in the shade. In the course of a few hours they rose refreshed, and began to slay indiscriminately all who came in their way. It was vain to implore mercy; the young and gay Sciotes, but a few days before the pride of the islands, found their loveliness no shield then, but fell stabbed before their mothers' eyes, or flying into the gardens, were caught by their long and braided tresses, and quickly despatched. The wild and confused cries of pain and death were mingled with the fierce shouts of Mohammed and vengeance; the Greek was seen kneeling for pity, or flying with desperate speed, and the Turkish soldier rushing by with his reeking weapon, or holding in his hand some head dripping with blood. The close of day brought little reprieve; the moonlight spreading vividly over the town, the shores, and the rich groves of fruit-trees, rendered escape or concealment almost impossible. But, as the work of death paused at intervals from very weariness, the loud sounds of horror and carnage sunk into those of more hushed and bitter woe. The heart-broken wail of parents over their dying and violated child—the hurried and shuddering tones of despair of those to whom a few hours would bring inevitable death—the cry of the orphan and widowed around the mangled forms of their dearest relatives, mingled with curses on the murderer, went up to heaven! But the pause for mourning was short—the stillness of the night was suddenly broken by the clash of arms and the dismal war-cry of the Ottoman soldiery "Death!—death to the Greeks—to the enemies of the Prophet—Allah il Allah;"—and the Capitan Pacha in the midst, with furious gestures, urged on his troops to the slaughter. Every house and garden were strewed with corpses: beneath the orange-trees, by the fountain side, on the rich carpet, and the marble pavement, lay the young, the beautiful, and the aged, in the midst of their loved and luxuriant retreats. Day after day passed; and lying as they fell, alone, or in groups, no hand bore them to their graves, while survivors yet remained to perish. At last, when all was over, they were thrown in promiscuous

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heaps, the senator and the delicate and richly attired woman of rank mingled with the lowest of the populace, into large pits dug for the purpose, which served as universal sepulchres.

Twenty thousand are computed to have perished during the few days the massacre lasted. Happy were the few who could pass the barrier of rocky mountains, beyond which they were for the time secure, or were received into some of the boats and vessels on the coast, and thus snatched from their fate. It was my fortune afterwards to meet several times with these fugitives, wandering in search of an asylum; so pale, worn, and despairing, they presented a picture of exquisite misery—girls of a tender age on foot, sinking beneath the heat and toil of the way, yet striving to keep up with the horses that bore the sick and disabled of the party: and mothers with their infants whom they had saved, while their husbands and sons had perished. One who had been a lady in her own land, weeping bitterly, related to me the murder of all her children, who were five young men. Many a young Sciote woman was to be seen, her indulgent home lost for ever, her beauty and vivacity quite gone, with haggard and fearful looks seeking in other lands for friends whom she might never find. *New Monthly Magazine.*

TRAVELLING.

GOING abroad is now so common and so vulgar that it is almost more genteel to stay at home; and a person who has travelled the five hundred miles *out* of England, which constitute capability for the Travellers' Club, is much less of a curiosity than one who has travelled the same distance *in* it. The cataracts of the Nile are better known than the Falls of the Clyde; those rave about St. Peter's who never saw St. Paul's; and like the Scotchman who hurried home from Italy to see a magnificent view on his own estate, of which he had first received intelligence from a foreigner—so Englishmen will be put to the blush at Versailles and St. Denis by puzzling questions about Windsor and Westminster Abbey. A book in praise of our own country is perhaps the only sort of book that would not pay the expenses of publication; it would have the dullness of a sonnet to one's wife, and the insipidity of English wines; it would be as little purchased as British lace, and as little regarded as an appeal in behalf of British manufacturers. Not till war again closes the Continent, and tourists and travellers are thrown out of foreign employ, will they condescend to visit or to describe our own lovely scenery. Then Devonshire and Derbyshire, Wales and Westmoreland, must *per force* excite ecstasies and employ pens; then exaggeration will succeed indifference, Mont Blanc bow to Ben Nevis, and Milan Cathedral shrink before York Minster. Rather than not add his mite to the mountain of books that is overwhelming our land, a predestined author would accomplish his fate by publishing "First Impressions on Box-hill," or "Reminiscences of Clapham Common."—*Ibid.*

CATCH FROM THE GERMAN.

CASSINI, that uncommon man,
In vain Heaven's azure depth doth scan,
New stars in it to see:
The reason's plain—he pores and thinks,
And pores again; but never drinks
His wine like you and me.

We know far better; we can sit
Astronomers 'midst wine and wit
Without or toil or trouble;
And then, when through our glass we pore
New stars we see ne'er seen before;
And, hark ye friend, I'll tell thee more
We see each old star double.

THE PRAISE OF EATING.

YE sons of the platter give ear
Venter habet aures, they say,
The praise of good eating to hear,
You'll never be out of the way;
But with knives sharp as razors, and stomachs as keen,
Stand ready to cut through the fat and the lean—
Through the fat and the lean,—
Sit ready to cut through the fat and the lean.

The science of eating is old,
Its antiquity no man can doubt,
Though Adam was squeamish, we're told,
Eve soon found a dainty bit out;
Then with knives sharp as razors, and stomachs as keen,
Our passage et's cut through the fat and the lean— &c. &c.

Through the world, from the West to the East,
Whether City, or Country, or Court,
There's no honest man, whether Laic or Priest,
But with pleasure partakes in the sport;
And with knife sharp as razor, and stomach as keen,
His passage doth cut through the fat and the lean— &c. &c.

They may talk of their roast and their boiled,
They may talk of their stew and their fry,
I am gentle simplicity's child,
And I dote on a West-Riding pie;
While with knife sharp as razor, and stomach as keen,
I splash through the crust to the fat and the lean— &c. &c.

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE MISERIES OF A BACHELOR.

I WOULD not advise any single gentleman hastily to conclude that he is in distress. Bachelors are discontented, and take wives; footmen are ambitious, and take eating-houses. What does either

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party gain by the change? "We know," the wise man has said, "what we are; but we know not what we may be."

In estimating the happiness of householders, I had imagined all tenants to be like myself—mild, forbearing, punctual, and contented; but I "kept house" three years, and was never out of hot water the whole time! I did manage, after some trouble, to get fairly into a creditable mansion—just missing one, by a stroke of fortune, which had a brazier's shop at the back of it, and was always shewn at hours when the workmen were gone to dinner—and sent a notice to the papers, that a bachelor of sober habits, having "a larger residence than he wanted," would dispose of half of it to a family of respectability. But the whole world seemed to be, and I think is, in a plot to drive me out of my senses. In the first ten days of my new dignity, I was visited by about twenty tax-gatherers, half of them with claims that I had never heard of, and the other half with claims exceeding my expectations. The householder seemed to be the minister's very milch cow—the positive scape-goat of the whole community! I was called on for house-tax, window-tax, land-tax, and servants'-tax! Poor's-rate, sewers'-rate, pavement-rate, and scavengers'-rate! I had to pay for watering streets on which other people walked—for lighting lamps which other people saw by—for maintaining watchmen who slept all night—and for building churches that I never went into. And—I never knew that the country was taxed till that moment!—these were but a few of the "dues" to be sheared off from me. There was the clergyman of the parish, whom I never saw, sent to me at Easter for "an offering." There was the charity-school of the parish, solicited "the honour" of my subscription and support." One scoundrel came to inform me that I was "drawn for the militia;" and offered to "get me off," on payment of a sum of money. Another rascal insisted that I was "chosen constable;" and actually brought the *insignia* of office to my door. Then I had petitions to read (in writing) from all the people who chose to be in distress—personal beggars, who penetrated into my parlour, to send to Bridewell, or otherwise get rid of. Windows were broken, and "nobody" had "done it." The key of the street-door was lost, and "nobody" had "had it." Then my cook stopped up the kitchen "sink;" and the bricklayers took a month to open it. Then my gutter ran over, and flooded my neighbour's garret; and I was served with notice of an action for dilapidation.

And, at Christmas!—Oh! it was no longer dealing with ones and twos!—The whole hundred, on the day after that festival, rose up, by concert, to devour me!

Dustmen, street-keepers, lamplighters, turncocks—postmen, beadles, scavengers, chimney-sweeps—the whole *pecus* of parochial servitorship was at my gate before eleven at noon.

Then the "waits" came—two sets! and fought which should have "my bounty." Rival patroles disputed whether I did or did not lie within their "beat." At one time there was a doubt as to which, of two parishes, I belonged to; and I fully expected that (to make sure) I should have been visited by the collectors from both! Meantime the knocker groaned, until very evening, under the dull, stunning, single thumps—each villain would have struck, although it had been upon the head of his own grandfather!—of bakers, butchers, tallow-chandlers, grocers, fish-mongers, poulterers, and oilmen! Every ruffian who made his livelihood by swindling me through the whole year, thought himself entitled to a peculiar benefaction (for h robberies) on this day. And

"Host! now by my life I scorn the name!"

All this was child's play—*bagatelle*, I protest, and "perfumed," to what I had to go through in the "letting off" of my dwelling! The swarm of crocodiles that assailed me on every fine day—three-fourths of them to avoid an impending shower, or to pass away a stupid morning—in the shape of stale dowagers, city coxcombs, "professional gentlemen," and "single ladies!" And all (except a few that were swindlers) finding something wrong about my arrangements! Gil Blas' mule, which was nothing but faults, never had half so many faults as my house. Carlton Palace, if it were to be "let" to-morrow, would be objected to by a tailor. One man found my rooms "too small;" another thought them rather "too large;" a third wished they had been loftier; a fourth, that there had been more of them. One lady hinted a sort of doubt, "whether the neighbourhood was quite respectable;" another asked, "if I had any children;" and, then, "whether I would bind myself not to have any during her stay!". Two hundred, after detaining me an hour, had called only "for friends." Ten thousand went through all the particulars, and would "call again to-morrow." At last there came a lady who gave the *coup-de-grace* to my "housekeeping;" she was a clergyman's widow, she said, from Somersetshire—if she had been an "officer's," I had suspected her;

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but, in an evil hour, I let her in; and—she had come for the express purpose of marrying me!

The reader who has bowels, they will yearn for my situation.

*Nolo conjugari!**

I exclaimed in agony; but what could serve against the ingenuity of woman? She seduced me—escape was hopeless—morning, noon, and night! She heard a mouse behind the wainscot, and I was called in to scare it. Her canary bird got loose—would I be so good as to catch it? I fell sick, but was soon glad to get well again; for she sent five times a-day to ask if I was better, besides pouring in plates of *blanc mange*, jellies, cordials, raspberry vinegars, fruits fresh from the country, and hasty-puddings made by her own hand. And, at last, after I had resisted all the constant borrowing of books, the eternal interchange of newspapers, and the daily repair of crow-quills, the opinions upon wine, the corrections of hackney coachmen, and the recommendation of a barber to the poodle dog;—at last—Oh! the devil take all wrinkled stair-carpets, stray pattens, and bits of orange-peel dropped upon the ground! Mrs. F—— sprained her ankle, and fell down at my very drawing-room door!

All the women in the house were bribed—there was not one of them in the way! My footman, my only safe-guard, was sent off that minute for a doctor!—I was *not* married; for so much, let Providence be praised!

Animus meminisse horret.

I can't go through the affair! But, about six months after, I presented Mrs. F—— with my house, and every thing in it, and determined never again—as a man's only protection against female cupidity—to possess even a pair of small-clothes that I could legally call my own.—*Ibid.*

* Was this Latin or Yorkshire?—C. N.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wootton.*

ANECDOTE OF NAT LEE.

DRYDEN, in a letter to Dennis, the critic, relates the following anecdote of Lee, the dramatic poet, who was confined four years in Bedlam; but though he regained his liberty, yet he never thoroughly recovered his senses.

"I remember poor Nat Lee, who was then on the verge of madness, yet made a sober and a witty answer to a bad poet, who told him, 'It was an easy thing to write like a madman.' 'No,' said he, 'it is very difficult to write like a madman; but it is very easy to write like a fool.'"

Lee wrote his tragedy of Alexander while in Bedlam. One night when he was employed about it by moonlight, a cloud passing along, covered part of the room, so as to make it almost dark, when Lee exclaimed, "Arise, Jupiter, and snuff the moon!" No sooner had he spoken, than the cloud instantly covered the whole face of the moon, so as to make it quite dark; when he exclaimed again, "ye envious Gods, you've snuffed it out!" I. S.

ANECDOTE OF HENRY IV. OF FRANCE.

DURING the league, Henry having laid siege to the town of Chartres, the besieged after a long resistance came to the resolution of surrendering themselves. The magistrate, on his appearing before the conqueror, began a tedious harangue which he had been for some time meditating, by declaring that the city in submisssion to his majesty, acknowledged his divine and his human rights; "*Add*" says Henry, interrupting him and quickening his pace to enter the town, "*the rights also of my cannon.*"

ON MISS LOVE.

LOVE is lovely in each feature,
Formed for *love* at first by NATURE,
Lovely LOVE all praise excel,
Love alone her fame can tell.

HENRY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SEVERAL articles intended for the present number are unavoidably deferred until our next.

Numerous communications have reached us, which shall be acknowledged in a future number.

The Book alluded to by *F. M. L.* has been left at our publishers for him, many weeks ago. We are sorry he has had any trouble on the subject.

We never insert Acrostics.

W. H. M. in an early number.

Henri shall have insertion.

Edric has been received.

Will *Kiow* state the title or subject of the articles he inquires after. We cannot undertake to keep every trifle sent to us.

We thank *Observer*, but his letter would only injure the cause he wishes to serve.

Acrostics and *Charades* are inadmissible.

Glasguensis is received, and shall have attention.

The Lady's Address to her Scholars does not suit our Journal.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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Melville Castle.

THE city of Edinburgh is not only one of the finest and most romantic towns in Europe, but the environs are particularly interesting, combining the advantages of a rich, natural scenery, venerable ruins, and modern buildings. Arthur's seat and Salisbury Crags, needed not the spell of Sir Walter Scott to render them celebrated, since the wildness of the prospect, the singularity of the basaltic pillars of the one, the broken rocks and precipices, which form a sort of amphitheatre of solid rock in the other, whose summit is 550 feet in height, render them sufficiently attractive. Then to cast an eye to busy Edinburgh, and contrast it with the lovely vale that separates those rocks, where a human being is seldom to be seen, or any creature but the sheep feeding on the mountain, and the hawks and ravens winging their flight among the rocks.

The country residences in the vicinity of Edinburgh are also numerous. There are Duddington House, the seat of the Marquis of Abercorn; Cragmillar Castle, which has stood for at least six centuries, and was once the residence of Mary, Queen of Scots; Dalkeith House, where the young Buccleugh entertained his present Majesty in 1822; New Battle Abbey, the seat of the Marquis of Lothian; Dalhousie Castle, which, by being modernized, has lost its ancient grandeur and venerable appearance; Roslin Castle, once the residence of the Prince of Orkney; Melville Castle, and several others.

Melville Castle, of which the above is a correct view, stands on the northern bank of the North Esk, near the village and parish church of Laswade, at the distance of about five miles south-west from Edinburgh, and three miles west from Dalkeith.

The principal part of the building is of a square form, with circular towers at the angles, of elegant workmanship. Two wings, appropriately neat, but not so high, are attached to the main building. The Castle being situated rather low, does not command a very extensive prospect, nor can it be seen at any great distance. The grounds are very tastefully laid out.

Melville Castle is the seat of Robert, Viscount Melville, who is at present, and has been for some time, first Lord of the Admiralty. The title was conferred on his father, the celebrated Henry Dundas, in 1802.

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NUGÆ CANORÆ.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

Sir,—My long silence has induced you, no doubt, to set me down among such of your correspondents as had descended to the "tomb of all the Capulets." But, if you will take the word of an honest man, I have not been dead but only sleeping. The fact is simply this: soon after the date of my last contribution to your enlightened work, I had the happiness (or shall I say the misfortune?) to become acquainted with that redoubtable character, the English Opium-eater. Being, in a certain respect, of congenial ways of thinking, our acquaintance assumed at once, *per saltum* as it were, the nature of friendship; and, so seduced was I by his manners, that I plunged at once into the full enjoyment of his fascinating habits; and, being, as you may imagine, a mere novice in the art of Opium-eating, I was speedily overcome. So, to make a short story of the matter, I fell into a delightful slumber, which lasted precisely nine months, seven days, and some odd hours. About three hours ago I awoke from my reverie, and was not a little surprised to find at my elbow, (for I had fallen asleep in the very act of writing to your High Mightiness) not only a complete set of the Mirror, but also a regular file of newspapers, which my newsman, with an affectionate regard for my entertainment and his own profit, had supplied during my nap. You will naturally conclude, that my first impulse was to devour your lucubrations. It was no such thing. My paramount feeling, at the moment, was to learn how our mundane affairs had gone on during my repose. I turned, accordingly, to the pages of the Morning Herald, which was the paper my provident newsman had sent, and after having made a hasty meal on their contents, I was as able, as if I had been awake the whole time, to decide upon the merits of the several individuals, who had figured on our terrestial stage during the interesting interval; and of these I found the two most distinguished were, to all intents and purposes, the Dey of Algiers, and the benevolent Member for Galway. This worthy pair of personages appeared to my "mind's eye," to be standing at the opposite ends of a long, imaginary chain, which might be called the chain of sympathy. At one extreme was his Highness of Algiers, treating, with the most wanton and unyielding severity all the Christians on whom he could lay his hands; and at the other appeared the celebrated champion of the brute creation defending, with unheard of eloquence the rights of all the bears and apes of the metropolis. It was impossible for me not to be strongly affected by this contrast; so, notwithstanding the keenness of my appetite after a fast of so unusual a duration, I could not resist the temptation of chaunting the praises of these illustrious individuals, and I hasten to transmit to you the result, as some amends for my late silence. Believe me still your well-wisher, Bardulus.

April 10, 1824.

A LITTLE ODE ON A GREAT POTENTATE.

Most magnanimous Dey,
Who delightest to sway,
Like Carthage of old in her high days,
And still to maintain,
On the land or the main,
Her renown for the *Punica fides*;—

O monarch sublime,
Beware of the time,
When the thunder of Britain provoking;
Though Dey of Algiers,*
(I have my strong fears,)
Thou wilt find it no *Day of All-joking.*

ON A CERTAIN HUMANE LEGISLATOR.

For dogs and hares,
And apes and bears,
Let M—t—n stil' make laws, Sir;
For sure I be,
That none but he,
So well can plead tneir cause, Sir.

Of all the House,
Or man or mouse,
Not one stands him before, Sir,
To personate
The brutish state,
For he's a mighty *bore*,† Sir.

* *Query*---All jeers? Printer's Devil.
† *Query*---Boar? Ibid.

ANECDOTE OF PAUL SANDBY.

A short time before the decease of the late Paul Sandby, Esq., Mr. Grignon, the engraver, who was then upwards of eighty years of age, had come from Kentish Town to visit his old friend; and as their venerable hands met, Mr. Grignon exclaimed, "My dear Paul, I am come to spend the day with you; for by the memorandum on this scrap of paper, it appears, that on this day sixty years back, you and I first met; and though, my dear friend, our hands may be colder now than then, I am sure our hearts are quite as warm."

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ON NEGROES AND THE SLAVE TRADE.

(For the Mirror.)

Bondage is winter, darkness, death, despair,
Freedom the sun, the seas, the mountains, and the air!

MONTGOMERY

WHATEVER (says an eminent writer) may be the general character and disposition of the negroes in their own country, they are influenced in a considerable degree, as we may naturally imagine, by their condition in a state of slavery, a circumstance that soon effaces the native, original impression, which distinguishes one nation from another in negroes new imported, and creates a similitude of manners, and an uniformity of character throughout the whole body. Although the natives of the Gold Coast are reported to be firm and courageous, yet it is certain that the negroes in general in our islands, (such of them at least as have been for any length of time in a state of servitude,) are of a distrustful and cowardly disposition. *So degrading is slavery, that fortitude of mind is lost as free agency is restrained.* To the same cause may probably be ascribed their propensity to conceal or violate the truth, which is so general, that the vice of falsehood is one of the most prominent features in their character. Their proneness to theft is also very prevalent. Cowardice and dissimulation have indeed been the properties of slavery in all ages. This unhappy condition necessarily suppresses many of the best affections of the heart.—If it calls forth any latent virtues, they are those of sympathy and compassion for persons in the same condition; and, accordingly, it is found, that the negroes in general are strongly attached to their countrymen, but above all, to such of their companions as came in the same ship with them from Africa. The negro, says Dr. Robertson, glows with all the warmth of desire natural to his climate. The tender passion, says another writer, is the most ardent one in the breast of the enslaved African;—it is the only source of his joys, and his only solace in affliction. The greatest affront that can be offered to a negro, is to curse his father and mother, or any of his progenitors. Their funeral songs are of the heroic or martial kind; and some of them exhibit a Pyrrhic, or warlike dance, in which their bodies are much contused by running, leaping, and jumping, and many violent and frantic gestures and contortions. In songs of the latter kind, it is thought by some, that the negroes consider death as a welcome release from the calamities of their condition, and as a passport to the place of their nativity, by which they are restored to the society of their dearest, long-lost, and lamented relations in Africa. We see no reason to doubt that the negroes, taken altogether, are not inferior to any variety of the human race in natural goodness of heart. It is consonant to our experience of mankind in general, that the latter quality should be deadened, or completely extinguished in the slave-ship or plantation. Much has been done to stifle the virtues of this unfortunate race, yet instances are by no means rare, of negroes who have distinguished themselves in literature and arts, when favoured by fortune with opportunities of education and improvement. The capacity of the negroes for the mathematical and physical sciences is proved by Hannibal, a colonel in the Russian artillery, and Lislet of the Isle of France, who was named a corresponding member of the French Academy of Sciences, on account of his meteorological observations. Fuller of Maryland was an extraordinary example of quickness of reckoning, being asked in a company, for the purpose of trying his powers, how many seconds a person had lived who was seventy years and some months old, he gave the answer in a minute and a half. On reckoning it up after him, a different result was obtained: have you not forgot the leap-years? says the negro.—This omission was supplied, and the number then agreed with his answer. Jac. Eliza Joh. Capitein, who was bought by a slave-dealer when eight years old, studied theology at Leyden, and published several sermons and poems: his "*Dissertatio de Servitute Libertati Christianæ non contraria*," went through four editions very quickly. He was ordained in Amsterdam, and went to Elmina on the Gold Coast, where he was either murdered, or exchanged for the life and faith of his countrymen. those he had learned in Europe. In 1734, A. W. Amo, an African from the coast of Guinea, took the degree of doctor in philosophy at the university of Wittemberg. Friedig in Vienna, an African negro, was an excellent performer, both on the violin and violincello, he was also a capital draftsman, and had made a very successful painting of himself. Ignatius Sancho, who was born on board a slave-ship on its passage from Guinea to the West Indies, and Gustavus Vasa in the kingdom of Benin have distinguished themselves as literary characters in this country in modern times.

The bill for the abolition of the wicked traffic of the slave trade passed both

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houses of parliament on the 24th of March, 1807, and on the 25th, at half-past eleven in the morning, it received the royal assent. Thus passed, (says an able writer) after a twenty years' hard struggle, during which the field had been disputed inch by inch, and won at last by the arms of reason, this *Magna Charta* for Africa, in Britain, under the administration of Lord Grenville and Mr. Fox, an administration which, on account of its noble exertions in behalf of the oppressed African race, will pass to posterity, living through successive generations, in the love and gratitude of all the most virtuous of mankind. Montgomery, in his poem, "The West Indies," has the following highly beautiful picture of the negro :—

"In these romantic regions, man grows wild;
Here dwells the negro, nature's outcast child:
Scorned by his brethren; but his mother's eye
That gazes on him from her warmest sky,
Sees on his flexile limbs untutor'd grace,
Power on his forehead, beauty in his face;
Sees in his breast, where lawless passions rove,
The heart of friendship, and the home of love;
Sees in his mind, where desolation reigns,
Fierce as his clime, uncultur'd as his plains,
A soil! where virtue's fairest flowers might shoot,
And trees of science bend with glorious fruit,
Sees in his soul, involved with thickest night,
An emanation of eternal light,
Ordain'd midst sinking worlds his dust to fire,
And shine for ever when the stars expire.

The poets have almost invariably been on the side of humanity; and Rogers, in his "Pleasures of Memory," gives the following appalling picture of a slave-ship :—

"From Guinea's coast pursue the lessening sail,
And catch the sounds that sadden every gale,
Tell, if thou canst, the sum of sorrows there:
Mark the fixt gaze, the wild and phrenzied glare,
The rack of thoughts, and freezings of despair.
But pause not then,—beyond the western wave,
Go, view the captive bartered as a slave,
Crushed, till his high, heroic spirit bleeds,
And from his nerveless frame indignantly recedes.
Yet here, even here, with pleasures long resigned,
Lo! memory bursts the twilight of the mind;
Here dear delusions sooth the sinking soul,
When the rude scourge assumes its base control,
And o'er Futurity's blank page diffuse
The full reflection of her vivid hues."

England and America have lately united hand in hand in a solemn treaty to destroy the wicked traffic of the slave trade. May they long continue in bonds of friendship, and shew to the various nations of the world, that "humanity is man's first duty." P. T. W.

For anecdotes relating to the moral character of negroes, see Blumenbach, Barrow, le Paillent, and Mungo Park; "The Turkish Spy," vol. I. page 215, and "Poems on the Abolition of the Slave Trade," by Montgomery, James Grahame, and E. Benger.

THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.

THE following is an extract from a journal kept by a person at Gibraltar, during the memorable siege, which began June 21, 1779, and ended February 2, 1783 :—

The Spaniards blockaded us in the month of June, 1779, and reduced us to the lowest extremity, so that provision sold at the following prices, viz.—

	£.	s	d.
Beef or Mutton.....per lb.	0	4	8
Pork.....per lb.	0	3	0
Bullock's Liver.....per lb.	0	1	6
A Turkey.....	3	12	0
A Goose.....	2	2	0
A Duck or Fowl, 15s. to.....	1	1	0

We opened our batteries on the 12th of September, 1779, and continued firing at intervals until the 2nd of February, 1783.

January 27, 1780.—Admiral Rodney arrived here with troops, stores, and provisions for the garrison; he fell in with the Spanish fleet near Cadiz, took an Admiral, with seven sail of the line, and blew up the largest ship of their fleet.

June 7.—The Spaniards sent nine sail of fire-ships to the wenmole, but by the alacrity of our seamen, they were towed off without doing us the least damage.

April 12, 1781.—Admirals Darby, Digby, and Rowe arrived with stores and provisions for the garrison, but before they cast anchor, the Spaniards opened all their batteries on us: they kept such a shower of shot and shells flying, that it seemed impossible for a bird to fly over us unhurt.

November 27.—Our Governor, General Elliot, with a few of his hardy troops, sallied out to attack our enemies in their advanced works; we succeeded much better than could be expected: took some officers and soldiers prisoners, spiked up their guns and mortars, blew up three magazines, set fire to their batteries, and boldly marched back to our garrison by the light of the enemies' works, which were all in flames.

September 8, 1782.—General Boyd had the command of all the batteries fronting the enemy by land, and the detachment of artillery under him exerted themselves with so much bravery, that in a few hours we burned their Maho battery.

September 9.—The enemy attacked us with ten battering ships of war, so constructed as to resist either shot or shells; but by the gallant behaviour of our troops, they were all set on fire by our red hot balls; the dreadful cries of those who were surrounded with flames, induced Captain Curtis to go to their assistance, who brought 400 of them safe

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to land through the midst of the greatest danger, whilst the ships blew up with a dreadful explosion. The enemy had 144,500 men employed against us, and the whole of our strength amounted to only 6,021 effective men, so that our brave garrison fought 24 times their own number during the siege.

February 2, 1763.—The Spaniards sent a flag of truce to acquaint us of a general peace throughout Europe, and on the 10th of March, the Thetis frigate arrived with confirmation of the pleasing news.

Shot, &c. fired from the garrison

Shot	57,163
Shells	129,151
Grape Shot	12,681
Carcase Bombs	926
Light Balls	679
Total	200,600

Shot, &c. fired by the enemy.

Shot	182,528
Shells	75,860
Total	258,388

Our loss during the siege, viz.—

	Officers.	Sergeants.	Drummers.	Privates.
Killed	5	19	3	594
Wounded	34	57	17	2.853
Died of their wounds	1	5	1	246
Missing	0	0	0	1

Inhabitants killed 18
Wounded 24

The enemies' loss is supposed to be 13,636

H. O.

MOROCCO ETIQUETTE.

If the Emperor should inquire about any person that has recently died, it is not the etiquette to mention the word "death," a Mussulman is supposed never to die, the answer is *Ufah Ameruh*, "his destiny is closed," or "he has completed his destiny." To which the following answer is invariably given, *Allah e Erhamoh*, "God be merciful to him." If a Jew's death is announced to any Mussulman prince, fakeer, or alkaid, the expression is *Maat hashak asseedi*, "He is dead, Sir," *Hashak* is an Arabic idiom, the exact meaning of which cannot easily be conveyed in English; but it may be assimilated to "Pardon me for mentioning in your presence a name contemptible or gross (as Zew.)" Thus for farther elucidation to the inquirer after the peculiarities of language, *Kie 'tkillen ma el Kaba hashak asseedi*, "He is talking with a prostitute—your pardon Sir, for the grossness of the expression."

EPITAPH ON OLD JENKINS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

Sir,—I have sent you an Epitaph on a monument erected at Bolton in Yorkshire, to the memory of Henry Jenkins, which you will please to insert, if you think proper, in your Mirror.

T. A. C.

Blush not, marble,
To rescue from oblivion
The memory of
HENRY JENKINS,
A person obscure in birth,
But of a life truly memorable,
For
He was enriched
With the goods of nature,
If not of fortune,
And happy
In the duration,
If not variety,
Of his enjoyments:
And
Tho' the partial world
Despised and disregarded
This low and humble state
The equal eye of Providence
Beheld and blessed it
With a Patriarch's health and length of days
To teach mistaken man
Those blessings are entailed in temperance,
A life of labour, and a mind at ease,
He lived to the amazing age of 169,
Was interred here, December 6, 1670,
And had this justice done to his memory,
1743.

SHAKSPEARE'S SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

The ancient Chroniclers classed or arranged the History of the World into seven distinct portions which they termed "ages," and the life of man has been subjected to the same division. In a book containing the Customs of London and various other matters, historical, political, and economical, known among bibliopolists as "The Customs of London," and "Arnold's Chronicle," printed by Pynson, are the "Seven ages of the World," and the "Seven ages of Man," the last of which I give you as I had it from the book itself, and perhaps it may by you be thought worth the insertion, but of which you will of course exercise your discretion upon; i is as follows:—

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¶ The vii ages of man lyving in ye worlde.

The fyrst age is infancie, and lastyth from the byrth unto vii yere of age. The ii is chyldhod and enduryth unto xv yere age. The iii age is adolescencye and enduryth unto xxv yere age. The v age is manhod and enduryth unto l yere age. The vi age is and lasteth unto lxx yere age. The vii age of a man is crepyll and enduryth unto dethe. PAULINUS.*

* We shall be glad to receive from Paulinus, the Ballad of King Lear so kindly promised us. ED.

THE MONTH OF APRIL.

THIS is the fourth month of the year, according to the common computation; but the second, reckoning from the vernal equinox. The word is derived from *Aprilis*, of *aperio*, I open; because the earth, in the month, begins to open her bosom for the production of vegetables. In this month the sun travels through parts of the signs Aries and Taurus. April is represented by a young man in green, with a garland of myrtle and hawthorn buds; in one hand, primroses and violets; in the other, the sign Taurus. Dr. Aiken, says, "The distinguishing characteristic of the weather during this month is fickleness; the most lively sunshiny days are succeeded by others, which by the face of contrast often seem the most unpleasant of any in the year; the bright green of the fresh leaves, and the delightful view of newly opened flowers, are too frequently obscured by clouds and chilled by rough wintry blasts. The most perfect image of spring, however, is exhibited in this month; no production has yet come to maturity, and the vicissitudes of warm gleams and gentle showers, have the most powerful effect in hastening that universal springing of the vegetable tribes, whence the season derives its appellation."

"Now daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo now on every tree
Sings cuckoo, cuckoo."

"Early in the month, that welcome guest and harbinger of summer, the swallow, returns. At first, here and there, only one appears, glancing by, as if scarcely able to endure the cold."

"The swallow for a moment seen,
Skims in haste the village green."

"Fish, actuated by the same law that exerts its influence upon the rest of nature, now leave the deep holes and sheltered bottoms where they passed the winter, and wandering about in search of food, again offer themselves to the search of the angler."—Warton beautifully says,—

"Beneath a willow, long forsook,
The fisher seeks his custom'd nook;
And bursting thro' the cracking sedge
That crowns the currents' cavern'd edge,
He startles from the bordering wood
The bashful wild-ducks' early brood."

The following proverbs relate to April;

"When April blows his horn,*
It's good both for hay and corn.'

"April borrows three days of March, and they are ill."

"An April flood carries away the frog and her brood." P. T. W.

* That is, when it thunders in April.

A HOAX IN LISBON.

IN the year 1811, and while our troops were stationed in Lisbon, a singular hoax was played. A notice, of which the following is a copy, was printed and freely circulated:—

NOTICE.

"An officer of the British army has deposited £500. sterling, that he walks across the River Tagus, on Monday next at one o'clock, or about the middle of the day, in a pair of boots made of cork, from the Tower of Belem, opposite to the Torre Velha. These boots are of an admirable construction, and very curious, invented by the officer who will make use of them."

Such was the nature of the hand-bills distributed very profusely at Lisbon on a Saturday, to which you will perceive there is no date, notwithstanding which, the credulity of the Portuguese was such, that on Monday morning, December 1811, by ten o'clock, people began to assemble on the shore, houses looking on the water, Belem Castle, &c. &c. to the number of many thousands, and not a boat or carriage was to be hired after eleven o'clock, or a person to be met in the streets; all were gone to see the wonderful sight, which the gazing throng anxiously looked for in vain till sunset, when they began to retire with bitter execrations, but as they passed along the streets, were annoyed by people hissing and hanging a pair of jack-boots out of the windows; the river was covered with boats filled with well dressed people, and four dollars was paid for one sitting in a boat, in which there might be ten, fifteen, or twenty people. Carriages usually let

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for ten or twelve shillings, were on that day let for thirty or forty shillings, and to add to the scene, large parties had gone into Belem Castle, forgetting that the tide flowed round it, till going away, when dark, they found themselves prisoners except by taking boat, which many did, and paid handsomely for.

The Selector.

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM *NEW WORKS*

BURNS' BIRTH PLACE.

Two miles from the town of Ayr, we came to the hut where Burns was born. It is a low thatched building of a single story, forming the corner, and connected by the same roof with two or three others of a similar size. A trifling bribe prevailed on the driver of the dilly to stop, while my companion and myself examined the interior of this humble dwelling. A sign is affixed to the walls without, which bears the inscription which follows:—"Burns' cottage.—Robert Burns, the Ayrshire poet, was born under this roof on the 29th January, 1759." Two small rooms occupy the whole floor of the house; in one of which, now used as a kitchen, is a recess where stood the bed in which the poet was born. The other apartment is furnished with some neatness, and boasts an engraved view of the dwelling, and a large painting of Burns, which from its size and style of execution, seems to have been intended for a tavern sign-board. The present occupier of the cabin, an elderly sawney-looking man, who seemed to have been never particularly abstemious in the use of whisky, said that it was in that room that he last saw Burns, and then took a *dram* with him; adding, "poor fellow!" He seemed nowise averse to repeating the draught even at this early hour: and, accordingly, leaving him enough for a double and triple potion, we mounted our seats and pursued our journey.—*Bigelow's Leaves from a Journal.*

BATTLE OF THE SHANNON AND THE CHESAPEAKE.

It is well known that during the last American war, the last we hope it will ever remain, Captain (afterwards Sir Philip) Broke, of the Shannon sent a challenge to Captain Lawrence of the Chesapeake; the challenge however did not reach him; but the latter observing the Shannon outside of Boston, came out purposely to engage her.

The action commenced with becoming spirit on both sides; but the ships getting foul, the Shannon's position enabled her to sweep the whole range of the American's decks with her shot.

Captain Broke now saw that the Chesapeake's quarter-deck division were deserting their guns. He instantly called out, "Board!" and, accompanied by the first lieutenant and twenty men, sprang upon the Chesapeake's quarter-deck. Here not an officer or man was to be seen. Upon her gangways, about twenty Americans made a slight resistance. These were instantly driven towards the forecastle; where a few endeavoured to get down the fore-hatchway, but in their eagerness prevented each other; a few fled over the bows, and reached the main deck through the bridle ports; and the remainder laid down their arms and submitted. Between thirty and forty of the Shannon's marines quickly followed the first boarding party. These kept down the men who were ascending the main hatchway, and answered a spirited fire, still continued from the main and mizen tops. The Chesapeake's fore-top was, in the mean time, stormed by midshipman Smith and his top men, about five in number; who either destroyed or drove on deck all the Americans there stationed. This gallant young man had deliberately passed along the Shannon's fore-yard, which was braced up to the Chesapeake's, also braced up; and thence into her top.

After those upon the forecastle had submitted, Captain Broke ordered one of his men to stand sentry over them, and sent most of the others aft, where the conflict was still going on. He was in the act of giving them orders to answer the fire from the Chesapeake's main top, when the sentry called lustily out to him. On turning round, the Captain found himself opposed by three of the Americans; who, seeing they were superior to the British then near them, had armed themselves afresh. Captain Broke parried the middle fellow's pike, and wounded him in the face; but instantly received from the man on the pikeman's right, a blow with the but-end of a musket, which bared his skull, and nearly stunned him. Determined to finish the British commander, the third man cut him down with his broadsword, and, at that very instant, was himself cut down by one of the Shannon's seamen. Captain Broke and his treacherous foe now lay side by side; each, although nearly powerless, struggling to regain his sword,

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when a marine dispatched the American with his bayonet. Captain Broke was not the only sufferer upon this occasion; one of his men was killed, and two or three were wounded. Can it be wondered, if all that were concerned in this breach of faith fell victims to the indignation of the Shannon's men? It was as much as their commander could do, to save from their fury a young midshipman, who, having slid down a rope from the Chesapeake's fore-top, begged his protection. Mr. Smith who had also descended from the fore-top, and a seaman, were at this time helping the Captain on his legs. The seaman, while tying a handkerchief round his commander's head, called out, (pointing aft,) "There, Sir, there goes up the old ensign over the yankee colours." The Captain saw it hoisting, (with what feelings may well be imagined,) and was instantly led to the quarter-deck, where he seated himself upon one of the carronade-slides.

The gallant first lieutenant of the Shannon, (George T. L. Watt) was struck on the head with a grape-shot from one of that ship's fore-mast guns, while in the act of hoisting the British colours over the American. Another gun was discharged, unfortunately, before the officer commanding that division knew of the Chesapeake's surrender; and three or four of the Shannon's men shared the lamented fate of Mr. Watt, besides several being wounded. Even after the British colours were flying on board the Chesapeake, some of her men kept firing up the main hatchway, and killed a British marine. It was then, and not till then, that Lieutenant (Charles Leslie) Falkiner, who was sitting on the booms, very properly directed three or four muskets that were ready, to be fired down. Captain Broke, from his seat upon the carronade-slide, told him to summon them to surrender, if they desired quarter. He did so. They replied, "We surrender;" and all hostility ceased. Soon after this, Captain Broke's senses failed him from loss of blood; and the Shannon's jolly boat arriving with a supply of men, (the two ships having separated, owing to the Chesapeake's quarter-gallery giving way,) he was carried on board his own ship.

Between the discharge of the first gun, and the period of Captain Broke's boarding, eleven minutes only elapsed; and, in four minutes more, the Chesapeake was completely his. Hundreds of spectators from Boston and the surrounding neighbourhood holding their watches in their hands, were astonished at the speedy termination of the firing; and the fact of the Shannon's first lieutenant having been killed by a cannon-shot, as he was hoisting the colours on board the Chesapeake, clearly proves, that the firing did not cease till the very moment of victory.—*James's Naval History.*

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.—A WELL-KNOWN LADY.

On the walls around the interior of the piazza, placards and advertisements of all descriptions are exhibited in every variety of form, to catch the gazer's eye. According to the professions which they severally contain, all the wants and wishes of mankind can be supplied, all the disorders incident to humanity can be cured, all the evils prevalent in society can be prevented. It is your own fault if you be burned in your bed; for here is the *fire-escape*. It is the shipwrecked seaman's fault if he be drowned; for there is the *life-preserver*, or, what is much more efficacious in many a mariner's opinion, the precious *child's caul*, "which may be had of Mrs. Prigging's of Rotherhithe, for the moderate price of ten guineas!" Here is a facetious *nota bene* from Van Butchel the younger, and there a *modest* notification from the knight of the Medical Board. But amongst all these, there is "no medicine to a mind diseased." Look at the only female figure in the place, sitting on the bench by the side of my master. She is dressed in deep mourning, with a reticule on her finger. Her cheeks and even her lips are painted; and she fancies herself a lady of wealth and high degree. Some years ago she had an only brother, a clerk in the Bank of England, who was the chief support of herself and their widowed mother: his premature death reduced them to poverty, and deranged the intellects of his sister. She has continued to appear in black ever since, and cannot forego the professional idea *that her brother left her a handsome fortune*, the illusive receipt of which is with her the occupation of every day. For this purpose she is assiduous in her visits to the Bank: the clerks, who are acquainted with her misfortunes, humanely fall in with her humour; and she is chiefly supported by their eleemosynary contributions, which she benignantly considers as part of a dividend that is her due in behalf of her deceased relative. She is now looking at a dirty Goldsmith's *Almanack*, to see if it be one of the numerous *red-letter days*, that prevent her, as she says, from transacting business at the Bank. With these she is in general as well acquainted as any clerk in the establishment. She remarked, while restoring the ruddy calendar to its old

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station in her pocket, "that she could do no business at the Bank to day;" and, with a gracious courtesy to all around, she twisted her reticule on her finger, and departed. I could not avoid ejaculating, "Alas! poor human nature!"—*Aureus; or the Life and Opinions of a Sovereign.*

THE SILLER CROWN.

A SCOTCH BALLAD,

By the Honourable Miss Stuart.

O! ye shall walk in silk attire,
And siller ha'e to spare,
If ye'll consent to be my bride,
Nor think on Donald mair!
Ah! wha wou'd buy a silken gown
With a poor broken heart?
And what's to me a siller crown
Gin frae my lad I part?

The mind whose ev'ry wish is pure
Far dearer is to me;
And ere I'm forc'd to break my aith
I'll lay me down and dee!
For I ha'e pledg'd my virgin-troth
Brave Donald's fate to share,
And he has gi'en to me his heart,
With a' its virtues rare!

His gentle manners won my heart,
He, gratefu', took the gift;
And, shou'd I gang to seek it back,
It wou'd be waur than theft!
For longest life can ne'er repay
The love he bears to me;
And ere I'm forc'd to break my aith,
I'll lay me down and dee! *Star.*

SCYLLA.

As the breadth across this celebrated strait has been so often disputed, I particularly state, that the Faro Tower is exactly six thousand and forty-seven English yards from that classical bugbear, the Rock of Scylla, which, by poetical fiction, has been depicted in such terrific colours, and to describe the horrors of which, Phalerion, a painter, celebrated for his nervous representation of the awful and the tremendous, exerted his whole talent. But the flights of poetry can seldom bear to be shackled by homely truth, and if we are to receive the fine imagery, that places the summit of this rock in clouds brooding eternal mists and tempests—that represents it as inaccessible, even to a man provided with twenty hands and twenty feet, and immerses its base among ravenous sea-dogs;—why not also receive the whole circle of mythological dogmas of Homer, who, though so frequently dragged forth as an authority in history, theology, surgery, and geography, ought, in justice, to be read only as a poet. In the writings of so exquisite a bard, we must not expect to find all his representations strictly confined to a mere accurate narration of facts. Moderns of intelligence, in visiting this spot, have gratified their imaginations, already heated by such descriptions as the escape of the Argonauts, and the disasters of Ulysses, with fancying it the scourge of seamen, and, that in a gale its caverns "roar like dogs;" but I, as a sailor, never perceived any difference between the effect of the surges here, and on any other coast, yet I have frequently watched it closely in bad weather. It is now, as I presume it ever was, a common rock, of bold approach, a little worn at its base, and surmounted by a castle, with a sandy bay on each side.—*Smyth's Sicily.*

CHARYBDIS.

OUTSIDE the tongue of land, or Braccio di St. Rainiere, that forms the harbour of Messina, lies the Galofaro, or celebrated vortex of Charybdis, which has, with more reason than Scylla, been clothed with terrors by the writers of antiquity. To the undecked boats of the Rhegians, Locrians, Zancleans, and Greeks, it must have been formidable; for, even in the present day, small craft are sometimes endangered by it, and I have seen several men-of-war, and even a seventy-four-gun ship, whirled round on its surface; but, by using due caution, there is generally very little danger or inconvenience to be apprehended. It appears to be an agitated water, of from seventy to ninety fathoms in depth, circling in quick eddies. It is owing probably to the meeting of the harbour and lateral currents with the main one, the latter being forced over in this direction by the opposite point of Pezzo. This agrees, in some measure, with the relation of Thucydides, who calls it a violent reciprocation of the Tyrrhene and Sicilian seas, and he is the only writer of remote antiquity I remember to have read, who has assigned this danger its true situation, and not exaggerated its effects. Many wonderful stories are told respecting this vortex, particularly some said to have been related by the celebrated diver, Colas, who lost his life here; I have never found reason, however, during my examination of this spot, to believe one of them.—*Ibid.*

The Novelist.

No. LI.

THE BLASTED TREE.

"I mark'd the broad and blasted oak,
Scorch'd by the lightning's livid glare;
Hollow its stem from branch to root,
And all its shrivell'd arms were bare."

IT was a piercing night in mid-winter, and along the rounded hills towards the

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Clifton meadows, below Aylesbury, the moonlight sparkled on the bright and thickly-crusted snows with peculiar splendour. Far off, the faint but perpetual roar of the icy river was heard, and the dark forests beyond it were dimly seen in the distance, like a heavy cloud in the western horison. The intermediate country presented only a few solitary trees, and, save that here and there a rugged group of overgrown shrubbery was seen above the snow, one wide and vast uncultivated waste appeared. It was a night in which the fancy of an honest German could not fail to conjure up a thousand phantoms; his shrieking ghosts cried from the crevices of every sapless tree; his witches rode on the pale moonlight moonbeams, in the distant and scarcely perceptible mist that spread a thin veil over the beautiful stars; and the wandering spirits of his departed friends peeped like premature resurrectionists from behind every thicket.

The hour of eleven had drawn nigh, and the watchful family that inhabited the crazy cabin on the borders of this barren country, had extinguished their blazing pine lights, buried up their fires, and sprinkled over the smoking ashes the spoonful of salt, the magic virtues of which dispersed the ghostly train, and ensured them a peaceful rest; when two travellers passed along the broken road that leads from the village towards the ford above the falls. One bore the appearance of an old man, infirm with age; his broad-brimmed hat hid his face, but some thin grey locks waved around his shoulders, and he leaned forward on his jaded horse like one suffering with fatigue or decrepitude; behind him was the appendage of a stranger, a large black portmanteau, which swelled with the treasure it contained. The other was an athletic young man, whom the good people distinguished to be a hardy woodman, who sometimes acted as guide to travellers, and sometimes, for he had some science, run out patented lands, and was, withal, better acquainted with the country than any man in it. He led the old man's horse sometimes, and sometimes ran before to break the road.

The cottagers thought they discovered traits of mystery in this; and as every thing that partook of mystery boded mischief, according to their conceptions, they followed the midnight travellers across the barrens with their eyes, until they disappeared, and then lay several anxious hours dreaming of murder, and robbery, and blood. More than once they thought they heard the piercing cry of despair, mingling with the roar of the water-fall; and more than once discovered symptoms in the dusky room that spoke of death without.

But the woodman was in the village before sunrise; he reported that he had put the stranger safely across the ford, and left him to pursue his journey. Suspicion was hushed for the moment, for the character of the young man was good: the traveller was known to have possessed money, but he had been called down the river on business of such urgent importance, that it was necessary for him to reach the lower ford that night, and he had with difficulty prevailed on Hurlbut to accompany him to the western road. Who the stranger was none knew, and thus far all was fair. But he never reached the ford, and no trace was heard of him from that night. Suspicion was once more awakened, and Hurlbut maintained, when questioned on the subject, a guarded and scornful silence. The fortune-tellers were consulted, and they anathematized the woodman. Signs were attended to, with all the formality of judicial inquiry, and even these condemned the unfortunate young man.

When spring came, it was discovered that a large oak tree, celebrated for its age and majesty, did not put forth a leaf. It grew near a by-road which led to the river below the fall; and as no other cause could be assigned for its blighted appearance, it was attributed to one which now met the popular suspicion among the Germans. They called it the blasted tree; and located the place where the stranger's blood was shed beneath its branches. Withered by the hot breath of murder, they declared it should bloom again, whenever the murderer should be brought to justice, and its blood sprinkled on its dry roots.

Five years passed away, and old impressions and vague suspicions grew stronger as years departed; Hurlbut was now surrounded by a young and dependant family; but superstition had fixed an indelible mark upon his character, and he was followed by the eye of jealousy, which watched his actions, his countenance, and his words, while it shunned his association. The man became restless and unhappy; he felt sensibly the weight of a sullied reputation, and though he had disregarded it for years, he began to sink under its influence into moroseness and disquietude.

About this time, some huntsmen in the pursuit of game which had sheltered in the blasted tree, cut it down, and, lo! from the old trunk fell the withered bones of a human being; they were examined by an anatomist, and declared to be the perfect

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parts of the skeleton of a man, whom they judged might have been deposited there four or five years before. An opening in the trunk, some distance from the ground, confirmed the probability of the story. The Germans, and their neighbours, too, caught it up eagerly, and the fate of the unfortunate woodman seemed fixed. He fled the storm he saw gathering, but in a month returned and surrendered himself up for trial.

The excitement of the populace ran high; and as the day fixed for his trial drew near, the hopes of his acquittal vanished. The mass of the people were sure of his guilt, and they collected the evidence against him with an activity and zeal which savoured rather of the spirit of bitter persecution, than of a love of justice. I leave the reader to imagine for himself the feelings of a tender wife, and six destitute little children, as they looked forward through the gathering cloud to the day that was to fix his destiny, while I hasten to the crowded court-room, and the solemn arraignment of the husband and father for the crime of murder.

The prisoner stood pale and dejected, but silent and resigned, at the bar, and answered with a calm and steady voice, "Not Guilty," to the charge. He was asked if he had counsel; he answered in the negative, and requested that assistance might be assigned him. The judge cast his eyes round the court, as if carelessly in search of some one, on whom to lay what, as his manner seemed to indicate, he thought a hopeless task, when an old gentleman, whose presence amid the throng had not been noticed, rose and introduced himself as Mr. ——, an eminent lawyer of the city. The court bowed respectfully, and a look of astonishment was visible on every face, when he asked the privilege of acting as the defendant's counsel.

It was granted, however, unhesitatingly, and he resumed his seat. When the witnesses had been heard on the side of the prosecution, he rose and addressed the court. He recollected the prisoner; he remembered, that on the night on which the evidence went to fix the murder, he had employed the prisoner in the capacity of a guide, and was conducted by him over the ford; that he missed his way, and did not reach the lower ford to which he had intended to go, but travelled by another direction to the city. In regard to the bones so mysteriously found, he had two evidences to prove, he said, that the very physician who pronounced them human and of five years' decay, and who was a bitter enemy of the defendant, had placed them there himself; that they had for many years before decked a corner of his study; the first was a boy who assisted in placing them there, and the second was the aperture in the trunk of the tree itself, which, at the entrance, was not more than five inches in diameter, and, therefore, utterly incapable of admitting a human body. He sat down with acclamations of astonishment; the proof went on; the defendant was acquitted without an argument, and the corrupt and revengeful physician just escaped from the village time enough to save his neck.

This is the story of the blasted tree. It has a moral. How dangerous is superstition! how carefully should circumstantial evidence be examined, and how cautiously weighed! how false and how deceptive the idea, that what is generally believed is infallibly the right!

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE SHERWAHRAY HILLS IN INDIA.

THE Sherwahray Hills, according to tradition, derive their name from a famous Sennasse, who flourished above 1,000 years ago; the people seldom call them by their proper name, but by one signifying the "good hill," "holy hill," &c. They are situated six miles to the north of Salem, and to their very basis the country is in the highest state of cultivation. From the bottom to the encamping ground at the top is seven miles; the ascent is in general so easy, as to permit of a person being carried up either in a ton-jon or on horseback.

The height of these hills was very correctly taken by Captain Cullon, during that gentleman's barometrical observations in 1819, by which Salem was found to be 1,070 feet above the level of the sea, and half way up the hill. At a village where persons go up in general to breakfast, it was found to be 1,970 feet above Salem, and the encamping ground at the top 3,530. Flagstaff Peak, near the encampment, 3,783, and a hill with a pagoda, about four miles and a half from the camp, was found to be 4,190; the height therefore of the encampment above the sea is 4,600

Flagstaff Peak 4,850

Hill with Pagoda . . . 5,260

From all sides of the table-land the eye is delighted with the most extensive and splendid scenery, and the clusters of gigantic trees, combined with the rich green of the fields of young millet, recall to

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memory the picturesque and beautiful appearance of our gardens and plantations at home.

The inhabitants consist exclusively of the caste called Vellalers, and by their account emigrated about 600 years ago from Conjeveram. Their manners and mode of life are extremely simple, and their dispositions appear to be of the best kind, civil and obliging, manifesting a strong desire to gain the good-will of strangers. Their life is entirely of a pastoral description, and crimes of a heinous nature are seldom or never committed amongst them. Their disputes are in general settled by the head-man of each Naud; but when the matter in dispute is of importance, the three chiefs meet together, and having heard both parties, pass their decision, which is always final, and received with perfect submission and respect: they have never yet applied to our courts for justice. Their females seem to be much secluded, at least it is very rarely they are seen; but, from the number of children which appear, they must either be very numerous or very prolific. By their own account they are a very healthy race, which is corroborated by their appearance; the only disease they dread is the small-pox, which some years ago nearly depopulated the hills. No case of the spasmodic cholera has ever occurred amongst them; a lame or deformed person has not been seen, and many appear to have attained an extreme old age.

The domestic animals are black cattle and buffaloes; the former are very numerous, and much superior to those on the plains; the wild animals are elk, hog, bear, and bison; tigers have lately found their way to the encampment, as also have hyenas and jackals; but none of these animals are said to breed on the table-land. Jungle fowl, partridges, and quails of all kinds are numerous; the bison is by far the largest animal known in this part of India, the elephant excepted, and when hard pressed, shows a considerable degree of bravery.—*Asiatic Journal.*

Scientific Amusements.

No. III.

To produce Coloured Flames, which, in the dark, are very curiously reflected by the faces of the spectators.

To do this, certain substances are mixed with burning alcohol.—A beautiful *rose*-coloured flame, is produced by inflaming four parts of alcohol poured over one part of muriate of strontia, in a small iron ladle.—An *orange*-coloured flame is produced by burning spirits of wine on muriate of lime deprived of its water of crystallization.—A flame having a fine *green* tinge, is produced by burning alcohol on boracic acid, or nitrate of copper.—A *yellow* flame is produced by burning alcohol on muriate of soda, or nitrate of potass.—*Note.* It should be observed, that the ladle ought previously to be warmed, and ought to be kept heated while the alcohol is burning. The salts remaining behind, after being dried, may be used for the same purpose again.

A Metal which bursts into flame when thrown upon Cold Water.

PLACE a piece of potassium, of about two grains weight, upon cold water in a basin, when it inflames and exhibits a beautiful light of a violet red colour.

Spoons which Melt in Hot Water.

FUSE together, in a crucible, eight parts of bismuth, five of lead, and three of tin: these metals will combine, and form an alloy, (of which spoons may be made possessed of the remarkable property of melting in boiling water).

To Melt a piece of Metal in a Nutshell.

TAKE three parts of nitre, (freed from water of crystallization by exposure to heat), one part of sulphur, and one of very fine dry saw-dust—mingle the whole intimately together. This is called the *powder of fusion*, and is a kind of chemical flux. Let a quantity of this be well pressed into a walnut-shell, with a thin piece of copper coiled up in the midst of it, and then set on fire: it will burn rapidly, and the metal will be fused into a round globule, while the shell is only blackened.—A combination takes place between the metal and sulphur, (which is aided by the potass), and the result is the formation of a sulphuret.

To make Cinders, or little Wicker-baskets, appear as if they were Crystallized.

SATURATE water, *kept boiling*, with allum; then set the solution in a cool place, suspending in it, by a hair, or fine silk thread, a cinder, a sprig of a plant, or any other trifle; as the solution cools, a beautiful crystallization of the salt takes place upon the cinder, &c. which resemble specimens of mineralogical spars.—*Chemical Recreations.*

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ANTIPATHY.

(For the Mirror.)

VARIOUS, and often unaccountable, are the propensities and antipathies of men. The following relation gives an instance of an antipathy not only of a very singular nature, but which had like to have brought on the individual subject to it, a most dire misfortune.

A certain topographical author had a violent antipathy to wigs. It happened that he was one day dining in a company opposite to some military officers, the head of one of whom was unluckily adorned with a peruke. Our author, although intent on the repast, could not abstract his thoughts, nor divert his eyes from the hateful object. Again and again he directed his view towards it, the disgusting sight disturbed his peace, and spoiled his meal. His eyes darted fire, his countenance became distorted, his whole frame was convulsed, when at length his brain being frenzied, and his feelings overwhelmed, he suddenly rose from his seat, made a spring across the table, seized with unmanly eagerness the obnoxious appendage to the head, and, with an air of indignation and triumph, hurled it with his utmost force on the floor. The company was alarmed, the officer drew the weapon of death, and, our topographer made his escape from instant annihilation, not so much to a good pair of heels (which, it is said, he fortunately possessed) as to the thorough knowledge of the turnings and windings in the town of S——, of which he had previously written the history, and through which a considerable part of the offended party pursued him with all their might. T. A. C.

WONDERFUL UTILITY OF AN AFRICAN TREE.

(For the Mirror.)

IN the kingdom of Congo, there grows naturally a tree of such bulk, that ten men cannot fathom it round. The natives call it bondo, and as the wood early rots, they do not build their huts near it, lest its fall should crush them to death, or its fruit, which is of the size of a large gourd, and easily broken from the tree, should knock them down. The bark of this tree, well beaten and macerated, yields a coarse thread, of which they make their ropes, and which macerated and dried, and beaten with bars of iron or wood, becomes like a large piece of cloth; with this the natives cover their middle from the girdle to the knees. The shell, or rind of the fruit, which is hard like that of a gourd or calabash, being freed from its pulp, which in time of scarcity may be made into a nourishing pap, serves for vessels of various kinds, and gives to water, preserved in it, a pleasant aromatic taste. The small leaves are eaten in time of scarcity, and the large ones serve to cover houses, or being burned, to make good soap. The Botanical name of this tree is Aliconda.

THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION.

MR. EDITOR,—The following is part of Mr. Wilson's speech delivered, December 3, 1787, during the Debates of the Convention of the State of Pensylvania, on the Constitution proposed for the Government of the United States. Thus, " Take detached parts of any system whatsoever, in the manner these gentlemen have hitherto taken this Constitution, and you will make it absurd and inconsistent with itself. I do not confine this observation to human performances alone; it will apply to divine writings. An anecdote, which I have heard, exemplifies this observation: When Sternhold and Hopkins's version of the Psalms was usually sung in churches, a line was first read by the clerk, and then sung by the congregation. A sailor had stepped in and heard the clerk read this line: ' The Lord will come, and he will not.' The sailor stared; and when the clerk read the next line, ' Keep silence, but speak out,' the sailor left the church thinking the people were not in their senses. This story (said Wilson) may convey an idea of the treatment of the plan before you, for although it contains sound sense, when connected, yet by the detached manner of considering it, it appears highly absurd."—*See Wilson's speech taken in short-hand, by Thomas Lloyd of Philadelphia.*

PALM SUNDAY AND EASTER MONDAY.

ON Palm Sunday, boys and girls (youths and maidens have now-a-days got above so childish a practice,) may be met early in the morning, in blithe, but breakfastless companies, sallying forth towards the pretty outlets about Hampstead and Highgate, on the one side the water, and Camberwell and Clapham on the other—all of which they innocently imagine to be " the country"—there to sport away the pleasant hours till dinner-time, and then return home with joy in their hearts, endless appetites in their stomachs, and

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bunches of the sallow willow with its silken bloom-buds in their hands, as trophies of their travels.

Now, at last, the Easter week is arrived, and the poor have for once in the year the best of it—setting all things, but their own sovereign will, at a wise defiance. The journeyman who works on Easter Monday, even though he were a tailor itself, should lose his *caste*, and be sent to the Coventry of mechanics—wherever that may be. In fact, it cannot happen. On Easter Monday ranks change places—Jobson is as good as Sir John—the "rude mechanical" is "monarch of all he surveys" from the summit of Greenwich-hill—and when he thinks fit to say "It is our royal pleasure to be drunk!"—who shall dispute the proposition? Not I, for one. When our English mechanics accuse their betters of oppressing them, the said betters should reverse the old appeal, and refer from Philip sober to Philip drunk; and then nothing more could be said. But NOW, they *have* no betters, even in their own notion of the matter. And, in the name of all that is transitory, envy them not their brief supremacy! It will be over before the end of the week, and they will be as eager to return to their labour as they now are to escape from it: for the only thing that an Englishman, whether high or low, cannot endure patiently for a week together, is, unmingled amusement. At this time, however, he is determined to try. Accordingly, on Easter Monday all the narrow lanes and blind alleys of our metropolis pour forth their dingy denizens into the suburban fields and villages, in search of the said amusement—which is plentifully provided for them by another class, even less enviable than the one on whose patronage they depend:—for of all callings, the most melancholy is that of purveyor of pleasure to the poor. During the Monday our determined holiday-maker, as in duty bound, contrives, by the aid of a little or not a little artificial stimulus, to be happy in a tolerably exemplary manner. On the Tuesday, he *fancies* himself happy to-day, because he *felt* himself so yesterday. On the Wednesday he cannot tell what has come to him—but every ten minutes he wishes himself at home—where he never goes but to sleep. On Thursday he finds out the secret that he is heartily sick of doing nothing, but is ashamed to confess it: and then what is the use of going to work before his money is spent? On Friday he swears that he is a fool for throwing away the greater part of his quarter's savings without having any thing to show for it—and gets gloriously drunk with the rest, to prove his words: passing the pleasantest night of all the week in a watch-house. And on Saturday, after thanking "his worship" for his good advice, of which he does not remember a word, he comes to the wise determination that, after all, there is nothing like working all day long in silence, and at night spending his earnings and his breath in beer and politics!—So much for the Easter week of a London holiday-maker.

But there is a sport belonging to Easter Monday, which is not confined to the lower classes, and which, fun forbid that I should pass over silently.—If the reader has not, during his boyhood, performed the exploit of riding to the turn-out of the stag on Epping Forest;—following the hounds all day long,—at a respectful distance;—returning home in the evening with the loss of nothing but his hat, his hunting whip, and his horse—not to mention a portion of his nether person;—and finishing the day by joining the Lady Mayoress's ball at the Mansion-house;—if the reader has not done all this when a boy, I will not tantalize him by expatiating on the superiority of those who have. And if he *has* done it, I need not tell him that he has no cause to envy his friend who escaped with a flesh-wound from the fight of Waterloo—for there is not a pin to choose between them!

MAUNDY THURSDAY.

THIS day, which is always the Thursday before Easter, is called, in Latin, *dies Mandati*, the day of the command, being the day on which our Lord washed the feet of his disciples, as recorded in the second lesson. This practice was long kept up in the monasteries. After the ceremony, liberal donations were made to the poor, of clothing and of silver money; and refreshment was given them to mitigate the severity of the fast. A relic of this custom is still preserved in the donations dispensed at St. James's on this day. The following description of the ceremony as practised five or six years since, will be interesting to our provincial readers. The numbers partaking of the king's bounty this time amounted to eighty. The distribution, as usual, took place at Whitehall Chapel; but on account of an extra staircase being built from the anti-chapel to the royal closet for the Duchess of York to ascend, the morning proceedings did not take place there, but a temporary building was erected on the outside in Privy Gardens, where accommodation was provided for

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eighty men and eighty women, and about fifty spectators. Two cods, two salmons, eighteen red herrings, eighteen pickled herrings, with four loaves, were given to each person in a wooden bowl. After the fish and bread had been distributed, three pounds and a half of beef and one loaf were given to each person. The sub-almoner, and the lord high almoner's secretary, attended to inspect the distribution; and after all the poor persons had received their provisions, the sub-almoner proposed the health of the king, which was drunk in ale, in wooden cups. In the afternoon the ceremonies and additional royal bounties were resumed in the Chapel. The gentlemen of the Chapel Royal attended to perform the service. Soon after three o'clock the ceremonies commenced by a procession entering the Chapel, of eight yeomen of the guard and a yeoman usher, one of the yeomen carrying on his head a large gold dish, in which were 160 red kid bags, which ought to have contained 10*s.* in gold, but had a one pound bank note instead; and also white kid bags, tied to the others with white leather strings, about two feet long; in which were 1*d.* 2*d.* 3*d.* and 4*d.* silver pieces, amounting to 6*s.* 8*d.*, being as many pence as the king was years old. The dish containing these bags was placed on a table, which was covered with a white cloth, in front of the altar. The remainder of the procession consisted of the sub-dean of the Chapel Royal, the sub-almoner, the lord high almoner's secretary, the groom of the almonry, two boys and two girls, selected from St. Margaret's National School, for their good behaviour, by the sub-almoner; these, with the gentlemen, were decorated with cambric muslin, scarfs and sashes, carrying *bouquets* of flowers, and were preceded by a gentleman verger of the Chapel Royal.

After the first lesson, the gentlemen who formed the procession ascended into the gallery, and distributed to the eighty men, shoes and stockings by the hands of the sub-almoner. The gentlemen of the choir then sung an appropriate piece. After this, cloth for a coat, and linen for a shirt, were distributed in a similar manner. Additional music succeeded, and the red bags, containing the one pound notes and the small silver coinage, were then distributed to the men, and afterwards, in a similar manner, to eighty women. An anthem was then sung, an appropriate thanksgiving and a prayer read, and the king's health was drunk in claret, out of wooden cups, by the gentlemen who performed the service and composed the procession, and the numerous assemblage of those who had partaken of the royal bounty.

ON PASTE, OR EASTER EGGS.

THE Persians, before their conversion to Mohammedanism, reckoned the beginning of the year from the day in which the sun enters into Aries, which is in March. According to one of the ancient cosmogonies, all things were produced from an egg, hence called the Mundane egg. This cosmogony was received in Persia, and on this account, there obtained, among the people of that country, a custom of presenting each other with an egg, the symbol of a new beginning of time, on every new-year's day, that is, on the day when the sun enters Aries. The doctrine of the Mundane egg was not confined to the limits of Persia, but was spread, together with the consequent practice of presenting *new-year eggs*, through various other countries. But the new-year was not every where kept on the day on which the sun enters Aries, or, at least, it ceased in process of time, to be so kept. In Persia itself, the introduction of the Mohammedan faith brought with it a removal of new-year's day. Among the Jews, the season of the ancient new-year became that of the passover, and, among the Christians, the season of the passover has become that of Easter. Now, amid all these changes, the custom of giving eggs at the sun's entrance into Aries has continued. The egg has also continued to be held as a symbol, and the sole alteration is in the prototype. At first, it was said to be the symbol of the beginning of time, and now it is called the symbol of the resurrection. We see, hence, what was the real origin of the Easter egg of the Greek and Roman churches. The Roman church brought it into England.

In Persia, the celebration of the new-year at its ancient season has been revived, and with this, the practice of giving eggs. We are told by Sir John Chardin, that the Mohammedans of this country would not observe the first day of the solar year, out of opposition to those who persisted in their old country worship of fire, considering it as consecrated by them to the sun, which they thought was idolatrous, and therefore abhored all public rejoicing on that day. But, at length, the lucky circumstance of one of their princes happening to succeed to the crown that day, revived the observation, and it is now celebrated with great splendour: the exact time of the entering of the sun into this sign of the zodiac being observed by their astronomers with great care. And with the greatest joy an old custom is

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revived, of presenting one another with painted and gilded eggs, some of them being so curiously done as to cost three ducats a piece.—Seven or eight and twenty shillings.

In Newcastle, and other places in the North of England, eggs, of which the shells are either coloured or gilt, are given to children at Easter. The shells are coloured with dying drugs, put into the water in which the eggs are boiled. The children at Easter, ask for their *paste-eggs*, as they would for a fairing. 'Paste,' or 'pace,' and 'Pasche,' are words derived from 'Pascha,' Easter.

In Cole's Latin Dictionary, 'Pasche,' or Easter Egg,' is rendered by 'Ovum paschale, croceum, seu luteum;' a description which refers to the dying, or staining; but Ainsworth, who was probably unacquainted with what really characterizes the Paschal egg, calls it only 'Ovum paschale.'

From a book, entitled, 'An Extract from the Ritual of Pope Paul the Vth, made for the use of England, Ireland, and Scotland, it appears, that the Paschal egg is held by the Roman church to be an emblem of the resurrection, and that it is made a holy egg by the regular benediction of the priest. The following is the form of benediction:—

'Bless, O Lord, we beseech thee, this thy creature of eggs, that it may become a wholesome sustenance to thy faithful servants, eating it in thankfulness to thee, on account of the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, with thee, and the Holy Spirit, &c."

This custom prevails in the Greek church. Dr. Chandler, in his travels in Asia Minor, gives us the following account of the manner of celebrating Easter among the modern Greeks: the Greeks now celebrated Easter: a small bier, prettily decked with orange and citron buds, jessamine flowers, and boughs, was placed in the church, with a Christ crucified rudely painted on board, for the body: we saw it in the evening, and before day-break were suddenly awakened by the blaze and crackling of a large bonfire, with singing and shouting, in honour of the resurrection.—They made us presents of coloured eggs, and cakes of Easter bread.

Easter day, says the Abbé d'Auteroche, in his Journey to Siberia, is set apart, in Russia, for visiting.—A Russian came into my room, offered me his hand, and gave me at the same time an egg. Another succeeded, he embraced me, and also gave me an egg. I gave him in return the egg I had just received. The men go to each other's houses in the morning, and introduce themselves into the houses, by saying, "Jesus Christ is risen." The answer is, "Yes, he is risen." The people then embrace, give each other eggs, and drink a great deal of brandy.

This corresponds pretty much with the subsequent account, of far older date, which is transcribed from Hakluyt's voyages, 1589, black letter.

"They (the Russians) have an order at Easter, which they always observe, and that is this;—Every year, against Easter, to dye, or, colour red with brazzel (Brazil wood), a great number of eggs, of which every man and woman giveth one unto the priest of the parish, upon Easter day, in the morning. And, moreover, the common people use to carry in their hands one of these red eggs, not only upon Easter day, but also three or four days after, and gentlemen and gentlewomen have eggs gilded, which they carry in like manner.—They use it as they say, for a great love, and in token of the resurrection, whereof they rejoice. For, when two friends meet during the Easter holy-days, they come and take one another by the hand; the one of them saith, 'the Lord, or Christ, is risen.' The other answereth, 'It is so of a truth.' Then they kiss, and exchange their eggs, both men and women continuing in kissing four days together."

Our ancient voyage-writer means no more, it should seem, than that the ceremony was kept for four days.

Ray has preserved an old English proverb on this subject:—

"I'll warrant you for an egg at Easter."

An Irish travelling merchant, alias, a pedlar, asked an itinerant poulterer, the price of a pair of fowls, "Six shillings, Sir." "In my dear country, my darling, you might buy them for sixpence a *pace*." "Why don't you remain in your own dear country then?" "Case we have no *sixpences*, my jewel," said Pat.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Rubber will see that his article has been anticipated.

China and Crockery are too stale.

The following articles are intended for insertion:—*F. W—e, Peter Tomkins, Solo, E. B., S. H., Vivyan, Francis G., Liolett, Lector Speculi.*

Lines to Young Ladies must be good indeed to tempt us to accept them.

All inquiries respecting Mr. Limbird's Novels and Classics must be addressed to himself.

The beautiful apostrophe on *The Crucifixion* in our last is by Montgomery, whose name was unintentionally omitted.

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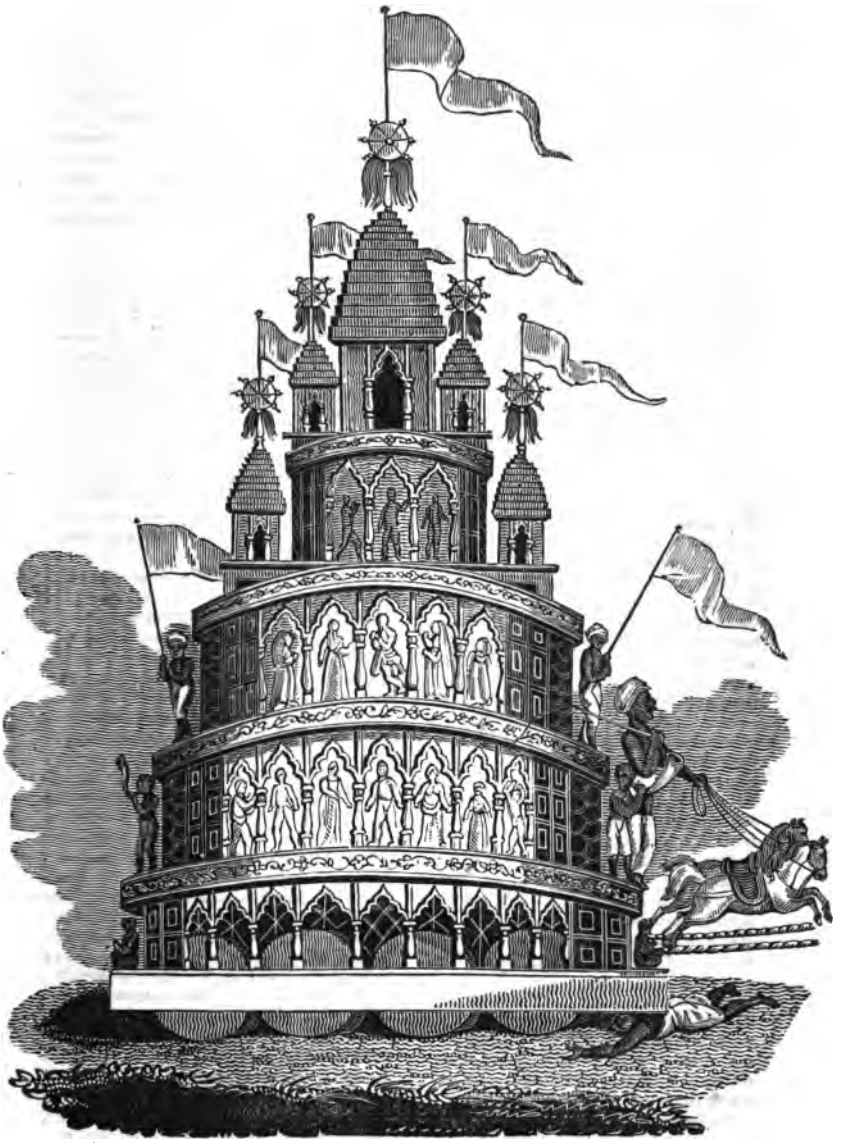
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. LXXX.] SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1824. [Price 2d.

The Car of Juggernaut.



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LATE accounts from India state, that at the last procession of Juggernaut, there were scarcely persons sufficient to draw the Car; whereas, formerly, numbers were ready to throw themselves under its ponderous wheels, while the infatuated people threw cowries or small shells on their bodies. The temple is a stupendous fabric, and truly commensurate with the extensive sway of the horrid king. As other temples are usually adorned with figures emblematical of their religion, so Juggernaut has representations, numerous and various, of that vice which constitutes the essence of HIS worship. The walls and gates are covered with indecent emblems, in massive and durable sculpture.

The grand Hindoo festival of the Rutt Jattra, takes place on the 18th of June, when the idol is to be brought forth to the people; but twelve or thirteen pilgrimages are made to it every year. It is calculated that the number who go thither is, on some occasions, 600,000 persons, and scarcely ever less than 100,000; and that at the lowest calculation in the year 1,200,000 persons attend. Now, if only one in ten died, the mortality caused by this one idol would be 120,000 in a year; but some are of opinion that not many more than one in ten survive, and return home again.

Dr. Claudius Buchanan who resided many years in India, has fully described these horrible ceremonies. "We know," says he, "that we are approaching Juggernaut (and yet we are more than fifty miles from it) by the human bones which we have seen for some days strewed by the way. At this place, Buddruck, we have been joined by several large bodies of pilgrims, perhaps 2,000 in number, who have come from various parts of northern India. Some of them, with whom I have conversed, say that they have been two months on their march, travelling slowly in the hottest season of the year, with their wives and children. Some old persons are among them, who wish to die at Juggernaut. Numbers of pilgrims die on the road; and their bodies generally remain unburied. On a plain by the river, near the pilgrim's Caravansera at this place, there are more than a hundred skulls. The dogs, jackals, and vultures seem to live here on human prey. The vultures exhibit a shocking *tameness*. The obscene animals will not leave the body sometimes till we come close to them. This Buddruck is a horrid place. Wherever I turn my eyes I meet death in some shape or other. Surely Juggernaut cannot be worse than Buddruck.

"Many thousands of pilgrims have accompanied us for some days past. They cover the road before and behind as far as the eye can reach. At nine o'clock this morning, the temple of Juggernaut appeared in view at a great distance. When the multitude first saw it, they gave a shout, and fell to the ground and worshipped. I have heard nothing to-day but shouts and acclamations by the successive bodies of pilgrims. From the place where I now stand, I have a view of a host of people like an army, encamped at the outer gate of the town of Juggernaut: where a guard of soldiers is posted to prevent their entering the town, until they have paid the pilgrim's tax.—I passed a devotee to-day who laid himself down at every step, measuring the road to Juggernaut by the *length of his body*, as a penance of merit to please the god.

"A disaster has just occurred at the outer gate of Juggernaut.—As I approached the gate, the pilgrims crowded from all quarters around me, and shouted, as they usually did when I passed them on the road, an expression of welcome and respect. I was a little alarmed at their number, and looked round for my guard. A guard of soldiers had accompanied me from Cuttack, the last military station; but they were now about a quarter of a mile behind, with my servants and the baggage. The pilgrims cried out that they were entitled to some indulgence, that they were poor, they could not pay the tax; but I was not aware of their design. At this moment, when I was within a few yards of the gate, an old Sanyassee (or holy man,) who had travelled some days by the side of my horse, came up and said, "Sir, you are in danger; the people are going to rush through the gate when it is opened for you." I immediately dismounted, and endeavoured to escape to one side; but it was too late. The mob was now in motion, and with a tumultuous shout pressed violently towards the gate. The guard within seeing my danger opened it, and the multitude rushing through, carried me forward in the torrent a considerable space: so that I was literally borne into Juggernaut by the Hindoos themselves. A distressing scene followed. As the number and strength of the mob increased, the narrow way was choked up by the mass of people; and I apprehended that many of them would have been suffocated, or bruised to death. My horse was yet among them. But suddenly one of the side posts of the gate, which was of wood, gave way and fell to the ground. And perhaps this circumstance alone prevented

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the loss of lives. Notice of the event was immediately communicated to the superintendent of the temple, who repaired to the spot, and sent an additional guard to the inner gate, lest the people should force that also; for there is an outer and an inner gate to the town of Juggernaut; but both of them are slightly constructed. Mr. Hunter told me that similar accidents sometimes occur, and that many have been crushed to death by the pressure of the mob. He added, that sometimes a body of pilgrims, (consisting chiefly of women, and children, and old men,) trusting to the physical weight of their mass, will make, what he called, a charge on the armed guards, and overwhelm them; the guards not being willing, in such circumstances, to oppose their bayonets."

Dr. Buchanan himself saw, and thus describes the procession. "I have returned home from witnessing a scene which I shall never forget. At twelve o'clock of this day (June 18th,) being the great day of the feast, the Moloch of Hindostan was brought out of his temple, amidst the acclamations of hundreds of thousands of his worshippers. When the idol was placed on his throne, a shout was raised by the multitude, such as I had never heard before. It continued equable for a few minutes, and then gradually died away. After a short interval of silence, a murmur was heard at a distance: all eyes were turned towards the place, and, behold, a *grove* advancing. A body of men, having green branches, or palms, in their hands, approached with great celerity. The people opened a way for them; and when they had come up to the throne, they fell down before him that sat thereon, and worshipped. And the multitude again sent forth a voice 'like the sound of a great thunder.'—But the voices I now heard, were not those of melody or of joyful acclamation; for there is no harmony in the praise of Moloch's worshippers. Their number indeed brought to my mind the countless multitude of the Revelations; but their voices gave no tuneful Hosanna or Hallelujah; but rather a yell of approbation, united with a kind of *hissing* applause. I was at a loss how to account for this latter noise, until I was directed to notice the women; who emitted a sound like that of *whistling*, with the lips circular, and the tongue vibrating: as if a serpent would speak by their organs, uttering human sounds.

"The throne of the idol is placed on a stupendous Car or tower, about sixty feet in height, resting on wheels which indented the ground deeply, as they turned slowly under the ponderous machine. Attached to it were six cables, of the size and length of a ship's cable, by which the people drew it along. Thousands of men, women, and children pulled by each cable, crowding so closely that some could only use one hand. Infants are made to exert their strength in this office: for it is accounted a merit of righteousness to move the god. Upon the tower were the priests and satellites of the idol, surrounding his throne. I was told that there were about one hundred and twenty persons upon the Car altogether. The idol is a block of wood, having a frightful visage painted black, with a distended mouth of a bloody colour. His arms are of gold, and he is dressed in gorgeous apparel. The other two idols are of a white and yellow colour. Five elephants preceded the three towers, bearing towering flags, dressed in crimson caparisons, and having bells hanging to their caparisons, which sounded musically as they moved.

"I went on in the procession, close by the tower of Moloch; which, as it was drawn with difficulty, grated on its many wheels harsh thunder. After a few minutes it stopped; and now the worship of the god began.—A high priest mounted the Car in front of the idol, and pronounced his obscene stanzas in the ears of the people, who responded at intervals in the same strain. 'These songs,' said he, 'are the delight of the god. His Car can only move when he is pleased with the song.' The Car moved on a little way, and then stopped. A boy of about twelve years was then brought forth to attempt something yet more lascivious, if peradventure the god would move. The 'child perfected the praise' of his idol with such ardent expression and gesture, that the god was pleased, and the multitude emitting a sensual yell of delight, urged the Car along. After a few minutes it stopped again. An aged minister of the idol then stood up, and with a long rod in his hand, which he moved with indecent action, completed the variety of this disgusting exhibition. I felt a consciousness of doing wrong in witnessing it. I was also somewhat appalled at the magnitude and horror of the spectacle; I felt like a guilty person, on whom all eyes were fixed, and I was about to withdraw. But a scene of a different kind was now to be presented. The characteristics of Moloch's worship are obscenity and blood. We have seen the former. Now comes the blood.

"After the tower had proceeded some way, a pilgrim announced that he was ready to offer himself a sacrifice to the

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idol. He laid himself down in the road, before the tower as it was moving along, lying on his face, with his arms stretched forwards. The multitude passed round him, leaving the space clear, and he was crushed to death by the wheels of the tower. A shout of joy was raised to the god. He is said to smile, when the libation of blood is made. The people threw cowries, or small money, on the body of the victim, in approbation of the deed. He was left to view a considerable time; and was then carried to a place a little way out of the town, called, by the English, Golgotha, where the dead bodies are usually cast forth, and where dogs and vultures are ever seen. There I have just been, viewing his remains.

"I beheld another distressing scene at the place of sculls,—a poor woman lying dead, or nearly dead; and her two children by her, looking at the dogs and vultures which were near. The people passed by without noticing the children. I asked them where was their home. They said, 'they had no home, but where their mother was.' Oh, there is no pity at Juggernaut! no mercy, no tenderness of heart in Moloch's kingdom.

"As to the number of worshippers assembled here, at this time, no accurate calculation can be made. The natives themselves, when speaking of the numbers at particular festivals, usually say that a lack of people (100,000) would not be missed. I asked a Brahmin how many he supposed were present at the most numerous festival he had ever witnessed. 'How can I tell,' said he, how many grains there are in a handful of sand?'"

Our engraving contains a correct view of this death-dealing temple.

ON THE REVIVIFICATION OF ANIMALS.

(For the Mirror.)

In No. 77 of the *Mirror*, under the above head, we mentioned that some of the minute objects of animated nature are capable of being preserved in a dry state for an indefinite length of time, liable to be revived at pleasure by being moistened with water; and we now offer, according to our promise, a few facts in illustration of this assertion.

There are numbers of the *animalcula infusoria*, those small microscopic objects that are observed in the watery extracts obtained from the infusion of most dry plants and many other substances, which are known to possess the property of being many times revived, after having remained in an apparently lifeless, dry state for a considerable period. The most common animalcule procured from the paste of flour, possesses this quality. The *gordius*, or horse-hair eel, is also endowed with it: this, while it is in water, is one of the most restless of all animals, for in this state it never has been observed to be one single instant without motion of some sort; but, if the water be dried up, its slender body shrivels, and it soon loses every appearance of life: how long it might be preserved in this condition without extinction of life, or how often it might admit of being revived, has not been ascertained; but it is certain, that after being kept for a long time in a state of complete arefaction, upon being returned to its natural element, its body soon resumes its former appearance, it begins to move, and shortly becomes as brisk and as lively as ever.

A kind of disease sometimes prevails in wheat, which, in its character, differs wholly from smut, or rust. Grain thus affected, is denominated *rachitic*, or *rickety*. Water, when poured upon *rachitic* wheat, soon moistens it, and brings to life, in various stages of their growth, numbers of eel-shaped animals, which had there taken up their residence, while, the grain was yet in its succulent state, and thus occasioned the disease. As the grain ripened, these animalcules were arrested in their progress, life was totally suspended, and their destructive operations upon the corn of course obstructed so long as it remained dry. No sooner, however, does this grain become soft, in consequence of being moistened with water (whether after being sown in the ground or otherwise), than these creatures are restored to life and activity; they feed upon the grain while it is moist, and, if not impeded by another desiccation, quickly lay their eggs (for they are oviparous) and go through the ordinary evolutions of nature. The young, when hatched in the corn that was sowed, after living upon it for some time, begin to eat their way up the growing stalk, and establish themselves at length in the grain itself while it is advancing towards maturity, where they are interrupted in their course in the manner already described, when it is fully ripened.

This instance is attended with a greater degree of certainty than is that which precedes it, with regard to the length of time that the animalcule can be preserved alive in a quiescent, dried state, for the experiment is stated to have been tried for nearly thirty years, after the lapse of which period, the animalcule of the

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rachitis wheat was found to revive as readily as if its vital functions had been thus suspended only for one day.

One other instance shall suffice. In this, nature evinces a still more extraordinary mode than any we have yet noticed of suspending animal life, and preserving existence in an inert state. Among the *animalcula infusoria* has been discovered one which, from its having the power of exhibiting the appearance of a kind of rotatory motion, by means of certain organs placed on each side of its head resembling a pair of wheels, has been denominated the wheel insect.* This little creature may generally be found in any pool of water on the tops of houses, or otherwise, wherever a cavity (in lead especially) is to be met with. When a drop of this water is placed on the glass of the microscope, the animalcule, which is capable of assuming a considerable diversity of forms, is seen moving about with great activity. But, in proportion as the water evaporates, it contracts itself more and more, shrivels up, and becomes, when dry, like a piece of parchment. It, however, is not dead. In this state it may be preserved for many years without suffering the smallest change; being moistened with water, it will resume its pristine form, and after a while becomes as lively and active as ever. The experiment in this case is represented to have been carried so far, as to deaden and revive the insect eleven times, and there was then no appearance of the vital powers being nearly exhausted.

It is worthy of remark, that if this creature be put into pure water, and that water be once evaporated, it dies entirely, and can be revived no more. For the preservation of its life, a little earth must of necessity be mixed with the water; it then buries itself in the mud, and when thus dried, and only thus, it acquires the faculty of that species of immortality which we have noticed. Mixed with the dust in the form of an imperceptible atom, it is blown about by the winds, and though it be deposited upon the tops of houses, and exposed to ardent heat, or severe cold, its existence is not thereby endangered. It is stated to have been, for the sake of experiment, subjected while in this state to a heat of fifty-six degrees on Reaumur's thermometer, and to a cold of nineteen, after which it was equally susceptible of revivification as in any other case. It is only in its torpid condition, however, that it can bear these extraordinary vicissitudes; while in its live state, if the water in which it swims be exposed to a very moderate degree of heat, or cold, it is effectually killed.

Many more instances of this kind might be adduced; but it is enough to have mentioned these few, as examples of the means that have been adopted by the Almighty Creator of all things, for preserving animal life under circumstances which usually prove destructive to it. Vegetable life has been found in several cases to be governed by similar laws; but, lest our article should become too lengthy, we shall for the present close the subject (which we may possibly resume at a future opportunity) exclaiming with the Psalmist, "O Lord, great are the wonderous works which thou hast done."

LIOLETT. †

* The *Vorticella Rotatoria* of Muller

† This signature was printed by mistake, in No. 77, Lislett.

Erratum. No. 77, page 213, column 1, line 27, for *dissection* read *desiccation*.

THE TEMPLE OF BELUS, AND HANGING-GARDENS OF BABYLON.

THE temple of Belus and Hanging-Gardens, were the great works of Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon. The wonderful tower that stood in the middle of the temple, is said to have been built many ages before his time; that, and the famous tower of Babel, being, as is commonly supposed, one and the same structure. This tower is believed to have been composed of eight pyramidical ones raised one above the other, and by Herodotus, said to have been a furlong in height; but, as there is an ambiguity in his expression, it has been disputed whether each of the towers was a furlong in length, or the whole of them taken together. Even on the latter supposition, it must have exceeded the highest of the Egyptian pyramids by 179 feet, though it fell short of its breadth at the base by 33. The way to go up was by stairs on the outside round it; whence it seems most likely, that the whole ascent was, by the benching in, drawn in a sloping line from the bottom to the top eight times round it; and that this made the appearance of eight towers, one above the other. Till the time of Nebuchadnezzar, it is thought by some that this tower was all the temple of Belus; but he made great additions, by erecting vast edifices round it, in a square of two furlongs, on every side, and a mile in circumference, which exceeded the square at the temple of Jerusalem by 1800 feet. Nothing was more wonderful at Babylon than the Hanging-Gardens, which Nebuchadnezzar made in complaisance to his wife Amyitis; who,

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being a Mede, and retaining a strong inclination for the mountains and forests of her own country, was desirous of having something like them at Babylon. They are said to have contained a square of four plethra, or 400 feet, on each side; and to have consisted of terraces one above another carried up to the height of the wall of the city which was 350 feet, the ascent from terrace to terrace being by steps ten feet wide. The whole pile consisted of substantial arches upon arches, and was strengthened by a wall surrounding it on every side, twenty-two feet thick; and the floors on each of them were laid in this order; first, on the tops of the arches was laid a pavement of stones sixteen feet long, and four feet broad; over this was a layer of reeds, mixed with a great quantity of bitumen; over this, two courses of brick, closely cemented together with plaster; over all these were thick sheets of lead, and on these the earth or mould of the garden. This floorage was designed to retain the moisture of the mould; which was so deep, as to give root to the greatest trees which were planted upon every terrace, together with a great variety of other vegetables pleasing to the eye. Upon the uppermost of these terraces was a reservoir, supplied by a certain engine with water from the river, from whence the gardens on the other terraces were supplied. Yet it is the opinion of some authors, these Hanging-Gardens never existed. The silence of Herodotus on a work so singular and so remarkable, seems to render the accounts of other writers fabulous. Herodotus had carefully visited Babylon; he enters into such details as prove that he has omitted none of the rarities of that city. Can it be presumed, that he would have passed over in silence such a work as the Hanging-Gardens? All the authors who have spoken of it are of much later date than this great historian: not one of them except Berosus speaks on his own testimony.

THE ORPHAN AND LORD LINSEY-WOLSEY.

" Pity my Lord, the wretched plight
Of a lone orphan, faint and weary,
No home by day, no bed by night,
Exposed to tempests wild and weary;

" I have no friend---I have no food,
Alas! I know not where to wander;
But I was told you folks were good,
Who roll in wealth and shine in grandeur;"

" Young gipsy, if your tale be true,
Say---where your parents life departed?"
" My father died at Waterloo,
My mother droop'd quite broken-hearted.

" She sought my sire among the dead,
And sunk upon his bosom gory."---
" Oh---if they died on honour's bed,
My child, they're covered o'er with glory!"

" And what is *glory* my good Lord?
Will it relieve the orphan's hunger?
A shelter, food and clothes afford?
O say---or I can't live much longer?"

" The Nation, child, will see you fed,
Posterity will learn your story;
Your parents died in honour's bed---
And they are *covered o'er with glory.*"

He said---and with a hasty pace
From the lone orphan whistling parted,
The tears bedew'd her pallid face---
And down she sunk---half broken-hearted;

Then to her aid a soldier flew,
Who had o'erheard her artless story,
He knew her Sire at Waterloo:
And saw him *covered o'er with glory!*

" Come orphan to my arms," he cried,
" And I will screen thee from the weather
Close to my side, thy parents died,
And for their sakes we'll lodge together;

I have a pension and a cot,
Where thou shalt live till I am hoary---
Here, wrap thee in this *old* watch-coat---
'Tis warmer than his Lordship's *glory!*"

THE CLOCK AND CLOCK-HOUSE AT STRASBURG.

[In No. 77 of the *Mirror*, we gave an engraving of the celebrated clock at Strasburg, with a brief description of this great curiosity. The following more detailed, though somewhat antiquated, description is furnished by a correspondent; and although in our former notice we quoted part of it, we now subjoin the whole.---Ed.]

Herein nine things are to be considered, whereof eight are in the wall; the ninth (and that the most wonderful) stands on the ground three feet from the wall. This is a great globe of the heavens, perfectly described, in which are three motions; one of the whole globe, which displays the whole heavens, and moves about from the east to the west in twenty-four hours; the second is of the sun, which runs through the signs there described, once every year; the third is of the moon, which runs her course in twenty-eight days. So that in this globe you may view the motions of the whole heavens, the motions of the sun and moon, every minute of an hour, the rising and falling of every star, (amongst which stars are the makers of this work Dasipodius and Wolkinstenius) described! The instruments of these motions are hid in the body of a pelican, which is portraited under the globe. The pole is lifted up to the elevation of Strasburg, and noted by a fair star made of brass; the zenith is declared by an angel placed in the midst of the meridian. The second

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thing to be observed (which is the first on the wall) are two great circles one within another, the one eight feet, the other nine feet broad; the outmost moves from the north to the south once in a year, and hath two angels—one on the north-side which points every day in the week; the other, on the south-side, which points what day shall be one half year after. The inner circle moves from south to north, once in a hundred years, and hath many things described about it; as the year of the world, the year of our Lord, the circle of the sun, the processions of equinoctials, with the change of the celestial points, which things fall out by the motions which are called trepidations; the leap-year, the moveable feasts and the dominical letter, or golden number, as it turns every year. There is an immoveable index, which encloses for every year, all these things within it; the lower part of which index is joined to another round circle which is immoveable! wherein the province of Alsatia is fairly described and the city of Strasburg. On both sides of the circles, on the wall, the eclipses of the sun and moon are, which are to come for many years, even so many as the wall might contain. The third thing, a little above this, is a weekly motion of the planets, as they name the day; as on Sunday, the sun is drawn about in his chariot, accordingly as the day is spent; and so drawn into another place, that before he be full in, you have Monday, that is the moon clear forth, and the horses of Mars' chariot putting forth their heads: and so it is for every day in the week. On this side there are nothing but dumb pictures to garnish the wall. The fourth thing is a dial for the minutes of the hour, so that you see every minute pass. Two beautiful pictures of two children, are joined to either side of this: he on the north-side hath a sceptre in his hand, and when the clock strikes, he orderly tells every stroke; he on the south-side hath an hour glass in his hand, which runs just with the clock, and when the clock hath struck, he turns his glass. The first thing above the minute dial is a dial for the hour, containing the half-parts also: the outermost circumference contains the hours; but within it is a curious and perfect astrolabe, whereby is shewn the motion of every planet, his aspect, and in wha sign, what degree, and what hour, every one is in every hour of the day, the opposition likewise of the sun and moon, and the head and tail of the dragon. And because the night darkens not the sun, nor the day the moon, or other planets, therefore, their courses are here exactly seen at all times. The sixth thing is a circle, wherein are the two signs of the moon's rising and falling; at two hollow places it is seen at what state she is; and her age is declared by an index, which is wholly turned about once in every month. The seventh thing consists of four little bells, whereon the quarters of the hour are struck; at the first quarter comes forth a little boy, and strikes the first bell with an apple, and so goes and stays at the fourth bell, until the next quarter; then comes a lusty youth, and he with a dart strikes two bells, and succeeds into the place of the child; at the third comes forth a man in arms, with a halbert in his hand, and strikes three bells, he succeeds into the place of the youth; at the fourth quarter, comes an old man with a staff, having a crook at the end, and he with much ado, being old, strikes the four bells, and stands at the fourth quarter, until the next quarter: immediately to strike the clock comes death in a room above the others, for this is the eighth thing: and this understand, that at each quarter he comes forth, to catch each of those former ages away with him; but at a contrary side, in the same room where he is, comes forth Christ and drives him in: but when the last quarter is heard, Christ gives him leave to go to the bell, which is in the midst, and so he strikes with his bone, according to the hour: and he stands at the bell, as the old man doth at his quarter bell, till the next quarter, and then they go in both together. The ninth and last thing in this right line, is the tower at the top of the work, wherein is a noble, pleasant chime, which goes at three, seven, and eleven o'clock, each time a different tune; and at Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, a thanksgiving unto Christ: and when this chime has done, the cock (which stands on the top of the tower, and the north-side of the main work,) having stretched out his neck, shook his comb, and clapped his wings twice, crows twice, and this he doth so shrill, and naturally, as would make any man wonder; and if they chose, who attend the clock, they can make him crow more times. In this tower, are conveyed all the instruments of these motions, which are in the aforesaid things.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

THE Tower of London is not only a citadel to defend and command the city, river, &c. but also a royal palace, where our kings with their courts have sometimes lodged. It contains a royal arsenal,

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wherein are arms and ammunition for eighty thousand men; the offices of ordnance; a treasury for the jewels and ornaments of the crown; a mint for coining money, though lately a separate building has been erected for the purpose; the great archive, wherein are contained all the ancient records of the courts of Westminster, &c.; and is the chief prison for state criminals. In the midst of it is the great square white tower, built by William the conqueror, about the year 1079. Within the tower is a parochial church, founded by King Edward III. and dedicated in the name of St. Peter in chains, exempt from all jurisdiction of the archbishop, and a royal chapel now disused.

The chief officer of the tower is a constable, or chief governor, with an annual salary of 1,000*l.*, under whom is the lieutenant-governor, who acts by his direction, and in his absence. He has, by grant of several of our kings, *unam lagenam*, two gallons and a pint of wine before, and as much behind the masts of all wine-ships that come to the port of London, and a certain quantity out of every boat laden with lobsters, oysters, and other shell-fish, and double the quantity out of every alien's boat passing by the tower. His salary is 200*l.* per annum, and his perquisites are large, which make his appointment 700*l.* a-year.

His usual fee for every prisoner on making his entry is 20*l.*, and 3*l.* a-week for an earl; 5*l.* for a knight; and for a baron, 50*l.* on his entry, to whom the king allows 10*l.* weekly, two-parts of which go to the prisoner, and a third to the lieutenant for lodging and diet, and 50*l.* to the lieutenant on the prisoner's discharge. Under the constable, besides the lieutenant, are the deputy lieutenant, at 365*l.* per annum; a tower major, at 182*l.* 10*s.* per annum; a gentleman porter, at 84*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* per annum; a gentleman gaoler at 70*l.* per annum; a surgeon at 45*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*, and forty warders, at fixed salaries. The gentleman porter has charge of the gates, to lock and unlock them, and deliver the keys every night to the constable or lieutenant, and receive them of him the next morning: he commands the warders in waiting, and receives, as his fee, from every prisoner, *vestimenta superiora*, or a composition for the same.

The gentleman gaoler has also 40*s.* for a gentleman, and 5*l.* for a knight.

In the tower is likewise kept a court of record by prescription, for the liberty of the tower, of debt, tresspass, and other actions of any sum.

The tower liberty is subject to no jurisdiction, but to that of the tower itself; it includes both the Tower-hills, part of East Smithfield, Rosemary-lane, Wellclose-square, Little Minories, Artillery-street, French-alley, Duke-street, and the other courts and alleys within the compass in Spital-fields.

LECTOR SPECULI.

BOMBARDMENT OF ALGIERS.

A private Letter.

[At a time when Algiers is blockaded, and may, perhaps, again be bombarded in order to bring the piratical Dey to his senses, the following humourous letter, descriptive of the Bombardment of Algiers in 1816, will be read with interest.—ED.]

Queen Charlotte, August 29, 1816.

MY dearest ——, Turbans and trowsers are so like caps and petticoats, that you in England think the Turks and Moors are little better than old women. If you had seen them the day before yesterday, you would have had a different opinion of them. Without so much noise and jabbering, they were as active as Frenchmen, and, to do them justice, they pointed their guns with a coolness and precision that would not have disgraced any gentleman in cocked hats and pantaloons, as I think; as far as I could judge, there are few Christians who value their skins less than these Pagans. They say that they have a funny Paradise prepared for those who die in battle; some of the joys of this pretended Eden we hope to enjoy on our arrival at home; however, seven thousand of the poor Mahometans have got before us.

All the ships bore up, and took their places in the best order and the most gallant manner. It was, at least, as coolly and exactly performed as the famous review at Portsmouth, and I only wish that the Great Alexander, who, we are told, thinks we go snacks with the old Dey, had seen this review, instead of that. Not that he could have seen long or much, for after the firing once began, the little wind that there was, swooned away, as if for fear; and we were all covered by thick smoke, like twenty Vauxhalls at the end of the fire-works on a cloudy night. Our old Queen Charlotte was the Madame Saqui of the piece, and danced beautifully on the tight rope by which she was made fast to the mole. I dare say the Dey thinks we must be all *near-sighted*, for we seemed to think we never could get close enough. The old Lord was devilish polite; and though they say the first blow is half the battle, he gave this advantage to the pirates, who began firing just about two o'clock, as I have since heard, for I forgot to look at my watch. The position

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of the Queen Charlotte was exactly at the entrance of the mole, where we had a complete prospect of what they used to call the marine. They must now find a new name for it, for they have no marine left. This enabled us to have a beautiful view of the commencement of the action. I cannot describe to you the immense crowd of men that covered the mole and all parts of the *marine*, they were as thick as hops; thicker I suppose than the hops are this year, unless the weather mended. Well, just as the old lady was going to let fly her broadside, the admiral, I suppose, had some pity on the poor devils; for he stood on the poop and motioned with his hand for them to get out of the way—but there was such a crowd that this was impossible, even if they had wished; but I don't suppose they understood what the admiral meant—at last, Fire! fire! fire—and bang: I think I saw five hundred or a thousand of them *bang down* in an instant. After that I did not see much, until our boats, taking pity on our darkness, set fire to a frigate close to us, just by way of light to see what we were doing. You talk of your fires in London, and of your engines and firemen; I wish we had had some of them, when this cursed frigate was blazing not fifty yards from our dwelling, which, being built of wood, with oakum for mortar, and fine verandas and balconies made of hemp and tow, was rather more in danger than one of your substantial brick messuages is, when the neighbour's house takes fire. The fact is, we were on fire, I believe, two or three times; but we were all so d—d *cool* that we put it out directly. The short and the long of my story is, that in six hours we knocked all their batteries and castles about their ears and eyes, like the last scene in Timour the Tartar. When we come home, it would save the public some cash, and give us a little employment, to hire us to clear away for the new street; we should have St. James's Market down in a twinkling: and I will venture to say the Dey's batteries looked as like a slaughter-house as any butcher's shop in the whole row.

All our gun-boats were numbered, and it was good fun to see how No. 8 would pull to get into the fire before No. 6; in fact they were all nobly conducted, and the only *number* which no body seemed to take care of was *number one*. For my own part I say this with an easier conscience, because I was obliged to stay on board; the boats were supposed to be such desperate work, that it required *great interest* to get into them. I never before so wished to be an *honourable*; however, I was forced to content myself with the speaking trumpet, with the assistance of which I assure you, I sung out pretty well, though I can't say that it was to any great tune. You'll say, perhaps, that I am acting the *trumpeter* still.

Now the grief of the story is, that we had no officer killed, so no promotion; the Dey's balls seemed to have the navy list by heart, and took care to avoid every body who would have made a vacancy. The admiral had a sore dowse on the chops, which did not, I believe, draw blood; if it did, he swabbed it up directly, without saying a word about it, though he must have had a good deal of *jaw* of his own, to have been able to stand such a thump.

I have written my paper full, and yet I believe I have told you little or nothing about the real battle; but the truth is, I saw but little of it. I was like the man in the play, who could not see the town for the houses; and Jonah in the whale's belly knew as much about a gale of wind, as a middy in a three-decker does of an action. But the best of the story is, and I must take a new sheet to tell it, that the Prometheus brought us two new midshipmen—funny little fellows; who do you think they were? The consul's wife and daughter. I wonder how they behaved in the action; I did not see them. The consul himself was in irons ashore. Now that it is all over, I wonder whether he'll thank us for teaching his wife to wear the breeches. He had a little child in the cradle, and the doctor promised to give it some dose that should make it lie quiet; and he engaged to bring it down in a basket like a roasting pig; but just as the poor doctor and his pig got to the last gate, the poor little devil began to squeak: so the Turks found out the whole affair, and clapped the doctor and three youngsters, and the boat's crew, into prison, as they do the old women about London, for child-stealing. The doctor, I hear, says, that it is the most surprising thing in the world that his drugs did not keep the child quiet, and indeed, I think so to: for, after taking these folk's stuffs, people are generally quiet enough. However, all's well that ends well; the Dey sent the child off next morning—we thought he must have a good force with him, when he could afford to send us the *infantry*.

God bless you, my dear; I have got a correct plan of the whole affair, which Jane may work into a sampler at Christmas: only mind, the Turks must be done in *worsted*. I hear our captain is going with despatches. I shall try to get this letter sent, to let you know that

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I am alive and merry; and now that you are sure of that, I'll tell you of a little scratch I had, but its nothing at all, just like my letter. Our doctor you see, has no better success with me, than the *Prometheus* doctor with the little child, for he has not made me *quiet*. Again, God bless you.

I end this the 30th; could you believe that so much nonsense could be written in twenty-four hours? and with such a bad pen!

SNAGGS

ON THE SAVING FUND.

ZOUNDS! Dame, do'ee look, here's a paper to read;
'Twas at market to-day that I had un—
'Tis all about saving our cash 'gainst we need,
And I don't think the scheme be a bad'un.

I wur gapping about at the market just so,
When a chap com'd towards me quite gaily,
And, says he, "Master Snaggs, I've got summat for you;"
Snigs! I thought to be sure 'twas a bailey.

Zo, I look'd first at him, and then I look'd round,
But thinks I, 'tis no use to outrun ye;
So he gee'd me this here, and I very soon found
That he wur the man for my money.

But read it thyself, for I read it afore,
And I thinks 'tis a noble invention;
For a man can't begin e'er too early to store,
Since a cure an't so good as prevention.

If this had but been when we first begun,
What trouble and care had been sav'd us;
The few pounds we had earn'd would have still been at hand,
And not sent to the rogue who beknav'd us.

Then a shilling or so, it is easily spar'd,
If a body will only be thrifty;
And then in a trice a few pounds are up-rear'd
To a hundred, or hundred and fifty.

There's those boys there—zounds! once a fortnight or so,
If they only begin with a shilling,
And then, by and by, put another or two,
And the bag will be always a filling.

Tho' our young days be gone, why 'tis never too late
To be wise,—and so, Dame, I shall enter
My name on their books, and contentedly wait,
Nor dread the result of the venture.

Then how pleasing 'twill be so to see a small sum,
In a year or two mount to a treasure,
Which is always increasing when once 'tis begun
Without fear of a hole in the measure,

No, no: 'twill be safe—the Conductors be men
Upon whom we may place all reliance;
So my money I'll take 'em on Monday, and then
Set all trouble and risk at defiance.

THE DREAM OF BORRERAY.

IN the fifteenth century, Macdonald, Lord of the Isles, invaded the island of Mull with a large force; and Maclean, the chief of that clan, being taken by surprise, was not prepared to resist his powerful enemy in the field. He therefore retired, and took up a very strong position near a place called Leckalee, on the western side of Benmore, the loftiest mountain of that mountainous island. The Lord of the Isles encamped by the sea-side below the men of Mull.

Maclean, of Borreray, was a vassal of Macdonald, and attended his superior on this expedition with all his people. He was a man of great prudence, and stood very high in the esteem of his Lord, who was accustomed to consult him on all important occasions. Every attempt to compromise the feud having failed, the Lord of the Isles announced his resolution to attack the Macleans on the following morning. His men were brave and numerous, but the advantage of the ground which his enemies occupied, gave them every chance of success; and there could be no doubt that the Macdonalds must suffer severe loss, whatever the ultimate result might be.

Situated as Borreray was, it did not become him directly to oppose the attack; but availing himself of the credulity and superstition so prevalent in that age, he adopted a more effectual means of preventing the destruction of his mutual friends, and it deserves to be recorded to his honour.

On the morning of the intended battle, Borreray was summoned to council at a very early hour, and he appeared extremely dejected. Macdonald observed this, and remarking that it must naturally be distressing to his feelings to be engaged against his own clan, he kindly entreated that Borreray should take charge of a body of men intended for a reserve. The other thanked the Lord of the Isles, but declined the favour; and assured his superior that though he felt much reluctance to spill the blood of his clansmen, that was by no means the chief cause of his sorrow. The Lord of the Isles requested to know what other cause he could have, and Maclean appeared very averse from disclosing it; but he at last informed Macdonald that he had a dream the preceding night, which gave him great alarm. In his sleep he had been visited by a supernatural being, which chaunted to him some verses, which may be translated as follows:—

"Thou dark and dismal Leckalee,
The fatal fight befals on thee;
The race of Gillean shall prevail,—
The stranger's strength this day shall fail.

The lofty, towering Garaydhu
Shall yield the eagles plenteous food;
Ere swords to their black sheaths return,
The Red Knight's blood shall stain the burn."

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These words are much more expressive in the original Gaelic. When Borreray had told this story and recited these lines in the presence of the leaders of the Macdonalds, they all declared their determination not to attack the enemy.

Thus Maclean of Borreray, with great satisfaction, effected his judicious and humane purpose; and the Lord of the Isles left Mull without bloodshed.

ANECDOTE OF HAYDN.

THE musicians of Prince Esterhazy, having had some altercation with the officers of his household, threatened to quit his service, which was permitted, from a conviction that they would soon change their humour. The day, however, of their departure was fixed, and the evening previous to their performing the last concert with which they were to entertain the Prince, the celebrated Haydn composed, for that occasion, a symphony, the conclusion of which was of an extraordinary nature; being an *adagio* in which each instrument played alternately, a *solo*. At the finale of each part, Haydn wrote these words, "*put out your candle, and go about your business.*" In fact, the premier *hautbois* and the second *French-horn* retired first; after them the second *hautbois* and the first *horn*; then the *bassoons*, and so on with the rest of the performers; until there were left behind only two *violins* to finish the symphony. The Prince, all amazement, inquired of Haydn the meaning of an occurrence so singular, Haydn replied, that the musicians were going away, and that their carriages were at the door waiting for them. The Prince had the generosity to fetch them back: he reproached them feelingly upon the manner in which they were going to desert so good a master: they threw themselves at his feet, and again entered his service.

At an Oratorio in the Old Music Hall at Paris, some years since, the symphony, with all its pantomime, was performed to the great diversion of the public.

SOLO.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

GORDON OF BRACKLEY.

AN ANCIENT SCOTTISH BALLAD.

DOWN Dee-side came Inveraye,
Whistling and playing,
And called loud at Brackley gate
Ere the day dawning:

"Come Gordon of Brackley,
Proud Gordon, come down:
There's a sword at your threshold
Mair sharp than your own.

"Arise, now, gay Gordon,"
His lady 'gan cry,
"Look here is bold Inveraye
Driving your kye."
"How can I go, lady,
And win them again?
I have but ae sword,
And rude Inveraye ten."

"Arise up, my maidens,
With roke and with fan;
How blest'd would I been
Had I married a man!
Arise up, my maidens,
Take spear and take sword—
Go milk the ewes, Gordon,
And I shall be Lord."

The Gordon sprung up
With his helm on his head,
Laid his hand on his sword,
And his thigh on his steed;
And he stoop'd low and said,
As he kiss'd his young dame,
"There's a Gordon rides out
That will never ride hame."

There rode with fierce Inveraye
Thirty and three;
But wi' Brackley were none,
Save his brother and he;
Two gallanter Gordons
Did never blade draw,
Against swords four and thirty,
Woe is me what is twa.

Wi' swords and wi' daggers
They rush'd on him rude;
The twa bonnie Gordons
Lie bathed in their blude.
Frae the source of the Dee,
To the mouth of the Spey,
The Gordons mourn for him,
And curse Inveraye.

O! were ye at Brackley?
And what saw you there?
Was his young widow weeping
And tearing her hair?
I look'd in at Brackley,
I look'd in, and, O!
There was mirth, there was feasting,
But nothing of woe.

As a rose bloom'd the lady,
And blythe as a bride;
As a bridegroom, bold Inveraye
Smiled by her side;
O! she feasted him there
As she ne'er feasted lord,
While the blood of her husband
Was moist on his sword.

In her chamber she kept him
Till morning grew gray,
Through the dark woods of Brackley
She show'd him the way:
"Yon wild hill," she said,
"Where the sun's shining on,
Is the hill of Glentannar,
Now kiss and begone."

There is grief in the cottage,
There's mirth in the ha',
For the good gallant Gordon
That's dead and awa;
To the bush comes the bud,
And the flower to the plain,
But the good and the brave
They come never again.

London Magazine.

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The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM *NEW WORKS.*

SOUTH SEA COMPANY—BUBBLES.*

THE South Sea Company is one of the most inert trading corporations in the metropolis, and remains torpid while all around it is life and animation. It was established by act of parliament, in the year 1711, under the title of "The Company of Merchants of Great Britain, trading to the South Seas and other parts of America, and for encouraging the Fishery." But although it thus appeared a commercial body, yet its operations were principally financial, and have long been wholly so. It had its origin in the arrears due to the army and navy, which exceeded nine millions; this the South Sea Company agreed to pay off, and advancing an additional sum of upwards of 800,000*l.*, which made the whole loan to Government ten millions; credit was given to that amount, and the interest fixed at 600,000*l.* a-year.

As this measure had been executed with success, and the value of South Sea stock had advanced above par, the directors made a proposal to government, which under more favourable circumstances might have proved equally beneficial, since the plan has been partly acted upon by the present ministers in the reduction of the 4 per cent. stock. The plan of the directors of the South Sea Company was, to be allowed to purchase at different periods, the whole of the funded debts of the crown, and by reducing the rate of interest, to render the capital more easily redeemable. The debts thus agreed to be purchased amounted to 31,664,551*l.* 1*s.* 1½*d.* For the privilege of adding this to their capital stock, and for some exclusive advantages to be gained by a treaty with Spain, the directors agreed to advance to government 7,723,809*l.* So immense a sacrifice for a benefit that under any circumstances did not seem to warrant it, had, however, a very contrary effect to what might have been expected. The directors had calculated on gaining one per cent. by receiving five per cent. on the capital from government, and paying only four per cent. to the fundholders; they further anticipated, that the new stock would bear a high premium; and so indeed it did, for no sooner had parliament passed an act, empowering the directors to raise the money necessary for so great an undertaking, than the company's stock began rapidly to advance. The act authorised the directors "to open books of subscription, and grant annuities to such public creditors as were willing to exchange the security of the crown for that of the South Sea Company, with the advantages of sharing in the emoluments that might arise from their commerce."

The public, not then so familiar with a national debt, as they have since become, had seen, that while the debts due to the army and navy rested with the government, the seamen's tickets, a substitute for money, were sold at a loss of 40 or 50 per cent.: they had also seen, that no sooner had the South Sea Company guaranteed those debts than they were liquidated; and they felt the utmost confidence in the plan,—so much so, that before the bill received the royal assent, South Sea Stock had risen to above 300 per cent.

The promoters of the scheme are said to have exaggerated the profits; rumours were at the same time circulated, that the company, by monopolizing the whole of the national funds, would reduce government to the necessity of taking loans for them on their own terms, and that by their wealth they would possess such influence in parliament as to be able to depose ministers when they pleased, and remodel the government at their own pleasure. The public, intoxicated with these ideas, purchased with avidity; and the stock, which at Christmas, 1719, was only 126, rose at the opening of the first subscription, on the 14th of April, to above 326*l.*: thus the creditors of the nation made over a debt for 100*l.* for 33⅓ in South Sea Stock. As the frenzy spread, and the desire of making rapid fortunes became contagious, the stock successively rose to above 1,000 per cent., at which price the books were opened for the fourth subscription on the 24th of August; and this subscription, notwithstanding the market price of the established stock was 800, was sold the same day at a premium of 30 or 40 per cent.

Although this excessively rapid rise was excited by various exaggerated statements of imaginary advantages—of valuable acquisitions in the South Seas, and hidden treasures to be found by the adventurers, yet the public did not altogether go unwarned of the futility of their hopes; and a ballad written on the subject thus alludes to the Utopian dreams of the speculators:—

* The present rage for speculation in new schemes will, no doubt, render the above interesting account of the bubbles of a former age acceptable to our readers.—ED. MIRROR.

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"What need have we of Indian wealth;
Or commerce with our neighbours?
Our constitution is in health,
And riches crown our labours.

"Our South Sea ships have golden shrouds—
They bring us wealth 'tis granted;
But lodge their treasures in the clouds,
To hide it till it's wanted."

Whether the directors had deliberately planned the delusion on the public, or only profited by it when they saw the opportunity, there is no doubt that they resorted to desperate means to keep it up, nor had the bubble burst when it did, but that their cupidity like "vaulting ambition" overleaped itself. The South Sea scheme had become so contagious, that the whole nation was infected, and became a body of stock jobbers and projectors. Every day produced some project; and whether it was for "fattening hogs," "importing asses from Spain, in order to improve the breed of mules," "raising silk-worms," "insuring masters from the loss sustained by servants," "rendering quick-silver mallable," or "fishing for wrecks on the Irish coasts," (and these are but a few out of 200 projects equally ridiculous), subscriptions were soon raised, and the stock sold at a premium.

Fortunately for the nation, the South Sea Directors took the alarm, and these delusive projects received their first check from the power to which they owed their birth. Jealous of their success, and desirous to monopolize all the money of the speculators, the directors obtained writs of *scire facias* against the conductors of bubbles, and thus put an end to them. But in thus opening the eyes of the deluded multitude, they took away the main prop of their own tottering edifice—the bubble burst,—South Sea Stock fell as rapidly as ever it rose: and in a few weeks sunk from 1,100, which it had reached, to 135. The distress occasioned by such fluctuations was dreadful: government was compelled to interfere, and the public voice called loudly for redress from the directors. An investigation was instituted in parliament, and the conduct of the directors being condemned, a considerable portion of their estates was confiscated, to the amount of 2,014,000*l.* The property confiscated belonging to the directors varied from 68,000 to 233,000*l.*, and to each was allowed for subsistence a sum varying from 5,000 to 50,000*l.* according to their supposed delinquency.

Numerous are the anecdotes connected with this fatal speculation. The story of the poor maniac "Tom of Ten Thousand," who lost his whole fortune and his reason too by the South Sea scheme, is well known, as is that of Eustace Budgell. Others, though less melancholy, are worth recording. A tradesman at Bath, who had invested his only remaining fortune in this stock, finding it had fallen from 1,000 to 900, left Bath with an intention to sell out. On reaching town it had fallen to 250; he thought the price too low, would not sell, and lost his all. The Duke of Chandos, who had 300,000*l.* in this stock, was advised by the Duke of Newcastle to sell all, or at least a part; but he anticipated it would bring him half a million: he delayed, and lost every shilling. Gay, the poet, had 1,000*l.* stock given him by the elder Scragge, postmaster-general, which, added to the stock he had previously purchased, amounted to 20,000*l.* He consulted his friends: and Dr. Arbuthnot advised him to sell out, but he hesitated, and lost every shilling. Others were, however, more fortunate. The guardians of Sir Gregory Page Turner, then a minor, had purchased stock for him very low, and sold it out when it had reached its maximum, to the amount of 200,000*l.* With this sum Sir Gregory built his fine mansion on Blackheath, and purchased 300 acres of land for a park. Two maiden sisters, whose stock had accumulated to 90,000*l.* sold out when the South Sea Stock was at 970. The broker whom they employed advised them to re-invest their money in navy bills, which were at the time at a discount of 25 per cent.; they took his advice, and two years afterwards received their money at par.

Thousands of persons were, however, totally ruined by this speculation, which occasioned a dreadful panic in the country, and had it not been for the prudent conduct of Walpole, might have been productive of the most fatal consequences.

The present South Sea Company, which is managed by a governor, sub-governor, and 21 directors, annually elected, has no trade, although, when its capital was funded in 1733, one-fourth was reserved as a trading capital stock. The amount of the funded capital in South Sea Stock and Annuities, on the 5th of January, 1123, amounted to 12,192,580*l.* 13*s.* 11*d.*—*Percy Histories, Part* V.

NEW YORK THEATRE.

By Washington Irving, Esq.

My last communication mentioned my visit to the theatre; the remarks it contained were chiefly confined to the play and the actors; I shall now extend them to the audience, who, I assure you, furnish no inconsiderable part of the entertainment.

As I entered the house sometime before the curtain rose, I had sufficient leisure

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to make some observations. I was much amused with the waggery and humour of the gallery, which, by the way, is kept in *excellent* order by the constables who are stationed there. The noise in this part of the house is somewhat similar to that which prevailed in Noah's Ark; for we have an imitation of the whistles and yells of every kind of animal. This, in some measure, compensates for the want of music, as the gentlemen of our orchestra are very economic of their favours. Somehow or another, the anger of the gods seemed to be aroused all of a sudden, and they commenced a discharge of apples, nuts, and gingerbread, on the heads of the honest folks in the pit, who had no possibility of retreating from this new kind of thunderbolts. I can't say but I was a little irritated at being saluted aside of my head with a rotten pippin; and was going to shake my cane at them, but was prevented by a decent-looking man behind me, who informed me that it was useless to threaten or expostulate. They are only *amusing themselves* a little at our expense, said he; sit down quietly and bend your back to it. My kind neighbour was interrupted by a hard, green apple that hit him between the shoulders—he made a wry face, but knowing it was all a joke, bore the blow like a philosopher. I soon saw the wisdom of this determination; a stray thunderbolt happened to light on the head of a little, sharp-faced Frenchman, dressed in a white coat and small cocked hat, who sat two or three benches a-head of me, and seemed to be an irritable little animal. Monsieur was terribly exasperated; he jumped upon his seat, shook his fist at the gallery, and swore violently in bad English. This was all nuts to his merry persecutors; their attention was wholly turned on him, and he formed their *target* for the rest of the evening.

I found the ladies in the boxes, as usual, studious to please; their charms were set off to the greatest advantage; each box was a little battery in itself, and they all seemed eager to outdo each other in the havoc they spread around. An arch glance in one box was rivalled by a smile in another, that smile by a simper in a third, and in a fourth a most bewitching languish carried all before it.

I was surprised to see some persons reconnoitring the company through spy-glasses; and was in doubt whether these machines were used to remedy deficiencies of vision, or whether this was another of the eccentricities of fashion. Jack Stylish has since informed me, that glasses were lately all *the go*; though hang it, says Jack, it is quite *out* at present; we used to mount our glasses in *great snuff*, but since so many *tough jockies* have followed the lead, the bucks have all *cut* the custom. I give you, Mr. Editor, the account in my dashing cousin's own language. It is from a vocabulary I do not well understand.

I was considerably amused by the queries of the countryman mentioned in my last, who was now making his first visit to the theatre. He kept constantly applying to me for information, and I readily communicated, as far as my own ignorance would permit.

As this honest man was casting his eye round the house, his attention was suddenly arrested. And pray, who are these? said he, pointing to a cluster of young fellows. These, I suppose, are the critics, of whom I have heard so much. They have, no doubt, got together to communicate their remarks, and compare notes; these are the persons through whom the audience exercise their judgments, and by whom they are told when they are to applaud or to hiss. Critics! ha! ha! my dear Sir, they trouble themselves as little about the elements of criticism, as they do about other departments of science and belles-lettres. These are the beaux of the present day, who meet here to lounge away an idle hour, and play off their little impertinencies for the entertainment of the public. They no more regard the merits of the play, nor of the actors, than my cane. They even *strive* to appear inattentive; and I have seen one of them perched on the front of the box with his back to the stage, sucking the head of his stick, and staring vacantly at the audience, insensible to the most interesting specimens of scenic representation, though the tear of sensibility was trembling in every eye around him. I have heard that some have even gone so far in search of amusement, as to propose a game of cards in the theatre, during the performance. The eyes of my neighbour sparkled at this information—his cane shook in his hand—the word *puppies* burst from his lips. Nay, says I, I don't give this for absolute fact: my cousin Jack was, I believe, *quissing* me (as he terms it) when he gave me the information. But you seem quite indignant, said I, to the decent-looking man in my rear. It was from him the exclamation came: the honest *countryman* was gazing in gaping wonder on some new attraction. Believe me, said I, if you had them daily before your eyes, you would get quite used to them. Use to them, replied he; how is it possible for people of sense to relish such conduct? Bless you, my friend,

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people of sense have nothing to do with it; they merely endure it in silence. These young gentlemen live in an indulgent age. When I was a young man, such tricks and follies were held in proper contempt. Here I went a little too far; for, upon better recollection, I must own that a lapse of years has produced but little alteration in this department of folly and impertinence. But do the ladies admire these manners? Truly, I am not as conversant in female circles as formerly; but I should think it a poor compliment to my fair countrywomen, to suppose them pleased with the stupid stare and cant phrases with which these votaries of fashion add affected to real ignorance.

Our conversation was here interrupted by the ringing of a bell. Now for the play, said my companion. No, said I, it is only for the musicians. These worthy gentlemen then came crawling out of their holes, and began, with very solemn and important phizzes, strumming and tuning their instruments in the usual style of discordance, to the great *entertainment of* the audience. What tune is that? asked my neighbour, covering his ears. This, said I, is no tune; it is only a pleasing *symphony*, with which we are regaled as a preparative. For my part, though I admire the effect of contrast, I think they might as well play it in their cavern under the stage. The bell rung a second time—and then began the tune in reality; but I could not help observing, that the countryman was more diverted with the queer grimaces and contortions of countenance exhibited by the musicians, than their melody. What I heard of the music, I liked very well (though I was told by one of my neighbours, that the same pieces had been played every night for these three years); but it was often overpowered by the gentry in the gallery, who vociferated loudly *for Moll in the Wad*, and several other *airs* more suited to their tastes.

I observed that every part of the house has its different department. The good folks of the gallery have all the trouble of ordering the music (their directions, however, are not more frequently followed than they deserve.) The mode by which they issue their mandates is stamping, hissing, roaring, whistling; and, when the musicians are refractory, groaning in cadence. They also have the privilege of demanding a *bow* from *John* (by which name they designate every servant at the theatre, who enters to move a table or snuff a candle); and of detecting those cunning dogs who peep from behind the curtain.

A BRAZILIAN AMAZON.

Donna Maria de Jesus, the young woman who has lately distinguished herself in the war of the Reconcave wears the dress of a soldier of one of the emperor's battalions, with the addition of a tartan kilt, which she told me she had adopted from a picture representing a highlander, as the most feminine military dress. What would the Gordons and Mac Donalds say to this? The "garb of old Gaul," chosen as a womanish attire!—Her father is a Portuguese, named Gonsalves de Almeida, and possesses a farm on the Rio do Pex, in the parish of San José, in the Certao, about forty leagues in-land from Cachoeira. Her mother was also a Portuguese; yet the young woman's features, especially her eyes and forehead, have the strongest characteristics of the Indians. Her father has another daughter by the same wife; since whose death he has married again, and the new wife and the young children have made home not very comfortable to Donna Maria de Jesus. The farm of the Rio do Pex is chiefly a cattle farm, but the possessor seldom knows or counts his numbers. Senhor Gonsalves, besides his cattle, raises some cotton; but as the Certao is sometimes a whole year without rain, the quantity is uncertain. In wet years he may sell 400 arobas, at from four to five milrees; in dry seasons he can scarcely collect above sixty or seventy arobas, which may fetch from six to seven milrees. His farm employs twenty-six slaves.

The women of the interior spin and weave for their household, and they also embroider very beautifully. The young women learn the use of fire-arms, as their brothers do, either to shoot game or defend themselves from the wild Indians.

Donna Maria told me several particulars concerning the country, and more concerning her own adventures. It appears, that early in the late war of the Reconcave, emissaries had traversed the country in all directions, to raise patriot recruits; that one of these had arrived at her father's house one day about dinner time; that her father had invited him in, and that after their meal he began to talk on the subject of his visit. He represented the greatness and the riches of Brazil, and the happiness to which it might attain if independent. He set forth the long and oppressive tyranny of Portugal; and the meanness of submitting to be ruled by so poor and degraded a country. He talked long and eloquently of the services Don Pedro had rendered to Brazil; of his virtues, and those of the

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empress; so that at last, said the girl, "I felt my heart burning in my breast." Her father, however, had none of her enthusiasm of character. He is old, and said he neither could join the army himself, nor had he a son to send thither; and as to giving a slave for the ranks, what interest had a slave to fight for the independence of Brazil? He should wait in patience the result of the war, and be a peaceable subject to the winner. Donna Maria stole from home to the house of her own sister, who was married, and lived at a little distance. She recapitulated the whole of the stranger's discourse, and said she wished she was a man, that she might join the patriots. "Nay," said the sister, "if I had not a husband and children, for one half what you say I would join the ranks for the emperor." This was enough. Maria received some clothes belonging to her sister's husband to equip her: and as her father was then about to go to Cachoeira to dispose of some cottons, she resolved to take the opportunity of riding after him, near enough for protection in case of accident on the road, and far enough off to escape detection. At length being in sight of Cachoeira, she stopped; and going off the road, equipped herself in male attire, and entered the town. This was on Friday. By Sunday she had managed matters so well, that she had entered the regiment of artillery, and had mounted guard. She was too slight, however, for that service, and exchanged into the infantry, where she now is. She was sent hither, I believe, with despatches, and to be presented to the emperor, who has given her an ensign's commission and the order of the cross, the decoration of which he himself fixed on her jacket.

She is illiterate, but clever. Her understanding is quick, and her perceptions keen. I think, with education she might have been a remarkable person. She is not particularly masculine in her appearance, and her manners are gentle and cheerful. She has not contracted any thing course or vulgar in her camp life, and I believe that no imputation has ever been substantiated against her modesty. One thing is certain, that her sex never was known until her father applied to her commanding officer to seek her.

There is nothing very peculiar in her manners at table, excepting that she eats farinha with her eggs at breakfast and her fish at dinner, instead of bread, and smokes a segar after each meal; but she is very temperate.—*Graham's Voyage to Brazil.*

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

EPIGRAM.

WALPOLE, whene'er he gave away
Pension or post was heard to say,
(With looks austerely hurtful,)
Whene'er a minister bestows
A place, he makes a thousand foes,
And one, alas! ungrateful.

When * * * * ascended Hymen's car.
The argument perhaps too far,
He, like Sir Robert, stretched,
For thus his feelings he expressed,
"Alas! to make one woman bless'd,
I've made a thousand wretched."

MY GRANDMOTHER.

As my grandmother lov'd me most dearly,
I ask'd her true reason for this,
Why, being allied to her nearly
She never did give me a kiss?
"You saucy young rogue," she then cried,
"Two *natural* reasons beset me,
You know very well I have tried,
But—*my long nose and chin* would'nt let me." E. B.

TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

THE Mogul Empire contained near a million of square miles, and seventy millions of inhabitants in the year 1707. The revenues were then above thirty-two millions sterling a year. It is now reduced to about the size of the County of Surrey, with about as much revenue in one year as it received in twelve hours, only little more than a century ago!!!

MATRIMONY.

"MY dear, what makes you always yawn?"
The wife exclaimed, her temper gone,
"Is home so dull and dreary?"
"Not so my love," he said, "Not so;"
"But man and wife are *one* you know;
"And when *alone* I'm weary!"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. F., Alpheus, P. T. W., and several other correspondents shall have a place in our next.

Kiow has been misinformed on the subject to which he asks for an answer.

Received *J. M. C., Q. R., J. D., T. H. Y.*, and *Mary Dove*, whose case we pity, but cannot relieve.

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) and sold by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

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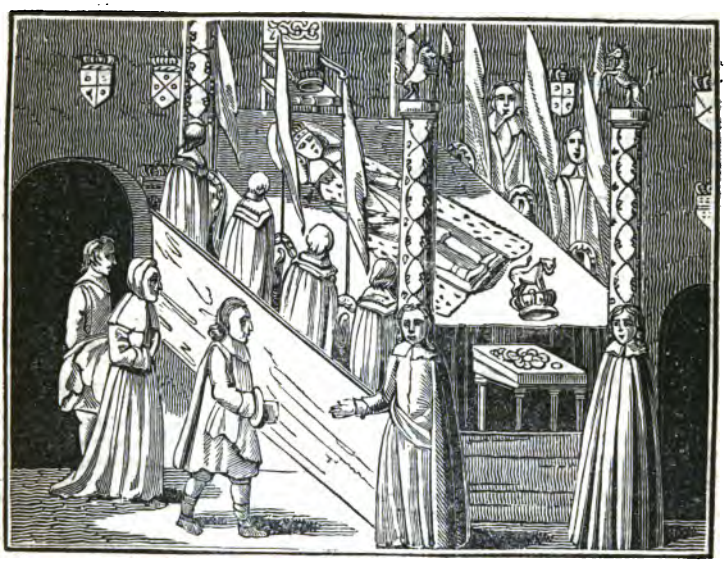
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. LXXXI.] SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1824. [Price 2*d*.

Cromwell lying in State.



The following is a quaint description of Cromwell's laying in state, and is entitled, "*A particular and exact relation how Somerset House is prepared for the effigies, or representation of his late Highness, by particular order of the Lords of the Council.*"

"The first room the people enter was formerly the Presence Chamber, which is hung completely with black, and at the upper end a cloth of estate, with a chair of estate standing upon the Haut-place under the state. From thence you pass to a second large room, which was the Privy Chamber, all completely hung with black, and a cloth of estate at the upper end, having also a chair of estate upon the Haut-place, under the cloth of estate. The third room is a large withdrawing chamber, completely hung as the other, with a black cloth, and a cloth of estate at the upper end, with a chair of estate as in the other rooms. All these three large rooms are completely furnished with escutcheons of his Highness's arms, crowned with the imperial crown, and upon the head of each cloth of estate is fixed a large majesty escutcheon, fairly painted and gilt, upon taffeta. The fourth room, where both the body and the effigies do lie completely hung with black velvet, the roof of the said room ceiled also with velvet, and a large canopy or cloth of estate of black velvet fringed over the effigies; the effigies itself apparelled in a rich suit of uncut velvet, being robed first in a kirtle robe of purple velvet, laced with a rich gold lace, and furred with ermins; upon the kirtle is the royal, large robe of the like purple velvet laced, and furred with ermins, with rich strings, and tassels of gold; his kirtle is girt with a rich embroidered belt, in which is a fair sword richly gilt, and hatched with gold, hanging by the side of the effigies; in the right hand is the golden sceptre representing government; in his left hand is held the globe, representing principality; upon his head, the cap of regality of purple velvet, furred with ermins. Behind the head is a rich chair of estate of cloth of gold tissued; upon the cushion of the chair stands the imperial crown set with stones. The whole effigies lies upon a bed covered with a large pall of black velvet, under which is a fine Holland sheet upon six stools of cloth of gold tissued; by the sides of the bed of state

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lies a rich suit of complete armour, representing his command as general; at the feet of the effigies stands his crest, as is usual in all ancient monuments. This bed of state, upon which the effigies so lies, is ascended unto by two ascents, covered with the aforesaid pall of velvet, and the whole work is encompassed about with rails covered with velvet; at each corner is a square pillar or upright, covered with velvet; upon the tops of them are four beasts, supporters of the imperial arms, bearing banners or streamers crowned; the pillars are decorated with trophies of military honour, carved and gilt. The pedestals of the pillars have shields and crowns gilt, which make the whole work noble and complete; within the rails stand eight great standards or candlesticks of silver, being almost five feet in height, with great tapers in them of virgin WAX, three feet in length. Next to the candlesticks are set upright in sockets, the four great standards of his Highness's arms, the guidons, the great banners, and banrolls, all of taffeta, richly gilt and painted; the cloth of estate hath a majesty scutcheon fixed at the head, and upon the velvet hangings on each side of the effigies is a majesty scutcheon, and the whole room fully and completely furnished with taffeta scutcheons. Much more might be enlarged of the magnificence of this solemn setting up, and shewing the effigies at present in Somerset House, where it is to remain in state until the funeral-day, which is appointed to be on the 9th of November next.—*Mercu. Pol. Oct.* 14. *to* 21.

NUGÆ CANORÆ.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—I have a tremendous crow to pluck with you, or your compositor, who, by a grievous *lapsus typi*, have completely obscured the brilliance of one of my effusions in your last number. I allude to that on the worthy member for Galway, who is made, by your compositor,

To personate
The *British* state, &c.

whereas I had written,

To personate
The *brutish* state,
For he's a mighty *bore*, Sir.

You will thus perceive, that the alteration of a single word has had the effect of entirely extracting the sting of the epigram. As this is the case, I will, with your permission, offer to your readers another version of this *moroeau*, which may be considered, perhaps, more intelligible than the original.

ON A CERTAIN HUMANE LEGISLATOR.

For dogs and hares,
And apes and bears,
Let M—t—n still make laws, Sir;
For sure I be
That none but he
So well can plead their cause, Sir.

Of all the house,
Of man, or mouse,
No one stands him before, Sir,
To represent
In parliament,
The brutes, for he's a *bore*,* Sir.

Your admission of this into a corner of your next MIRROR, will oblige,

April 19, 1824. BARDULPH.

* *Query*—boar?—PRINTER'S DEVIL.

SPRING.—THE VEGETABLE CREATION.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

As the season is advancing when nature covers the earth with beautiful flowers, and the vegetable world is arrayed in its choicest robes, the following may be worthy your insertion, and call to the minds of your numerous readers, the benevolence of the creator, so beautifully expressed in the humble, vegetable tribe:

Cowper in his task says,

"That there lives and works,
A soul in all things, and that soul is God.
The *beauties of the wilderness* are his,
That make so gay the solitary place,
Where no eye sees them."—

Again—

"Not a flower
But shows some touch, in freckle, streak, or stain,
Of his unrivalled pencil. He inspires
Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,
And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes,
In grains as countless as the sea-side sands,
The forms with which he sprinkles all the earth.
Happy who walks with him!"

It has been observed, that "flowers are usually the most ornamental part of vegetables, but the most fleeting and transitory." Pliny says, "Blossoms are the joy of trees, in bearing which, they assume a new aspect, vying with each other in the luxuriance and variety of their colours." The beautiful fragrance of flowers is proved by experiment to depend on a volatile essential oil, in many cases obtainable by distillation, in others by infusion in spirits, or in expressed oil, either of which imbibe or dissolve it. Flowers do not give it out alike at all times, some have no scent during the day, but become

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highly fragrant in the evening. These enhance the luxury of the bright moonlight nights of India. They are elegantly termed by Linnæus, *flores tristes*, sad, or melancholy flowers. Boccone is of opinion, that in many plants, the colour of the flowers is wholly owing to the colour of the juices of the root. This he instances in the greater celandine, whose roots and flowers are of the same yellow colour. The barberry in like manner, has both its roots and flowers yellow.

Flowers were in great request at the entertainments of the ancients, being provided by the master of the feast, and brought in before the second course, or, as some are of opinion, at the beginning of the entertainment. They not only adorned their heads, necks, and breasts, with flowers, but often bestrewed the beds whereon they lay, and all parts of the room with them: but the head was chiefly regarded. See *Pott's Grecian Antiquities*. In modern days, flowers constitute the ornaments of tables, (natural and artificial,) and in the winter we have the resemblance of these beauties of nature, formed from carrots turnips, &c. The ancients likewise used them in the bedecking of tombs. (At the present period we plant near the tomb the weeping-willow, and the mournful yew.)—

"Afflicted Israel shall sit weeping down,
Their harps upon the neighb'ring *willows* hung,
No joyous hymn encouraging their tongue."

Mrs. Barbauld justly observes, with regard to flowers,—

"They spring to cheer and glad the human heart."

And one may say with Elphinston,—

"Now ev'ry field, now ev'ry tree is green,
Now genial nature's fairest face is seen."

Likewise Gay in his Trivia,—

"Hark! how the streets with treble voices ring,
To sell the bounteous product of the spring!
Sweet-smelling flow'rs, and elders early bred,
With nettle's tender shoots, to cleanse the blood."

"The spring," says Dr. Johnson, "affords to a mind, so free from the disturbance of cares or passions, as to be vacant to calm amusements, almost every thing that our present state makes us capable of enjoying. The vane-galed verdure of the fields and woods, the succession of grateful odours, the voice of pleasure pouring out its notes on every side, with the gladness apparently conceived by every animal, from the growth of his food, and the clemency of the weather, throw over the earth an air of gaiety, significantly expressed by the smile of nature; and that the vernal flowers, however beautiful and gay, are only intended by nature as preparatives to autumnal fruits."

A writer in the *Universal Magazine*, between the years 1785 and 1792, (on flowers,) observes, "They are reserved, as the sweetest charm of life, for those superior minds that are fond to improve and perfect the habits of virtue, by the constant pursuit and acquisition of intellectual and moral excellence."—Again—"I have ever considered flowers as the pride and glory of the creation, and the most beautiful display of omnipotent power in the vegetable kingdom. With the poets too, as the lovely attendants of spring, they are inexhaustible sources of decorations; not only their favourite scenes, but the incidents which they are most fond to embellish, are enriched with flowers. Thus Virgil makes the swain invite Galatea to the spot, where spring strews the river bank with flowers. Homer, to adorn the bed of Jupiter, makes the earth pour from her bosom unbidden herbs, and voluntary flowers.* Milton, in a fine imitation of that passage, employs the iris, jessamine, and rose, the violet, hyacinth, and crocus, to beautify the blissful bower of Eve†: Thomson, in his noble hymn, at the conclusion of the seasons, invites the flowery race to join in the general chorus of praise to the great creator:—

"Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits and flowers,
In mingled clouds to him, whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints."

The attentive observer will perceive, that every plant upon earth appears in its appointed order. The god of seasons, the god of beauty and excellence, hath exactly determined the time when *this* flower shall unfold its leaves, *that* spread its glowing beauties to the sun, and a *third* hang down its drooping head, and, withered, 'resign its sunny robes.'—These beauteous children of nature do not appear all at once, but in the most enchanting regularity of succession. Each month displays the beauties peculiar to itself. Soon succeeds the tulip, the transient glory of the garden; the anemone, encircled at the bottom with a spreading dome, and the ranunculus, which displays all the magnificence of foliage, and charms the eye with such a brilliant assemblage of colours. What an inexhaustible source of grateful admiration does this regular succession of flowers present! What manifest displays of divine wisdom and ever-active goodness! The divine goodness is indeed apparent, in having diver-

* *Iliad*, book xiv.
† *Paradise Lost*, book iv.

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sified the vegetable kingdom in such a delightful manner, for the colours of plants are so wonderfully diversified, and so constantly meet the eye, wherever it is directed to the face of nature, that they contribute more than any other quality to the beauty of creation"—Nature's carpet is so beautifully decorated,

"That where'er you tread, the blushing *flow'rs* shall rise."—POPE.

I shall conclude this *flowery* subject with an extract from Dr. T. Byfield's "Account of the Balsamick Wells at Hoxdon," published 1687.—He says, "God, the original founder of all Beings, hath implanted in the superficies of the earth, that great variety of vegetable seeds, which propagate themselves in their species: so that every vegetable at its proper season, by the instigation of the heavenly influences, setting at work its seminals, and by stirring up its innate power, begins to shape itself a body according to the laws of creation, every plant of its kind, till they have made up that wonderful variety which so richly adorns the earth."

P. T. W.

VOS VOBIS.

BY HENRY PEACHAM.

THE painful bee, who many a bitter show'r
And storm had felt, far from his hive away,
To seek the sweetest honey-bearing flow'r
That might be found, and was the pride of May,
Here lighting on the fairest he might spy,
Is beat by drones, by wasp and butterfly.

So men there are sometimes of good desert,
Who painfully have labour'd for the hive,
Yet must they with their merit stand apart,
And give a far inferior leave to thrive;
Or be, perhaps, if gotten unto grace,
By waspish envy beaten out of place.

SIC VOS NON VOBIS.

THE SILK-WORM.

By the same.

THESE little creatures here, as white as milk,
That shame to sloth, are busy at their loom
All summer long, in weaving of their silk,
Do make their webs both winding-sheet and tomb;
Thus to th' ungrateful world bequeathing all
Their lives have gotten at their funeral.

Even so the webs our wits for others weave,
Even from the highest to the meanest worm,
But, Siren-like, in the end ourselves deceive,
Who spend our time to serve another's turn,
Or paint a fool with coat or colours gay,
To give good words or thanks, so go his way.

EDGAR.

THE CARNIVAL AT PARIS.

THE masquerades and follies of the Carnival, degenerate remains of the ancient *Saturnalia*, were introduced into Gaul by the Romans, and practised by the Franks upon their becoming masters of the country. They were at first forbidden by the church, which afterwards tolerated them, and, in the middle ages, were celebrated with a degree of splendour progressively increasing. During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the Carnival was discontinued in France; but upon the marriage of Henry the Second to Catherine de Medicis, the Italians who accompanied that princess, re-established it with as much festivity and pomp as it was celebrated in the principalities beyond the Alps, and particularly at Rome and Venice. The word Carnival is formed of *Carn-aval* (because much meat is supposed to be eaten previous to the abstinence during Lent) in opposition to Lent, called in Latin of the latter ages *Carnis-privium*, *Carnis-levamen*, and by the Spaniards *Carnis-tollendas*.

Until the reign of Louis the Fifteenth, the Carnival commenced on the day after the Twelfth night, on the 7th of January, and continued till Ash Wednesday; during which period numerous balls and entertainments were given, and many marriages celebrated. It is now held on the fifteen days preceding Ash Wednesday; but the principal days are Thursdays and Sundays, the *Lundi* and *Mardi Gras*, and the Thursday of Mid-lent. A great number of persons in disguise, masked, and exhibiting every species of folly, parade the streets. Previous to the events of 1789, the *Rue Saint Antoine*, presented an extraordinary and ridiculous scene, in which the actors were a multitude of persons on foot, on horseback, and in carriages, disguised in every variety of costume, and assuming different characters. The Carnival was prohibited in 1790, and no more celebrated till the period when Bonaparte was appointed First Consul. Its restoration was a cause of great joy to the Parisians, and for some years nothing could exceed the beauty and richness of the costumes displayed upon this annual festival; but it has lost its charms, and the masks are now few and unmeaning. The places of general resort are the Boulvevards on the north beach of the Seine, and the Rue St. Honore. After parading the streets, the masks repair to the balls in the capital, or the petty eating-houses of the environs, where they spend the night.

The masked balls, which, at the time of the Carnival, take precedence of every other kind of amusement in Paris, were introduced under the Regency of the Duke of Orleans. The Chevalier de Bouillon conceived the project of con-

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verting the Opera House into a ball-room, for which he received a pension of six thousand livres; and a Carmelite Friar, named Father Sebastian, invented the means of elevating the floor of the to a level with the stage, and lowering at pleasure.

The first ball was given on the 2nd of January, 1716. They now commence about the end of January, and continue on fixed days throughout the Carnival. The most select company is found at the Opera House, but balls are also given at the Odeon, the Theatre de la Porte St. Martia, Franconi's Circus, and various other places. A ceremony which has been observed for ages at Paris, upon the last days of the Carnival, is the procession of the *Bœuf Gras*, designated in other parts of France *Le Bœuf Ville*, or *Viole, or Vielle*, undoubtedly because the ox is led through the city to the sounds of violins or cymbals.

A writer of the eighteenth century, in speaking of this ceremony suggests that it derives its origin from paganism, and describes it as celebrated at Paris in the year 1739. "The butchers of the *Boucheri de l'apport Paris*," says he, "did not wait till the usual day for the procession of the *Bœuf Gras*, but on the morning preceding that of *Jeu de Gras*, they led through the city an ox covered with tapestry, and having a large branch of laurel on his head. This ox, adorned as the victims which the ancients led to the altar, bore on his back a child, who was called *King of the Butchers*, decorated with a blue scarf, and holding in one hand a gilt sceptre, and in the other a sword. About fifteen butchers' boys, dressed in red waistcoats, white hose, and red turbans or bonnets, bordered with white, accompanied the *Bœuf Gras*, two of them holding the animal by the horns. The procession, preceded by violins, fifes, and drums, traversed the streets of Paris, went to the houses of the Magistracy, and finding the Chief President of the *Parlement* absent, proceeded to the grand hall of the Palais de Justice, by the stairs of the Sainte Chapelle. After presenting themselves before the President, the butchers led the ox through the various apartments of the Palace, and then descended by the new courts towards the *Place Dauphine*. On the following day, the butchers of different parts of Paris performed the same ceremony, but did not conduct their *Bœuf Gras* into the Palace.

The escort is now more numerous than formerly; but the animal which is led through the streets no longer bears a child on its back; the latter follows the *Bœuf Gras*, in an ornamented triumphal car, but without the sceptre and sword. This innovation on the ancient custom first took place in 1822.

THE WARRIOR FAIR.

(For the Mirror.)

YOUNG Delia once, a soldier's bride,
Assumed the soldier's garb;
But yet not hers the warrior's stride,
Nor hers the snaffled barb:
A cap and feather graced her brow,
Her form the highland plaid---
In vain---her voice so faint and low
The trembling fair betrayed.

The distant camp her Henry sought
His country's foes t' engage---
"Why cannot I, delightful thought!"
She cried, "be Henry's page?"
Love urged the fond deceit, and love
First too belied the maid---
The dimpled smile, the chamois glove,
The trembling fair betrayed.

Now bolder grown she moved along,
All-fled Love's sighs and tears---
Unscared beheld the martial throng,
Nor dreamed of future fears;
Yet oft, to arms and camps unused,
She sought the woodland glade,
Whilst o'er her cheek the blush suffused,
The trembling fair betrayed.

And now as page, her Henry's tent
And arms 'twas hers to guard---
As he with toil and danger spent
For soft repose prepared:
With firm and measured step she paced,
Nor asked Minerva's aid---
But still the foot and taper waist
The trembling fair betrayed.

But, hark! the trumpet sounds from far,
The hostile legions shout---
Forth from its sheath to meet the war
The glittering sword leaps out;
Where now her warrior step, where now
Her look of naught afraid?
Her pallid cheek, and hectic brow
The trembling fair betrayed.

The legions join, the battle burns,
Now these, now those prevail,
And many a shriek and shout by turns
Swell on the vesper gale;
But who is he that stands alone?
"I ken his highland blade,"
"He lives," she cried, and Love's fond tone
The trembling fair betrayed.

ALPHEUS.

THE DISCOVERY AND USE OF COALS.

COALS were discovered near Newcastle, 1234—in general use in London, 1400; 600,000 chaldrons used in London, 1773; and 766,880 chaldrons in 1788; in 1792, there were 841,380 chaldrons; cinders, 6,270 chaldrons, and Scotch coals, 2,449 tons; in 1793, there were 800,510½; in 1794, 788,744½; in 1795, 887,759 chaldrons, besides cinders, &c.; their duty yielded the Duke of Richmond, 23,000*l*. In 1802, government bought of his grace one-third of the grant for 144,600*l*. In

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1791, the quantity of 450,000 chaldrons, Newcastle measure, was cleared out, in 4,956 vessels for oversea and coastways; in 1791, there were 334,513 chaldrons, besides cinders, &c. The duties on coals carried coastways, besides those in London, amounted in 1788, to 182,745*l.* 15*s.* 0½*d.* at 5*s.* 6*d.* per chaldron. Those brought to London pay 10*s.* 8*d.* per chaldron. All the duties on coals in 1783, were 445,811*l.*, and in 1784, were 462,550*l.* in England; and in Scotland, for both these years, only 3,000*l.*; the whole of the duties in 1788 was 306,728*l.*

The daily consumption was, many years ago, about 2,300 chaldrons in London.

By the statement of Mr. Chapman, an engineer of Newcastle, it appears that the following was the annual consumption of pit coal, exclusive of waste, in 1815; but the quantity has since been much increased.

	Tons.
In the iron and other manufactories in the coal counties, about	4,000,000
Coals paying coast duty, about 3,600,000 chaldrons, Winchester, or.....	5,040,000
Coals consumed for culinary and other purposes, in the counties not paying duty, about.	4,000,000
Total	13,040,000

NEW AND INTERESTING PROJECTS.

GREAT in arts and arms as England is, she is still greater in her commercial enterprise, and no project that offers the prospect of gain will scare an English capitalist from adventure. To him—

"Methink it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright *guineas* from the pale fac'd moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drown'd *sov'reigns* by the *heap*."

But although there are no bounds to human daring, there are limits to its exercise. Alexander wept that there were no new worlds to conquer; and our capitalists, after lending money to every potentate, from the Autocrat of all the Russias, down to his highness the Cazique of Poyais, and to every state that wanted the means of shaking off an old government, still find so much wealth on their hands, that they are really at a loss how to employ it. We call the present an age of genius; fie on the dotards—what! we, who are descended from the founders of the South Sea and Mississippi schemes, and the two hundred other projects which, in that proud era of British enterprise and public confidence, were invented,—are we at a loss to know how to employ a paltry sum of five hundred millions! We really blush for the non-inventive age in which we have been thrown, and therefore, while our rump-steak is dressing, and our appetite increasing at Anderton's, have determined to submit to the public, through the medium of a public journal, half a score projects, which we have maturely considered and formed from actual surveys and estimates. As soon as public meetings have been called, directors nominated, and ten per cent. been received on all these projects, we shall submit others equally feasible and advantageous to the public:—

1. A plan for insuring tulip beds near London from the intrusive amours of the feline race, and for indemnifying maiden ladies of a certain age against the loss of favourite tabbies, spaniels, pup dogs, and guinea pigs.

2. A plan for enabling archbishops, bishops, and rectors, to dispense with those *lazy* underlings, the curates, who are not satisfied with a salary of thirty pounds per annum for only preaching three times on a Sunday, and attending a dozen funerals in a week without the fees.

3. A plan for converting our granite pavements into dust, whereby persons will be compelled to stay at home, instead of lounging about the streets, in summer.—*Nota Bene.* This plan is equally applicable in winter, for the streets will be so muddy, that no man in his senses will venture out, except on a pair of stilts, such as are used by the inhabitants of the Landes.

4. A plan for milking cows, docking horses, and cropping two-legged puppies, by means of a steam-engine, which will at the same time rock the cradle in every house in the metropolis to which it is applied, beat the tattoo for all the barracks, whip the boys in all the national schools, slice cucumbers, uncase shrimps, &c.

5. A capital of twenty millions for converting the Jews. It having been discovered that, by the regular and tedious process of preaching and teaching, the conversion of every Jew costs, upon an average, a thousand pounds,—it is therefore proposed to effect the object by purchase in future. An eminent Israelite has agreed to contract for the conversion of two thousand, at 430*l.* per head, including women and children, but threatens to raise his price, unless immediately treated with.

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6. A plan for erecting a basin of three hundred acres, close to the river, where Thames water may at once be converted into porter, without the unnecessary process of passing through certain buildings called breweries.

7. A plan for insuring servant-maids against the loss of needles, thimbles, pin-cushions, old songs, dying speeches and confessions.

8. A plan for blowing up and dissolving the ice in the Arctic Ocean, with the exception of a field of a mile square, on which a colony is to be established, and the floating island towed like a steam-boat into the Pacific Ocean. It is to be confessed that this is a somewhat hazardous project, but its daring and improbability of success are the very reason why it is sure to meet with the readiest support. A promise has already been made to the celebrated Captain Symmes, not to approach within thirty feet of the opening at the pole, to the centre of the earth, which he claims as the first discoverer.

9. A plan for sweeping chimneys by means of an artificial earthquake, which shall shake the soot out of all the chimneys of the metropolis every Saturday morning, and abolish that *white* slave-trade, the climbing boys.

10. A plan for increasing and securing a monopoly of the dupes in London.—*Literary Chronicle.*

The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM *NEW WORKS.*

CAPTAIN PARRY'S LAST VOYAGE.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—Having just had the opportunity of a hasty perusal of the Journal of Captain Parry's last voyage, I find he sailed from the Nore the 8th of May, 1821, on board the Fury, in company with the Hecla, Captain Lyon, for the discovery of a North West Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean; and returned to England the 16th of October, 1823, on which day, Captain Parry and the Rev. Mr. Fisher, (the chaplain and astronomer,) landed at Whitby in Yorkshire. They were therefore absent this voyage nearly two years and a-half, after an unsuccessful attempt to get to Behring's Strait, through Hudson's Bay.

The first winter both ships were frozen in at Winter-Island for about nine months; and the second winter at another island to the northward, called Igloolik, where they were frozen in for ten months. The furthest longitude which they attained was about 86 degrees west, and the highest latitude about 69 north, and the severest cold about 48 degrees below Zero.

During the time they were from England, they lost five men, one by accidentally falling from a mast, and was unfortunately killed on the spot, the others died by various complaints. I do myself the pleasure of forwarding a few extracts from Captain Parry's Journal, thinking they may afford some amusement to your readers. I remain, Sir,

Your constant reader,
13th April, 1824. W. F.

EXTRACTS.

"17th September, 1821.—Our people this day brought in seven hares before sun-set: these animals were quite white, presenting so strong a contrast with the colour of the ground, on which no snow at yet remained, as to render them very conspicuous at a distance, and we often killed them on landing, by having observed their situation while rowing along shore, at the distance of half a mile or more.

"Several of the ermines also, which we had procured for the last week or two were entirely white, except the little brush at the tip of the tail, which was black. In other specimens of this animal, however, the back was quite brown, and the belly of a delicate, light straw, or sulphur colour.

"Myriads of small shrimps, *(cancer nugax)* for some weeks past had been observed near the surface of the sea. These insects were found to be still as numerous as ever in any hole we made in the ice, while at Winter Island; and such was the extreme avidity with which they immediately seized upon any meat put overboard to thaw or soak for the sake of freshness, that Captain Lyon one day sent me a goose to look at, belonging to the officers of the Hecla, that had been thus deposited within their reach only eight-and-forty hours, and from which they had eaten every ounce of meat, leaving only a skeleton, most delicately cleaned. Our men had before remarked, that their meat suffered unusual loss of substance by soaking, but did not know to what cause to attribute the deficiency. We took advantage, however, of the hunger of these depredators, to procure complete skeletons of small animals for preservation, as anatomical specimens, enclosing them in a net or bag with holes, to which the shrimps could have access, but which prevented the loss of any of

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the limbs, should the cartilage of the joints be eaten. For want of this latter precaution some specimens were at first rendered imperfect.

"November, 1821.—The people were employed in what they called, 'Rigging the Theatre,' and on the evening of the 9th the officers performed the play of the 'Rivals,' to the infinite amusement of both ships' companies.

"13th November.—About the time of sun-set this evening, the sky presented a most brilliant appearance; the part next the horizon, for one or two degrees, being tinged of a bright red, above which was a soft light blue, passing, by an imperceptible gradation, into a delicate, greenish hue.

"17th November.—This evening, the officers performed the two farces of 'Raising the Wind,' and the 'Mock Doctor,' for the amusement of the ships' companies.

"23rd November.—In the evening, the Aurora Borealis made its appearance in the N. W.; vivid coruscations shooting at times across the zenith to the opposite horizon. The gold leaf of the Electrometer was not perceptibly affected by it.

"2nd December.—This was indeed a most inclement day, the temperature of the atmosphere having, for the first time, fallen to 27 degrees below Zero.

"20th December.—A rare phenomenon was noticed at 7 A. M. by the officer of the watch, namely, that the moon in rising had assumed the appearance of two. On hearing this, I went on deck, and saw an inverted image of the moon below, and nearly touching that luminary, which was about half a degree high at the time, thus:—

Mr. Scallon, the gunner, told me that the image had at first been as distinct as the moon itself, and it was nearly so when I saw it. This phenomenon continued about five minutes, with very clear weather at the time.

"17th December.—Another play, the 'Poor Gentleman,' was performed by the officers in so admirable and feeling a manner, as to excite uncommon interest among the men, and to convince me more than ever of the utility of our theatrical amusements.

"24th December.—In the evening, being Christmas-eve, the ships' companies were amused by the officers performing the two farces of 'A Rowland for an Oliver,' and the 'Mayor of Garratt.'

"25th December.—On Christmas-day, divine service on board the Fury was attended by the officers and crews of both ships. A certain increase was also made in the allowance of provisions, to enable the people to partake of Christmas festivities to the utmost extent which our situation and means would allow; and the day was marked by the most cheerful hilarity, accompanied by the utmost regularity and good order. Among the luxuries which our Christmas dinner afforded, was that of a joint of English roast beef, of which a few quarters had been preserved for such occasions, by rubbing the outside with salt, and hanging it on deck, covered with canvass. The low latitude in which our last summer's navigation was performed, would have rendered its preservation doubtful without salt.

"30th December.—This evening Mr. Fisher and myself remarked, that Sirius, which was nearly on the meridian at the time, exhibited the most beautiful violet and blue colours that can be imagined. The violet was to the westward, which was the direction in which the moon was, and the Aurora was playing about at the time. I thought I had never before seen any thing so brilliant: the play of prismatic colours in a cut diamond comes the nearest to it.

"What with reading, writing, making and calculating observations, observing the various natural phenomena, and taking the exercise necessary to preserve our health, nobody, I believe, ever felt any symptoms of *ennui* during our continuance in winter quarters.

"Among the recreations which afforded the highest gratification to several among us, I may mention the musical parties we were enabled to muster, and which assembled on stated evenings throughout the winter, alternately in Captain Lyon's cabin and my own. More skilful amateurs in music might well have smiled at these, our humble concerts; but it will not incline them to think less of the science they admire to be assured that, in these remote and desolate regions of the globe, it has often furnished us with the most pleasurable sensations which our situation was capable of affording: for, independently of the mere gratification afforded to the ear by music, there is, perhaps, scarcely a person in the world really fond of it, in whose mind its sound is not more or less connected with 'his far-distant home.' There are always some remembrances which render them inseparable; and those associations are not to be despised which, while we are engaged in the performance of our duty, can still occasionally transport us into the social circle of our friends at home, in spite of the oceans that roll between us.

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"With our time thus occupied, our comforts so abundant, and the prospect to sea-ward so enlivening, it would indeed have been our own faults had we felt any thing but enjoyment in our present state, and the most lively hopes and expectations for the future.

"12th January, 1822.—Some port-wine, which was stowed in bins in the slop-room, having a week or two before been found partially frozen, a further examination took place on the 12th, when two or three bottles were found broken, and the wine entirely frozen in their lamina, not unlike the plates of white mica, and from one-eighth to two-eighths of an inch in thickness.

"White wine was frozen into one mass, retaining its colour and translucency, and assuming the appearance of very clear amber.

"22d January.—'Raising the Wind,' and the 'Sleep Walker,' were performed: the ships' companies testified the gratification which they had derived in their own way, namely, by three hearty cheers at the fall of the curtain; and the officers, I am confident, considered their trouble more than repaid by this expression of the men's feelings.

"25th January.—A flock of nearly two hundred long-tailed ducks were swimming about in the open water to the S. E. of the point.

"30th May.—The first five grouse were killed: these birds were entirely white in their plumage, except near the tip of the tail, where the feathers were of a glossy black. They were in very good condition, and weighed from seventeen to eighteen ounces each. Several ducks and silvery gulls were also seen, and Mr. Fife fired at a swan.

"31st May.—We were not the only inhabitants of these regions that seemed to think it high time for the summer to have arrived, for there was to-day quite a general muster of the birds about Winter Island. A great many ducks and silvery gulls, two swans, two pair of ring plovers, several ravens and grouse were seen, besides the usual flocks of the cheerful little snow buntings. Mr. Ross killed a swan, and a pair of grouse; the former of these was quite black, and one of the latter, a female bird, had a few speckled feathers on each wing, the tail being black near the tip. Captain Lyon was out for several hours with his gun, and met with eight rein-deer, but found them too wild to be approached.

"29th June.—A number of plants were now appearing in flower: among those specimens of the potentilla nivea, saxifraga cæspitosa, draba alpina, and oxytropis arctica, had been procured within the last three or four days.

"The Esquimaux at Igloolik were at one time rather badly off for food, in consequence of the winds having been unfavourable for their fishery; but this had only occurred two or three times in the course of the winter, and never so much as to occasion any great distress. It is certain, indeed, that the quantity of meat which they procured between the 1st of October, 1822, and 1st April, 1823, was sufficient to have furnished about double the population of working people, who were moderate eaters, and had any idea of providing for a future day; but to individuals who can demolish four or five pounds at a sitting, and at least ten in the course of a day, and who never bestow a thought on to-morrow, at least with a view to provide for it by economy, there is scarcely any supply which could secure them from occasional scarcity. It is highly probable, that the alternate feasting and fasting to which the gluttony and improvidence of these people so constantly subject them, may have occasioned many of the complaints that proved fatal during the winter.

"Lest it should be thought that this account is exaggerated, I may here state, that, as a matter of curiosity, we one day tried how much a lad, scarcely full-grown, would, if freely supplied, consume in this way. The undermentioned articles were weighed before being given to him; he was twenty hours in getting through them, and certainly did not consider the quantity extraordinary:—

	lb.	oz.
Sea-horse flesh, hard frozen,	4	4
Ditto, boiled, - - -	4	4
Bread, and bread-dust, -	1	12
Total of solids, -	10	4

The fluids were in fair proportion, viz:—

Rich gravy soup	1½ pint
Raw spirits -	3 wine glasses.
Strong grog -	1 tumbler.
Water - -	1 gallon 1 pint.

"It was with extreme difficulty that these people had imbibed any correct idea of the superiority of rank possessed by some individuals among us; and when at length they came into this idea, they naturally measured our respective importance by the riches they supposed each to possess. The ships they considered as a matter of course to belong to Captain Lyon and myself; and on this account distinguished them by the names of *Lyon-oomiak*, and *Paree-oomiak*; but they believed that the boats, and other parts of the furniture were the property of various other

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individuals among us; they were therefore not a little surprised to be seriously assured, that neither the one nor the other belonged to any of us, but to a much richer and more powerful person, to whom we all paid respect and obedience, and at whose command we had come to visit and enrich the *Innues*, *(Esquimaux)*. Ewerat, on account of his steadiness and intelligence, as well as the interest with which he listened to any thing relating to *Kabloonas*, *(Europeans)* was particularly fit to receive information of this nature; and a general chart of the Atlantic ocean, and of the lands on each side, immediately conveyed to his mind an idea of the distance we had come, and the direction in which our home lay. This, and similar information was received by Ewerat and his wife with the most eager astonishment, and interest, not merely displayed in the '*Hei-ya!*' which constitutes the usual extent of Esquimaux admiration, but evidently enlarging their notions respecting the other parts of the world, and creating in them ideas which could never before have entered into their minds. By way of trying their inclinations, I asked them if they would consent to leave their own country, and taking with them their children, go to live in ours, where they would see no more *Innues*, and never eat any more seal or walrus. To all this they willingly agreed, and with an earnestness that left no doubt of their sincerity: Togolat adding in an emphatic manner, '*Shagloo ooagoot mao*,' *(we do not tell a falsehood)*, an expression of peculiar force among them.

"The eagerness with which they assented to this proposal made me almost repent my curiosity, and I was glad to get out of the scrape by saying, that the great personage of whom I had spoken, would not be pleased at my taking them home without having first obtained his permission. Information of the kind alluded to was subsequently given to many of the other Esquimaux, some of whom could at length pronounce the name of 'King George,' so as to be tolerably intelligible."

ENTERTAINMENTS IN CHILI.

As soon as the despatches were sent off, I paid a visit to a Chilian family of my acquaintance, and immediately on my entering the drawing-room, the lady of the house, and one of her daughters, each presented me with a rose, apologizing, at the same time, for having omitted to do so before. This custom of presenting strangers with a flower prevails in all Spanish countries, and is one of an extensive class of minute attentions, which the Spaniards and their descendants understand better than any other nations. The favour itself is nothing; indeed, it seems essential to the civility that it should be a mere trifle; the merit lies in the unaffected and simple expression of good will and kindness which, while it really obliges, is of a nature to impose no obligation.

The Chilians are fond of making picnic parties, to dine in the country, at any spot which may suit them during an excursion, and to-day I happened to fall in with some friends bent on such an expedition, all crowded into a careta or covered waggon, on its way to the hills: as they wanted one more cavallero, I was well pleased to be permitted to join them. We reached the destined spot in safety, though sufficiently jolted, and well nigh deafened by the creaking sound of the wheels, which, like those in Spain, are kept purposely without grease, in order, it is said, by this clumsy device, to prevent smuggling—since no cart or waggon can pass within half a league of a custom-house officer without calling his attention to the spot.

I went in the evening to visit a family in the Almendral, or great suburb of Valparaiso. The ladies were ranged, as usual, along the wall, in a compact line, with their shawls drawn over the head and across the chin, so as nearly to conceal the face. One young lady played the harp, another the guitar, while some occasionally joined with their shrill voices in singing the patriotic songs of the day. Others were chatting, or working, and the evening was passing away pleasantly enough, when, without any apparent cause, the whole party jumped up, cast away their music and work, and flew in in the most frantic style out of the house, screaming aloud, *misericordia! misericordia!* beating their breasts at the same time, and looking terrified beyond description. I was astonished at all this, but followed the company into the street, calling out *misericordia* as loud as any of them. It was a bright moonlight evening, and the street, from end to end, was filled with people; some, only half-dressed, having just leaped from their beds—children, snatched from their sleep, were crying in all directions—many carried lights in their hands—in short, such a scene of wild confusion and alarm was never seen, and all apparently occasioned by a spontaneous movement, without any visible motive. After standing in the street for about a minute, the whole crowd turned round again and ran into their houses, so that, in the course of a few seconds, the hubbub was stilled, and not

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a mortal was to be seen. I now begged to know the cause of this amazing commotion, having a vague idea of its forming some part of a religious ceremony, when, to my surprise, I learned that it had been produced by an earthquake, so severe, that the people had been afraid of the houses tumbling about their ears, and had run into the open street to avoid the danger; for my part, I was totally unconscious of any motion, nor did I hear the sound, which they described as unusually loud. On mentioning this fact afterwards in company, I was assured, that for a considerable period after the arrival of foreigners, they are in like manner insensible to shocks, which a native can at once distinguish. It may be mentioned also, as an unusual effect of experience, that the sensation of alarm, caused by feeling an earthquake, goes on augmenting instead of diminishing, and that one who at first ridicules the terrors of the inhabitants, comes eventually to be even more frightened than they are.

PERUVIAN DINNER.

We sat down to dinner, a very merry party, the master of the house insisting upon my taking the head of the table; a custom, he said, that could by no means be dispensed with. The first dish which was placed on the table was bread soup, exceedingly good, and cooked either with fish or meat, a distinction so immaterial, we thought, that our surprise was considerable when we observed a gentleman of the party start up, and, with a look as if he had swallowed poison, exclaim, "O Lord, there is fish in the soup!" and while we were wondering at this exclamation, our friend ran off to the kitchen to interrogate the cook. He returned with a most woe-begone look, and finished his plate of soup as if it had been the last he was ever to taste. A feeling of delicacy prevented our asking questions, although our curiosity was raised to the highest pitch, by observing the gentleman touch nothing else, but literally go without his dinner. It was Friday, and it was in Lent, which might have accounted for his horror at meat; but it was fish which had shocked him; besides, we saw the rest of the company eating both without scruple, which puzzled us exceedingly, and the more so as the self-denying individual was a very sensible man, and showed no other symptoms of eccentricity. We at last discovered that he had, for some reason or other, come under a religious engagement not to eat both fish and flesh, though the South Americans are permitted to do so, by an express bull in their favour, and it so happened, that he had set his fancy this day most particularly on a meat dish close to him, never dreaming of what had been put into the soup; fish once tasted, however, his feast was at an end, and he kept his vow in a manner worthy of an anchorite.

THEATRE AT LIMA.

The theatre which was opened during the festivities upon the accession of the new Viceroy, was of rather a singular form, being a long oval, the stage occupying the greater part of one side, by which means the front boxes were brought close to the actors. The audience in the pit was composed exclusively of men, and that in the galleries of women, a fashion borrowed, I believe, from Madrid, the intermediate space being divided into several rows of private boxes. Between the acts, the Viceroy retires to the back seat of his box, which being taken as a signal that he may be considered as absent, every man in the pit draws forth his steel and flint, lights his segar, and puffs away furiously, in order to make the most of his time, for when the curtain rises, and the Viceroy again comes forward, there can no longer be any smoking, consistently with Spanish etiquette. The sparkling of so many flints at once, which makes the pit look as if a thousand fireflies had been let loose, and the cloud of smoke rising immediately afterwards and filling the house, are little circumstances which strike the eye of a stranger as being more decidedly characteristic than incidents really important. I may add, that the gentlemen in the boxes also smoke on these occasions; and I once fairly detected a lady taking a sly whiff behind her fan. The Viceroy's presence or absence, however, produces no change in the gallery aloft, where the goddesses keep up an unceasing fire during the whole evening.

PERUVIAN BALL.

A strange custom prevails every where in this country at balls, public as well as private. Ladies of all ranks, who happen not to be invited, come in disguise, and stand at the windows, or in the passages, and often actually enter the ball-room. They are called Tapadas, from their faces being covered, and their object is, to observe the proceedings of their unconscious friends, whom they torment by malicious speeches, whenever they are within hearing. At the palace, on Sunday evening, the Tapadas were somewhat less forward than usual; but at the Cabildo, or magistrates' ball, given previously, the lower part of the room was filled with them, and they kept up a con-

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stant fire of jests at the gentlemen near the bottom of the dance.

Capt. Hall's Journal.

Scientific Amusements.

No. IV.

The Frosted Branch.

TAKE a large glass jar, and turn its mouth downwards upon a brick or tile; the jar to have fastened at its bottom (now its upper side), a branch or sprig of any shrub, as myrtle or rosemary, quite fresh, and damped with water. Then, upon a piece of hot iron throw some bits of gum-benzoin, place the iron at the same moment underneath your jar, when the white fumes of the benzoin will ascend, and remain attached to the branch or sprig, beautifully covering it all over with white particles, like the hoar frost of winter: the access of atmospheric air, however, would soon decompose the acid, and must, therefore, be excluded.

Arbor Martis, or Iron Tree.

IN strong aqua-fortis dissolve steel-filings till the acid is tolerably well saturated therewith. Add thereto gradually a solution of fixed alkali, or oil of tartar, *per deliquium*. An effervescence accompanies each admixture; in the latter the iron, instead of falling to the bottom of your vessel, will ascend, covering the sides thereof, and forming a great number of curious ramifications heaped one upon another, until they pass over the edge of the vessel, in the form of an over luxuriant plant.

The Silver Tree, in a Glass Frame.

DISSOLVE silver in aqua-fortis. Put a few drops thereof on a square of glass, and lay thereon small wire of copper or brass, previously formed into the shape of a tree with its branches. After lying an hour or two, a beautiful white vegetation will be perceptible round the wire, which will be partly covered therewith. Then wash it carefully with water, put over another square of glass, apply a frame deep enough to take the thickness of both, and you will thus have a pleasing ornament for a sitting-room.

Luminous Bottle, or Watch Light.

A BIT of phosphorus, the size of a pea, is to be put into a long glass phial, and boiling oil poured carefully over it, till the phial is one-third filled. The phial must be carefully corked, and when used, should be unstopped a moment to admit the external air, and closed again. The empty space of the phial will then appear luminous, and give as much light as a dull ordinary lamp, and just sufficient to see the face of a watch. Each time that the light disappears, on removing the stopper it will instantly re-appear. In cold weather the bottle should be warmed in the hands before the stopper is removed. A phial thus prepared may be used every night for six months.

Curious Percussion Experiment.

IF a blacksmith strikes his anvil with a hammer, action and re-action are equal, the anvil striking the hammer as forcibly as the hammer strikes the anvil. If the anvil be large enough, a man may place it on his breast, and suffer another person to strike it with all his force, without sustaining any injury, because the *vis inertiæ* in the anvil will resist the force of the blow; but if the anvil be too small, the blow will be fatal.

The Novelist.

No. LII.

FLOR SILIN.

A RUSSIAN TALE.—BY KARAMSIN.

LET Virgil celebrate the fame of Augustus! let the eloquence of flatterers glorify the sublime qualities of the great;—I will proclaim the renown of the worthy *Flor Silin*, who, though only a *peasant*, was withal a *noble man*; and in an unadorned relation of his actions shall his fame alone consist!

I cannot at this moment reflect without the most painful feelings, on that dreadful year, which is known in the vicinity of the Lower Wolga by the name of the *Famine-year*. With sorrow I remember the summer, in which, during a long continued drought, the parched fields were only watered by the tears of the unfortunate peasantry. I shudder when I think of the autumn, when naught but the sighs of the distracted villagers at the sight of their empty barns was heard, instead of the usual songs of joy after an abundant harvest; and horror seizes me, whenever I recall to my remembrance the misery of that winter, when whole families left their habitations and passed day and night under the canopy of heaven, in defiance of cold, as beggars on the highways. I will no longer torture the heart

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f the feeling reader, by more minutely depicting these shocking scenes.—I then resided on an estate not far from Simbirsk, where, though yet a child, I felt my share of the universal want, and the sufferings of my brothers filled my heart with anguish.

In a neighbouring village lived Flor Silin, an industrious peasant, who cultivated his acres much better than his neighbours, for which reason he had always the richest harvest, and never had occasion to sell all his corn. The dry season came, and all the inhabitants of the village, Flor Silin alone excepted, were reduced to beggary. Yet was not industry his only virtue. Instead of taking advantage of the general distress, and selling his superfluous grain at an advanced price, he assembled the poorest of his neighbours, and thus addressed them: "Hark ye! my brethren; you are in want of corn, I have more than sufficient; help me to thresh out some measures, and every one take as much as he has occasion for."—The peasants were quite thunderstruck; for noble sentiments are equally uncommon in a village, as in a city.

The report of Silin's benevolence spread through the whole vicinity, and the impoverished peasants from all the neighbouring villages came also to him, and begged for corn. The worthy Silin received them as brothers, and as long as he had any remaining rejected no one's petition. "At this rate," said his wife, "we shall, at last, have none ourselves." "In the Bible," answered Silin, "it is written, Give, and it shall be given unto you."

The following year, God heard the entreaties of the poor, and blessed the harvest. The peasants, to whom Silin had given corn, now came, to pay their debts with interest. With tears in their eyes, they said to him; "Us and our children you have saved from perishing with hunger, and God alone can reward you for the noble deed—we can only pay that part of our debt with thanks."—"I am not at present in want of grain, my dear friends," answered Silin; "the harvest has turned out well with me. Return thanks to God; for *He* it was that relieved you in your misery, not I, a poor impotent individual." In vain the debtors pressed it on him. "No," said he, "I will not take your corn. But if you have a superfluity, share it with those unfortunate beings who, not possessing the means to sow their fields last harvest, now suffer from want. There are many of them in the neighbourhood. Let us help them, my dear brethren, and God will bless us."—"Yes, that we will," returned the affected peasants, "we will divide this corn among the poor, and tell them, that 'tis you they must thank for the benefit; and at the same time bid them join us and our children in prayers to God for you."—Silin raised his tearful eyes towards heaven, but his feelings no pen can portray.

At another time, fourteen cottages being burnt down in a neighbouring village, Silin sent each of the sufferers two rubles and a scythe.

Soon after, a whole village was burnt down, and the poor inhabitants who had nearly lost their all, took refuge with the worthy Silin; but his former benefits had disabled him from giving them assistance equal to his wishes. He was without money. "Yet," said he, "there is a horse, which at present I do not much want. Take it, and sell it."

For two female slaves, whom he had bought in the name of his landlord, he procured freedom, kept them as his own daughters, and afterwards gave them good portions.

If thou yet tarriest upon earth, thou philanthropist, *Flor Silin*, if thou hast not departed for a better country, and one more worthy of thee, where the hand of the Almighty will raise thee far above many kings and princes, thou art certainly still doing good to thy fellow-creatures, and gaining a higher place in heaven. If ever I return to that country of which thou art the best ornament, with reverence shall I approach thy cottage, and in thy person pay homage to humanity and virtue; but if thou art no longer in existence, I will visit thy grave, and water it with my tears. A stone shall cover thy vault, and I will engrave on it with my own hands: "*Here rest in peace the remains of a Noble Man.*"

Miscellanies.

RUSTIC BRAVERY.

In the campaign of 1621, it was the intention of the Spanish general to possess himself of a walled village in the Palatinate, named Oggersheim, and he sallied from his quarters, at the head of a large body of troops, for this purpose. On the first alarm nine-tenths of the inhabitants removed to Manheim, leaving behind only about twenty old persons and a poor shepherd, who, besides being a brave fellow, was a man of some humour. The shepherd in good time fastened the gates, pulled up the drawbridge, and made a wonderful shew of resistance. A trumpeter summoned the town in form; on which the few remaining inhabitants

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escaped through a postern gate, and left only the shepherd and shepherdess, who was *enceinte*. The peasant, having slipped on the old coat of an officer, gave audience from the walls to the military herald, and, in the style of a representative of the garrison, made his bargain of capitulation inch by inch, contracting, at the same time, for the preservation of estate, and the free exercise of the Protestant religion. Let the reader judge what surprise the Spaniards felt, when, upon their entrance within the walls, they found with what a garrison they had been making a capitulation. The fellow, however, himself preserved a most inflexible gravity; and some weeks afterwards, when his wife lay in, requested the general to be sponsor. For the humour of the thing the pompous Castilian did not decline the honour, and for ever afterwards protected the child.

ANDREW.

SPANISH ETIQUETTE.*

WHEN the mother of a late King of Spain was on her road to Madrid, she passed through a little town in Spain, famous for its manufactory of gloves and stockings. The honest magistrates of the place thought they could not better express their joy for the reception of their new queen, than by presenting her with a sample of these commodities, for which alone their town was remarkable. The major-domo, who conducted the queen, received the gloves very graciously; but when the stockings were presented, he flung them away with great indignation, and severely reprimanded the magistrate for this egregious piece of indecency. "Know," says he, "that a queen of Spain has no legs." The poor young queen, who at that time understood the language but very imperfectly, and had been often frightened with stories of Spanish jealousy, imagined they were to cut off her legs; upon which she fell a crying, and begged them to conduct her back to Germany, for that she never could endure that operation; and it was with some difficulty they could appease her.—Philip IV. is said never in his life to have laughed heartily but at this story.

F. R——Y.

* See Mirror, No. 62.

THE MAID OF BALDOCK.

THIS celebrated beauty was named Mary Cornwall, and was married about nine or ten years to Henry Leonard, a carpenter, of Baldock. She has been dead between forty and fifty years, and lies buried in Baldock church-yard, where the writer has seen her grave-stone. She was of the middle size, and a fair, good-looking woman. She had one daughter, married to Joseph Green, a cooper, of Harlow Bush, in Essex. She died of a quinsy, from her inability to swallow. The song was popular in her own days, and she frequently avoided all market-places and fairs, where it was constantly sung by ballad-singers. She used to be engaged to work at plain-work in the family of Mr. Pymm, at Rodwell, and lived by her industry. Her father gave her 100*l.* or 150*l.* when she married, so that she was indebted to her merit for her celebrity.—The following is the song once so popular:

Who has e'er been at Baldock must needs know the mill,
At the sign of the Horse, at the foot of the hill,
Where the grave and the gay, the clown and the beau,
Without all distinction promiscuously go.

The man at the mill has a daughter so fair,
With so pleasing a shape, and so winning an air,
That once on the hay-field's greenbank as I stood,
I thought she was Venus just sprung from the flood.

But looking again, I perceived my mistake,
For Venus, though fair, has the look of a rake;
While nothing but virtue and modesty fill
The more beautiful looks of the lass of the mill.

Prometheus stole fire, as the poets dessay,
To enliven the mass he had modell'd of clay:
Had Mary been with him, the beam of her eye
Had sav'd him the trouble of robbing the sky.

Since first I beheld this dear lass of the mill,
I can never be quiet do whate'er I will;
All day and all night I sigh and think still,
I shall die if I have not the lass of the mill.

HOT CROSS BUNS.

THE custom of crying "hot cross buns" in London and in many parts of England, on Good Friday, is thought to have had its origin, anterior to the solemn event of which this day is in commemoration. The Greeks were accustomed to present to the gods a kind of consecrated bread, purchased at the gates of the temples. One species of this bread is said to have been called by them *boun*, which Hesychius describes as a kind of cake with horns; and another ancient author describes its composition to have been of fine flour and honey. The prophet Jeremiah notices this kind of offering, when speaking of the Jewish women falling into idolatry in Egypt.

Formerly, a cake was in much request on this day, called water cakes, composed of flour and water only; but, to compensate for the want of flavour, the tops of the cakes were smeared with turmeric, which made them of a fine yellow colour. These have given way to the sweet cross-buns.

Although the custom of having hot

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cross buns for breakfast, on Good Friday, prevails in some parts of the country, yet it is in London that it is most rigidly adhered to; and poor, indeed, must that family be, that is doomed to pass the day without the accustomed treat. The pastry-cooks never think of selling any thing else but buns on Good Friday, and from break of day until midnight, the cries of —"one a-penny buns; two a-penny buns; one a-penny, two a-penny, hot cross buns," re-echoes through the streets of the metropolis. The grand mart, however, is at Chelsea; the Bun-House there, on Good Friday, affords quite a treat to the cocknies, and is recommended to all strangers as one of the "sights of London." The shop is literally besieged the whole day, and, notwithstanding the presence of a number of constables to keep order, it requires the utmost exertion to get near enough to the window to obtain a supply of the favourite cakes. These buns have afforded a competency, and even wealth to four generations of the same family; and it is singular, that their delicate flavour, lightness, and richness, have never been successfully imitated. In this house are mementos of domestic events, in the first half of the last century. The bottle conjuror is exhibited in a toy of his own age; portraits are also displayed of Duke William and other noted personages. The model of a British soldier, in the stiff costume of the same age, and some grotto works, serve to indicate the taste of a former owner, and were, perhaps, intended to rival the neighbouring exhibition at Don Saltero's.

The present proprietor of the Chelsea Bun-House, relates, with exultation, that George II. had often been a customer at the shop; and that his late Majesty, when Prince George, and often during his reign, had stopped and purchased his buns. The late Queen, and all the Princes and Princesses, have also been among his occasional customers.

ALL HUMBUG.

When Stephen Kemble was manager in Newcastle, and the houses were rather flat, no less a personage arrived in town than Prince Annamaboo, who offered his services for a very moderate consideration. Accordingly the bills of the day announced, "that between the Acts of the Play, Prince Annamaboo would give a lively representation of the scalping operation; he would likewise give the Indian war-whoop, in all its various tones, the tomahawk exercise, and the mode of feasting at an Abyssinian banquet." The evening arrived, and many people attended to witness these princely imitations. At the end of the third Act, his Highness walked forward with dignified step, flourishing his tomahawk, and cutting the air, exclaiming, "Ha, ha—ho, ho!" Next entered a man with his face blackened, and a piece of bladder fastened to his head with gum: the Prince, with a large carving-knife, commenced his scalping operation, which he performed in a style truly imperial, holding up the skin in token of triumph. Next came the war-whoop, which was a combination of dreadful and discordant sounds: lastly, the Abyssinian banquet, consisting of raw beef-steaks; these he made into rolls, as large as his mouth would admit, and devoured them in a princely and dignified manner. Having completed his cannibal repast, he flourished his tomahawk, exclaiming "Ha, ha—ho, ho!" and made his exit. Next day, the manager, in the middle of the market-place, espied the most puissant Prince of Annamaboo selling pen-knives, scissars, and quills, in the character of a Jew pedlar. "What!" said Kemble, "my Prince, is that you! Are you not a pretty Jewish scoundrel to impose upon us in this manner?" Moses turned round, and with an arch look replied, "Prince be d—d, I vash no Prince; I vash acting like you. You vash Kings, Princes, Emperors to-day—Stephen Kemble to-morrow; I vash humpug—you vash humpug—all vash humpug."

Useful Domestic Hints.

PRECAUTIONS TO BE TAKEN IN A THUNDER STORM.

Ferguson, in his introduction to Electricity, says, "persons who are fond of shooting ought never to go out with their guns when there is any appearance of thunder, for as all metal attracts the lightning, if it should happen to break upon the gun barrel, the man who carries the gun would be in the most imminent danger of his life. If he see a thunder cloud near him, the best thing he could do would be to set the gun upright in the ground against any thing that would keep it in that position, and run from it as fast as possible; and then, if the thunder should happen to break upon the gun-barrel, it would run down thereby to the the ground.

"As water is a conductor of lightning, a person whose hat and clothes are well wetted will be in less danger from lightning that may break upon his head, because most of it will run down to the ground by his wet clothes. No person ought to go near trees, or stand below

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their tops in the time of thunder, for if it should happen to break upon the top of the tree under which he stands, the tree would conduct the lightning to his body. When it thunders, people in a room should keep as far from the walls as possible, especially from that wall in which the chimney is, because, when lightning comes down a chimney, it generally spreads about the adjoining wall. And it would be advisable for them to put the money out of their pockets. In short, they should have no kind of metal about them if they can help it." J. A. C.

RECIPE FOR BURNS AND SCALDS.

TAKE an equal weight of coarse brown sugar and good sized onions, shred and beat them together in a mortar to a pulp, and lay on the part affected. In violent cases it will be necessary to repeat the above poultice daily. HENRI.

TO DISTINGUISH A SOLUTION OF EPSOM SALTS FROM A SOLUTION OF OXALIC ACID.

1. TASTE the solution; Epsom salts are bitter; oxalic acid extremely sour.—2. Pour a little tincture of litmus into the solution: if Epsom salt be present, the blue will be turned to red.—3. Tincture of cabbage, or any other vegetable infusion, or a slip of litmus test-paper, are all acted upon by the acid, (which changes their colours), but not by the salt.—What a pity it is, that people should poison themselves by swallowing the acid instead of the salt, when the method of distinguishing them is so easy!—*Chemical Recreations.*

FOR WASHING CHINTZ, SO AS TO PRESERVE ITS GLOSS AND BEAUTY.

TAKE two pounds of rice, and boil it in two gallons of water till soft; when done, pour the whole into a tub; let it stand till about the warmth you in general use for coloured linens; then put your chintz in, and use the rice instead of soap; wash it in this, till the dirt appears to be out; then boil the same quantity as above, but strain the rice from the water, and mix it in warm, clear water. Wash in this till quite clean; afterwards rinse it in the water you have boiled your rice in, and this will answer the end of starch, and no dew will affect it, as it will be stiff as long as you wear it. If a gown it must be taken to pieces; and when dried, be careful to hang it as smooth as possible;—after it is dry, rub it with a sleek stone, but use no iron.

FOR A COUGH.

OXYMEL of squills, two ounces; syrup of poppies, one ounce: two tea spoonsful thrice a day.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

ECONOMICAL ADVICE.

QUIN meeting two coxcombs one day in
Pall-Mall,
Observ'd, with regret, that they both
look'd unwell;
"Indeed you judge right," replied one,
"you must know,
Our physician advis'd, and to-morrow
we go
Out of town to enjoy the pure air, and to
drink
Asses' milk every morning for breakfast."
"I think
A much shorter method I could recommend,"
Said Quin very drily, "to you and your
friend;"
'To drink it in London?"—"How so?"
said the other;
"Stay at home," he replied, "you may
suck one another."

W. S.

IRISH ADVICE.

"O, dear Mamma," said little Ann,
"The ice I was induc'd to take
By that kind Irish gentleman,
Has really made my stomach ache."
"My dearest love, then, take advice,"
Her mother said; "I'm sure you will;
Don't eat another glass of ice
Without first *taking off the chill.*"

THE TWENTY-FIFTH OF MARCH.

BY A TENANT.

THAT when a lady's in the case,
All other things of course give place,*
Was once a doubt with me, friend Gay;
But *Lady-Day* the fact explains,
Who never comes but she distrains,
And *carries all my things away!*

* Gay's Fables.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

When some of our more recent contributors are informed, that we are now inserting communications which we have had by us for several months, they will, we hope, be less clamorous for the appearance of their own favours; and such is the case.

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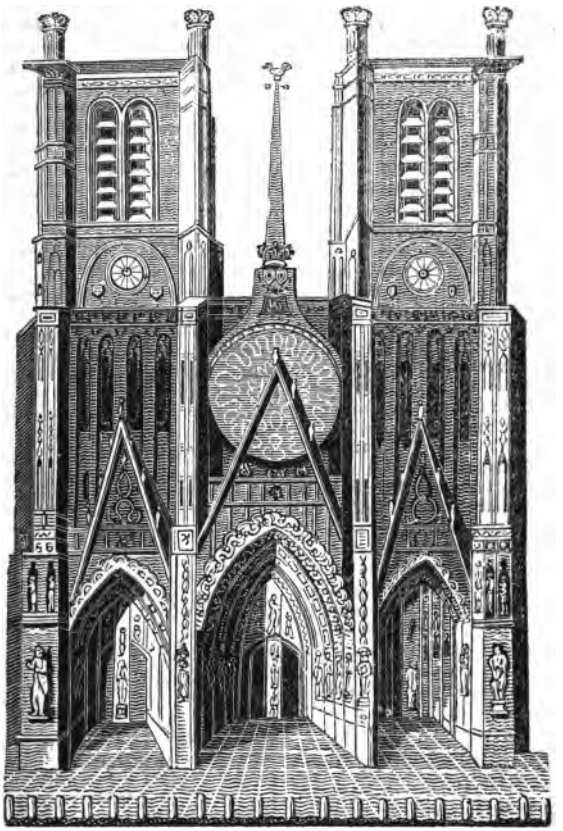
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. LXXXII.] SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1824. [Price 2*d*.

The Cathedral of Troyes.



The Cathedral of Troyes, of which we present a spirited engraving from an ancient view by Silvestre, is a magnificent building, and of great antiquity. The exterior is particularly rich in ornament; and the front view with the two towers and the spire has a very imposing effect: the interior has a neat and venerable appearance.

The town of Troyes, which is the capital of the department of the Aube, in France, is very ancient, and was celebrated in the middle ages for its great fairs, where merchandize was sold by Troyes or Troy weight, (whence the name has been derived). Troyes is also celebrated as the place where Henry V. signed a treaty with Charles, king of France, to whom he gave peace in exchange for his daughter Katherine, an event which is noticed by Shakspeare in his play of Henry V. This treaty which is called the "Treaty of Troye" is a very memorable one, since it recognized the claim and title of Henry V. to the crown of France, as will be seen by the following clauses.

"Article VI. After the death of king Charles, the crown of France with all its rights and dominions shall remain to the king of England and his heirs.

"Article VII. As the king of France is frequently rendered, by his infirmity, in-

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capable to reign, the king of England shall from this day be regent of the kingdom, and govern it according to justice and equity, with the advice of the princes, peers, barons, and nobles of the kingdom."

This treaty was signed the 21st of May, 1420. During the memorable campaign of 1814, Troyes was taken by the allies, retaken by Buonaparte, and again occupied by the allies. It contains a population of 27,000 persons.

PERAMBULATION OF PARISHES IN ROGATION WEEK.*

(For the Mirror.)

THE perambulating of the boundaries in Rogation week is of very ancient origin, and is one of those old usages which is still retained by the reformed church. Previous to the Reformation, the parochial perambulations were attended with great abuses, and, therefore, when processions were forbidden, the useful part only of them was retained. We appear to have derived it from the French, for we find that Mamertus, bishop of Vienna, first ordered them to be observed about the middle of the fifth century, upon the prospect of some particular calamity that threatened his diocese.† In Gibson's Codes of Ecclesiastical Law we find, that, by an injunction of Queen Elizabeth, it was ordered, "that the people shall, once a-year, at the time accustomed, with the curate and substantial men of the parish, walk about the parishes as they were accustomed, and, at their return to church, make their common prayers, provided that the curate, in the said common perambulation as heretofore, in the days of rogations, at certain convenient places, shall admonish the people to give God thanks in the beholding of God's benefits for the increase and abundance of his fruits upon the face of the earth, with the saying of the 104th Psalm, &c.: at which time also the said minister shall inculcate this and such like sentences, 'Cursed be he which translateth the bounds and doles of his neighbour,' or such other order of prayer as shall be hereafter appointed." There does not, however, appear to be any law by which the observance of this custom can be enforced, nor can the ecclesiastical judges oblige the churchwardens to go their bounds. This is a growing evil, which can only be remedied by an act of Parliament.

Parishes in London generally have their bounds perambulated yearly; but many large parishes, on account of the inconvenience, have their bounds perambulated only once in six or seven years, or as custom of the parish leads them. Many distant villages, and remote from London, seldom, if ever, perambulate. Lambeth, a very large parish, has its bounds perambulated every seven years.

Dr. Lysons, in his Environs of London, "Middlesex," vol. iii. p. 80, states, that the parochial perambulation existed some little time before the Reformation; and gives a full account of a fray and dispute with respect to boundary, between the perambulators of Isleworth and Heston, parishes in Middlesex, which, perhaps, though lengthy, may hereafter not be unacceptable to your readers.

PAULINUS.

* See *Mirror*, No. 29, for an account of this custom.

† Le Comte Annal. Eccles. France. tom. 1. p. 285.

LIFE IS A CHASE.

No one simile so well exemplifies human life as that of a chase. The hunter's rising early in the morning, his anticipating, in idea, the pleasures of the chase, his impatience till he finds the game, are not ill emblems of a young man just entering upon life, elate with hope, impetuous, and ever in quest of new adventures. As in life, so in the chase, there are the pursuers and the pursued, or the oppressors and the oppressed.

"Beasts their fellow-beasts pursue,
And learn of man each other to undo."

The different dispositions and capacities of men, seem to be properly enough displayed by the difference of steeds on which the sportsmen are mounted. There are your steeds of strength, fit to carry weight, slow and sure, resembling your men of phlegm and gravity, calculated for the drudgery of business. There are your high bred, high mettled tits, that beat the field with a light weight, and above ground, not unlike your men of genius, whose imagination will make wonderful excursions; "will glance from earth to heaven, from heaven to earth," but cannot brook the fatigue of a long or close application. In short, there is as much variety in horses as men, and as little judging of one as the other by appearances. The nature of the passions is admirably well held forth by a pack of dogs. When the game is first started, the dogs commonly pursue it for some time with great impetuosity, which sportsmen term a burst. This is commonly succeeded by cold hunting: thus when the violence of passion is abated, consideration takes place. Sometimes indeed the chase is nothing more than an arrant burst; and how many men, or rather bipeds, are there, so eagerly bent upon

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the gratification of their passions, that they hurry themselves out of life, without ever giving themselves time to think? the office of the huntsman seems to be parallel to that of reason. It is his part to encourage, or check the dogs, as he sees occasion, to remark their good or bad qualities, to pay due regard to those which he can confide in, and to give those that he cannot, the discipline of the whip. It is hers to observe the good or bad tendency of the passions, to encourage their virtuous, to check their vicious propensities, and to keep them all within their proper bounds. Man (it is true) meets with numberless misfortunes, but does he meet with more than the hunter? or is his happiness more precarious? what set of men suffer more than the hunters, from the inclemency of the weather? when the weather will permit them to hunt, how frequently are they disappointed of game? if they find game, what number of causes frequently concur to prevent its pursuit? if a bad scenting day, the dogs cannot run; if they run, what accidents is the sportsman subject to? with some, their horses tumble, others tumble off their horses. Sometimes their horses are tired, sometimes bemired. In short, if we view the chase, as we frequently do life, only on the dark side, we are apt to exclaim in a moralizing strain, that the hunter as well as man, is "of few days, and full of trouble." But place them in another light, and view them only on their bright sides, or through the medium of a flowing bowl, we then join in the jolly chorus, "Who are so happy, so happy as we." Does not the same generous emulation that fires the man, animate the hunter? how jealously do they strive to outstrip each other in the field? nor can it be denied that this generous emulation sometimes degenerates into envy. The more disingenuous will secretly chuckle, when they see a brother in tribulation, or ingloriously lagging behind; others repine at the chosen few whose lot it is to come in before themselves at the end of the chase. It must be confessed, the pursuits of mankind are so numerous, that we cannot find a parallel for them all among hunters.

But the resemblance of the hunter and man is in no instance more striking, than in the conclusion of their respective pursuits. They are equally enraptured upon success, and chagrined upon disappointment. In either case they seem to have equal reason on their side, the objects of their pursuit being generally of equal value. If in some instances the acquisitions of the men are preferable to those of the hunter, in others, they are more prejudicial both to himself and others, so that upon the whole, he has no just reason to claim superiority in this respect. The principal and general end which both propose to themselves is, doubtless, that of killing time. Setting aside this satisfaction, after all their bustle, impatience, and fatigue, they may say with the philosopher, *cui bono?* or with the preacher, "All is vanity."

F. R——Y.

BON MOTS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—IT were a pity with a channel of celebrity so respectable as the MIRROR, that any novel *bijoux* deserving perpetuity should be limited to the scope of its utterance, which notion induces me to mention a few bon mots, vouching at the same time for their originality, and trusting the example may elicit many good sayings from others, for such are occasionally within every one's cognizance.

With thanks for the polite attention you have already shewn—your communicant subscribes herself, JANET.

THE miserable appearance of the ponys used by the post lads in their vocation to and from the grand depository of epistolary lore, led me to remark, to a friend, that their uniform proportions would lead to the conclusion, that they were all cast in the same mould, "true," he replied, "they are intended to go between the posts."

I WAS once in a party rather rudely brushed by Mr. Rogers, of punning notoriety, who was hastening to present refreshment to my sister, and on his pausing to make the amende, I told him he used me as if I was worth nothing, which apparent slight he very happily retrieved by smartly rejoining, "*You* cannot be *worthless*."

The next I scarcely know how to give you, as it may be thought rather unfeminine.

I WAS dining at an uncle's, who was a passionate votary of the Fine Arts, when the charming Marchioness of C—— became the subject of conversation; a few days previous, he had had the honour of escorting her to her carriage, which gave him an opportunity of admiring the symmetry of her leg, "ah," said my brother, "you are known to be a man of taste, and I hope," he archly added, "of *virtù* also."

A JUVENILE friend, with a propensity natural to children, amused herself with pick-

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ing the fruit from her portion of pudding, and having accomplished this pleasurable undertaking with the greatest accuracy, continued the search notwithstanding, "Betsy, my dear," replied her mamma, "you are losing time, it is *fruitless.*"

THE CHARMS OF MAY.

(For the Mirror.)

Come, smiling May, in garlands drest,
And shew thy joy-crown'd verdant crest,
In all thy sweets be seen!
Come, gayest season of the year,
In all thy varied hues appear,
Red, yellow, blue, and green.

Come, nature's harbinger of love,
And woo the blackbird, thrush, and dove,
And ev'ry bird that flies:
Come, summer's fond and blooming child,
With all thy pleasures, young and wild,
Bright days and azure skies.

Come, beauteous May! and shew thy face
To all the finny, wat'ry race,
That swim both here and there:
Come, charmer, come, and bring with thee
The butterfly and honied bee,
The rose, and lily fair.

Come, pleasing month, to man and beast,
And spread thy rich, luxurious feast
Of breathing fragrance round!
Come, bliss-born May! and with thee bring
Delight to ev'ry moving thing,
In water, air, or ground.

UTOPIA.

WINE.

(A New Song for the Mirror.)

'Tis of wine, 'tis of wine, 'tis of wine that I sing;
'Tis lik'd by the beggar, and 'tis lik'd by the king,
And its virtues are many, like the produce of Spring:
Then we'll drink, we'll drink, then we'll drink and be merry.

Its names are so various, and likewise its hues,
Resistance is useless, you cannot refuse;
But a sparkling, bright bumper directly must choose,
And drink, and drink, and drink and be merry.

It drives away sorrow, it relieves you of pain,
And gives you fresh vigour, if rightly 'tis ta'en;
Then a fool must that man be who treats with disdain,
And wont drink, wont drink, and wont drink and be merry.

Then fill fill a bumper, drink it off in a trice,
More bottles we'll empty---ne'er mind boys the price:
Here's a health to Great Britain---we'll drink to her thrice;
And we'll drink, and we'll drink, yes, drink and be merry.

D. B.

THE OLD DOG.

AFTER THE MANNER OF STERNE.

(For the Mirror.)

Shame on you! shame on you! whoe'er thou art, to use a harmless and inoffensive animal in this manner, said I, untying the string that was fastened around the neck of a poor dog, to which hung suspended a huge stone: methinks thou hast not deserved such treatment—No, said I, wiping his lean and shivering limbs, thou hast not deserved such treatment, I am sure.—Why art thou used so? Yes, yes, I know the cause of thy treatment—thou art grown old; thy looks bespeak it—thy feeble gait—thy toothless mouth—thy almost useless eyes—these, 'tis these that tell me what offence thou hast committed. Thou art grown old in the service of thy master, and now thou hast become infirm and decripit.——Thou, (oh! terrible thought!) art no longer wanted. This is the reward of thy toil and trouble!—this is your wages! but not, methinks, your deserts. Because thou hast lost thy teeth, think they thou shouldst not live?—because thy eyes have become dim—because thy limbs refuse to do their former duty—because thou art grown old—because thou art helpless and weak, think they thou shouldst no longer live? base thought!—this is their gratitude! this is their kindness! and last, not least, put a cord around thy neck, and lead thee to a watery grave! Couldst thou speak—couldst thou make known to one thy grief—couldst thou tell me of thy base usage, oh! 'twould melt the hardest heart. Callous to every tender feeling must that heart be that cannot pity the Old Dog.—But, said I, thou shalt still live; thou shall yet have the comfort—the repose—the attention which thou hast so long required, and of which thou hast so cruelly been deprived.—Yes, said I, taking him in my arms, and giving him a bit of soft bun I had, thou shalt yet live, and be attended to, and be happy.

Reader, remember the poor dog; and when called upon, do thou the same.—

TOMB OF ALFRED THE GREAT.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

Being in company with a gentleman, who resides in the neighbourhood of Driffield, either curiosity, or a better feeling, induced me to make some inquiries respecting the burial place of King Alfred. Never monarch had a more humble grave. He rests within the chancel of Little Driffield, without a stone to tell where he lies. Posthumous honours are not always equally bestowed: some who have made mankind their sport, and who have lived only to tyrannise and oppress, have their mouldering remains surrounded with the more splendid productions of art, and their *virtues*, forsooth, are recorded on the richest tablets, while Alfred, the truly

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great, and the good,—the benefactor of his country, and one of the best of kings; whose government ever blessed a people, sleeps in his grave, unhonoured with a memorial. The chancel of the little church where he reposes, is very small, and plain even to meanness, and its floor is paved with red brick. The walls are covered with white-wash, and the simple inscription informs the traveller, that

"In the chancel of this church lie the remains of Alfred, King of Northumbria, who departed this life in the year, 705."

History fixes the death of this great man in the year 901: it is, therefore, evident, that the date above quoted is erroneous, a mistake which has probably occurred in consequence of the frequent renewal of the inscription. The figures, perhaps, have been nearly obliterated, when the operation of white-washing has taken place, a mistake may thus have been unintentionally made, and an error introduced, which every future re-writing would contribute to perpetuate.

I have somewhere met with the information, that about thirty years ago, the Society of Antiquaries deputed two of their body, for the purpose of ascertaining as correctly as they could, at so remote a period of time, the fact of Alfred having been buried in the church of Little Driffield. They obtained permission to dig in the chancel, where they found a stone coffin, which contained, as they imagined, the skeleton of that excellent monarch, accompanied with part of his armour, which, in conformity with a very ancient custom, had been buried with him. A historical fragment, known only to some of the members of that Society, is said to have pointed out the place where he lay. Having accomplished the object of their journey to Driffield, they re-closed the coffin, and the grave of Alfred.

If any of your correspondents can furnish additional information on this interesting subject, many of your readers, I am persuaded, will thank them for the communication, and they will particularly oblige, Sir, Yours, &c.

T. A. C.

A RESOLUTION.

SIR,—The following lines were written by a young naval officer, who lately returned with Captain Parry's expedition. Should you judge them worthy of a place in your little journal, it will oblige, yours,

BURTO.

WITH love my breast so fiercely burn'd,
When late I landed on my native shore,
That since I find it not return'd,
I ne'er will love a woman more.

THE VESSEL COMING IN.

A SONNET.

BORNE on the mighty billows of the tide,
From distant lands the sons of ocean come
Spreading their ampleat sails, they quickly glide
Over the deep, impatient for their home.

See! on the pier,—a mother takes her stand,
With varied countenance of fear and joy,
She, in her arms, exulting, clasps her boy,
Long ere he springs on his dear native land.

The wife, the tender partner of her care
Expects,—and eager eyes the distant sail;
The prattlers point, and say, "My father's there!"
And all the infant group his coming hail.

Dear is the hope,—that on a fairer shore,
I too shall meet my friends—and part no more.

ORIGIN OF THE STUART FAMILY.

WHEN Macbeth, the tyrant of Scotland, had caused Banquo to be murdered, his son Fleance fled into Wales, and was kindly received by Gryffydh ap Llewellin, in whose court he was entertained with the warmest affection. During this time he became enamoured of Nert, the daughter of that Prince, and violated the laws of honour and hospitality, by an illicit connexion with her, the consequence of which was, that she was delivered of a son, who was called Walter. In revenge for so foul an offence, Griffydh ordered Fleance to be put to death, and reduced his daughter to the lowest servile situation, for having suffered herself to be dishonoured by a stranger. As Walter advanced in years, he became distinguished for his valour, and an elevated mind. An angry dispute having arisen between him and one of his companions, the circumstances of his birth were mentioned by his antagonist in terms of reproach, which so irritated the fiery spirit of Walter, that he instantly killed him, and, afraid of abiding the consequences of the murder, he fled into Scotland. Upon his arrival in that kingdom, he insinuated himself among the English, who were in the train of Queen Margaret, the sister of Edgar Atheling. There he soon acquired a general esteem, by his wisdom and good conduct; and his abilities unfolding as they were, employed in the public service, he was appointed Lord Steward of Scotland, and receiver of the revenues of the realm. From this office he, and his descendants, took the surname of Stuart, and from this root have sprung the royal power of that name, and many illustrious families of Scotland.—*Selected from Warrington's Wales.*

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DEATH AND LOVE.

On occasion of a Plague in Italy, which swept off all the young men, and left the old untouched.—From the Latin of Alciatus.

FROM GEOFFRY WHITNEY'S EMBLEMS.

De morte et amore: Jocosum.

TO EDWARD DYER, ESQ.

WHILE furious Mors from place to place did fly,
And here and there his fatal darts did throw;
At length he met with Cupid, passing by,
Who likewise had been busy with his bow:
Within one inn they both together stay'd,
And for one night away their shooting lay'd.
The morrow next they both away do haste,
And each by chance the other's quiver takes;
The frozen darts on Cupid's back were plac'd,
The fiery darts the lean virago shakes;
Whereby ensued such alteration strange,
As all the world did wonder at the change.
For gallant youths, whom Cupid thought to wound,
Of love and life did make an end at once;
And aged men, whom Death would bring to ground,
Began again to love, with sighs and groans.
Thus nature's laws this chance infringed so,
That age did love, and youth to grave did go.
Till at the last, as Cupid drew his bow,
Before he shot a youngling thus did cry:
Oh, Venus' son, thy darts thou dost not know;
They pierce too deep, for all thou hitt'st do die.
Oh, spare our age, who honour'd thee of old,
These darts are bone, take thou the darts of gold.
Which being said, awhile did Cupid stay,
And saw how youth was almost clean extinct;
And age did dote, with garlands fresh and gay,
And heads all bald were now in wedlock link'd;
Wherefore he shew'd his error unto Mors,
Who, miscontent, did change again perforce,
Yet so as both some darts away convey'd,
Which were not theirs, yet unto neither known.
Some bony darts in Cupid's quiver stay'd,
Some golden darts had Mors among his own.
Then, when we see untimely Death appear,
Or wanton age—it was this chance your hear.

Select Biography.

No. VII.

GEORGE ASPULL, THE MUSICAL CHILD.

"WONDERS never cease," has been repeated justly by every succeeding generation; and never more so than the present; for, like the Gorgon's head, no sooner does one disappear than another springs up in his place;—however, the following "*Lion*" merits attention from every body in this kingdom, and especially from the musical world; who knows that we may have a Mozart or a Haydon to boast of ourselves in a short time?—I have delayed sending the following notice, which is extracted from the March number of the "Harmonicon," in hopes some other, better qualified than I, would observe it. But here *it* is—

MUSICAL PRODIGY.

THERE has been, in the more select musical circles, where the leading professions associate in the character of friends, rather than that of artists, unobtrusively stealing into notice, a child, in whom is developed a most extraordinary talent for music, whose age is only eight years. His name is George Aspull; his father was formerly in business, but not being successful, he was obliged to resort to music as a profession; and by diligent and successful practice, has acquired some reputation as a performer on the violin. It was not till his son had considerably passed the age of five years, that he gave any indications of that decided bent which his mind has since taken; but the marks of genius he then discovered, were so evident, that Mr. Aspull determined to undertake himself the care of his education in music, and devoted his whole attention to that subject. His stature is so small that he is obliged to stand while playing on the piano-forte; his fingers are extremely short, even for his age;—with the left hand he cannot reach an octave, so as to press down the two notes which form it, at one time, and is only enabled to do so with the right hand with much difficulty, and by depressing the wrist. The impediment thus formed will be understood perfectly by those who know the instrument, but they have not prevented young Aspull from conquering the most complex and rapid passages, that have ever appeared in the form of musical composition. The compositions of Kalkbrenner and Moschelles prepared for displaying in public the manual skill of those celebrated professors, are played, evidently, without the smallest effort, by this extraordinary child. He has also made himself master of a difficult piece, by Cyerny, who wrote it as a trial of skill for all the professors of Europe, and in order to combine all the mechanical niceties of execution, of which the instrument is susceptible. But the mechanical skill of young Aspull, is that which has least surprised those who have had the pleasure of hearing him perform. Many children, with a certain cleverness and quickness of parts, may be taught by repeated efforts to conquer the greatest intricacies, but there will remain an impression from such as is produced by an exhibition on the tight-rope, &c. Mr. Aspull's pupil is not of this class. The boy's mind, evidently, participates in all his hand executes. Short as the period is that young Aspull has devoted to the study of music, he has cultivated every style, and all with success: he has also the talent of playing *extempore*, at which he will pass hours: he sings ballads to his own accompaniment on the piano-forte, but his voice is thin and weak, owing to his extreme youth—his appear-

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ance and behaviour do not differ from those of other children of the same age—the most rapid and involved passages do not produce a change of countenance, nor any sign of effort—little study is requisite even for the most elaborate pieces: he has had the honour of performing before his majesty, the Princess Augusta, and a select party at Windsor: he played nearly three hours. The King, who the greater part of the time sat by his side, frequently interrupted his performance with cries of *bravo!* and encouragingly patting the young performer on the back. The impression made on his majesty and the whole company, was that of unqualified admiration. In conclusion, we have only to say, that this extraordinary boy, bears about him prognostics of future eminence, which could not have been greater, or more conclusive, in the person of Mozart himself.

VYVYAN.

PETER PINDARICS;

OR, JOE MILLER VERSIFIED.

PATENT BROWN STOUT.

A BREWER in a country town
Had got a monstrous reputation;
No other beer but his went down,
The hosts of the surrounding station,
Carving his name upon their mugs,
And painting it on every shutter;
And though some envious folks would utter
Hints that its flavour came from drugs,
Others maintained 'twas no such matter,
But owing to his monstrous vat,
At least as corpulent as that
At Heidelberg ------- and some said fatter.

His foreman was a lusty Black,
An honest fellow;
But one who had an ugly knack
Of tasting samples as he brewed,
Till he was stupified and mellow.
One day in this top-heavy mood,
Having to cross the vat aforesaid,
(Just then with boiling beer supplied,)
O'ercome with giddiness and qualms he
Reel'd---fell in---and nothing more said,
But in his favourite liquor died,
Like Clarence in his butt of Malmsey

In all directions round about
The negro absentee was sought,
But as no human noddle thought
That our fat Black was now Brown Stout,
They settled that the rogue had left
The place for debt, or crime, or theft.
Meanwhile the beer was day by day
Drawn into casks and sent away,
Until the lees flow'd thick and thicker,
When, lo! outstretched upon the ground,
Once more their missing friend they found,
As they had often done---in liquor.

See, cried his moralizing master,
I always knew the fellow drank hard
And prophesied some sad disaster;
His fate should other tipplers strike,
Poor Mungo; there he welters like
A toast at bottom of a tankard!

Next morn a publican, whose tap,
Had help'd to drain the vat so dry,
Not having heard of the mishap,
Came to demand a fresh supply,
Protesting loudly that the last
All previous specimens surpass'd,
Possessing a much richer *gusto*
Than formerly it ever used to,
And begging as a special favour,
Some more of the exact same flavour.

Zounds! cried the Brewer, that's a task
More difficult to grant than ask.---
Most gladly would I give the smack
Of the last beer to the ensuing,
But where am I to find a Black,
And boil him down at every brewing?

SHIPWRECK OF THE BARRETT.

ON the 19th of December, 1820, the ship Barrett, 360 tons, Captain Fazagar, sailed from St. John's, New Brunswick, (timber loaded,) for Liverpool. Proceeding on her voyage, on Tuesday, the 2nd of January, in lat. 43. N., long. 34. W., at eight P. M. it came on to blow a dreadful gale from westward. At two o'clock on Wednesday morning it blew a complete hurricane, with rain and vivid flashes of lightning: the ship, through the violence of the wind, and driven from her course by the sea, "broached to," and lay on her beam ends. They cut away the topsail sheets, but every exertion to bring her to or before the wind proved ineffectual, and she continued in the trough of the sea, the water pouring down the companion; every moment they expected she would upset. The pumps were continually at work, without effect, the water still gaining on them by the cabin. In this state they continued till day-light, when to get her before the wind the mizen and main-masts were cut away. By this time the water reached the after peak, so they gave up pumping as altogether useless. Relieving tackles were put to the tiller, four men to each tackle, and two to the wheel, to steer her as much as possible before the wind. The sea now burst over the vessel with great force, and carried away all the rails of the poop but a few to which ropes were lashed; and to those they clung to save themselves from being washed overboard: even the taffrail was wrenched up and washed away. In this condition they continued until the cabin being half full of water, and the sea making a clear passage over the deck, they were obliged to go on the poop, the only part not continually under water. About mid-day the captain procured from an upper locker in the cabin, a small bag of bread, a jar of rum, a jar of gin, and half a firkin of butter; but these, except the gin, were washed overboard. The gale blew with increased violence, and the sea running

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mountains high, made a clear passage over the main-deck, broke through the stern and through the bends. The deck timber consisting of large logs, was washed away; the ring bolts being torn from the decks, and the stancheons broken down. The vessel would have gone to pieces had she not been kept as easy as possible by steering before the wind. All Wednesday they had nothing whatever to eat, and in continual apprehension of being washed away. The following day the gale began to abate, so that though drenched every moment by the sea, they had some shelter from the cold under the poop, where they piled up cables, wet sails and staves, to keep themselves out of the water, and on which they laid down. The front of the poop was entirely beaten out by the sea. They thought a fire would revive them, but had no means of striking a light, or procuring combustible substance amidst the torrents that surrounded them. Most of the crew, so unexpected was the disaster, had neither hats nor stockings, and their clothes were constantly soaked with salt water. "There was nothing left on board," says the mate, "that could be of any relief to us: neither meat, drink, nor clothing; except a barrel of pork and a tierce of beef, so salt, that though some tasted a mouthful, others prudently desisted." The ship being water-logged was very unmanageable: during this day they steered by compass, at night by the stars as well as they could guess, to the east. When the sea became high from a continuance of gales, they were driven to the poop, where they held on by the ropes. This day they had nothing to eat. In this dreadful condition they remained some days. Part of a cask of water was got at, but at first two-thirds salt, and latterly no fresher than the wave that washed over them. It was however drank, except by two or three, and eagerly resorted to by those in particular who afterwards died, who asked for it as fast as it could be handed them. Friday night a boy and a man died. Wednesday following, after a week of privation, another man died: on Thursday a fourth. The captain had a dog on board, a favourite he was unwilling to kill until the last extremity. After nine days without nourishment or water, save a few drops caught on the poop when it rained, and which, owing to the spray, were little fresher than the sea; it was on Thursday represented to the captain they must all perish unless the dog were killed for subsistence. To this he at length agreed, and the animal being bled to death, he directed the mate (Mr. M'Cloud) to serve every part out fairly and economically; which he did, dividing the blood with a table spoon, three spoonfuls to each man; the liver, heart, and kidneys were divided into fifteen shares each, and distributed for that day's subsistence. At this time, the captain, who throughout suppressed the expression of his sufferings lest he should intimidate the men, became deranged; rushed upon deck; bid God bless his wife and children; spoke of a mutiny in the ship, and used other incoherent language. He was prevailed on to go to his cot, where, after twenty-four hours of insanity and suffering, he expired. The survivors now became so weak that only the mate, a robust young man, and three others could stand; these steered the vessel as well as they could to the east, westerly gales still prevailing. As they conjectured they sailed, since waterlogged, 600 miles, they were in hopes of seeing Ireland, or they would have given up every exertion for preservation; but on the afternoon of Friday (the eleventh day) it became more calm, and the wind suddenly changing to the eastward blighted all their hopes. They had not seen a vessel during the whole passage, and a glimpse of hope rushing on them, that one might fall in their way, they hauled up the foresail, made fast the tiller, and committed themselves the whole night to the guidance of providence. By this time three quarters of the dog were consumed. At day break next morning, they saw, with inexpressible delight, a vessel to leeward. The mate and the few who could drag their emaciated limbs, managed to set the foresail, and with some pieces of canvass, made a sort of signal from the topmast rigging. As soon as the people of the vessel spied them, they laid their sails aback and hoisted out their boat, which was soon alongside. The sea was so rough, the boat had to make several trips to rescue the survivors. The wreck was abandoned in lat. 45. N., long. 28.W., a great distance from any land. It was providential the wind changed to eastward, which threw this vessel in their way, or she would have passed them in the night. She proved to be the Ann, of New York, Captain Crocker, bound to Liverpool. "Every thing," says the mate of the Barrett, "was done for us which medicine, meat, drink, and hospitality could supply, and my own father could not have treated me with greater kindness than Captain Crocker." The Ann arrived on the Friday, a week after taking the sufferers from the wreck, who, during this time, except one or two, were unable to rise from their hammocks.

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They were all so weak and emaciated, having their limbs broken out in ulcers, owing to the continued action of salt water for eleven long days, that they were unable for weeks, even with every attention, to pursue their perilous vocation; being mostly strangers in Liverpool, and having lost all but the remnants on their backs, they were in a most destitute condition. Owing to a law (instituted we believe by underwriters, as an inducement to mariners to abide by their vessel to the last) they did not receive one farthing of their wages; although such a law, in a case like this, "would be more honoured in the breach than the observance." These circumstances loudly appeal to the benevolent in behalf of such poor fellows, belonging to a class of men, who in war are the safeguard of their country, and in peace pursue a hazardous employment, to administer to our comforts and our luxuries. The survivors were twelve in number. Among these was Joseph Caldwell, son of Mr. William Caldwell, of Frodsham, conveyancer. The captain left a wife and five children to deplore his loss: some of the crew also left families.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE UPSTARTS.

THERE was a friend of my own,—if we may take his own word for it, a left-handed branch of the Plantagenets, but when I first knew him, one of the dullest dogs in all Noodledum,—grave as a justice of peace, solemn as an undertaker, and as silent as a Quaker deserted by the Spirit. Though a high-church Tory, you might have taken his family fireside for a nonconformist conventicle, so simple and unadorned was the conversation: at present, every one of its members might be bound up "to face the title" of Colman's Broad Grins. For you are to know that it pleased Heaven, and an eighty-horse power steam-engine, to make a man of a small cotton-spinner residing in a neighbouring town. This honest tradesman, as he grew rich, grew ambitious. He built a handsome square mansion, which he (being of Cockney origin) christened, "The *All*;" and he turned an oak fence round six acres of meadow, which he dubbed "The Park." He rode likewise in his coach and four, and agreeably to the *dictum* of Mons. Cottu,* got himself enlisted on the Grand Jury. Certain pecuniary obligations conferred by old Twist upon my friend Blackacre enforced an invitation of the former to the manor-house, which has since grown, not without substantial reasons, into an intimacy; and though old Twist is himself as dull as a post, yet has he discovered to the Blackacres a mine of wit and fun, which in their whole previous lives they "had never dreamed of in their philosophy." "Twist *All*" stands very high, and commands an extensive prospect: on the very first visit, the Blackacres were called on to admire its *cityation*; and ever since it has been a standing joke in the family, to make old Twist recur twenty times a day to the *cityation* of his house, the *cityation* of public affairs, or the *cityation* of any thing else, that can press into the service the ill-fated, but obsequious polysyllable. The eldest Miss Twist has likewise an unfortunate predilection for the French word *naivetté*, though two hundred per annum spent during six years at a French boarding-school failed in purchasing its right pronunciation. Sometimes she admires *navette* in the abstract; sometimes she praises her sisters for their great *navieté*; but most frequently she gives herself credit for an extraordinary share of *navitie*;—so ingeniously does she go wide of her mark! This little bit of slip-slop is the source of inextinguishable mirth to the Blackacres; the girls take off "the Twists" in every possible mode of malaprop accentuation; and the father invariably brings up the rear with a customary doubt of the genuineness of the article; affirming that the lady is as cunning as a fox, and that her *navietie* is, in plain English, nothing more than mere knavery. In this manner has the spectacle of the inferiority of the Twists, roused the Blackacres to a sense of their own wit and spirit. The *lapsus linguæ* of the manufacturers keep the tongues of the agriculturists in incessant activity. The incongruities in their dress and furniture preserve their gentle-blooded neighbours in perpetual good humour with themselves; and old Twist's mismanagement of his land, which he will farm himself at a loss of thirty per cent, has almost reconciled Blackacre to the idea that the ground is no longer his own.

Twist, though at bottom a good fellow enough, of plain, strong sense, and bearing his budding honours with reasonable meekness, has nevertheless a taste for show and expense, that might have proved distressing to the less opulent country gentlemen, whom he throws into the shade, (and that might, in such a case, have been the means of sending his family to Coventry; or in other words,

* Jurisprudence d'Angleterre.

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consigning them to the society of those townsfolk, from whose second-hand gentility the father had retreated into the Grand Jury room)—but that envy does not necessarily take away the appetite. If the best wine is the wine which is drunk at another man's expense, Twist's claret might on its own merits have been deemed the second best, even though it still stood on the debtor side of your account with the wine-merchant. Twist also keeps a man-cook, who, though as ill-tempered as fire can make him, is still "your only peace-maker," and reconciles many a reluctant cub, of estated conceit, to his master's—vulgarity. If Twist's conversation is not good, his turtle uniformly is; and whatever may be the quality of his wit his champaign is always sparkling, and never ropy. But best of all, Twist's three young ladies, each with thirty thousand pounds—*to her fortune*, clinch the business, and render their father the most popular man in the county. For their sake, a Twist was never omitted in an invitation. Every body drinks wine with them, every body dances with them, and every body flatters them; and though this has given some offence to three portionless Honourables, who, for their sake, were sometimes "left and abandoned by the velvet friends" of their own grades;—yet the forgiving souls overlooked it all for the sake of the Master Twists, their thriving, and therefore truly-amiable brothers.

At the present moment, when commercial prosperity increases faster than the power of enjoyment, and capital is at so low a value that you can scarcely get three per cent. for your money, the encouragement of upstarts is quite a national concern. The paltry extravagance of the mere estated spendthrift, cannot waste and dilapidate half fast enough to keep industry in employment. It is the upstart alone who can spend like a gentleman, and prevent money from becoming as little in demand as air or water. If all the jewels and plate which ornament the houses and persons of city upstarts, were circulating on 'Change, those who live by the interest of their capital might beg in the streets; and if these useful personages preserved in their prosperity the penurious practices by which they rose to wealth, half the shops in Bond-street would fall to ruin, the seats in a certain nameless assembly would not fetch the price of an election dinner, and the monsters of the Heralds' Office would cease to breed. In the indirect taxation of the country, the most fatal diminution would soon be discovered; the imports would rapidly fall off, and (what would have puzzled the economists of the last generation) the exports would share their fate: insomuch, that it is chiefly to the useful corps of upstarts that we are indebted for our present exemption from the income-tax.

After this enumeration of the various utilities of an upstart, need it be added, that the dislike of so meritorious a class, is a positive proof of littleness of mind? If the puffed-up conceit of some of the weaker vessels be a stumbling-block in the way of their less fortunate associates, who have been left behind in the race, it is only because an equal portion of vanity and pride lies rankling in the bosoms of the undistinguished, ready to burst forth on the first puff of Fortune's favouring gale; and Plato's reply to Diogenes, if they had ever heard of it, would be the best defence of the calumniated. *D'ailleurs*, when a man spends his income like a prince, it is rather hard that he may not be as whining and as insolent as a prince likewise; and be it moreover observed *en passant*, that if your upstart places a wide distance between himself and his former equals, nobody has a better right to know what he is doing, since he has himself painfully traversed the interval in person, and must be able to tell its length to a fraction.

Whatever France may have gained by her counter-revolution, she is evidently a loser in the downfall of her upstarts the *parvenus*, who have sunk to a sad discount in consequence of that event. In their place a specious and degenerate breed have been forced to the surface, with all the faults and few of the virtues of their great originals. After suffering a thirty years' eclipse in the garrets of half the cities of Europe, they have suddenly cast the slough of their crysalide condition, and now flutter through Paris in a new-furbished splendour, (to borrow an image from sign-board technicalities) just like the "old hog in the pound new revived." From the gardens of the Tuilleries, they look down with disdain on the few stragglers remaining of the genuine breed; and equipped with a douillet and an umbrella, they regard with an equal contempt, the marshal who assisted in conquering half the world, and the financial roturier, who has swallowed and consumed the better portion of the fruits of his victories. It is, however, in the country towns, that these modern antiques shine forth in the full brilliancy of their revivification. Under the denomination of mayors, *prefets*, and *sous prefets*, they rule the people with a rod of iron, and are indeed "viceroys over" the king and his ministers.

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"Beware," gentle reader, "of counterfeits, for such are abroad." But let them not bring the condition of an honest upstart into contempt. Let the false pretenders act as they may, the "true sort" will ever be regarded by the judicious as a worthy, innocent, and useful portion of the community; and even should a Twist get into parliament, and have the ill taste to oppose national rights and liberal sentiments, and to set himself against every concession to the people from whom he sprang, however much you may pity or condemn the individual, still I pray you, remember that his being there, is an encouraging prospect for industry, a feather in the national cap, and a practical triumph over the absurd principle, which regarding mankind as divided into the two species of natural lords and natural slaves, marks out for derision the industrious architect of his own fortune, by affixing to him the senseless and reproachful appellation of *Upstart.—New Monthly Magazine.*

HAMPSTEAD HEATH.—A SKETCH.

It is the recollection of our youthful hours, which dwells upon our minds in all the vivid colour of reality which imparts a pleasure no earthly power of ill can throw a gloom over. The enraptured fancy often reverts to the scenes which we loved in youth, with all the ardent pleasure of infantine simplicity, to the long remembered spots which return upon the mind loaded with remembrance of boyish pleasures, and childhood's fancies, with unmixed feelings of delight. If such be the delights of recollection, what will not the scenes themselves recal? those scenes which, in life's young hours, we most dearly prized, most fondly lov'd. Standing on the spot where ours

------"was the gay sunshine of the breast,"

those feelings once more glow in all the brightness of renovated joys. Such a scene to me is Hampstead Heath, with all its wildness, all its rugged paths, and all its cherished, bright associations; its pits—its mounts—its purling streams—and emerald plains—here and there varied by a thicket of trees, enamelled with flowers—the modest daisy—the retiring violet, or the blooming heath-bell. Sometimes I have thought with pleasure upon the hours when I have wandered in that delightful solitude, searching for the wild anemonies, safely sheltered beneath the spreading branches of the wild-rose briar; when I have culled the emblem of innocence, a lily, glittering in the dew-drops of the morning, or, after a day of intense heat, reviving in the coolness of the evening twilight. Those hours, long passed—those scenes long left, have become endeared to the memory—we know not why, but that they were our homes, and the days of our childhood. We see other scenes, which, in comparison with our beloved homes, are but as a desert, wild, savage, and unadorned: but those scenes have not the charm of home. The spot we first knew seemed a paradise to our infant eyes—the idea grew with us, and continues with us. When I returned last to this scene, I thought of Scott's lines, beginning—

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said—
Whose heart has ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
From wand'ring on a foreign strand?"

'Twas my home—'twas there the short season of my school life was past. When I returned, after a long absence, to the Heath, the glittering spire seemed like an old friend over whom time had drawn his lines, but had left the character of his features still unchanged. My delighted memory found a friend in every leafy bough, in every elm-tree's hollow trunk, ivy bound and knotted grown. As one who returns to the bosom of his native glen, after a long pilgrimage through life's thorny paths, he finds that some are gone, that some remain—but all are changed; those that were then infants, are now men—and of those that were then men, some are gone—and all are decaying, surrounded by those ivy twigs of mankind, their children's children. I visited the old school-room: the tables were the same, but knives had been busy since I last saw them. The shelves stood still unpainted. I could point out the spot, on one of them, where I had traced out, in ink, a grotesque face. I remember the task which it gained me from the master—and the silent glances of applause from the boys. The master was a man fitted for his profession—mild, kind, and persevering; seldom put out of temper by the obstinacy of his pupils, ever willing to gratify them, and never inclined to flinch from his duty. Often, since, have I regretted the thoughtlessness of mind which led me so often into errors, regretted as soon as committed, and which never gave me any pleasure. Good old man! remembrance has through my life fondly clung to your memory; and, as long as you tarry a sojourner in this vale of sorrows, I can never cease to regard you with gratitude and affection.—In the play-ground, the old shed still continued. In many a shower, I have passed my time

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beneath its sheltering roof, and joined in the games of youth which suited its narrow bounds. I sat on the seat, and heard the bell ring again which has so often broken in upon my sports; and I almost, after so long a lapse of time, involuntarily rose up to answer its summons.

After dinner, I wandered forth into the green meadows—whither, on half-holidays, I have been with the school to rove about in all the luxury of temporary liberty. The scene, how was it changed! —London seemed like a monster stretching itself even to my very feet. But the view into Berkshire—Surrey—nay, even to the Hog's Back, was still unimpeded. Kilburn, which I knew a little hamlet, had now become a town:—it has its own coaches—its chapel—and, for what I know, its theatre. I had determined to revisit all my old haunts—could I neglect my fir-trees? Oh! no! there was something connected with them, which was warmly shedding its bright prospects in my heart, and which was glowing in my memory—with a thrilling sensation of exquisite delight, beyond all other recollections: there was the soul-entrancing remembrance of my early love—the feeling, of all others, dearest to the human heart. Though so many years have elapsed since then, I can still dwell with unmixed pleasure on the moment when I first saw there, she who in after life threw so many rays of joy upon my fleeting hours. Yes, Susan! this tribute to thy worth is but the overflowings of a heart fondly beating with the consciousness of your virtues. I sat upon the rough hewn seat; it was the very spot where I first saw her; well do I remember the moment when she approached, leaning on her brother's arm. He was a day-boy, and the friend of my heart. To him all my griefs were related—and from him I sought for advice and consolation. To him all my joys were imparted, and he was called upon to rejoice with me. Through life our bond of friendship has continued unbroken: our prospects—our pursuits have been different; but in trouble, and in joy—in light and in shade—friendship's beam has still shed the same splendid light over our fast flowing tide of life. This was the spot where I passed many happy hours with beloved Susan—with nothing to think of but anticipated pleasures, which sometimes withered—in the moment we hoped to grasp them, and in the delightful gratification of the purest and most endearing affection. In life's dreary path, she had been the sun which shone in those hours, which would otherwise have been to me a dark and gloomy solitude, a heart-wounding season of sorrow and disappointment! But those glooms have passed—and now the sun of my life promises to set in an unclouded sky.

I had, one evening, in moonlight, cut the initials of our names in the bark of one of the trees. The trunk had much increased in size, and had almost closed up the incisions I had made: but I could trace the letters, though with difficulty; and so, thought I, in time, will the remembrance of me fade from the world? And in what are we benefitted by the remembrance of the world? Our name (four or five letters) lives in the breath of fame for a few more years, and then is forgotten. What avails a monumental stone? Like the inscription on a tomb, the initials on the tree have been, perhaps, read a thousand times; and of all who read, how few would know for whom they were meant? and who could judge of us by such a frail memorial? On earth the best monument a man can raise is that which his good deeds set up, and which preserves in heaven's registry a memorial which no storm can destroy, no enmity can sully. These are the fond feelings which have played about my heart when I have before returned to thee, dear spot of my youthful days, when the sun shone only on hopes of joys, and the moon rose on nights of peace. Once more I have returned to thee; I find thee blooming and smiling as when I first left thee: thy heath, thy ponds, thy walks, the same. It is true, where once the path was solitary, now often are met a happy group of children, riding on the most honoured, though most despised, of animals. How long has that unhappy race laboured under the charge of obstinate stupidity! —Obstinate and stupid! What a libel. Go, if you doubt, and see, as I have seen, these creatures gallop over the heath, lively and tractable as a lady's pony. Witness this, and own, as I have done, how wrong it is to abuse one of the most subservient animals in nature: and may Hampstead Heath give you as much pleasure as it has—W. HENRY LANCE. —*European Magazine.*

The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM *NEW WORKS*

THE VILLAGE OF BROCK, NEAR AMSTERDAM.

THE village of Brock is so remarkable for the neatness of its appearance, as probably to be *unique* throughout the world.

The name, according to my companion,

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well skilled in the Dutch language, seems to be a corruption from Broekachtig, a Dutch word, signifying *marécageux*, or marshy, probably descriptive of the original appearance of the spot on which this whimsical settlement stands.

Remarkable as are the Dutch for the cleanliness of their dwellings, this village, even amongst themselves, is considered as a curiosity, and, in fact, it is nothing short of the burlesque.

On our arrival we put up our carriage at the little inn, and, after a slight refreshment, we set out to take our view.

At the entrance into the village is posted up the ancient *lex scripta*, requiring that every rider, on passing through, should dismount, and lead the animal by its nose; and that no person should smoke in any part of the village without a guard over the ball of the pipe, in order to prevent the ashes from falling out, on pain of forfeiture of the pipe in question.

Such is the purport of the public notice at the entrance into this little miniature town, but, being written in the Dutch language, I was indebted to my companion for the translation. These and many other similar regulations are, as I was informed, still scrupulously observed by the inhabitants. Not a cat or a dog is to be seen loose in the village; and certainly, during my visit here, I did not see one tobacco-pipe without the required guard, and I may almost venture to say that I saw as many tobacco-pipes as male inhabitants.

With respect to the situation of this village, it is built partly round the banks of a small circular lake; but these are the residences of the wealthier inhabitants, and are ornamented in the highest Dutch fashion, with plenty of green, white, and yellow paint, the favourite colours in the exterior of all Dutch houses. The whole appearance of these buildings bespeaks the most minute attention to neatness; the windows are of unsullied brightness; every thing has a shining air of freshness; and the stranger looks in vain for a grain of dirt, or a particle of dust, for these are scarcely to be found upon the ground.

The houses which form the town are small, low, and detached buildings, in perfect Dutch style; and the streets, (if streets they can be called, for the houses are generally built on one side of the road only,) running in serpentine lines, and being paved in mosaic work, with various-coloured bricks, small round pebbles, or pounded shells, the whole effect is the most exquisitely neat that can be imagined.

Along one side of most of these little streets runs a small stream, in a channel neatly lined with brick on both sides, and supplied with clear water from the lake. The numerous little bridges consequently required afford plenty of opportunities to these natty people for exhibiting their taste in fanciful devices, and in the intermixture of bright colours.

There is also a little spot of a few yards square, which I suppose may be called the public garden, and where the inhabitants of this little colony have exercised their taste and ingenuity over nature, by turning every small tree and shrub into some green monster of earth, air, or water.

Observing that the shutters to the front windows of most of the better sort of houses were generally closed, I endeavoured to ascertain the cause; but I could learn no other reason, than that it was a practice in general use, for the purpose of excluding dust and dirt. These shutters, however, although in the open air, are kept in a high state of polish, and I observed, in some cases, are richly ornamented. On gay occasions they are thrown open.

But there is another custom here, which, for its singularity, deserves particular notice. Almost every house in the village has two entrance doors; one is the common and usual entrance, the other is opened only on two occasions: one to let in the bride and bridegroom after the celebration of the marriage ceremony, the other to let them out on their way to their last home; a somewhat unsentimental idea for the bride, on crossing for the first time the threshold of her new residence, but quite characteristic of this phlegmatic people. This door, opening to mark the two most important incidents to which human life is subject, is generally of a black colour, suitable to the solemnity of the purpose, and from the glossy brightness which it presents, is no doubt an object of the housewife's daily and peculiar care. This door is also carved with ornamental designs, apparently according to the wealth or consequence of the owner, but it is placed high from the ground, without any step, and without either of those usual appendages of handle or knocker.

Tennant's Tour through Holland, &c.

TEEN TAL, A MANSION IN HINDOSTAN.

TEEN TAL, or three stories, is a house cut out of a solid granite rock, near the temple of Keylas, at Elora, in India.

If Keylas, from its figure, gallery, areas, and insular situation, stands pre-eminent, Teen Tal, from its immensity of excava-

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tion, massive pillars, and rich sculptures, nearly rivals its neighbour in grandeur. Although different in design and exterior appearance to Keylas, it equally demands the undivided attention of the observer, and be he ever so taciturn or indifferent to works of antiquity, his feelings would be animated, and his admiration excited, at viewing these august works—works that I hesitate not in affirming are equalled by nothing in Europe, and surpassed by nothing in Egypt. What a golden opportunity would this be for a learned antiquary to riot in! and what a literary treat would the pen of a classical and highly-talented tourist afford while delineating these wonders! How the "Great Unknown" would banquet on these eternal monuments of a past age, revelling in delight amid its ancient walls and altars! All that I can contribute will be a correct, and, if possible, a particular account of this singular *House*.

We must first premise that it has three stories, and is entered by a door-way eleven feet high and eight feet two inches broad, left in the front wall, which encloses the area: this wall has been left standing as the excavation was first formed. The entrance leads us into a fine area, which widens as we proceed a few feet. Here the entire front of the three floors, or stories, appears to great advantage. The front is open, and to each story is placed eight square pillars and two pilasters; those on the second and third stories form the outer part, or the viranda division; they are not ornamented in any way, with the exception of two in the centre range on the ground-floor. This latter story is level with the area, and, like the upper stories, is open in front, and it has six pillars in the depth. There is a recess in this room, containing a large figure of Seesha. The room will be seen by the dimensions to be considerably smaller than the stories above; nor have the artists bestowed the same pains on the work as on the upper ones. Here, as at Keylas, are cisterns, containing an abundant supply of very fine water. This room is one hundred and eighteen feet long, and forty-one feet six inches deep: the height is very disproportioned, being only eleven feet eight inches.

Besides the gigantic figure already noticed, there are very large figures of Angari and Adanaut; these are in a sitting posture, and are nearly the entire height of the room, the crowns of their heads touching the ceiling within four inches. There are other figures here also, but of no note. The recess has a room within it of nineteen feet by twelve, the ceiling of which is two feet six inches higher than that of the large room; the recess itself is forty-three feet five inches in depth. This room, which in any other place would be thought a wonder, is not, upon the whole, well-finished; and the same remark holds good with the ground-floor of the excavation at the entrance of the left-hand piazza at Keylas. The upper story there, as at this place, is a beautiful excavation, accurately proportioned, the stone of a very fine polish; while the basement story of both appear to have been negligently completed, as if the artificers considered that their skill and labour would be seen to greater advantage in the upper stories than in the basements. Whether these singular workmen commenced their operations upon the upper part or stories, first working downwards, and getting tired of their *light* and *easy* task, as it proceeded towards its completion, or whether the basement of the two excavations (Keylas and this one), were appointed to inferior purposes (for neither of them contain any altar or lingham), is a matter of interesting inquiry.

Quitting this ground-floor, we ascend to the second story by twenty-four fine stairs, on the right-hand side. Twelve stairs up is a recess, twenty-five feet by twenty feet six inches, containing a large figure of Cuvera, one of the seven genii, but subordinate to the gods of the Triad: he is the Indian Plutus; but the Brahmins affirmed to me, he was the maker of bread to the great Rama. This is the chief figure; but there are some others. A few stairs continued on from this room, is the noble viranda, or rather large room, one hundred and fourteen feet in length, and in depth across eighty-two feet six inches; the height of the ceiling (which is likewise the floor of the third story), twelve feet four inches. At each end of this spacious viranda is a door-way, leading to four small apartments in each extremity of the rock. The wall is continued, so as to make room for the four small apartments, one on each side: this contracts the opening of the temple with the viranda or two pillars and two pilasters. At the extreme end is a recess, sixteen feet deep, having a gigantic figure of Lakshaman (an inferior deity), half brother of Rama:—he is in a sitting posture, and two large figures of Balraj are on each side the door-way. The wall here again lessens the size of the room, and interrupts the uniformity of the pillars; for, by leaving the wall standing, a portion is taken off to afford space for the small rooms, that are, as it were, partitioned off. There are but six large square and ornamented pillars that are entirely clear of the wall. At the further end of the vi-

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randa is a sitting figure of Jambhu, a hero and partisan of Rama. Proceeding from the viranda, by a good stair-case, consisting of twenty-four stairs, and situated at the opposite end to which we entered on the second floor, is the grand and spacious viranda of the upper story, unquestionably the finest excavation in the whole series, whether we consider its great dimensions, its variety of rich sculpture, massy pillars, or perfect preservation and fine polish.

At the first view on entering the upper story, the most intense interest cannot fail to be excited, as we reflect that man, with his limited powers, has been able to effect such glorious works, surpassing all possible belief; and did we not actually know that such places exist in the retired and peaceful solitudes of Elora, the relation would be doubted.

Capt. Seely's Wonders of Elora.

GRIMALDI; A JEU D'ESPRIT.

THE pantomime was all rehears'd,
And puff'd off in the bill,
When, full of grief, in Fawcett burst,
To Kemble crying, "Hear the worst,
Great Joe Grimaldi's ill!"

"Grimaldi ill!" the monarch cried,
"Say, what, then, shall I do?
Had I Macready at my side,
Clown's part with him would I divide,
And show folks something new

"But is it true, my Fawcett, say,
Has fate thus spoke her will,---
Is all we've done, for many a day,
Cut up,---our hopes all cast away,---
Is Joe Grimaldi ill?

"He is, he is---that woeful brow
Declares my piteous lot;
But come, cheer up, and tell me how
To act in this dire moment now,
For some one must be got."

"I've heard," said Fawcett---as he spoke,
Great Kemble felt less pain---
"He hath a son, all full of joke;
Could he be got, 'twould take the spoke
Out of our wheel again."

Cried Kemble, "Bring him hither straight,
Then puff him in the bill;
The son will share the father's fate---
Be grinn'd at; I'm with joy elate,
Though Joe Grimaldi's ill."

Biography of the British Stage.

PROPOSED CHAIN BRIDGE OVER THE THAMES.

WHEN so many projects are on foot for joint-stock companies, we are glad to see that some portion of our superabundant wealth is likely to be appropriated to the improvement of the metropolis. One project of this class is the erection of a bridge of suspension over the Thames, at St. Catharine's, near the Tower, the estimates have been made by James Walker, Esq., Civil Engineer, F.R.S.E., and the calculations formed with the greatest care and accuracy. They are comprised under the following heads:—

Expense of purchasing property, and indemnifying the owners or occupiers of land, will not exceed	£30,000
Coffer dams and piers in the river..	132,000
Land piers	55,000
Abutments	40,000
Approach	11,000
Iron work	96,000
Platform	14,000
Law expenses, surveys, and expenses of obtaining the Act of Parliament	2,000
Superintendence of engineers and contingencies	12,000
Total amount	£392,000

The designs are projected by James Walker, Esq. F.R.S.E., Civil Engineer, and Captain Brown.

There are three spans of 600 feet each, and two side spans, supported by the back-stay bars, of 300 feet each. The total extent of the suspended bridge, including the width of the towers, is 2,400 feet.

The embanked approaches, which form an integral part of the plan, are together 900 feet, the whole extent being 3,300 feet, or little more than half a mile.

The road on the north-side takes its rise on Little Tower Hill, near the bottom of the Minories; that on the south-side near Dockhead, in Bermondsey, which forms a central point to the streets leading to the great Kent and Surrey roads.

The rise from its commencement on each side is formed by an easy acclivity of one foot perpendicular in twenty feet horizontal.

The carriage-road of the bridge will be twenty-one feet wide, the foot-paths on each side eight feet wide.

The bridges will be constructed of strong beams of Baltic timber, covered with three-inch plank. The centre, or carriage-road, will be defended with wrought-iron bars of different thicknesses, laid across, forming ribs, which will secure a secure foot-hold for horses.

The height of the bridge, as shown in the design, above high-water mark, is seventy feet in the front of the towers, rising gradually to seventy-five feet in the centre. The height will allow ships of 200 tons to pass under without striking their top-gallant-masts, and ships of 300 or 400 tons to pass with main-top-gallant masts down.

The least force that would break down the whole of the main suspending chains in any one span is 3,904 tons; and the least force that would strain them to stretching is 2,176 tons.

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The weight of the bridge, the main suspending chains, and every thing within the points of suspension, will be 750 tons.

With respect to the probable durability of the bridge, it is considered that, with the exception of the timber, it may be deemed an imperishable structure.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."---*Wotton*

A SERVANT in France once gained so much money, that he was enabled to set up his equipage. When his coach was brought home, he forgot who he was, and mounted behind. His servant cried out, "oh, Sir! what are you doing? This is your own carriage."—"That is true," said the *quondum* servant, "I had forgotten."

A REFLECTION AT SEA.

SEE how, beneath the moon-beams' smile,
Yon little billow heaves its breast,
And foams, and sparkles for a while,
And murm'ring then subsides to rest.
Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on time's eventful sea;
And having swelled a moment there,
Thus melts into eternity!

SAGACITY OF THE DOG.

THE following (in my opinion) extraordinary anecdote of the sagacity of the dog, was related to me by a game-keeper to a certain noble Lord, in whose word I can place the strictest reliance. Here it is *verbatim*: "One day I was out shooting towards M———, which is, as you know, three miles hence, and in going through a thick wood on my return, I lost my powder flask, a very large one, which I never discovered till I had arrived home. I then took out a dog, in whose sagacity I placed the greatest reliance, and after rubbing my hand in the pocket of my shooting jacket, gave it him to smell, and then pointing towards the place where I had lost it, said, '*now you go find.*' The creature set off immediately, and in about three hours returned with the flask in his mouth, which was bleeding, from its weight, and the long way which he had to carry it."

VYVYAN.

A PLEASANT CLIMATE.

THE following is the Calendar of a Siberian, or Lapland year:—June 23, Snow melts.—July 1, Snow gone.—July 9, Fields quite green.—17, Plants at full growth.—25, Plants in flower.—August 2, Fruits ripe.—10, Plants shed their seed.—18, Snow, continuing from August 18 to June 23.

AT a stone-cutter's in Brighton, is an elegant inscription on the tomb of a lady, by name Proby, and very much in the ancient style of Roman epitaphs.

Ah! Probe. te. desidero. vale. Svpremvm
Mors. Improba Tv avtem Proba.

Alas! much I miss thee,—farewell for ever,
Death is evil, but thou wert good.

The Play is very happy, on *Probe* and *Proba*, and the language classic, but totally lost in the English.

THE custom of Popes changing their names, is ascribed by Rycaut to the following circumstance:—"It is said that Sergius was surnamed Bocca do Porcu, or Hogs Mouth, which, for shame of it, he changed for Sergius, and that from thence came the custom down to our times, that when any one is made Pope he laid by his own name, and took one of some of his predecessors, though some have not observed it."

HUMAN LIFE ESTIMATED BY PULSATION.

AN ingenious author asserts, that the length of a man's life may be estimated by the number of pulsations he has strength to perform. Thus, allowing 70 years for the common age of man, and 60 pulses in a minute for the common measure of pulses in a temperate person, the number of pulsations in his whole life would amount to 2,207,520,000; but, if by intemperance, he forces his blood into a more rapid motion, so as to give 75 pulses in a minute, the same number of pulses would be completed in 56 years; consequently, his life would be reduced 14 years.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. T. W., Clavis, Mummius, W. L., and several other correspondents, whose favours have been received, shall have early insertion.

Alphonso is informed that the MIRROR never professed or intended to profess what he asserts.

Mr. Pepper is informed, that the answer to which he alludes, was intended for him.

We fear *G. D.'s* communication is too long; but, at all events, as we possess a copy, we will not trouble him to transcribe any farther

R. M. in our next.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. LXXXIII.] SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1824. [PRICE 2*d*.

Oliver Cromwell's House in Whitehall.

WHITEHALL was long the residence of the British sovereigns after the ancient palace at Westminster, of which Westminster Hall was an appendage, had become dilapidated; and although our kings have, for more than a century, occupied St. James's Palace, yet many of the royal notices in the Gazette, and other public documents, are still dated from Whitehall.

Oliver Cromwell also resided at Whitehall, in a house of which we present a view from an old print: he, however, frequently resided at Hampton Court, and occasionally visited Windsor Castle. In short, in the office of Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, he possessed nearly all the prerogatives of royalty; and, although he was ambitious and overbearing, and paid little respect to personal or public liberty, yet he ably supported the honour of the country, and made the name of an Englishman respected and feared in every quarter of the globe. These services did not, however, protect his memory or his body after death; and although his funeral was as stately as that of any monarch, yet, on the restoration of Charles II., even the grave could not shelter the once head of the British nation from insult. The king returned to Whitehall on the 29th of May, and on that evening the effigies of Cromwell were burnt. On the 14th of June, his effigies in wax (which had been made and shown with great pomp at Somerset House) were exposed out of one of the windows in Whitehall with a cord about his neck; and on the 4th of May, 1661, the bodies of Cromwell, Henry Ireton, John Bradshaw, and Thomas Pride, were dug up and conveyed on a hurdle to Tyburn, and there hanged, "at the three several angles of the gallows until sunset." They were then beheaded, and the trunks thrown into a deep pit under the gallows, and the heads set upon poles on the top of Westminster Hall. Tradition relates, that on a stormy night, in the beginning of the reign of James II., the head of Cromwell was blown off the top of the pole, and afterwards presented to the Russell family.

Cromwell had a house at Clerkenwell, where he resided previous to his obtaining the office of Lord Protector; and, it is said, at this house he, with Ireton, Bradshaw, and others, held those conferences which paved the way to his elevation.

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ANSWER OF THE EGYPTIAN MUMMY,

TO THE VERSES ADDRESSED TO IT. *

(For the Mirror.)

CHILD of the latter days! thy words have broken,
The spell, that long has bound these lungs of clay!
For since this smoke-dried tongue of mine has spoken,
Three thousand tedious years have roll'd away.
Unchained at length, I "stand at ease," before ye;
List! then, oh, list! while I unfold my story.

Thebes was my birth-place---an unrivall'd city
With many gates: and here I might declare
Some strange, plain truths, except that it were pity
To blow a poet's fabric into air.
Yes! I could read you quite a Theban lecture,
And give a deadly finish to conjecture.

But then you would not have me throw discredit,
On grave historians, or on him who sung
The Iliad: it is true, I never read it.
But heard it read when I was very young;
An old blind minstrel, for a trifling profit,
Recited parts---I think the author of it!

All that I know about the town of Homer,
Is that they scarce would own him in his day;
Were glad too when he proudly turned a roamer,
Because by this they saved their parish pay.
The townsmen would have been ashamed to flout him,
Had they foreseen the fuss now made about him.

One question I can fairly set at rest
He says that men were once more big and bony,
Than now---which is a falsehood at the best;
I'll just refer you to my friend, Belzoni,
The *resurrection-man*, a stately figure;
Now look at me, and tell me, am I bigger?

Not half so big: but then I'm sadly dwindled!
Three thousand years, with that embalming glue,
Have made a serious difference, and have swindled
My face of all its beauty---there were few
Egyptian youths more gay: behold the sequel!
Nay, smile not; you and I may soon be equal.

For this same hand hath whilom hurled the lance
With deadly aim; this "light fantastic toe"
Threaded the mystic mazes of the dance;
This heart hath throbbed to tales of love and woe;
These locks of scattered hair once set the fashion;
This withered form inspired the tender passion!

In vain---the skilful hand, and heart so warm;
The foot that figured in the gay *quadrille*;
The soul of genius, and the manly form,
All bowed at once to death's mysterious will,
Who sealed me up where mummies sound are sleeping,
In cere-cloth, and in tolerable keeping.

Where cows and oxen, not in rich brocade;
And well-dressed crocodiles, in painted cases;
Hawks, bats, and monkies, cats in masquerade,
With scarlet flounces, and with varnished faces.
Men, fishes, birds, and brutes, all crammed together,
With ladies that might pass for well-tanned leather

Who'd think these rusty hams of mine were seated
At Dido's table, when the wond'rous tale
Of Juno's hatred was so well repeated;
And, ever and anon the queen turned pale:
Meanwhile the brilliant gas-lights hung above her,
Threw a dim light upon her shipwrecked lover.

Aye! *gas-lights!* mock me not; we men of yore,
Were up to all the knowledge you can mention;
Who hath not heard of Egypt's peerless lore;
Her patient toil, acuteness of invention?
Survey the proofs; our pyramids are thriving,
Old Memnon *all but* breathes, and I'm surviving.

How, when, and why, our people came to rear
The Memphian pyramid (gigantic pile!)
E'en this, with other mysteries, thou shalt hear,
I will unfold, if thou wilt stay awhile,
The history of the sphinx, and who began it,
The Memnons, hawks, and monsters made of granite.

Well then, in grievous times, when king Cephrenes---
But, ha! what's this? the shades of bards and kings,
Press on my lips their fingers; what they mean is,
I am not to reveal these hidden things.
Mortal! farewell! till fate herself unbind them,
The world must *take* these secrets as they *find* them.

MUMMIUS.

* See Mirror No. 34.

TESTS FOR OXALIC ACID.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—An error in the tests for Oxalic Acid you have quoted from a little work induces me to trouble you with this. It is stated, that if tincture of litmus be poured into a solution of the suspected article, if it be Epsom salts, the blue will be changed to red: it should have been, "if Oxalic Acid be present." It is true you afterwards state the vegetable blues are changed red by the acid, but not acted on at all by the salt; and any person with common sense might perceive the error. But lest it unfortunately should be depended on, and a serious result occur, its immediate correction becomes necessary. It must not be supposed, however, that every fatal result arising from Oxalic Acid is the consequence of *mistake*, though always attributed to such. Setting aside the inhumanity of not having a proper regard for the lives of his fellow creatures, the druggist has two very interested motives for being particular: first, the hurt which such error occasions his business; and next, the price of the article, Oxalic Acid being eight times the value of Epsom Salts. A slight consideration of the subject must convince an impartial mind of the improbability of mistakes occurring so frequently; and there is much reason to fear, that three-fourths of what are called mistakes are wilfully so on the part

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of the patient; and Juries would do well, before they return a verdict of "Mistake by Poison," to investigate the subject thoroughly, and in many cases a very different verdict would be the consequence.

I now proceed to furnish you with two simple tests, one or both of which few families are without;—these are, Spirits of Hartshorn and common Pearlash. Dissolve the suspected article in a glass of water, pour into it a little hartshorn, or some pearlash dissolved in water;—if it be Epsom Salts, a milkiness will immediately ensue, owing to the precipitation of a white powder; if it be Oxalic Acid, a violent effervescence or hissing noise takes place: thus readily distinguishing one from the other.

From the virulence of the poison, when once taken into the stomach, little aid can be derived from medicine unless applied immediately. It generally occasions violent sickness; and the giving magnesia or common chalk mixed in water, sufficient to saturate the acid, is the only chance of saving the patient's life. It has frequently occurred to me, that publishing the name of a poison by which a person has destroyed himself (through the medium of the public papers) is more prejudicial to the community than otherwise, because it furnishes evil-disposed persons with a weapon of destruction, of which they might have remained ignorant. CLAVIS.

THE GENTLEWOMAN,

A FRAGMENT.

IT was a remark of Dr. Johnson's, "That Education might be bought, but it was easy to know a born Gentlewoman." My poor neighbour, Mrs. D. came to me one morning (as I was sweeping my garden-walk clean of the fallen leaves that lay scattered in abundance,) and with a smile that seemed to force its way through the tears of wounded sensibility, "What," said she, "is in my appearance to cause any one to curtsey with respect, or suppose me mistress of yonder mansion. My form I'm sure does not appear as if I fed at a luxurious table, and as to my dress, it is with difficulty I walk on these stony roads, for my shoes are almost without soles; and to complete my figure, I have been dirtying my poor old gingham, by sweeping the school, so that you can hardly distinguish its original colour!" Yet I think it was not meant as an insult, for the poor woman seemed wishful to sell her goods—and was a stranger—therefore could not know she was recalling memory to look on scenes she had turned her back on. Not comprehending what this soliloquy could lead to, I stopped my employment, and looking on the object that addressed me, I beheld what the withered foliage I had swept aside were but, alas, a solemn type of a poor, faded leaf. Thought I, the kind hand of thy Divine Master will ere many autumns sweep thee from this perishing earth into a garden where, I trust, thou wilt bloom afresh in everlasting summer. Mrs. D. is some years turned of fifty; her form is cast in nature's most delicate mould, and the many struggles she has had with the iron hand of adversity, have cast a languid paleness over her face. But the title of Gentlewoman is written, or rather so interwoven in her countenance and manner, that the fabric must totter into decay before the characters can be entirely defaced. A few years ago she lived in respectability with a beloved husband. Their all fell a sacrifice to the misfortunes attending trade, and now teaching a village school for the paltry sum of four-pence a week, each scholar, and that seldom regularly paid, is all they have to depend on. What, said I, has happened? Only a trifling circumstance, she replied, that perhaps I ought not to have taken notice of. As I was coming over to my lodgings to clean myself for the afternoon, in front of yonder great house, I met a poor young woman with a basket and a roll of flannel under her arm. She stopped, and making me a low curtsey, said, "I have been trying to find the way to your back door, my lady; for, perhaps you sometimes buy such flannel as mine to give to the poor, and this is very good, and only seventeen-pence a yard." I asked her where she came from, (for by not knowing that house was without a mistress, I perceived she was a stranger). She answered Nottinghamshire, and had never been here before. A number of children had now collected round her basket, which held worsted for knitting. She remarked how rude they were, and rebuked them; when fixing her attention on one little girl, who had for some weeks been my scholar, but whom her parents had taken away, the sum of four-pence being too much for them to pay, "Curtsey to that lady," said she, "do you know her?" The poor innocent did as she was bid, but with a consciousness of it knew not what, hung its head, and muttered, "yes—it is my mistress." This is the whole affair, and I again repeat it is not worth notice, but I am so enervated that trifles affect me, and while I wish to forget myself, it is almost become my wish to be forgotten.

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ST. WINIFRED.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—Having read in Nos. 45, 67, and 69 of your interesting publication, some account of the legendary tale of St. Winifred, perhaps some of your numerous readers are not aware (and you have omitted to state), what became of her remains after they had quietly rested above *five hundred years*. This will serve to supply that deficiency, and be a further illustration to what has been already advanced.

In the reign of Stephen, when the superstitious veneration for relics had arrived at their highest summit, the monks belonging to the abbey of St. Peter and St. Paul, at Shrewsbury, were desirous to possess the remains of some popular saint as to increase the celebrity of their house: Wales seeming a likely place for the accomplishment of their wishes, and they fixed upon St. Winifred. After a deal of fruitless negociations with the priest and inhabitants of Gwytherim, (where she was buried) who were unwilling to part with what they thought such precious relics, the Abbot, Herbert, obtained an order from Henry I. for their translation to his monastery, under the pretence that the body of so eminent a martyr could only be enshrined with any degree of magnificence within the church of a great abbey, and demanded the homage of a whole choir of monks, rather than the poor rites of an obscure church in Wales. However, the inhabitants were too fond of the bones of their saint, to be easily persuaded, and they remained inflexible, notwithstanding all the arguments used to obtain them. Some skilful negociators were at last commissioned to go and leave no expedient untried in their endeavours to secure them; and these, by pretended visions and divine admonitions, at last prevailed upon the unsuspecting Welsh to deliver up the dust of their saint, and they, as might be expected, returned in triumph to Shrewsbury. On their arrival they were deposited on the altar in St. Giles' Church, where prayers were offered up night and day, until a shrine worthy their reception could be prepared in the abbey church; they there remained till a day appointed by the bishop for their removal, when the body of the *saint* was borne by priests in grand procession towards the abbey, amidst an immense crowd, who, as it passed, shed tears of joy. It was received at the gates of the monastery by the Lord Abbot, assisted by the whole convent, arrayed in their richest vestments; and enshrined near the high altar of St. Peter and St. Paul. It is recorded as a miracle, that "notwithstanding abundance of rain which fell in other parts of the *city*," (mark the sad change in transitory things, now a town) "yet not a drop fell where the relics passed." Multitudes of pilgrims resorted to the shrine, which, as a matter of course, would be much to the emolument of the monastery, and even nobles, outvied each other in offering the richest donations. Such was the credulity in these dark times of christianity; and while we admire their *outward* zeal, we can but pity their folly, ignorance, and superstition.

Shrewsbury, April 18, 1824.

H. P.

LAMBETH.

WHAT time the golden car of radiant day,
Beneath the surface of the western wave,
Has sunk, and gives to milder eve her reign;
Far from Augusta's noisy streets to fly,
Where business bustles, and where commerce rules,
'Tis pleasing, then to walk, where on the Thames
Dark frowns the Lollard's tower, where trees
Umbrageous form the Bishop's Walk,—or where
Saint Mary rears her venerable spire.
Where on the margin of the Thames, the tall oaks
O'er the head their ancient branches wave.
Let Hist'ry come of truth and wisdom born,
And charming fancy with her witch'ry wild.
And while History with her magic wand,
Gives to the view, the scroll of ages past,
Let fancy to the wond'ring, mental eye,
In vivid colours paint each various scene;
To each historic tale of "Other Times"
Give force, and energy, and vigour all.
In Lambeth, feasting with his subject friend
The Danish monarch* fell (son of that one†
Who bade in mockery the wave retire,
And to the flattering sycophants,
A lesson useful taught) no rebel hand
Of life with violence the prince deprived,
Often to his lips the brimfull goblet
Did he raise, in mad contempt of nature
And her dictates wise,—from the couch he sunk
A lifeless corse;—in vain the wassail cups,
Pass'd gaily round the joyous festive board;
In vain the vaulted roof, with the acclaim
Of royal goodness did re-echo wide;
The royal patron of the feast was dead.
Saint Mary! sacred venerable pile
Of many a changing age the standing test,
Low lie the hands that reared thy structure high,
And low the plotting heads that bade thee rise
To fierce dispute and to contention high;
To plans of policy and tricks of state
Saint Mary owes her consecrated spire.
Where now those cavils? those contentions now?
Press'd by a little dust they sleep in peace.‡
'Twas in Saint Mary's porch one stormy night§
When direful winter's horrors reign'd supreme:
When every gale an icy coldness bore.
When fell the rain and when the tempest roar'd
England's queen bred in costly luxury,
To every care and each attention kind,

* Hardycanute. † Canute.

‡ Saint Mary, Lambeth, was originally built at an early period, in consequence of a dispute between one of our Saxon kings, and the monks of Canterbury.

§ The wife of James the Second, on her husband's abdication, was obliged to fly from London, and seek a shelter in the porch of Saint Mary's Church, with her son, who had afterwards the appellation of the Chevalier St. George.

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Accustom'd from infantile years to feel.
Now sought a shelter with her infant son.
From this historic tale, may greatness learn,
How weak the highest pinnacle of power.
She whose smiles her favourites watch'd with joy,
Whose frowns cast a dark gloom on all around,
(Like the idolater who anxious waits
The bright rising of the power of day,
But trembles when he sees the lightning's shaft
Or hears the bolt re-echo through the sky,
Now to her breast she clasp'd her infant boy,
And brav'd the terrors of the raging storm.
No arm was there to succour or relieve,
Those whom once she too fondly deemed her friends,
Her had forgotten in her adverse fate,
For why—they must the radiance adore
Of the sun that now display'd its rising beams.
Within Saint Mary's consecrated sod,
Rest many worthy hearts and noble heads;
But there are two, a special notice claim,
Here sire and son—botanic Tradescants lie.*
Much useful knowledge England owes to ye,
And many a beauteous flower
And useful plant to us unknown before.
But see where stands the Lollard's tower
Of slavish bigotry the symbol still;
This is thy work, O! Superstition this.
What time the church usurped the regal power,
When 'bove the crown the mitre high was raised,
And 'neath the crosier low the sceptre bent,
When servile kings could hold the stirrup, while
Upon his courser vaulted the proud priest.
Superstition! accursed power,
From hieroglyphic Egypt's bigot land;
First did'st thou wing thy inauspicious flight:
And thence spread o'er the world a worse disease
Than e'er the filth of Cairo could produce.†
When upon Asia's blood polluted shores,
Europa poured her sons in millions forth,
Did'st thou not smile to see the flocking crowd
Bow to thy throne, and worship at thy shrine,
In the Crusade—base libel on mankind,
When wither'd age raised its enfeebl'd voice,
When woman, soft endearing woman,
Forgot the attributes her sex possess.
The pride of modesty, the fear of shame
Fought like a ruffian on the embattled field,
When the child in steel, his limbs infantile clad,
Strove to speak big and grasp the spear of war;
Then was thy triumph, Superstition, then
Thou did'st reign supreme—the mistress of mankind.
Does not our English history wear a blush?
When she relates that he ‡ who 'mid her sons
Holds a high place upon the rolls of fame,
Whose deeds with glory shine upon her page:
Beneath whose prowess Gaul affrighted sunk,
Who wither'd the lilies of her haughty pride,
And broke her sword of chivalry in twain.
That he the generous—the royal Hal
By priestly arts and priestly plans misled,
Should obstruct the glorious march of mind,
Crush the despotic hand, the wise and good;
And in brave Cobham's blood his hands imbrue:
Many an inmate hath yon tower contain'd;
Many a one for worth and wisdom fam'd,
Born to illumine, to improve mankind,
Dar'd to be wise amid an ignorant age,
To burst the clouds that held bright reason back.
And shed on man its all inspiring ray,
There manacl'd like malefactors vile
They pass'd their joyless melancholy days
Till death relieved their miseries and pain.
Oh! ne'er may scenes like these again disgrace
The future annals of our happy land—
Hail! mild religion, power divine,
Whose hopes with joy the truly good inspire,
Whose terrors only awe the guilty soul:
How different art thou from that power *
Who red from thy blood with witchery dark
Doth in thy form a phantasm raise—
To fright its votaries bigot fools withal
With knowledge and with freedom, hand in hand
Scatter thy blessings throughout every clime,
And thro' the world a sure reform produce.

R. M.

* Superstition.

* The elder Tradescant was gardener to Charles the First; he visited Russia, and most parts of Europe, Turkey, Greece, many of the eastern countries, out of which he introduced multitudes of plants and flowers, which were unknown to our gardens.

† The filth of Cairo is considered by Dr. Mead as one of the causes of the plague.

‡ Henry V.

ON MARRIAGE.

MR. EDITOR.—As I am one of those who like to preserve their ideas on any subject which is particularly interesting to them, I have frequently resolved to offer to your notice some of those immethodical compositions usually ycleped essays, which have at various times proceeded from my pen during a leisure hour. Among the subjects which have of late most frequently occupied my attention, that of marriage has given rise to several meditations; the main points of which I have committed to paper, and offer them for reflection in the MIRROR.

I have no wish to give the curious any information as to whether I am old, young, or middle-aged, nor shall I write myself bachelor, or married-man. I will only avow myself a friend to the matrimonial state, being of opinion with the poet

"When wedlock blesses, life has small alloy."

though I equally agree in his next line—

"When wedlock curses, 'tis without a joy."

That it ever should absolutely be a curse, (and I know this to be sometimes unhappily the case), I consider not merely owing to those faults of the parties which are the result of ordinary human frailty, but as arising especially from culpable motives in the formation of the union, or from still more culpable conduct after it. Some are fond of affirming that wedlock is a lottery, and that the chances are so great against the acquisition of a prize that but little depends on conduct or consideration. They are eternally bringing forward whatever vituperative opinions they can muster, to shew that fickleness and frivolity are the leading features of the female character. They "ever and anon" ring in your ears a thousand changes on Milton's "fair defect of nature," or Byron's "treachery is all their trust," &c. &c. and conclude with some such sage observation as that "if you must marry, why take the first you fancy, either for her wealth or beauty, for all women are alike in their humours." I shall not address myself to

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these futile reasoners, but warn any, more especially the young, from being deceived by assertions which betray either lamentable ignorance or heartless illiberality.

I do not intend to take up my own time, or occupy your pages with an encomium on the connubial state, or by adducing reasons to prove it conducive to the social happiness of mankind in general as well as to that of the individuals who enter upon it, since there are many and excellent writers who have said quite sufficient on this branch of the subject. My principal aim is to endeavour, by a little friendly advice and a few observations founded on experience, to shew that almost all the unhappinesses of married people owe their origin to imprudence in the choice of a partner, or from captiousness and want of proper regard to each other's feelings after wedlock.

It is my decided opinion that when a marriage has been contracted under as favourable auspices as could possibly arise, it is almost invariably the husband's fault if the parties are not blessed in their union. There is a feeling in the female heart which makes a woman naturally and fitly cling for support to him to whom she has surrendered her liberty; and which, in a well-regulated mind, will induce her often to bear unprovoked harshness without any open or even concealed resentment, though not without one secret sigh of tender regret.

Mutual affection is, undoubtedly the only sure basis of that happiness, which wedlock ought always to produce; and it is from the want of this, that such innumerable matrimonial sorrows arise. It would be worse than idle to attempt a refutation of that most absurd of sayings, that "love will follow marriage," which is daily disproved by common experience. Some are of opinion that though affection on one side is indeed necessary, yet that mutuality of attachment may easily be dispensed with; and think it sufficient if the love is all on one side, and no dislike, but mere indifference on the other: for, say they, the virtues of the one who is warmly attached to the other, will produce esteem, which by unremitted kind attention, will ripen into a lasting attachment. That this may now and then be the case I will readily allow: but that it is always, or even generally so, I as positively deny. When a man is devotedly attached to a woman, (I am not here speaking of a mere boyish flame, lighted by beauty, and formed by personal attractions only,) he may very possibly succeed in rendering her truly fond of him by those attentions which usually win the regard of women, who certainly is the proper party "to be wooed and won." But let every man who would enjoy matrimonial happiness, beware of taking for his partner in life one who may be strongly attached to him, but for whom he entertains no warmer feelings than cold regard, or unimpassioned esteem. Let the love-sick fair one take heed of uniting herself to one who has no congenial passion. Let her dread lest he should decline from that kindness which art or even gratitude induced him to assume before marriage, into coldness and indifference, and by degrees into total neglect. Who can paint the anguish of a sensitive bosom in such a situation? All the warmth of her feelings checked by the repulsive coldness of an adored partner, her unremitted attempts to please either received with ill-dissembled weariness, or openly and cruelly slighted.

I shall here pause—concluding for the present with that admirable sentiment of Thomson.

. . . . . "Naught but love
Can answer love and render bliss secure."

BION

THE JOKE OF MATHEWS VERSIFIED.

A TRAV'LLER, some little time back,
Was telling another a hist'ry,
Whose manners betray'd a great lack
Of sense, to unravel the myst'ry.
"Why, Sir, it is strange you can't see!
Or, perhaps, it don't meet your belief;
'Tis as simple as plain A. B. C."
"Yes," cries t'other, "but I'm D. E. F."

RETRIBUTION.

IN the year 1745, a party of Cumberland's dragoons was hurrying through Nithsdale in search of rebels. Hungry and fatigued, they called at a lone widow's house, and demanded refreshment. Her son, a lad of sixteen, dressed them up *lang kale* and *butter*, and the good woman brought them new milk, which she told them was all her stock. One of the party inquired, with seeming kindness, how she lived. "Indeed," quoth she, "the cow and the kale yard, wi' God's blessing, is a' my *mailen*." He arose, and with his sabre killed the cow, and destroyed all the kale. The poor woman was thrown upon the world, and died of a broken heart; the disconsolate youth, her son, wandered away beyond the inquiry of friends or the search of compassion. In the continental war, when the British army had gained a great and signal victory, the soldiers were making merry with wine, and recounting their

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exploits. A dragoon roared out, "I once starved a Scotch witch in Nithsdale. I killed her cow and destroyed her greens: but," added he, "she could live for all that on her God, as she said!" "And don't you rue it?" "Rue what?" said he, "Rue aught like that!" "Then, by my God," cried the youth, unsheathing his sword, "that woman was my mother! Draw, you brutal villain, draw." They fought; the youth passed his sword twice through the dragoon's body, and, while he turned him over in the throes of death, exclaimed, "Had you rued it, you should have only been punished by your God!"

TOM JENKINS.

A TALE OF LOVE.

(For the Mirror.)

TOM JENKINS was known as a cobler or snob,
And never did Tom stand in want of a job;
He whistled and labour'd from morning to night,
And Tom's little shed was a shed of delight.

Yet Tom, be it told, fell a martyr to care;
And why?—Dolly Dimple was blooming and fair!
Tom's lot was to mend the *broke heel of her shoe*,
And Tom never after a moment's ease knew.

In vain to the syren his passion he told—
Doll's heart, like his lap-stone, was flinty and cold:
In vain he declared he would take her for life,
Her nose was *turn'd up* at a *Cobler's Wife*.

In vain he presented the *ring* to her view:
"*Tom Jenkins*," she sung out, "*begone, it won't do*."
In vain did he tell her his bosom's disaster—
"Tom Jenkins," she answer'd, "I'm meat for your master."

Not a board in his stall but was cut with her name;
Not a sigh that he breath'd but recorded his flame!
Not a song that he sung from his sensitive mind,
But caroll'd the burden, "*dear Dolly be kind*."

But, no! cruel Dolly rejoiced at his pain,
And banter'd his sorrows again and again;
Nay, though he protested she'd kill him with scoff,
Still answer'd (sad hussey) "*Tom Jenkins, be off*."

UTOPIA.

THE ASHANTEES.

CONSIDERABLE interest being excited respecting the Ashantees, in consequence of the intelligence of their having defeated our troops at Accra, we doubt not that an account of that nation, for it is not a mere tribe, will be deemed an acceptable article.

The Ashantees, a powerful nation in the interior of Africa, were first heard of by Europeans about the year 1700; but it was not until 1807 that one of their armies reached the coast for the first time. In 1811, and again in 1817, the Ashantees invaded Fantee, and inflicted the greatest miseries on the inhabitants, by their cruel butcheries in cold blood, and dragging thousands into the interior to sacrifice in their superstitious ceremonies. These invasions, in the last of which Cape Coast Castle was blockaded, induced the African Committee to send a mission to the King of the Ashantees, in order to conciliate and form a commercial treaty with him, as well as to gain all the information in their power respecting the extent and resources of this kingdom, and the interior of Africa in general.

The mission, consisting of Mr. James, Mr. Bowditch, Mr. Tedlie, and Mr. Hutchison, left Cape Coast Castle on the 22nd of April, 1817, accompanied by Ashantee guides, and proceeding through the Fantee country, now desolated by their enemies, but still possessing much beautiful scenery, entered Coomassie, the capital, on the 19th of May, at two o'clock, passing under a fetish, or sacrifice of a dead sheep, wrapped up in red silk, and suspended between two lofty poles, and met by upwards of 5,000 people, principally warriors, whose martial music and incessant discharges of muskets were executed with a zeal bordering on frenzy, to make a strong impression on their visitors, while flags, English, Dutch, and Danish, were waved and flourished in all directions, the captains discharging their blunderbusses so close as frequently to set the flags in a blaze.

The dress of the captains was a war-cap, with gilded rams' horns projecting in front, the sides extended beyond all proportion by immense plumes of eagles' feathers, and fastened under the chin with bands of cowries. Their vest was of red cloth, covered with fetishes and saphies,* in gold and silver, and embroidered cases of almost every colour, which flapped against their bodies as they moved, intermixed with small brass bells, the horns and tails of animals, shells, and knives; long leopards' tails hung down their backs, over a small bow covered with fetishes. They wore loose trowsers, with immense boots of a dull red leather, coming half way up the thigh, and fastened by small chains to their cartouch or waist belt: these were also ornamented with bells, horses' tails, strings of amulets, and innumerable shreds of leather; a small quiver of poisoned arrows hung from their right wrist, and they held a long iron chain between their teeth, with a scrap of Moorish writing affixed to the end of it. A small spear was in their left hands, covered with red cloth and silk tassels; their black countenances height-

* Scraps of Moorish writing, as charms against evil.

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ened the effect of this attire, and completed a figure scarcely human.

After having been detained for some time by the dances and exhibitions of the warriors, the party were suffered to proceed through the streets, the houses of which were crowded with females and children, all anxious to see white men for the first time, and drowning the firing and music by their exclamations; at length they reached the front of the palace, the bands, principally composed of horns and flutes, played their wild melodies in concert, when a royal messenger bid them wait a further invitation from the king: here they were compelled to witness a most inhuman spectacle:—

It was that of a man, whom they were tormenting previous to sacrifice; his hands were pinioned behind him, a knife was passed through his cheeks, to which his lips were noosed like the figure of 8: one ear was cut off and carried before him, the other hung to his head by a small bit of skin; there were several gashes in his back, and a knife was thrust into each shoulder-blade; he was led with a cord passed through his nose, by men disfigured with immense caps of shaggy black skins, and drums beat before him; the feeling this horrid barbarity excited must be imagined. Fortunately our travellers were soon released from the sight of this horrid and degrading spectacle, by one of a different character, in which an area of nearly a mile in circumference was crowded with magnificence and novelty.

The king, his tributaries, and captains, were resplendent in the distance, surrounded by attendants of every description, fronted by a mass of warriors which seemed to make our approach impervious. The scene was reflected with a glare scarcely more supportable than the heat, from the massy gold ornaments which glistened in every direction. More than a hundred bands burst at once on our arrival, with the peculiar airs of their favourite chiefs; the horns flourished their defiances with the beating of innumerable drums and metal instruments, and then yielded for a while to the soft breathings of their long flutes, which were truly harmonious; and a pleasing instrument, like a bagpipe without the drone, was happily blended. At least a hundred large umbrellas, or canopies, which could shelter thirty persons, were sprung up and down by the bearers with brilliant effect, being made of scarlet, yellow, and the most showy cloths and silks, and crowned on the top with crescents, pelicans, elephants, barrels, and arms and swords of gold; they were of various shapes, but mostly dome; and the valances (in some of which small looking-glasses were inserted) fantastically scalloped and fringed; from the fronts of some, the proboscis and small teeth of elephants projected, and a few were roofed with leopard-skins, and crowned with various animals naturally stuffed. The state hammocks, like long cradles, were raised in the rear, the poles on the heads of the bearers; the cushions and pillows were covered with crimson taffeta, and the richest clothes hung over the sides. Innumerable small umbrellas, of various coloured stripes, were crowded in the intervals, whilst several large trees heightened the glare, by contrasting the sober colouring of nature.

"Discolor unde aure per ramos aura refulsit."

The King's messengers, with gold breast-plates, made way for us, and we commenced our round, preceded by the canes and the English flag. The travellers stopped to take the hand of every caboceer (chief or magistrate,) which, as their household suites occupied several spaces in advance, delayed them long enough to distinguish some of the ornaments, in the general blaze of splendour and ostentation.

These caboceers, and the superior captains and attendants, were most splendidly attired in Ashantee cloths made from the most costly foreign silks, which had been unravelled to weave them; these were thrown over the shoulder like the Roman toga; necklaces of massy gold, Moorish charms, rude lumps of rock gold, wolves' and rams' heads as large as life, in gold, caps with eagles' feathers, and a variety of other ornaments, were the usual appendages of their dress.

"The prolonged flourishes of the horns, (says Mr. Bowditch, in his Narrative of the Mission,) a deafening tumult of drums, and the fuller concert of the intervals, announced that we were approaching the king; we were already passing the principal officers of his household: the chamberlain, the gold coin blower, the captain of the messengers, the captain for royal executions, the captain of the market, the keeper of the royal burial-ground, and the master of the bands, sat surrounded by a retinue and splendour which bespoke the dignity and importance of their offices. The cook had a number of small services covered with leopard's skin held behind him, and a large quantity of massy silver plate was displayed before him, punch-bowls, waiters, coffee-pots, tankards, and a very large vessel, with heavy handles and clawed feet, which seemed to have been made to hold incense; I observed a Portuguese inscription on one piece, and they seemed generally of that manufacture. The executioner, a man of

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an immense size, wore a massy gold hatchet on his breast; and the execution stool was held before him, clotted in blood, and partly covered with a cawl of fat. The king's four linguists were encircled by a splendour inferior to none, and their peculiar insignia, gold canes, were elevated in all directions, tied in bundles like fasces. The keeper of the treasury added to his own magnificence by the ostentatious display of his service: the blow-pan boxes, scales, and weights, were of solid gold.

"A delay of some minutes whilst we severally approached to receive the king's hand, afforded us a thorough view of him; his deportment first excited my attention; native dignity in princes we are disposed to call barbarous, was a curious spectacle; his manners were majestic, yet courteous; and he did not allow his surprise to beguile him for a moment of the composure of the monarch; he appeared to be of about thirty-eight years of age, inclined to corpulence, and of a benevolent countenance; he wore a fillet of aggry beads round his temples, a necklace of gold cockspur shells, strung by their largest ends, and over his right shoulder a red silk cord, suspending three saphies cased in gold; his bracelets were the richest mixtures of beads and gold, and his fingers covered with rings; his cloth was of a dark green silk; a pointed diadem was elegantly painted in white on his forehead; also a pattern resembling an epaulette on each shoulder, and an ornament like a full blown rose, one leaf rising above another, until it covered his whole breast; his knee-bands were of aggry beads, and his ancle, strings of gold ornaments of the most delicate workmanship, small drums, sankos, stools, swords, guns, and birds clustered together; his sandals, of a soft white leather, were embossed across the instep band with small gold and silver cases of saphies; he was seated in a low chair richly ornamented with gold; he wore a pair of gold castanets on his finger and thumb, which he clapped to enforce silence. The belts of the guards behind his chair were cased in gold, and covered with small jaw-bones of the same metal; the elephants' tails, waving like a small cloud before him, were spangled with gold, and large plumes of feathers were flourished amid them. His eunuch presided over these attendants, wearing only one massy piece of gold about his neck; the royal stool, entirely cased in gold, was displayed under a splendid umbrella, with drums, sankos, horns, and various musical instruments cased in gold, about the thickness of cartridge paper; large circles of gold hung by scarlet cloth from the swords of state, the sheaths as well as the handles of which were also cased; hatchets of the same were intermixed with them; the breasts of the Ocrahs, and various attendants, were adorned with large stars, stools, crescents, and gossamer wings of solid gold.

"We pursued our course through this blazing circle, which afforded to the last a variety exceeding description and memory; so many splendid novelties diverting the fatigue, heat, and pressure we were labouring under; we were almost exhausted, however, by the time we reached the end; when, instead of being conducted to our residence, we were desired to seat ourselves under a tree at some distance, to receive the compliments of the whole in turn.

"They dismounted as they arrived within thirty yards of us; their principal captains preceded them with the gold-headed swords, a body of soldiers followed with their arms reversed, then their bands and gold canes, pipes, and elephants' tails. The chief, with a small body guard under his umbrella, was generally supported around the waist by the hands of his favourite slave, whilst captains halloed, close in his ear, his warlike deeds and (strong) names, which were reiterated with the voices of Stentors by those before and behind; the larger party of warriors brought up the rear. Old captains of secondary rank were carried on the shoulders of a strong slave; but a more interesting sight was presented in the minors, or young caboceers, many not more than five or six years of age, who, overweighed by ornaments, were carried in the same manner (under their canopies), encircled by all the pomp and parade of their predecessors. Amongst others the grandson of Cheboo was pointed out, whom the king had generously placed on the stool of his perfidious enemy. A band of Fetish men, or priests, wheeled round and round as they passed with amazing velocity. Manner was as various as ornament; some danced by with irresistible buffoonery, some with a gesture and carriage of defiance; one distinguished caboceer performed the war dance before us for some minutes, with a large spear, which grazed us at every bound he made; but the greater number passed us with order and dignity, some slipping one sandal, some both, some turning round after taking each of us by the hand; the attendants of others knelt before them, throwing dust upon their heads; and the Moors apparently vouchsafed us a blessing. The king's messengers, who were posted near us, with their long hair hanging in twists, like a thrum mop, used little ceremony in

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hurrying by this transient procession; yet it was nearly eight o'clock before the king approached.

"It was a beautiful star-light night, and the torches which preceded him displayed the splendour of his regalia with a chastened lustre, and made the human trophies of the soldiers more awfully imposing. The skulls of three Banda Cabocers, who had been his most obstinate enemies, adorned the largest drum: the vessels in which the boys dipped their torches were of gold. He stopped to inquire our names a second time, and to wish us a good night; his address was mild and deliberate: he was followed by his aunts, cousins, and others of his family, with rows of fine gold chains around their necks. Numerous chiefs succeeded, and it was long before we were at liberty to retire. We agreed in estimating the number of warriors at 30,000."

(To be continued.)

JACK OF NEWBURY.

Mr. J. Winschcomb, otherwise called Jack of Newbury, (whose portrait figures on many a sign,) was descended of very poor parents, who after giving him such an education as their circumstances would admit, put him apprentice to a rich clothier in Newbury: he was very diligent in his business, and conducted himself with such propriety, as to acquire the good will and respect both of his master and mistress. When he was nearly out of his time his master died; soon after which, his mistress, who was both young and rich, had several suitors,

> Who flocked to see her young and old,
> In part for love, in part for gold.

Among the rest were the curate of Speenhamland (then called Spenhomeland,) a rich tanner, and an eminent tailor. But she thought the curate too studious, the tanner too old, and the tailor too foppish.

It appeared, however, that her dislike to these proceeded more particularly from her passion for another; for in reality, she was in love with her apprentice John. Love, like hunger, will break through every restraint; this was evinced in the mistress, for her passion soon overcame her prudence, that she opened her mind to John. John received the declaration so bashfully, and began to excuse himself for the honour designed him in so confused a manner, that she was greatly disappointed and perplexed, and began more than half to suspect that there must be a rival in the case, to whom John's heart was engaged, and in whose favour he was prepossessed. These conjectures made her fear that a prior passion had rendered him blind to the charms of any woman, except the object of his wishes, and deaf to the voice of interest, for she had a very good opinion of her own personal attractions, and knew that he must be perfectly well acquainted with her riches; she concluded, therefore, that he must be either stupid, mad, or in love elsewhere, to refuse such an offer.

It being the time of the annual fair, which is held at Newbury, on St. Bartholomew's day, she determined to see it, merely for the purpose of being conducted about by John during the day.

In the course of their perambulations, they met with a very particular friend of the mistress, with whom she entered into conversation; John thinking they might have some business of a private nature together, respectfully retired to some distance; for he possessed all the politeness of those days, and was, besides, a very handsome young fellow. The mistress happening to turn her head, (for nothing could entirely divert her attention from the object of her wishes,) perceived John saluting a very handsome, fresh-coloured, smart young woman. This sight seemed to confirm her suspicions, and inflamed her heart with jealousy. She broke off the conversation with her friend abruptly, and hastened to John, lest he should have any more discourse or take any more freedoms with the girl. When she came up to John she took no notice of what she had observed, but walked along as before, though rather in a more pensive and melancholy mood. They soon met the tailor, who was her suitor, and who insisted that, as it was fair time, she should drink a glass of sack with him, sack being the liquor of the polite at that period.

They accordingly repaired to a house of entertainment, where they were hardly seated before they saw the tanner pass by, the tailor not knowing the tanner was his rival, called him in, for being of an avaricious disposition, he thought it would be a good opportunity of foisting half the reckoning upon him; for he had more love for the widow's money than for herself; and more love for his own money than for the wine or the tanner.

While the glass went merrily round, who should pass by but the curate of Speenhamland; they both started up at once to call him in, being instigated, though without each other's knowledge, by the same motive; that is, they both wished to employ him as an advocate in their favour, to plead their suit with the widow, not having the least notion of his pretensions. But as soon as they dis-

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covered that they were all rivals, they suddenly appeared extremely blank, and looked wonderfully suspicious at each other. They, however, agreed at last to refer the matter to the lady herself, whose choice they would abide by. She told them she loved them all equally, but would give them a final answer on the Thursday following. John, who had been present the whole of the time, and seen and heard all that past, began to perceive things in a different light from what he had hitherto considered them. He found what suitors his mistress had, and how easily she might be snapt up; he plainly perceived what a great advantage such a match would be to him; he considered that his mistress was not only immensely rich, but young, brisk, and tolerably handsome. He wondered how he could be so silly as to refuse such an offer, and determined to press his suit as soon as they reached home.

Accordingly, he was very earnest in the evening on the topics of love and marriage, with his mistress, and expressed himself with great ardour. His mistress was amazed at his alteration in disposition, behaviour, and address; she was pleasingly surprised at his declaration, and determined soon to be united to the object of her affection. But first she thought it prudent to be satisfied with respect to her suspicions; she therefore frankly mentioned all her surmises, not forgetting the pretty, fresh-coloured girl in the fair.

John quieted her mind, and excused himself by solemnly declaring that he had never entertained the least affection for any woman but herself; that with respect to his kissing the girl in the fair, it was a piece of levity he was frequently guilty of with those he thought little or nothing about, but that his profound respect always had withheld him from taking such liberties with her.

This satisfied her, and thinking that mutual happiness could never come too soon, they were married on the Thursday morning following.

The three suitors, viz. the parson, tanner, and tailor, understood the matter from common report, and therefore thought it unnecessary to go to her for a final answer, when they could have it from every man, woman, or child in the town; for they gave such a liberal and magnificent entertainment, that the whole country rang with their marriage.

Jack of Newbury becoming thus a rich and powerful man, was extremely good and charitable to the poor, and became beloved by every one. His wife dying in a few years, he afterwards married one of his maid servants, whom he had noticed for her good sense, modesty, and prudence, preferring her to any more wealthy match, in the same manner as her mistress had before preferred him.

He died in an advanced age, universally regretted as he was universally beloved, leaving great riches to his wife, children, and all his relations, as well as many considerable legacies to his friends, servants, and the poor. W. L.

IRISH PROTESTANTS SAVED.

THE following singular narrative is to be found among the papers of Sir James Ware:—

Queen Mary having dealt severely with the Protestants in England, about the latter end of her reign, signed a commission to take the same course with them in Ireland: and to execute the same with greater force, she nominated Dr. Cole one of the commissioners. The doctor coming with the commission to Chester, on his journey, the mayor of that city, hearing that her Majesty was sending a messenger into Ireland, and he being a churchman, waited on the doctor, who in a discourse with the mayor, taketh out of a cloak-bag a leather box, saying unto him, "Here is a commission that shall lash the heretics of Ireland," (calling the Protestants by that title.) The good woman of the house, being well affected to the Protestant religion, and also having a brother named John Edmonds, of the same, then a citizen in Dublin, was much troubled at the doctor's words; but watching her convenient time, while the mayor took his leave, and the doctor complimented him down stairs, she opens the box, takes the commission out, and places in lieu thereof, a sheet of paper, with a pack of cards wrapped up therein, the knave of clubs being faced uppermost. The doctor came up to his chamber, suspecting nothing of what had been done, put up the box as formerly. The next day, going to the water side, the wind and weather serving him, he sailed towards Ireland, and landed the 7th of October, 1558, at Dublin. Then coming to the Castle, the Lord Fitzwilliam being Lord Deputy, sent for him to come before him and the privy council; who coming in after he had made a speech, relating upon what account he came over, he presents the box unto the Lord Deputy, who causing it to be opened, that the secretary might read the commission, there was nothing save a pack of cards, with the knave of clubs uppermost, which not only started the Lord Deputy

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and council, but the doctor, who assured them he had a commission, but knew not how it was gone; then the Lord Deputy made answer, "Let us have another commission, and we will shuffle the cards in the mean while." The doctor being troubled in his mind, went away, and returned into England, and, coming to the court obtained another commission; but staying for a wind on the water side, news came to him that the Queen was dead. Thus God Preserved the Protestants in Ireland.

Queen Elizabeth was so delighted with this story, which was told her by Lord Fitzwalter, on his return to England, that she gave Elizabeth Edmonds, whose husband's name was Maltershad, a pension of 40*l.* during her lifetime.—*See Cox's Hibernia Anglicana, vol.* 2. *p.* 308. *Harleian Miscell. vol.* 5, *p.* 568.

The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM *NEW WORKS.*

THE PACHA OF EGYPT.

THE Pacha, every now and then, addressed some questions to us; two or three about the Persians, and their adoption of our discipline; but all inconsequent. I sat on the divan with my eyes fixed upon him; I wanted to examine the countenance of a man, who had realised in our day one of those scenes in history, which, when we have perused it, always compels us to lay down the book, and recover ourselves. There he sat—a quick eye, features common, nose bad, a grizzled beard, looking much more than fifty, the worn complexion of that period of life, and there seemed to be creeping upon him that aspect which belongs to, and betrays the 'grey decrepitude of lust.' Mohammed Ali Pacha is a Turk, a very Turk: he is surrounded, flattered, and cajoled by a set of foreign adventurers, who put notions into his head, and words into his mouth, which pass for, and, in truth, become his own: the race between him and them is, who shall get the most out of the other; and, what between force and fraud, I believe the Pacha has the best of it. His idea of political economy is pretty much like that of the countryman, who killed the goose, and was astonished not to find more eggs of gold.

So far from improving, as far as we could hear and see, he is ruining and impoverishing his country. He has got rid of his Turks and Albanians, and flatters himself his new levy is a master-stroke of policy. He does not *pay*, and will never attach them; and if they do not (which I think probable) desert with their arms, and disturb his conquests and possessions above the cataracts, they will die away as a body, and fall to pieces in a very short period of time.

The protection which he affords to the European traveller is to be acknowledged, but not at the expense of truth. He knows if his country was not safe, the Europeans would not come there: he encourages the intercourse, because he avows his wish to receive and employ Franks, and it is necessary, therefore, to let them see and know that protection is afforded them, and to accustom his subjects to their presence. As far as Pacha can be independent of the Porte, he is, and he knows it is only by cultivating his European relations that he can effectually continue so to the end. They might now send him the bowstring in vain; they tell you that he is not sanguinary; men grow tired of shedding blood, as well as of other pleasures; but if the cutting off a head would drop gold into his coffers, he would not be slow to give the signal. His laugh has nothing in it of nature; how can it have? I can hear it now,—a hard, sharp laugh, such as that with which strong, heartless men would divide booty torn from the feeble. I leave him to his admirers. At one thing I heartily rejoice; it is said that our consul-general has great influence with him, and it is known that that is always exerted freely and amiably for Franks of all nations in distress or difficulty, and often for natives also.—*Scenes and Impressions in Egypt, &c.*

CROSSING THE DESERT.

THE road through the desert is most wonderful in its features: a finer cannot be imagined. It is wide, hard, firm, winding, for at least two-thirds of the way, from Kosseir to Thebes, between ranges of rocky hills, rising often perpendicularly on either side, as if they had been scraped by art; here, again, rather broken, and overhanging, as if they were the lofty banks of a mighty river, and you traversing its dry and naked bed. Now you are quite landlocked; now again you open on small valleys, and see upon heights beyond, small square towers. It was late in the evening when we came to our ground, a sort of dry bay; and, burning sand, with rock and cliff, rising in jagged points all around—a spot where the waters of ocean might sleep in stillness, or, with the soft voice of their gentlest ripple, lull the storm-

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worn mariner. The dew of the night before had been heavy, we therefore pitched our tent, and decided on starting, in future, at a very early hour in the morning, so as to accomplish our march before noon. It was dark when we moved off, and even cold. Your camel is impatient to rise ere you are well seated on him; gives a shake, too, to warm his blood, and half dislodges you; marches rather faster than by day, and gives occasionally a hard quick stamp with his broad callous foot. Our moon was far in her wane. She rose, however, about an hour after we started, all red, above the dark hills on our left; yet higher rose, and paler grew, till at last she hung a silvery crescent in the deep blue sky. I claim for the traveller a love of that bright planet far beyond what the fixed and settled resident can ever know;—the meditation of the lover, the open lattice, the guitar, the villagers' castanets, are all in sweet character with the moon, or on her increase, or full-orbed; but the traveller *(especially in the East,)* he loves her in her wane; so does the soldier at his still picquet of the night; and the sailor, on his silent watch, when she comes and breaks in upon the darkness of the night to soothe and bless him.

"Who passes the desert and says all is barren, all lifeless? In the grey morning you may see the common pigeon, and the partridge, and the pigeon of the rock, alight before your very feet, and come upon the beaten camel-paths for food. They are tame, for they have not learned to fear, or to distrust the men who pass these solitudes. The camel-driver would not lift a stone to them; and the sportsman could hardly find it in his heart to kill these gentle tenants of the desert: the deer might tempt him; I saw but one; far, very far, he caught the distant camel tramp, and paused, and raised and threw back his head to listen, then away to the road instead of from it; but far ahead he crossed it, and then away up a long slope he fleetly stole, and off to some solitary spring which wells, perhaps, where no traveller, no human being has ever trod. Here and there you meet with something of green,—a tree alone, or two, nay, in one vale you may see some eight or ten; these are the acacias; small-leaved and thorny, yet kind, in that "they forsake not these forsaken places." You have affections in the desert too; your patient and docile camel is sometimes vainly urged if his fellow or his driver be behind; he will stop and turn, and give that deep, hoarse, gurgling sound, by which he expresses uneasiness and displeasure. It is something to have rode, though but for a few days, the camel of the desert. We always associate the horse with the Arab warrior, and the horse alone; also the crooked scimitar. Now these belong to the Syrian, and the Persian, the Mameluke, and the Turk as well. The camel is peculiar to the Arab alone. It was on the camel that Mahomet performed his flight to Medina. It was on a white she camel that he made his entry into that city. Seventy camels were arrayed by his side in the vale of Beder. And it was on his own red camel that the Caliph Omar, with his wooden dish and leathern water-bottle, and bag of dates, came to receive the keys of the holy city of Jerusalem, and the submission and homage of the patriarch Sophronius. "Moreover, it is on a winged white camel, in a golden saddle, that the Moslem, who is faithful to the end, believes that he shall ride hereafter."—*Ibid.*

Select Biography.

No. VIII.

PAUL JONES.

PAUL JONES was born and bred on the estate of Lord Selkirk, near Kircudbright; his father, by name Paul, a steady methodical Scotchman, being head gardener to Lord Selkirk, and young Paul acting in a subordinate capacity in the same establishment, as appears from the following story on record of father and son. In the gardens were two summer-houses, corresponding to each other. One day Lord Selkirk, during his walks, observed a man locked up in one of them, and looking out of the window—in the other summer-house, looking out of the corresponding window, appeared young John Paul. "Why are those lads confined?" said Lord Selkirk to the gardener. "My Lord, I caught the rascal stealing your Lordship's fruit." "But there are two, what has your son done, is he too guilty?" "Oh, no, please your Lordship, I just put him in for symmetry."

In this service he remained for some years; but at length being detected in certain knavish tricks, which would have entitled him to confinement in the summer house on stronger grounds than symmetry, he was dismissed, and following the bent of a wild and ardent disposition, betook himself to a sea-faring life, for which his habits, and the practical knowledge gained by long residence near a sea port, had fully prepared him. He commenced his naval career as common sailor; but his talents soon rendered him conspicuous, he was appointed mate, and

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in these capacities made several voyages to the West Indies, where he finally became master of a vessel. Soon after the rupture between this country and America, happening to be at Piscatuway, in New England, he was induced to desert his national colours, and enlist under those of the revolutionists, prompted partly by a vindictive spirit, and partly by the predatory prospects offered by the approaching war—at the same time changing his name from John Paul to Paul Jones.

For this new sphere of action his enterprising character and talents were admirably adapted; and these, added to his thorough knowledge of the northern coasts of England, soon brought him into notice, and pointed him out as a fit actor in the marauding schemes then in agitation. Accordingly, in the latter part of 1777, he was actively employed as Commander, in fitting out the Ranger* privateer, mounting 18 guns, besides swivels, and manned with a desperate crew of 150 men. In the course of the winter he put to sea, and made two captures on the European side of the Atlantic, both of which were sent into a French port. In the month of April, 1778, he for the first time appeared in the neighbourhood of his native place, and forthwith proceeded to execute a well digested plan for burning the town and shipping of Whitehaven. Having made the land, he cautiously kept in the offing to avoid observation, but at the close of evening, the necessary preparations being made, he stood in for the shore, and at midnight, having approached sufficiently near, his boats well manned, and armed by thirty daring fellows, in deep silence pushed off from the vessel. A small battery commanded the bay and entrance of the harbour; it was necessary to secure this before they could venture on ulterior measures; accordingly, having made good their landing, the party rushed upon the garrison before any alarm could be given, and made them prisoners. The guns were immediately spiked, and every thing seemed to favour the final success of their enterprize. It was dead low water, and the vessels were laying side by side without a chance of preservation, should the flames once get head. Little expecting such a visit, no watches were on the look out, and the inhabitants were buried in sleep. In full security and confidence the armed force dispersed themselves, depositing matches ready primed amidst combustibles on the decks and rigging.—Nothing more was required for their destruction than the signal for lighting the trains. At this critical moment a loud knocking was heard in the main street, and voices of alarm were heard in every direction. It was evident that they were discovered, and nothing remained but to commence in haste the work of destruction, for the alarm had now become general, and crowds were seen running towards the piers, attracted by the lights which the retiring party were hastily throwing on board the vessels; fortunately without effect, one only being seriously scorched, the crews and townsmen succeeding in extinguishing the flames before they reached the rigging. Foiled in their attempt, the privateer's men regained their boats, and putting off, reached their ship in safety. On mustering, one only of the party was missing, and to him were the people of Whitehaven indebted for their preservation; for, influenced either by conscientious motives or self-interest, he quitted his companions when engaged about the harbour, and running up the main street, knocked at every door as he passed, roused the sleepers from their beds, and calling upon them to rise and save their lives and property.

Having failed in this enterprize, Jones stretched across the Solway Firth, towards the coast of Scotland, and with the early dawn entered the river Dee, forming the harbour of Kircudbright. A little above its junction with the sea the river widens into a sort of estuary, and here on a promontory, or rather island, where the river is about a mile and a half in width, stands St. Mary's Isle, the Castle of Lord Selkirk, and here, within a short spot endeared to him by the strongest ties and earliest associations, soon after sun-rise Jones dropped his anchor, with feelings, if we may judge from the tenor of a letter which will be mentioned in the course of the following narrative of that day's proceedings, very different from those which the public gave him credit for, proving that, with all his failings, his heart was still susceptible of impressions which might have raised him, as much as his unjustifiable deeds had hitherto lowered him, in the estimation of his countrymen. Early in the morning, the privateer had been observed making her way up the river, her guns and warlike appearance attracting much attention and curiosity, for vessels of her description were seldom seen working up the intricate passage of the Dee. Not a suspicion was entertained of her real character, but the male part of the population conjectured her to be a visitor equally unwelcome—a ship of war coming up for the purpose of impressment. Accordingly at an early hour

* In some accounts she is called the Revenge.

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(Lord Selkirk being fortunately in London), Lady Selkirk was informed of the circumstance, and a request was made by the men servants that they might absent themselves for the purpose of concealment. The vessel had no sooner anchored than she was observed to dispatch an armed boat. The crew on landing seemed to have no particular object in view; and after remaining some time, strolling up and down the country, took to their boat and returned on board. Before, however, the people had recovered from their first alarm, the boat was again observed to push off, and in a few minutes a strong body of armed men landed on the beach without interruption; not as before did they stroll about, but, forming in regular order, marched directly to the castle, which they immediately surrounded, and then, for the first time, a suspicion of the real character of such unexpected visitors was excited. Lady Selkirk, who, with her children, were the only members of the family then resident in the castle, had just finished breakfast, when she received a summons to appear before the officer commanding the detachment; she obeyed with considerable fear, which was not diminished upon a nearer view of the visitors, whose ferocious looks, and ragged dress, too plainly showed their hostile intentions; and, as it was evident that plunder was their object, the worse might be expected in case of resistance. They were armed with every variety of weapon; muskets, pistols, swords; and one savage-looking fellow bore an American tomahawk over his shoulder. Two officers had the command of the party; one of them coarse and rude in language and behaviour; the other, on the contrary, was not only courteous and respectful—but even apologized to Lady Selkirk, regretting the unpleasant duty in which it was his unfortunate lot to appear as a principal. Their first inquiry was for Lord Selkirk: on being assured that he was not in the country some disappointment was manifested. After a short pause, the latter officer said he must then request her Ladyship to produce all her plate. She replied, that the quantity in the castle was very small, but what there was should be immediately given up; and accordingly the whole was laid before them, even to the silver tea-pot used at breakfast, which had not been washed out. The officer on receiving it directed his men to pack up every article, again apologizing for his conduct on an occasion which he called a dirty business, and then taking leave, at the head of his men returned to the vessel, leaving the family not a little rejoiced at their escape. Still, however, as the ship did not get under weigh, fears were entertained of a second visit, and Lady Selkirk lost no time in sending off her children, and removing whatever property was likely to become a source of temptation, to a place of security. Her fears were fortunately groundless, and in a few hours she had the satisfaction to see the privateer under weigh without offering further molestation.

(To be continued.)

The Novelist.

No. LIII.

THE GROTTO OF ST. ODILLE,

Near Fribourg, in the Black Forest.

ODILLE was the daughter of Attich, Duke of Alsace. She had been brought up in the convent of Mayenfield, and in her own mind had long resolved to devote herself to a holy life, and to take the veil.

One day she left the convent to visit her father's court, and all the youthful knights were deeply stricken with her beauty.

Soon the young and beautiful recluse was surrounded by lovers, and amongst the number was a German Prince, whose suit the Duke approving of, his daughter was ordered to approve of also. But Odille, considering herself as already devoted to a religious life, viewed the proposal with horror, and knowing that her father's will was to her a mandate, she divested herself of her rich garments, and taking the habit of a wandering beggar, she reached the Rhine, and passed safely in a little boat to the opposite side.

Her flight was soon discovered by the Duke, who sent pursuers after her in all directions. He himself mounted his swiftest steed, and by accident took the road which Odille had just passed. The boatman described her so accurately, that the Duke felt no doubt he was close upon his daughter's steps, and with increasing eagerness he now pressed on.

Odille had already ascended half way up one of the high mountains of the forest, looking down upon the Rhine, when, worn out with fatigues to which she had been little used, she seated herself upon a rock, and lifting up her eyes to heaven, joined her hands in prayer. But presently, startled by a distant sound of horses' feet, she looked around, and beheld an approaching troop of horsemen, drest in her father's colours.

She hastily arose to save herself by rapid flight. Fear at first acted like wings upon her nimble feet, but soon her weak and gentle nature yielded, and she fell exhausted upon a rock.

The horsemen advancing with a rapid

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pace were now near upon the spot, when Odille, trembling, lifted up her hands to implore deliverance from heaven. Suddenly the rock opened! Odille entered, and instantly the rock closed!

Presently she heard the sound of horses' feet above her, and her father's voice calling her by name.

"My father," answered Odille, and Attich gazed around in mute surprise. "Odille," cried he again, and he was seized with terror on hearing a second time the voice of his daughter issuing as if from the rock beneath him. "You persecute him who protects me," replied Odille, and she then related what had passed. Attich now recognized the will of a superior power, and swore to respect his daughter's vow, and to build for her a convent. Upon this the rock opened, and Odille came forth, arrayed in a garment of celestial light. She fell into her father's arms, and besought his blessing and forgiveness.

The rock has remained opened from that day, and in the grotto which had hidden Odille rises a medicinal spring, possessing many virtues.

Numerous pilgrims and invalids make visits to this sainted spot, and Saint Odille and her holy life, though not recorded in the page of history, are carefully handed down by every family within her presiding district.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

TO MISS POVEY,

On hearing her Sing for the first time.

ENCHANTING Povey, run thy bright career;
Thy warbling notes still ring upon my ear.
Thy all-subduing strains dilate my heart,
Beggar my thoughts, enrapture every part!
Povey! continue thus to use thy art
T' enthrall in chains each eager list'ner's heart.
Ere long (no doubt to your delight) you'll see
The world in wonder, all run mad like me! HENRI.

ON MISS FOOTE.

HAD fair Maria's form but met the eyes
Of Paris when he yielded up the golden prize,
Not long he'd paus'd 'twixt fear and duty,
But strait have crown'd a mortal queen of beauty. HENRI.

CROSS READINGS.

VISITORS to the metropolis are respectfully invited—to be sold by auction by Messrs. Adams, at—42s. to 48s. per dozen.

Ever anxious to prevent imposition, Day and Martin respectfully inform the public that—the first number of the Monthly Critical Gazette will be—a general assortment of warrants, subpœnas, summonses, &c.

Important information.—His Grace the Duke of Wellington—arrived at C. Holmes's waggon-warehouse, Jesus' College Lane—where he was enthroned, and put in possession of—five or six bakers—and the up-shot is not a little surprising.

University intelligence.—Congregations will be holden for the purpose of—the removal of—100 pipes of wine.

Letters from St. Petersburgh of the 20th of March state, that—Dr. Bethel, the newly-appointed Bishop of Gloucester, arrived in—the Independent Tallyho Post Coach.

Birth.—The Lady of ——— ———, Esq., of—a fine-toned piano-forte—empty casks, and a variety of other effects.—For particulars inquire of the auctioneer.

EXTEMPORE LINES

On receiving a benevolent donation in an hour of adversity, accompanied with a request that it might never be mentioned.

HAIL! charity, celestial maid, in purest silence drest,
Thy soothing balm can heal a heart by poverty oppprest;
While gratitude forbid to make the generous cure appear,
Steals to her closet, bends her knee, and drops a silent tear.

THE first Newspaper was printed in England in 1558, and is entitled, "*The English Mercurie*," which by authority, was imprinted at London, by Christopher Barker, her highness's (Queen Elizabeth's) printer.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Tim Tobyhn, P. T. W., Mr. Skinner, Jacobus, and several other correspondents, in our next; when we shall decide on numerous communications recently received.

H. R. is informed, that contributions for our Scientific Amusements *will* be acceptable.

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) and sold by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

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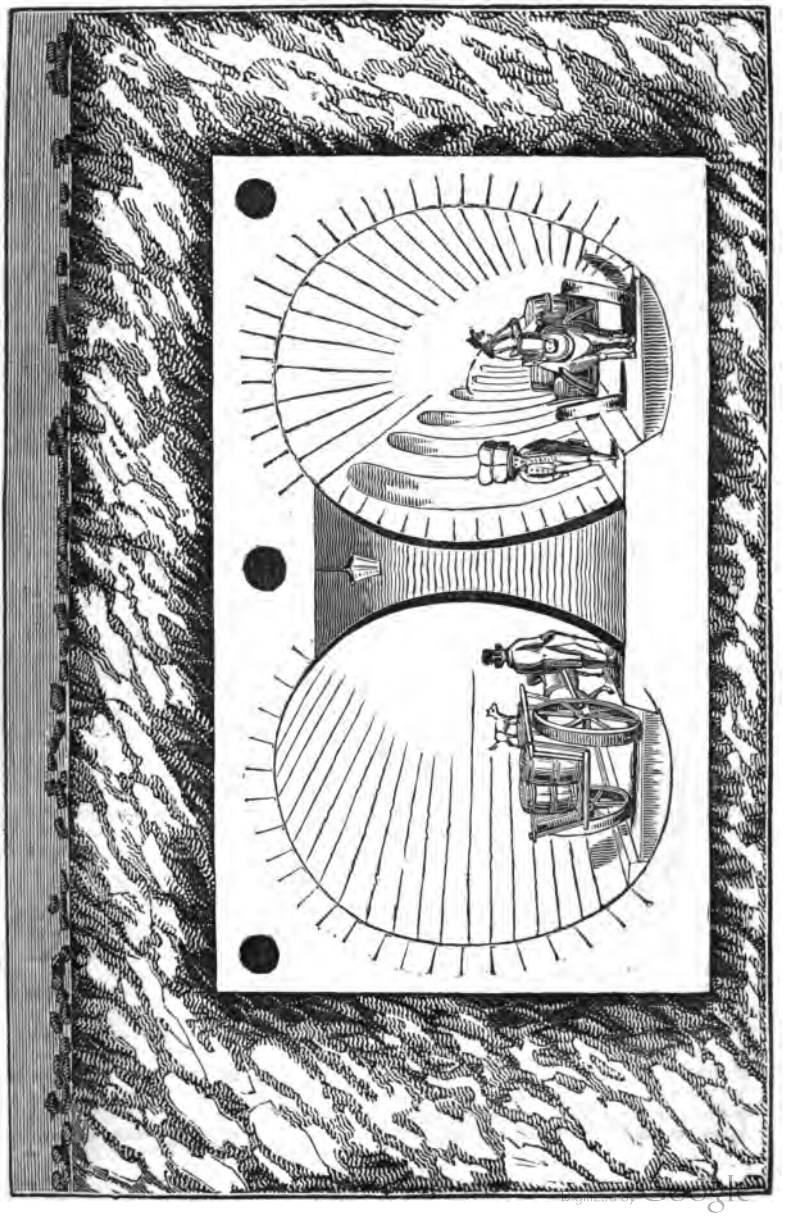
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. LXXXIV.] SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1824. [Price 2*d*.

Tunnel under the River Thames.



Among the romantic projects of an enterprising people may be mentioned that of a Tunnel under the River Thames. In 1798, Mr. Ralph Dodd proposed a Tunnel of this description from Gravesend to Tilbury Fort. The plan was to form a cylindrical Tunnel of 16 feet in diameter, and 30 feet under the bed of the river. It was a noble project, and if carried into effect would have been of infinite service, as it would have saved a distance of 50 miles in the intercourse between the counties of Kent and Essex. The expense, too, was comparatively trifling; for while a bridge, even if elevation sufficient could have been given for the shipping, would have cost two millions of money, the estimated expense of the Tunnel was little more than £15,000. The plan, however, failed, for the Tunnel had not proceeded far under the bed of the river, when the water broke through in such force as to render its execution no longer feasable.

Another project has been proposed, with a better chance of success, to make a Tunnel under the Thames, and connect the eastern part of London with the county of Surrey, at Rotherhithe. A company has been formed, and the capital subscribed, for carrying the projected Tunnel into effect; and as there is no opposition to the measure, it is more than probable that the bill will pass, so as to enable the company to carry their plan into execution: and we may confidently look to the attainment of the great desideratum, which is that of opening convenient communications across the Thames, east of London Bridge.

The ground under the bed of the river, at the depth of about 34 feet below high-water, consists of substantial clay to a considerable depth; 39 bores have been taken in three lines across the river, near the place where the Tunnel is to be made, and no difference was observed in the nature of the strata; other bores are now in progress on the Surrey side, which correspond with the former. Much water is met on shore, to penetrate through the first stratum down to about 34 feet, where the clay begins; but the clay is of such a nature, that it may be worked through with perfect security.

This Tunnel is denominated the Thames Tunnel. Such confidence was placed in the projector, and the plan itself appeared so practicable, that the shares to the amount of £200,000 were filled in a very few days; indeed, there is little doubt of its becoming a very productive concern, when we consider the immense increase of trade in the port of London. The Tunnel is to be near Rotherhithe Church; its distance from the London Bridge is greater than that of the London Bridge from the Westminster Bridge on the Surrey side. It will form a more direct communication between four counties, and will open a very short way between the West India and East India Docks, in particular with Tooley-street, and that part of the Borough where a very considerable portion of the coasting trade is carried on. It is not unreasonable, therefore, to anticipate, that a very large traffic will eventually take that direction: and if the Waterloo Bridge, inconsiderable as its traffic is, clears upwards of £13,000 a-year, there is good ground to calculate upon the double of that sum as the clear revenue of a thoroughfare that has no competition.

The engraving, which we give, represents the body of the Tunnel, formed of a double archway or gallery. Each gallery is to be 13ft. 6in. wide, and 15 feet high, in the clear. The structure is to be entirely of brick and Roman cement; the external dimensions are 35ft. in width, and 20ft. in height. The opening through the ground must therefore be 700 feet of sectional area.

In order to effect so considerable an excavation, the author of the present plan proposes to have the body of the Tunne preceded by an assemblage of very strong iron frames, by means of which no more earth is to be removed than is to be replaced by the body of brick-work, retaining thereby the surrounding ground in its natural state of density and solidity. The body of the Tunnel, which is of brick-work, is intended to be fitted close to the ground, and, in proportion as the framing is moved forward, so the brick-work is to be made to keep pace with it; this framing corresponds, in some degree, with the steening commonly used for making a well, with this difference, that in a well the steening descends of itself or with little aid, whereas in the Tunnel the framings must be forced on forward. But, as this assemblage of frames would not be forced forward all in one body, on account of the resistance of its external sides against the surrounding and incumbent earth, it is composed of twelve perpendicular frames, which admit of being moved singly and independently of each other, in proportion as the excavation is carried on in front of the work.

These several frames are provided with such mechanism as may be necessary to move them forward, as well as to secure them against the brick-work when they are stationary. It is to be observed, that six alternate frames are stationary, while the six intermediate ones are left free for the purpose of being moved forward

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when required; these, in their turn, are made stationary for relieving the six alternate ones, and so on. Thus the progressive movement of the framing can be effected.

In order that a sufficient number of hands may be employed together with effect and security, each frame is divided into three small distinct apartments, which may properly be denominated cells. By this disposition the twelve frames form thirty-six cells, in which the men are to operate for excavating the ground. It is to be observed, that the ground in front of each cell is kept from falling in, by means of a powerful shield, consisting of small boards, strongly secured by frames. It is from within these cells that each workman is to cut out the ground, just in the way that he would do if he were to cut out a recess into a wall for the purpose of fitting a closet into it; but with this precaution, that he is to remove each board, one after the other, and replace each in succession as he cuts the portion of the ground corresponding with it. When he has thus gained from three to six inches over the whole surface (an operation which it is expected may be made in all the cells nearly in the same time,) the frames are moved forward, and so much of the brick-work added to the body of the Tunnel. Thus intrenched and secure, thirty-six men may be made to carry on an excavation which is 700 feet superficial area, in regular order and uniform quantities, with as much facility and safety as if one drift only of 19 feet square was to be opened by one man.

The declivity of the roadway of the Tunnel under the river, will not exceed three feet per hundred feet; and that of the approaches, whether they are circular or straight, is not intended to exceed four feet per hundred feet. The whole is to be well lighted up all the way.

ON DUELLING.

(For the Mirror.)

DUELLING, no doubt, originated in the judicial combats of the Gothic nations, and the prevalence of that barbarous custom, one of the worst legacies inherited from our feudal ancestors, has been the theme of many able writers, who have ventured to express their doubts of its general evil tendency, alleging that it renders bravery and boldness necessary to the exclusion of weakness and poltroonery; whilst others hesitate not in their complete condemnation, on the ground that a duel neither proves the guilt or innocence of the parties engaged, but leaves the question precisely in the same state after the contest that it was before.

Montesquieu, in his work on the Spirit of Laws, clearly shews the origin of duelling, to be derived from the manners and customs of feudal times, and gives us a ludicrous idea of these extravagancies, and of what jurisprudence then consisted. "The accused," says he, "commenced by declaring before the judge, that such a person had committed such an action; the accused party replied, by saying he was a *liar;* upon which the judge ordered a duel to be fought by them. Thus it became a *legal maxim*, that when any one had been told he lied, a duel must follow as a matter of necessity."*

Such is the cause of our still fighting when the *lie* is given—with this difference, however, that in those barbarous times, it was conformable to existing laws, whereas it is now completely in opposition to those under which we live. It is, no doubt, a gross act of impoliteness, to tell any one he *has told a lie;* but since we can say the same thing in different terms, without giving any offence, since the fact is the same, why should a change in the method of expressing it, render a statement so outrageous, that the offended party must needs attempt taking the life of him who made it, while he risks his own?

People vainly attempt to excuse this dreadful practice, by an appeal to existing prejudices, the point of honour, &c.; but surely the highest honour in a free state, consists in fulfilling the duties of a good citizen; and it is scarcely necessary to say, that the first of these duties is to respect the laws, never substituting his own will for them; suffering patiently rather than participating in their violation. On the other hand, to shew ourselves superior to an insult, is frequently the most honourable mode of proving that we are in the right; for, according to a celebrated writer, "generosity is better than vengeance in the punishment of many an offence." The famous Duke de Montausier, he, who, when Moliere read the Misanthrope to him, exclaimed, with so much warmth—"Ah! how I should like to resemble that man," while governor of the Dau-

* Such was the conduct and reasoning suggested by ignorance and superstition in former days---so that the tribunals appointed to administer justice, ordered the litigants to fight a duel, for the purpose of ascertaining which of them had reason on his side. If any man was accused of having committed murder it was necessary that he should kill another fellow-creature, to prove that the charge was false and calumnious.

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phin, made some representations to the latter, which were so badly received, that the august scholar carried his anger so far as to say—"If I had a pistol in my hand, I would blow your brains out!" On this, the duke, without being the least disconcerted, called one of the young prince's attendants, and coolly said—"Give his Royal Highness a pistol." This proof of firmness produced such an immediate change in the feelings of his pupil, that the Prince fell on his knees, and in a torrent of tears, begged pardon of his governor.

Lamothe, the amiable author, having one day had the misfortune to tread on the toes of a person who passed him in the street, instantly received a blow from the irritated stranger, which any one else would most probably have resented on the spot, the philosophic poet contented himself with merely saying—"Ah! sir, I am sure you'll be extremely sorry when you hear that I am blind!" which was really the case.

Themistocles, on seeing a stick raised against him, said to the person who held it—"*Strike, but hear me!*" A proof that the Athenian general did not think he would be dishonoured by the mere blow of a stick.—And in like manner, Descartes used to say, that when he received an injury, he seated himself so high above it, that it could not reach him.

Sainte-Foix, the ingenious author of "Essays on Paris," having one day entered a coffee-house at the dinner hour, and observed some one taking a jelly, said, loud enough to be heard by the party, "a jelly makes but a very poor dinner." Offended by this remark, the gentleman turning to him who made it, said, "that it was his own choice, and he thought it very strange any one should find fault with him." "That may be," replied Sainte-Foix, "but you will allow, sir, that a jelly makes but a poor dinner." This repetition of his observation irritated the stranger to such a degree, that some further altercation terminated by his demanding immediate satisfaction. As it was then the custom of every one to go armed, they had merely to draw their small swords, when the aggressor soon received his adversary's weapon; on which the former asked whether he was satisfied, and being answered in the affirmative, Sainte-Foix added—"You have wounded me slightly, sir, and I shall get over it, after a few days' confinement to my room; but if you had killed me, it would not have been the less true, that *a jelly makes but a poor dinner.*"

However, it must be admitted, that when one has been publicly accused by a respectable person, who at the same time refuses to retract or apologize, of some of those inferior crimes, that are not cognizable in a court of law, it would appear that he is actually reduced to the truly dreadful alternative, either of bearing the stigma, and banishing himself from reputable society, or wiping it off at the point of the sword. Insinuations against character are not always forgotten in "a few weeks." It is mentioned by Bishop Burnet, that when the Earl of Rochester shewed some disinclination to vindicate his honour by a duel, the disgrace was never wholly effaced.

The principal arguments against duelling, are summarily expressed by Dr. Blair, in his sermon on Patience. This celebrated preacher premises, that though resentment of wrongs is an useful principle in human nature, and is the necessary guard of private rights, yet, if not kept within due bounds, it is in hazard of rising into fierce and cruel revenge, insisting on such degrees of reparation, as bear no proportion to the wrong suffered. "What proportion, for instance, is there between the life of a man and an affront received by some rash expressions in conversation, which the wise would have slighted, and which in the course of a few weeks would have been forgotten by every one? How fantastic, then, how unjustifiable are those supposed laws of honour, which, for such an affront, require no less reparation than the death of a fellow-creature; and which, to obtain this reparation, require a man to endanger his own life—laws which, as they have no foundation in reason, never received the least sanction from any of the wise and polished nations of antiquity, but were devised in the darkest ages of the world, and are derived to us from the ferocious barbarity of Gothic manners." On the contrary, the hypothesis of Robertson, the historian, in favour of duelling, however candid, is not the most complimentary, for, says he, "It must be admitted, that to this absurd custom we must *ascribe*, in some degree, the extraordinary gentleness and complaisance of modern manners, and that respectful attention of one man to another, which at present render the social intercourse of life far more agreeable and decent than among the most civilized nations of antiquity."

F. R—y.

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ALFRED'S TOMB.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—In the last number but one of the MIRROR, page 292, your correspondent, T. A. C., relates, that King Alfred was buried in the chancel of Little Driffield, in Yorkshire, unhonoured with any memorial, except that on the wall of the church there is the following inscription:

"In the chancel of this church, lie the remains of Alfred, King of Northumbria, who departed this life in the year, 705."

I beg leave to observe, that formerly there were several different Kings of Northumberland, when that country was dreadfully harassed by civil wars.—I am, therefore, of opinion, that the Northumbrian King, buried at Driffield, was one of those whose name was *Alfred*; surely this circumstance must be recorded in some topographical account either of Northumberland or Yorkshire.

But let us not for a moment imagine that Alfred the Great was interred at Driffield, for, on referring to a biographical dictionary, I find, that "Alfred the Great, youngest son of Æthelwolf, King of the West Saxons, was born in the year 849, at Wannating or Wanading, which is supposed to be Wantage in Berkshire; and after a reign of above 28 years, he died universally lamented, on the 28th of October, A. D. 900, and was buried in the cathedral of Winchester." I remain, Sir, your constant reader,

May 10, 1824. W. F.

HISTORY OF ARITHMETIC.

(For the Mirror.)

THE importance of this noble science, from its immediate connection with commerce, and its being the basis of almost every part of the mathematics, is a maxim so universally acknowledged, that any observations in support of it, must be entirely superfluous. In comparing magnitudes together, we are frequently compelled to call in the aid of *numbers*, and many parts of the fifth book of *Euclid's Elements*, without very often referring to numbers, would almost be unintelligible.

It is uncertain at what period Arithmetic first assumed any regular form as an art, or from whom it originally had a systematic arrangement; it must unquestionably have been coeval with commerce, which must have soon taught mankind the necessity of an inquiry into the nature of numbers, without which, nothing could have been transacted, even by barter. It is generally admitted that the Phœnicians, the descendants of Noah, were the first people who rendered navigation subservient to commerce, therefore it is by no means improbable that Arithmetic had its origin with them, and that they introduced it to Europe; indeed, in forming this conclusion, we have the support of Proclus, in his commentary of the first book of Euclid, who is decidedly of this opinion.*

Josephus, the Jewish historian, on the contrary, informs us that Arithmetic and Astronomy were introduced in Egypt by Abraham, (when he retired there in consequence of a famine in Canaan,) which sciences he had learnt in Chaldea.

Whatever controversy has arisen upon the point of who brought Arithmetical knowledge into Egypt, certain it is, that we are indebted to that nation for it, by its transmission from them to the Greeks (by Pythagoras), from whom it descended to the Romans.

A regular system of notation must have been the first step towards rendering numbers perspicuous, which was effected by the Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans, as also some others, by using the letters of their respective alphabets for numerical signs.

The best method adopted by the Greeks was, where the *first* nine letters represented the nine digits, and the *second* nine, the tens, from one 10 up to nine tens, or 90; the hundreds were denoted by some other letters, and deficiencies supplied by arbitrary marks for thousands, tens of thousands, &c.; although no specific treatise of their computation has been transmitted to us, we may readily estimate the difficulty, arising from such an imperfect scale of notation, from two small works collected by Dr. Wallis, viz. "A commentary upon Archimedes' treatise of circles, by Eutocius," and some fragments of Pappus, which mostly relate to multiplication. It is likewise said, that Archimedes employed a peculiar notation of his own in "Arenarius," a computation of the number of the sands.

The Romans also adopted their scale of numerals, from the following seven capitals of their alphabet,—I, V, X, L, C, D, and M. The several combinations, repetitions, and abbreviations, they made use of, are too generally known to require explication here.

Such were the modes in general use, till the second century after Christ, when the *sexagesimal* division was planned by Claudius Ptolemy; by which method, the unit was supposed to be divided into

* The following passage in *Lucan's Pharsalia*, ascribes the invention of *letters* to the Phœnicians:—

"Phœnices primi, famæ si creditur, ausi
mansuram rudibus vocem signare figuris."

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60 parts; these again into 60 more, and so on.

To facilitate the plan, the integral, as well as fractional progression, was made sexagesimal, thus; from one to 59 was written (in the then usual manner) by Roman capitals; then 60 was called *sexagena prima*, and thus marked (I′); two sixties, or 120 thus, (II′), and so on, to 59 times 60, or 3,540 thus, (LIX′); for 60 times 60, or 3,600, they wrote (I″), and called it *sexagena secunda*, &c. The practice of this, though something easier than the former, must have been extremely difficult in multiplication and division, as appears by *Logisticia*, written in Greek, by Barlaamus, about 1350; translated into Latin, and published, 1600.

The difficulty and imperfection of these methods of computation, must have rendered Arithmetic in a very rude state, in which it remained until the introduction of our present inestimable mode, called the *Arabian*, (from which nation we had it), although it is admitted that the Indians were the inventors.

Maximus Planudes was the first known author who treated of Arithmetic according to this system: his work is in Greek; he asserts, "that the ancient Greeks and Romans knew nothing of it," and acknowledges "the genius of the Easterns as the inventors, from whom the Arabians got it, and the Europeans from them." This author, according to Kircher, flourished, A. D. 1270, though Vossius fixes him as late as 1372; but Dr. Wallis contends, that the Arabic figures were known in Europe before 1000, (Guthrie's Table says 991,) and brought into England (during Stephen's reign,) towards 1150.

From this period may be dated the gradual improvements made in Arithmetic; as we find about 1200, an outline of a regular treatise, by Jordanus, of Namur, which was shortly after printing was invented, published and demonstrated by Joannes Faber Stapulensis.

Jordanus also wrote a work, called *Algorismus Demonstratus*, which was never printed; though Dr. Wallis says, the manuscript is in the Savilian library at Oxford. About this time another grand improvement was made by the introduction of *decimals*; though, strange to say, the inventor is unknown—the curious on this point may consult Chamber's Encyclopædia, or Dr. Hutton's, and Peter Barlow's Mathematical Dictionaries. Regiomontanus is the first writer known to have used decimals; in his triangular tables in astronomy, published 1464, we find them instead of the old mode of sexagesimals: we also find them again used by Buckley and Record, two early English authors, and likewise by Ramus, a Frenchman, these all lived about 1550. But the first express treatise on decimals, is by Stevinus, (who also wrote on Book-keeping,) in the year 1582.

Logarithms was the next improvement, and was, perhaps, scarcely inferior to both others, viz. the Arabic figures and decimals. Lord Napier, Baron of Merchiston, in Scotland, is the undisputed inventor: his first canon was published 1614: his lordship, however, conceived a more commodious form which he communicated to Mr. Henry Briggs, then professor of geometry, at Oxford; but soon after dying, the whole devolved upon Briggs, who completed and published this form, 1624.

Having thus far mentioned the several improvements made in this noble art, it may perhaps be interesting to mention a few of the early writers on Arithmetic, shortly after the introduction of the Arabic figures. The most remarkable of them, are between 1480 and 1600. In Italy, Lucas de Burgo and Nicholas Tartaglia, (the work of the former is much commended by Dr. Wallis). In France, Clavius and Ramus. In Germany, Stifelius and Henischius; and in England, Buckley, Diggs, and Record.

About the year 1629, were published, the rival treatises of Cocker and Wingate; since which time, Arithmetic has made such rapid steps to its present systematic perfection, from the scientific abilities of so many able writers, that even their names alone would almost fill a small volume.

April, 1824. JACOBUS.

"JOCKIE IS GROWNE A GENTLEMAN."

AMONG the most rare ballads in the English language, is one entitled, "Jockie is growne a gentleman." It is a satire levelled against the numerous train of Scotch adventurers who emigrated to England in the reign of James the First, in the full expectation of being distinguished by the particular favour and patronage of their native sovereign. So much, indeed, was the king annoyed with these supplicants, that he issued a proclamation at Edinburgh, dated 10th of May, 1610, stating, that the daily resort of idle persons, of base sort and condition, was not only very unpleasant and offensive to his Majesty, since he was daily importuned with their suits and begging, and his royal court almost filled with them, (they being, in the conceit of all beholders, but "idle rascals and poor miserable bodies,") but their country was

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heavily disgraced by it, and many slanderous imputations given out against the same, as if there were no persons "of good rank, comeliness, or credit, within it;" therefore it was ordered, that no captains of ships should transport any passenger to England without license of the Privy Council.

The following song of "Jockie is growne a gentleman," is not only humourous, but gives an interesting picture of the national prejudices, as well as the costume of our ancestors:—

Well met, Jockie, whither away?
Shall we two have a word or tway?
Thou wast so lousie the other day,
How the devil comes you so gay?
Ha, ha, ha, by sweet St. Ann,
Jockie is growne a gentleman.

Thy shoes, that thou wor'st when thou went'st to plow,
Were made of the hyde of a Scotish cow,
They're turned to Spanish leather now
Bedeckt with roses I know not how.
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Thy stockings, that were of northern blew,
That cost not twelve-pence when they were new,
Are turn'd into a silken hue,
Most gloriously to all men's view.
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Thy belt, that was made of a white leather thong,
Which thou and thy father wore so long,
Are turn'd to hangers of velvet strong,
With gold and pearle embroider'd among.
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Thy garters, that were of Spanish say,
Which from the taylor's thou stol'st away,
Are now quite turn'd to silk, they say,
With great broad laces fayre and gay.
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Thy doublet and breech, that were so playne,
On which a louse could scarce remayne,
Are turn'd to a sattin God-a-mercy trayne,
That thou by begging couldst this obtayne!
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Thy cloake, which was made of a home-spun thread,
Which thou wast wont to fling on thy bed,
Is turned into a skarlet red,
With golden laces about thee spread.
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Thy bonnet of blew, which thou wor'st hither,
To keep thy skonce from wind and weather,
Is throwne away the devil knows whither,
And turn'd to a beaver hat and feather.
Ha ha. ha, &c.

Westminster-hall was cover'd with lead,
And so was St. John many a-day;
The Scotchmen have begg'd it to buy them bread:
The devil take all such Jockies away.
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Collett's Relics of Literature.

THE ASHANTEES.

(Concluded from page 314.)

THE present monarch of Ashantee, Sai Tootoo Quamina, succeeded to the throne of his brother in 1779, at which time he was about seventeen years of age; his private character is said to be amiable and generous, and his humanity much superior to his superstition and policy:—He is considered to take better care of his treasury than any of his predecessors; he cautiously extends his prerogative, and takes every opportunity of increasing the number of secondary captains, by dignifying the young men brought up about his person, and still retaining them in his immediate service.

The king's manners are a happy mixture of dignity and affability, they engage rather than encourage, and his general deportment is conciliating though repulsive. He speaks well, and more logically than most of his council, who are diffuse, but his superior talent is marked in the shrewd questions by which he fathoms a design or a narrative. He excels in courtesy, is wisely inquisitive, and candid in his comparisons; war, legislature, and mechanism, are his favourite topics of conversations. The great, but natural fault of the king is, his ambition; it has, perhaps, never proved superior to the pledge of his honour, but it certainly has, and that frequently, to his sense of justice, which is repressed rather than impaired by it.

There are three estates in the Ashantee government, the king, the aristocracy now reduced to four, and originally formed of the peers and associates of Sai Tootoo, the founder of the monarchy, and the assembly of captains: the aristocracy interfere in all foreign politics, extending even to a veto on the king's decision, but they watch rather than share the domestic administration; they also assist the king in the exercise of his judicial authority, while the general assembly of the caboceers and captains only meet to give publicity to the will of the other two estates, and to provide for its observance. Some idea of the freedom of their constitution may be formed, from the following anecdote:—

A son of the king's quarrelling with a son of Amanquateä's (one of the four), told him, that in comparison with himself, he was the son of a slave: this being reported to Amanquateä, he sent a party of his soldiers, who pulled down the house of the king's son and seized his person. The king hearing of it sent to Amanquateä, and learning the particulars, interceded for his son, and redeemed his head for twenty periguins of gold.

The succession to the throne is hereditary; the course is the brother, the sister's son, the chief vassal or slave to the stool; the sisters of the king may marry or intrigue with whom they please, provided he be an eminently strong or personable man; the blood of the king's son, or any of the royal family cannot be shed, but

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when guilty of a crime of magnitude they are drowned in the river Dah.

The following are some others of their laws:—

To be convicted of cowardice is death.

If any subject picks up gold dropped in the market-place, it is death, being collected only by order of the government on emergencies.

Theft of the king's property, or intrigue with the female attendants of the royal family, or habitual incontinence, is punished by emasculation; but *crim. con.* with the wife of a man who has been so punished is death, being considered an aggravated contempt of law.

Interest of money is 33 one-third per cent. for every forty days, which is accompanied after the first period by a dash of liquor. When the patience of the creditor is exhausted, he seizes the debtor, or even any of his family, as slaves, and they can only be redeemed by the payment: this barbarous law was nearly the same in Athens.*

In almost all charges of treason, the life of the accuser is at risk as well as that of the accused, and is forfeited on the acquittal of the latter. I understood this from the best authorities to be indispensible as a check on the palavers; envy, spleen, or covetousness, would otherwise accumulate.

The accuser is never discovered or confronted to the accused, nor the evidence revealed, until the latter has fully replied to the charge, as outlined by the king's linguists.

No man is punished for killing his own slave, but he is for the murder of his wife and child.† If he kills the slave of another, he must pay his value. If a great man kills his equal in rank, he is generally allowed to die by his own hands: the death of an inferior is generally compensated by a fine to the family equal to seven slaves.‡

If a person brings a frivolous palaver against another, he must give an entertainment to the family and friends of the acquitted.

If an aggry head is broken in a scuffle, seven slaves are to be paid to the owner.

Trifling thefts are generally punished by the exposure of the party in various parts of the town, whilst the act is published; but more serious thefts cannot be visited on the guilty by any but his family, who are bound to compensate the accuser and punish their relative or not, as they think fit; they may even put him or her to death, if the injury is serious, or the crime repeated or habitual.

If a man cohabit with a woman without the house, or in the bush, they are both the slaves of the first person who discovers them; but redeemable by their families.

It is forbidden, as it was by Lycurgus, to praise the beauty of another man's wife, being intrigue by implication.

If a woman involves herself in a palaver, she involves her family, but not her husband.

None but a captain can sell his wife, and he only, if her family are unable to redeem her by the repayment of the marriage fee.

The property of the wife is distinct, and independent of the husband, though the king is the heir to it.

None but a captain can put his wife to death for infidelity, and even then he is expected to accept a liberal offer of gold from the family for her redemption. To intrigue with the wife of the king is death.

If the family of a woman are able and willing, on the report of her dislike to her husband, or his ill-treatment of her, to tender him the marriage fee, he must accept it, and the woman returns to her family, but may not marry again.

If a husband is not heard of by his wife, for three years, she may marry again, and if the first husband returns, the claim of the second is the better; but, all the children of the after marriage are considered the property of the first husband, and may be pawned by him.

Those accused of witchcraft, or having a devil, are tortured to death.

The good treatment of slaves is in some degree provided for, by the liberty they have of dashing or transferring themselves to any freeman, whom they enjoin to make them his property by invoking his death, if he does not: an imperative appeal.

Such are the laws of the Ashantees, in many of which there is a near affinity to those of all rude and uncivilized states; and the same observation will apply to their superstitions:—

But the most surprising superstition of the Ashantees, is their confidence in the fetishes or saphies they purchase so extravagantly from the Moors, believing firmly that they make them invulnerable,

* In Ahanta, all old debts must be paid within six weeks from the commencement of the coutoom, or harvest custom. The creditor can panyar or seize not only the family, but the townsmen of the debtor.

† In the kingdom of Amanahea or Apollonia, the tenth child is always buried alive.

‡ A person accidentally killing another in Ahanta, pays five ounces of gold to the family, and defrays the burial customs. In the case of murder, it is twenty ounces of gold and a slave; or he and his family become the slaves of the family deceased.

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and invincible in war, paralyze the hand of the enemy, shiver their weapons, divert the course of balls, render both sexes prolific, and avert all evils but sickness (which they can only assuage) and natural death. The king gave to the king of Dagwumba, for the fetish or war coat of Apokoo, the value of thirty slaves; for Odumata's, twenty; for Adoo Quamina's, thirteen; for Akimpon's, twelve; for Akimponteä's, nine; and for those of greater captains in proportion. The generals being always in the rear of the army, are pretty sure to escape, a circumstance much in favour of the Moors.

And such unbounded confidence have hey in these fetishes, that Mr. Bowdich relates, that,

Several of the Ashantee captains offered seriously to let us fire at them; in short, their confidence in these fetishes is almost as incredible as the despondency and panic imposed on their southern and western enemies by the recollection of them; they impel the Ashantees, fearless and headlong to the most daring enterprizes, they dispirit their adversaries, almost to the neglect of an interposition of fortune in their favour. The Ashantees believe, that the constant prayers of the Moors, who have persuaded them that they converse with the Deity, invigorate themselves, and gradually waste the spirit and strength of their enemies. This faith is not less impulsive than that which achieved the Arabian conquests.

The Yam custom of the Ashantees is a species of saturnalia held annually, just as that vegetable has arrived at maturity, which is generally in September; at this festival, neither theft, intrigue, or assault are punishable, but the grossest liberty prevails, and each sex abandons itself to its passions; all the caboceers, and captains, and the majority of the tributaries, are enjoined to attend, and the number, splendour, and variety of animals astonished our author, while the gratification was mixed with a most painful alloy, that of the principal caboceers sacrificing a slave at each quarter of the town, as they entered.

In the afternoon of Saturday, (the 6th of September) the king received all the caboceers and captains in the large area, where the Dankara canons are placed. The scene was marked with all the splendour of our own *entrée*, and many additional novelties. The crush in the distance was awful and distressing. All the heads of the kings and caboceers whose kingdoms had been conquered, from Sai Tootoo to the present reign, with those of the chiefs who had been executed for subsequent revolts, were displayed by two parties of executioners, each upwards of a hundred, who passed in an impassioned dance, some with the most irresistible grimace, some with the most frightful gesture; they clashed their knives on the skulls, in which sprigs of thyme were inserted, to keep the spirits from troubling the king. I never felt so grateful for being born in a civilized country. Firing and drinking palm wine were the only *divertissemens* to the ceremony of the caboceers presenting themselves to the king; they were announced, and passed all round the circle, saluting every umbrella; their bands proceeded; we reckoned above forty drums in that of the king of Dwabin. The effect of the splendour, the tumult, and the musketry, was afterwards heightened by torch light. We left the ground at ten o'clock, the umbrellas were crowded even in the distant streets, the town was covered like a large fair; the broken sounds of distant horns and drums filled up the momentary pauses of the firing which encircled us; the uproar continued until four in the morning, just before which the king retired.

The next morning the king ordered a large quantity of rum to be poured into brass pans, in various parts of the town, the crowd pressing around and drinking like hogs; freemen and slaves, women and children, striking, kicking, and trampling each other under foot, pushed head foremost into the pans, and spilling much more than they drank. In less than an hour, excepting the principal men, not a sober person was to be seen, parties of four reeling and rolling under the weight of another, whom they affected to be carrying home; strings of women covered with red paint, hand in hand, falling down like rows of cards; the commonest mechanics and slaves furiously declaiming on state palavers; the most discordant music, the most obscene songs, children of both sexes prostrate in insensibility. All wore their handsomest cloths, which they trailed after them to a great length, in a drunken emulation of extravagance and dirtiness.

From this disgusting scene, we turn to one of the most sanguinary cruelty:—

About a hundred persons, mostly culprits reserved, are generally sacrificed in different quarters of the town, at this custom. Several slaves were also sacrificed at Bantama, over the large brass pan, their blood mingling with the various vegetable and animal matter within (fresh and putrified) to complete the charm, and produce invincible fetish. All the chiefs kill several slaves, that their blood may flow into the hole from

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whence the new yam is taken. Those who cannot afford to kill slaves, take the head of one already sacrificed, and place it on the hole.

A few other traits are worthy of notice:—

The decease of a person is announced by a discharge of musketry proportionate to his rank, or the wealth of his family. In an instant you see a crowd of slaves burst from the house, and run towards the bush, flattering themselves that the hindmost, or those surprised in the house, will furnish the human victims for sacrifice, if they can but secrete themselves until the custom is over. The body is then handsomely drest in silk and gold, and laid out on the bed, the richest clothes beside it.* One or two slaves are then sacrificed at the door of the house. I shall describe the custom for Quatchie Quofie's mother, which we witnessed, August the 2d, it was by no means a great one, but it will give the most correct idea of these splendid, but barbarous ceremonies. The king, Quatchie Quofie, and Odumata each sacrificed a young girl, directly the deceased had breathed her last, that she might not want for attendants until the greater sacrifice was made. The retainers, adherents, and friends of the family then sent contributions of gold, powder, rum, and cloth, to be expended at the custom; the king as heir, exceeding every quota but that of the nearest relative, who succeeded to the stool and slaves. The king also sent a sum of gold, and some rich clothes to be buried with the deceased, in the basket or coffin.

On the death of a king, all the customs which have been made for the subjects who have died during his reign, must be simultaneously repeated by the families, (the human sacrifices as well as the carousals and pageantry) to amplify that for the monarch, which is also solemnized independently, but at the same time in every excess of extravagance and barbarity. The brothers, sons and nephews, of the king, affecting temporary insanity, burst forth with their muskets, and fire promiscuously among the crowd; even a man of rank, if they meet him, is their victim, nor is their murder of him or any other, on such an occasion, visited or prevented; the scene can scarcely be imagined. Few persons of rank dare to stir from their houses for the first two or three days, but religiously drive forth all their vassals and slaves as the most acceptable composition of [for] their own absence. The king's Ocras, are all murdered on his tomb, to the number of a hundred or more, and women in abundance. I was assured by several, that the custom for Sai Quamina, was repeated weekly for three months, and that two hundred slaves were sacrificed, and twenty-five barrels of powder fired each time. But the custom for the king's mother, the regent of the kingdom during the invasion of the Fantee is most celebrated. The king of himself devoted three thousand victims, (upwards of two thousand of whom were Fantee prisoners) and twenty-five barrels of powder. Dwabin, Kokoofoo, Becqua, Soota, and Marmpong, furnished one hundred victims, and twenty barrels of powder each, and most of the smaller towns ten victims and two barrels of powder each.

The laws of Ashantee allow the king three thousand three hundred and thirty three wives, which number is carefully kept up to enable him to present women to those who distinguish themselves, but this number being considered a mystical one, is never exceeded; but the king has seldom more than six resident with him in the palace.

The population of Ashantee cannot easily be ascertained, but Mr. Bowdich, from the military force, which amounted to 204,000, does not think the population of the whole can be less than a million; of these Coomassie, the capital is, by the Ashantees, said to contain 100,000 on Mr. Bowdich thinks the average number of residents does not exceed 15,000; this city is built upon the side of a large rocky hill of iron stone, and is nearly four miles in circumference; the markets which are held daily from eight in the morning until sun set, are abundantly supplied with meat, fish, vegetables, fruit, &c., and their principal articles of their commerce.

* Tum membra toro defleta reponunt,
Purpureasque super vestes, velamina nota.
Conjiciunt. Æn. VI.

In Fantee they dress the body richly, and usually prop it erect in a chair, exposing it until it is dangerous to do so any longer; they hang it in their house, with as many gold ornaments as they can afford to dedicate. The men called the town drummers are only allowed to die standing, and when expiring are snatched up and supported in that posture. In Ahanta they frequently exhibit the body chalked all over.

PETER PINDARICS;

OR, JOE MILLER VERSIFIED

CATCHING A TARTAR.

ONCE on a time, to use an olden phrase
One Pat O'Murragh lived, *bekase*
He *never yet* had hap'd to kick the bucket;
Though as a soldier, and a good one,
He'd many laurels, bruises, scars and bumps *won*.

Foremost in battle's strife, his awkward luck it
Was, to come in contact with a Tartar,
Who, like our Pat, was a rawbon'd starter

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For fame, and thumps, and broken noddle,
Though oft, hard fate, on wooden pin they toddle;
Turn grey in service---for battles fit no more,
And reck'ning back, they find in days of yore,
They were much younger, stronger and the like,
But now old pensioners, with long rusted pike,
Telling the youth, of battles, glories *bought*
At too *high price*, if one might judge;
Or that the prize, the veteran's life had sought,
Withheld by jealous fortune, as a grudge
She owed him, for his daring her in strife
Of arms, heedless of gift from her---or life.
Well, as I said, Pat Murragh was hard up;
He fought, and lustily, for his own dear safety,
And hard about the Tartar's head did larrup,
Wid a shelaleh, which he had from Rafety.
But all no use, for Paddy's fate I reckon
Was fixed before---for pris'ner he was taken;
But thought he'd rather be at large, he vowed
With all his might, to call some comrade of his horde:
"Hollos,"---he cried, "my lads, I've *caught* a Tartar!
Than he, my sprigs, there's scarcely any smarter."
"Bring him along," cried one, who heard the noise;
"And so I would," said Pat, "my hearty joys,
Only the divil will not stir a peg:
Come here, my boys, and pull him by de leg."
"Och! no, Pat Murragh, 'tis only *one man's* work,
Bring him *yourself*---for as I came from Cork,
I know *too* well when I've got clean out
Of bodder!---So, dear honey! I'd have ye come wid out."
"Och! so I would," cried Pat," wid all my will,
Ounly you see, my boy, I'm boddered *still*;
He *will not* come himself---now *this* will fret ye,
I'd *come to you*---ounly he *will not let me*."

Marylebone. B. W---t.

My Common Place Book.

No. I.

Mr. Editor.—I herewith send you (after a silence which may be perchance deemed somewhat lengthy,) the first part of selections from "My Common Place Book," which you will gratify me by inserting from time to time. You will find them chiefly extracts from various sources, and motley enough in their tintings, but they will occasionally be original—never before published, "and written expresaly for *our* work," to which "long life and all utility," in a bumper of the best.

Our little *coterie*, consisting of your ancient friend, Edgar, (whose cauliflower phisnomy, methinks I did lately espy, squinting from the boxes, at "Pride shall have a fall," not many weeks back—but, hush! (for this is rank scandal). Tobias Simpkin, Adelbert, and Cleishmeclaw, have obligingly offered to be my coadjutors, and believe me to remain, as usual,

Yours,

Tim Tobykin.

TO MARY.

I've danc'd with Fanny fifty times,
I've laugh'd with Susan fifty more;
I've pros'd with Charlotte about rhymes,
And Boileau, Milanie, Fodor.
A younger came, with angel mien.
A dove-like eye, and heart so free---
Oh! Mary, had I never seen,
Or seeing, never ceas'd to see.

Etonian.

CHOICE SPECIMENS OF THE BATHOS PRECIPITATE.

Sir Edmund Gulley.—Became possessed of a handsome property on the death of his uncle, February 7th, 1818.—Sat down to *Rouge et Noir*, February 14th, 1818, twelve o'clock, P. M.—Shot himself through the head, February 15th, 1818, two o'clock, A. M.

Lord F. Maple.—Acquired great eclat in an affair of *honour*, March 2nd, 1818.—Horsewhipped for a scoundrel at the second Newmarket meeting, 1818.

Mr. G. Bungay.—September, 1819 Four in hand.—Blood Horses.—Shag coat—pearl buttons. October, 1819, plain chaise and pair.

Sir Diddle Hodiddle.—Lauded at a public dinner as a tip-top Philanthropist and friend of suffering humanity.—Arrested same evening, on returning home *mussy*, for non-payment of his tailor's bill.

A POET.

In the highest and strictest sense of that word, is he who is a *maker*, an *inventor*, whose imagination, or shaping power, can and does embody the forms of things unknown, and can create realities out of airy nothings. This energy, which is the highest heaven of invention in a poet, is not, however, peculiar, in an exclusive manner, to a writer of verses; it may exist as vitally and essentially in prose; rhythm and meter, are to this power, as two wings to a soul, investing it with the robes and resemblances of a Seraphim; therefore the wise man of Israel was a poet, when he burst forth, "Thou art beautiful, O my love, as Tirzah; *comely as Jerusalem; terrible as an army with banners:*" therefore Demosthenes was a poet, when, by an instantaneous effort of his power, he evoked the canonized shades of his ancestors, and caused them, as it were, to flit over the spell-bound mob around him: therefore Jeremy Taylor was a poet, when he prayed for humility,—"And yet I know that thou resistest the proud, and didst cast the morning star, the angels, from Heaven, into chains of darkness, *when they, giddy and proud, walk upon the battlements of*

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Heaven, beholding the glorious regions that were above them." This power is the essence of all rightful poetry; or, in other words, it is that without which poetry is not.

ETONIAN.

LETTER FROM THE COUNTRY TO A FRIEND IN TOWN.

MY DEAR H. S.—Here I am, my dear boy, all alive—all alive, O!—settled right comfortably in reputable lodgings, with no care on my shoulders but an inveterate cough and a brace of game optics. You know I promised to write, and though I have nothing earthly to say, yet contrivance must be tortured to fill a mortal page or so.

Upon my arrival here, a regular fit of the mullygrubs came to pay their respects to me, and it was not till after a brilliant night's repose, that I felt myself, either in body or mind, in any thing like "fine case for use,"—to pilfer a choice *morceau* from my friend Field's advertisement in praise of his delectable brown stout. It is not unknown to you that my custom is to rise early, a habit which to one of *your* unpardonable laziness may seem strange, but which is not-a-bit-the-less-on-that account-to-be-universally-admired-and-imitated, by all his Majesty's lieges who hold their health of importance. To inhale the fresh morning air was indeed a luxury—my faculties became therewith, shamefully intoxicated, insomuch that it was deemed advisable, bodily to transport myself to the old church, and its well-peopled vicinity, in order to retrieve sobriety. Had my worthy friend F. been with me, with *his* good feeling and relish for such scenery, he would have had a rich treat. Methinks I behold him, seated upon a grassy turf, armed with a pencil and scrap of paper, hunting for epitaphs, and talking of former days and generations which have long slept with their fathers,—but in good sooth a man may ascend the hill, and find that he has verily climbed in vain for this commodity, for, always excepting that very rare and most poetical one, "Afflictions sore, long time I bore," not a single line may be discovered here,

> To cause the sigh to heave,
> Or raise th' unbidden tear.—

But why do I touch upon such subjects to *you*? What could be more uncongenial? It is impossible to think, with any thing like common patience of your contemptible, paltry taste,—your vile, *un*literary propensities—your matchless indolence,—and other manifold and infamous abominations. Mend, man—mend.—if you wish not to be hooted out of civilised society. I shall lose my character by keeping company with such a "ne'er-do-weel," unless you commence an active "radical reform," forthwith, for a man is known by his company and his books.—Talking of books—but it is of no use *my* hinting about books to you—I must soliloquize, and my rhapsody must be its own reward. Never could I, upon any principle, account for a *circumstance* (as Dicky Suett says,) which came under my notice, of a fellow getting up to make a speech upon the advantages of reading, and actually *sticking* after hammering out three words! By the mopusus! if there be any subject upon which I could enlarge with the most complacent affection, even when utterly uninspired by peat-reek, gin twist, or old port, it is that of my books. King Leigh's ecstacies were nothing to the torrents of eloquence, which, methinks, I could have poured forth upon such an occasion. My books—my handsome, well-arranged, charming books!—there is a delectation in beholding them—in spinning about the mahogany case which holds them—in adding to them,—which none can tell who has not the like enthusiasm with your humble servant. O, I repeat it—an elegant, select library—'tis like—'tis like—my own sweet Tabelinda Mopstick,

> "Whom but to see is to admire,
> And, oh! forgive the word,—to love."

But halt!—the world wags dully enough here—Yet what is that to me? I have my own sweet and profitable society, and sundries about me that I love—fine sea air—can endure my own reflections passably—have ease—time for reading, thinking, and scribbling a little. I can (I flatter myself) contemplate the present world in its proper point of view, and rightly regard its follies and its fascinations: can, above all, thank God, behold it but as a *præludium* to a more cheerful and enduring state.

I have just come from the library, and find it regularly announced in the fashionable news of the day, that I, Mr. Timothias Tobykin, have safely arrived at No. ——— Place! Doubtless this will create a splutter among the bumpkins! But I conclude, at present, by subscribing myself ever your's,

TIM TOBYKIN.

The Novelist.

No. LIV.

OGIER OF DENMARK.

OGIER lost his dear Baldwin by the hands of his emperor's son. He had been

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the darling of his heart, the sweet remembrancer of the happy dreams of his youth. After a fruitless attempt upon the life of the murderer, he was banished to the castle of the Archbishop Turpin; where he was doomed to confine his paternal grief within his bleeding heart, and, supported by the consciousness of the justice of his cause, patiently to wait for an opportunity of procuring redress. The successful issue of a duel with the giant Bruhier, in which Ogier conquered, and which was of the greatest importance for all France, afforded at length to our hero an opportunity of giving vent to the agonizing feelings of his heart. The murderer of his Baldwin was delivered up to him; the father was now permitted to sit in judgment upon the destroyer of his darling; the emperor, Charles the Great, and the assembled nobles, had solemnly authorized him to punish the vile assassin; and he was no longer compelled to confine his grief within his bleeding heart. Ogier's sword is lifted up, to avenge a parent's wrongs upon the murderer of his son, who, trembling, stands before him, to receive the fatal blow.

[*The Imperial tent on the bank of the Loire. Charles the Great; Charlemayne; the Archbishop Turpin; Ogier; Knights and Nobles; a numerous conflux of people.*]

Charles. (Seated upon his throne; his son standing at his right, and the Archbishop at his left hand. He rises.) To your gallantry am I indebted for that glorious victory over the Africans, and for the peace which our empire now enjoys. The infidels have already left my country, and my subjects are happy. These are the fruits of your gallantry. The present day has had a glorious beginning for you all, and will terminate still more gloriously. But how will it end for me?—Alas! a crown is a ponderous burden; and the pillow of an emperor is too hard to be comfortable. The cares of a ruler are heavier than those of his subjects. But they are light as air if compared with those that rend the heart of a father, who has to fear the loss of his dearest treasure. No purple can conceal its agony; nor can the homage of millions give peace to it.—Ogier, I have given you my imperial word: I conjure you to return it to the father, if, perhaps, you should be unwilling to oblige your emperor. I deposited in your hands, in the presence of the nobles of my empire; and your valiant hands accepted it. I dare not retract it; but I may let this wounded heart bleed; and you may see how cruelly it is torn by anguish. Speak;—what do you demand?

Ogier. (coolly.) I demand that you shall keep your word sacred.

Charles. And is this all? — Thy wrinkled brow and scowling eyes have spoke before thy lips gave utterance to thy words. They say that thou hast once been in love; but, surely, that love must have been a deviation of nature. Thy heart is as impenetrable as thy armour. There was a time, when thou didst gently restrain my sword, when, in the carnage of the battle, I raised it to cleave the head of the unarmed. I looked at thee, and saw thee *smile*. This gave me the most heartfelt pleasure.—Poor emperor, that was a different Ogier. *He* respected nature; but *this* is a disgrace to her plastic hands. Or have you courage enough to prove that my notion of you is erroneous?

Ogier. The word of an emperor should, like the word of God, be sacred, firm, and inviolable. Perform your promise, and deliver up to me your son.

Charles. (painfully.) You make me pay dearly for your victory. Ah, that I could return it to you!—I have purchased a heaven for my people with a hell for my heart.—No, by the eternal God! our bargain cannot stand: it has made you rich, and me a beggar.—Ogier! I conjure you by the shade of Doolin, your great ancestor, by the glory of your name, and—may I add?—by your love for your good emperor, not to break my paternal heart. See, Ogier, this youth is my son.

Ogier. (sternly.) And the murderer of *my* son.

Charles. Youthful rashness has made him a criminal.

Ogier. And me has it made childless.

Charles. (with rising emotion.) And therefore would you make me so too. Deliberate murderer!—That which gave the dagger to my son, should wrest it from your hand. That which excuses my son, must accuse you; and what palliates his crime, makes you criminal. Or do you think that I have brought him up to be sacrificed to your thirst of blood?

Ogier. (unmoved.) You have given me your word.

Charles. (enraged.) Well, if you will not listen to the father, then shall the emperor speak to thee! Barbarian, thou shalt not have him. *(He puts his hand to his sword; Ogier boldly moves a step towards him. Low murmurs among the people.)* Vassal, obey!

Archbishop. (stepping between them.) Peace, in the name of God! Stop, gra-

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cious monarch! withdraw, Ogier!—It is not long that we have chanted a hymn of thanks to the Lord of life and death, for having restored tranquillity to the people, after many toils, and after the effusion of torrents of blood; should we again provoke his ire?—Pardon my frankness; my duty commands me to speak. Your welfare is more to me than any thing else. Of what use is the semblance of concord, whilst hatred and discord rage within?—It afflicts me more than words can express, to be compelled thus to speak to my emperor. But to be silent would be criminal in me. I cannot approve of your speech; for, you have sworn; nor are you ignorant of the sacred nature of an oath. The duties of chivalry will be regarded no longer, if the word of an emperor be not inviolable. Believe me, my liege, that would dissolve the ties that bind your people to your heart, and loyalty would animate no longer your faithful subjects.—Mighty emperor, you who have conquered many a haughty foe, conquer for once your own heart. Set us an example, the greatness of which will be the admiration of centuries, that will be transmitted from father to son, and extolled by every historian. Act in such a manner, that the latest posterity will be compelled to confess with astonishment:—"We can only conceive it; but Charles could perform it!" *(A long pause. With emphasis.)* Charles the *Great.*

Charles. Good God! must I then—*(his anger stifles his words.)*

Archbishop. Blessed be the moment when my emperor spoke these words. Who could now mistake you any longer?—And now *(turning to Ogier)*, a few words to you.

Ogier. (averting his face.) Be brief.

Archbishop. As brief as if I were blessing my most inveterate enemy. You trace your genealogy to the time of the round tables; well for you that you can do it. But do you know what has eternalized the fame of that round table: the knights that belonged to it were not only heroes, but also were noble-minded men. Heroism without humanity is a keen-edged sword in the hand of a boy! and the man whose renown is founded only upon martial feats, is as quickly forgotten as a dazzling meteor that, whilst it lasts, strikes the beholder with awful astonishment, but when it has disappeared is thought of no more. Magnanimity alone perpetuates the hero's renown, and acts of disinterested beneficence render his name dear to every votary of virtue, when his clay-formed frame has been long reduced into its native dust. I am not ignorant of the deep affliction which the loss of your Baldwin has caused to you; nor am I insensible of the justice of your grief. But, say yourself, if it be possible that the wound which his untimely death has inflicted upon your heart, be still bleeding? It must be cicatrized long ago, or you would not be a *man.* But say, knight, was the pain which it caused to you so sweet that you could so ardently wish to recal the recollection of it? Or do you imagine that the feelings of an emperor are in a less degree human feelings, and the tears of an emperor less affecting than those of a knight?—Ogier, consider what a noble sacrifice it would be, and how gratefully acknowledged by all France, were you to give up your right, and pardon the murderer of your son. *(with warmth.)* Say, is it not the highest degree of magnanimity, if we readily confer the highest benefit upon the man that has wounded us in the most sensible part of our heart?—Lay all your heroic feats in one scale, and the single word *pardon* in the other, and you will soon see which of the two preponderates, and be astonished at your ungenerous hesitation.

Ogier. (provoked.) Bishop, do not presume to teach a knight the difference between right and wrong: you do not know what beseems a knight, and what does not.

Archbishop. (to the emperor.) My liege, I have done my duty. It is now your turn to perform yours. I know that you are prepared; do not disappoint our just expectation.

Charles. (in a low accent.) Dare I act otherwise?

Archbishop. (looking mournfully, now at the emperor, and now at Ogier.) Ogier!—

Ogier. (laying his hand upon his heart.) Nor dare I act otherwise.

Charles. (with seeming resolution.) Deliver my Charlem.....*(his emotion prevents the utterance of the last syllable, and forces tears from his eyes; he avert his face.)*

(The Archbishop silently approaches the trembling Charlemagne, leading him to Ogier, who eagerly unsheaths his broad falchion, furiously seizing with his left hand the hair of the trembling youth. Dreadful silence sways in the numerous assembly. Ogier impetuously raises the hissing blade; the emperor starts with horror; the multitude utter deep groans.)

Ogier. (suddenly unhands the prince, dropping his weapon. A soft smile flashes across his face. Oh, my emperor, *(prostrating himself,)* behold me here at you

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feet! Forgive me, for having agonized your heart. Look down upon me, gracious emperor. Here am I, kneeling, and there stands your son, whose life is as sacred to me as your own. Our bond is cancelled. I forgive your son as sincerely as I wish that heaven may forgive me.—Be comforted! Your son lives; take him back from my hand.

(Universal shouts.) Hail, hail, the noble Ogier!

Select Biography.

No. VIII.

PAUL JONES.

Concluded from our last.)

Some days after Lady Selkirk had been stripped of her plate, she received a letter from Paul Jones himself, written in a romantic, almost poetical style. He entreated her pardon for the late affront, which he assured her was so far from being planned or sanctioned by him, that he had done every thing in his power to prevent its taking place; but his officers and crew insisted on the attempt, hoping to secure the person of Lord Selkirk, for whose ransom a considerable sum might be expected. This he declared was the object of their first visit, and having failed in it, they returned on board, when, after some murmuring, they insisted on again landing and plundering the house. To this he was obliged to consent, though with great reluctance, adding, as a proof of his innocence, that he would endeavour to purchase the plunder they had so disgracefully brought off, from the crew, and transmit (if not the whole) whatever he could procure, to her ladyship. Not hearing again for several years, all hope, of course was given up of the fulfilment of his promise, when, to her great surprise, in the spring of 1783, the whole was returned, carriage paid, precisely in the same state in which it had been carried away, to all appearance never having been unpacked, the very tea-leaves remaining in the tea-pot as they were left after the breakfast on the day of capture. The report of his landing rapidly spread through the country, attended with every variety of exaggeration by the time it reached London. Lord Selkirk received it with the additional particulars, that his family were all made prisoners, and his castle burnt to the ground. He immediately hurried to the north, and it was not till he had gone half way that he learned the real truth. On clearing the land, Jones stood to the westward, and towards evening, making the Irish coast, entered Belfast Loch, capturing or burning as he proceeded several fishing-boats. He was soon observed by Captain Burdon, of the Drake sloop of war, of 14 guns and 100 men; conceiving the privateer to be a merchantman, a boat was dispatched for the purpose of impressing her crew. On coming alongside, the man of war's men immediately boarded, and were as immediately secured. Jones, however, did not think it prudent to persevere in his progress up the bay, in the presence of an armed vessel in the king's service, and accordingly put about. Captain Burdon's suspicions were immediately excited by this measure and the evident detention of his boat, and not a moment was lost in giving chase and clearing for action. On coming up with the enemy, Captain Burdon opened a spirited fire, but owing to the darkness of the night he was unable to continue it with effect, and the vessels separated. But as soon as it was light the engagement was gallantly renewed, and continued for upwards of an hour, when Captain Burdon and his first Lieutenant being killed, twenty of his crew disabled, a topmast shot away, and the ship dreadfully cut up, the Drake was compelled to surrender. During the action the prisoners on board the privateer were kept in irons, but on its ceasing they were all sent on shore in the detained fishing-boats. By this time, the coast on both sides the Channel being generally alarmed, Paul Jones felt it unsafe to remain in that quarter, and therefore hastened with his prize towards Brest, which port he succeeded in making without interruption. On his arrival, he communicated the result of his cruize to Dr. Franklin, the American representative, then resident in Paris, and it has been generally supposed that the Doctor, so far from approving, strongly censured his piratical attack upon St. Mary's Isle, insisting on his restoring such unjustifiable plunder. That this representation is not true to the full extent, the fact of the above-mentioned letter, written a few days after the event, is a sufficient proof.

In the course of the following winter, he appears to have exchanged the command of the Ranger for a frigate of 40 guns and 370 men, called the Bon Homme Richard, acting as commodore, with an additional force of the Alliance frigate, of 36 guns and 300 men, the Vengeance brig, of 14 guns and 70 men, and a cutter of 18 guns, all in the service of Congress; the Pallas, a French frigate of 32 guns and 275 men, were also added to the squadron.

In January or February, 1780, Jones escaping the vigilance of our cruisers,

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reached Corunna, having on board Capt. Gustavus Cunningham, a celebrated character, whose case in many points resembled his own.

Early in the disturbances with America, Cunningham had taken an active part against his country, and rendered himself particularly obnoxious to Government; but at length he was fortunately captured in a private armed cutter which he commanded, and carried into New York. The Americans were so well aware of his services, and the danger to which he was now exposed, that they took every means in their power to procure his exchange; and, as a last effort, sent a very strong remonstrance to Sir George Collier, then commanding the Raisonable off New York, threatening severe retaliation: for which purpose, Henry Hamilton, Esq. lieutenant-governor of Dehors, Philip Degean, a justice of peace, and William Lambe, captain of volunteers, then prisoners, were singled out by the Governor of Virginia: a young gentlemen of fortune, also, was in put irons, and confined in a dungeon at Boston:—on all of whom it was determined to proceed in every respect as Cunningham should be treated in England. To their remonstrance Sir George Collier sent a firm and spirited reply, denying that any of his prisoners were treated with inhumanity; but adding that, as it was the practice of civilized nations to punish criminals in the usual course of justice, Gustavus Cunningham standing in that predicament, was therefore about to be sent to England, to receive that punishment from his injured country which his crimes should be found to deserve. He was accordingly put on board the Grantham packet from New York, which landed him at Falmouth in July, 1779, and he was immediately lodged in the Castle: but no sooner was he confined, than his ingenuity exercised itself in contriving the means of escape, which he in a short time accomplished, by burrowing under the foundations.

From this time till 1783, little is known of Paul Jones; but in the month of December of that year he arrived in London from Paris, with despatches from Congress to John Adams, the American Resident. He had crossed the Atlantic from Philadelphia to France in the short space of twenty-two days; and after delivering his papers, he set out at three o'clock the following morning for Paris, to proceed to America.

During the peace his mind seems to have languished for active employment; and in March, 1788, being then at Copenhagen, he made an offer of his services to the Empress of Russia, and was accepted; but how or where he was employed does not appear: that he was unsuccessful, and gave no satisfaction to his employers, may, however be inferred from his being under the necessity of retiring to Paris, where he spent the remainder of a life now drawing to its close. The revolution soon after broke out, and not finding employment in the deranged and useless state of the French navy, his spirits failed, and he sunk into such abject want, that Captain Blackden was obliged to raise a small sum, by way of subscription, in order to bury him; he died in the utmost poverty, in June, 1792.

Being a Scotchman, he was deemed a Calvinist; and as the laws relating to the interment of persons of that persuasion were not then abrogated, it was necessary to make an application to the National Assembly, who not only revoked these laws as far as they interfered with his case, but voted that a deputation of its members should attend his funeral. Whatever might be the reality, a semblance of attachment to the national religion yet remained, and a few of the Assembly objected to this mark of respect on account of his being a Protestant, but this idea was scouted by a vast majority; and the remains of Paul Jones was escorted to the grave by many who were well calculated to emulate the darkest and most desperate deeds of his eventful life

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

CHARLES II. AND MILTON.

CHARLES II. and his brother James went to see Milton, to reproach him, and finished a profusion of insults with saying, "You old villain, your blindness is the visitation of Providence for your sins." "If Providence," replied the venerable bard, "has punished my sins with *blindness*, what must have been the crimes of your father, which it punished with *death!*"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A SUPPLEMENTARY number of the MIRROR, published this day, is entirely devoted to a biographical memoir of Lord Byron, with extracts from his Works, the tributes of the periodical press to his memory, and a Poem on him by his friend Mr. Moore; and we shall present our readers, *gratuitously*, with a beautiful Portrait of this distinguished Poet, as soon as we can get it engraved: it is already in the hands of an eminent artist. As the Portrait will be engraved on steel, the forty thousandth impression will be equal to the first.

We are compelled to omit all notices to correspondents until next week.

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The Mirror
OF
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. LXXXV.] SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER. [PRICE 2d.

Life of Lord Byron.

THERE is not, we feel assured, a single reader of the MIRROR who does not participate in that feeling of regret, which the death of LORD BYRON has occasioned. Born to rank and affluence, and possessing a genius of the highest order, his Lordship was, by domestic circumstances, driven from his home and family, and has died an alien to the country his talents have so much adorned: for, much as the world may differ as to the motive or tendency of some of his recent works, no person can deny that he was the first poet of his age; and his death, at an early age, and in a distant land, would of itself disarm every ingenuous mind, had he not perished in the most sacred of all causes, that of assisting a brave and oppressed people to shake off the yoke, and to rescue a christian people from the dominion of the infidel Turks.

It has been remarked by the sages of ancient and modern times, that the possession of extraordinary mental endowments, or suddenly and fortuitously acquired honours, are seldom conducive to happiness. Whether this may arise from the high-toned and heart-swelling anticipations which genius usually generates, and experience almost as frequently disappoints; or whether, as some eloquent misanthropists have imagined, there is greater misery than felicity in the lot of human life, and the more an individual is exalted above his fellows, the more his calamities are conspicuous, it remains for time and philosophy to determine. Burns has well observed, that although

> "A few seem favourites of fate,
> In pleasure's lap carest;
> Yet think not all the rich and great
> Are likewise truly blest."

And certain it is, that much the greater part of the memoirs of men of genius, and other distinguished characters, presents but too many melancholy proofs that neither the meretricious glittering of popular honours, nor the more esteemed and exalted splendour of intellectual greatness, are calculated to produce to their possessors an unusual portion of human happiness. Perhaps another cause of this lamentable truth may be found in that peculiar pride of soul, which, in the hour of mental or corporeal anguish, scornfully rejects either sympathy or assistance, and rather loves sullenly to brood over its real or imaginary woes in the savage silence of the desert, than to accept the consolatory support which the philanthropy of society is generally ready to administer. Such was the disposition of the poet who exclaimed,

> "O, say 'tis madness, call it folly,
> You shall not chase my gloom away;
> There's such a charm in melancholy,
> I would not if I could be gay."

It is, however, very difficult to account for a feeling of this sort, though of its reality there can be no doubt; and we know, from the amazing intensity of feeling which is observable in some of our early inspired poets, from their invocations of the elements of nature to hear and record their sufferings, from that wild and irresistible haughtiness of spirit which frequently works itself into an awful and horrible sublimity, and from that consequent deep and deadly scepticism which casts its ghastly gloominess over the natural and beautiful pictures of the imagination, that the majority of mankind has no reason to complain because providence has not endowed them with those wonderful intellectual powers.

Few individuals, either of a former or the present age, appear more strongly to illustrate these melancholy truths than Lord Byron, who, though born to fortune and to fame, and possessing talents the most brilliant, was subject to a gloominess of thought, and an intenseness of feeling, which imbittered many an hour in his otherwise cheerful life.

The annals of literature do not furnish a similar instance of extensive literary fame as that of Lord Byron; but, the nearest to it is the history of Pope (whom the noble Lord has so ably vindicated from the attacks of less liberal and less able critics.) Pope was, however, more studiously correct in his compositions, and remarkably musical in the construction of his verse. Byron, on the contrary, was of no pains to polish; and yet his rough and native gems are of the first water, and may often rank with the most matured productions of our best poets.

The distinguishing feature of Lord Byron's poetry is eloquence, and that of the most vehement character. His verse rushes on with the rapidity of a cataract, carrying our ideas impetuously along in such a manner as to prevent any thing

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like repose or steady contemplation. Yet, amidst the wild variety of objects and obscure disquisitions which this magical genius contrives to bring together, without any regard to appropriate selection or lucid arrangement, there are descriptions and sentiments of exquisite beauty and tenderness, profusely scattered throughout his poems, all of which show that he *was* (how painfully, for the first time, we speak of him in the past tense) a perfect master of the art. His character produced his poems, and it cannot be doubted that his poems are adapted to produce such a character. His heroes speak a language supplied not more by imagination than consciousness. They are not those machines, which, by a contrivance of the artist, send forth a music of their own; but, instruments through which he breathed his very soul in tones of agonized sensibility, that cannot but give a sympathetic impulse to those who attend to them. The desolate misanthropy of his mind, rose and threw its dark shade over his poetry like one of his own ruined castles; we feel it to be sublime, and are sometimes lost in admiration unawares.

We have already alluded to the connection between the personal character of Lord Byron and his Poems; and the perusal of his works sufficiently demonstrates the influence of his life over his talents. At every page we recognise the fact in his hero—Lara, Childe Harold, Manfred, and, with some qualification, we might add Don Juan, are all Byron—he lives and breathes in every page.

Lord Byron, like his favourite Pope, has been accused of the grossest plagiarism; and some scribblers, envious of his reputation, have been at the pains of collecting numerous passages from various authors, in prose and verse, to discover parellelisms in the writings of this popular poet. One or two of our literary journals were disgraced with these invidious catalogues, the compilers of which might be compared to the critic in Boccalini's fable,—who having presented to Apollo an immense volume of the errors of great poets, was directed in return to select the grains from a bushel of wheat, after which he received the chaff for his labour. "It deserves to be known," says the author of "Memoirs of Lord Byron" (who will not be suspected of any partiality), "that the principal person engaged in this attack upon Lord Byron, was one who had servilely courted his favour, and flattered him in the most fulsome manner; but not meeting with the countenance he expected, he became, as is usually the case, the vengeful calumniator of the man whom he had idolized.

George Gordon, Lord Byron, had not only his own talents, but the pride of illustrious ancestry to boast; for even so early as the conquest his family was distinguished, not merely for their extensive manors in Lancashire and other parts, but for their prowess in arms. When Edward I. was preparing an expedition against the Scots, John de Byron, the representative of the family, was summoned to attend him with his forces, and was afterwards called upon by the same monarch to accompany him in an expedition abroad.

In the feudal ages, the Byrons were always ready with their swords in defence of the sovereign, and seemed proudly to say to the monarch of the time, in the language of their family motto, "Crede Byron." Two of the Byrons fell at the battle of Cressy, purchasing with their own lives a glorious triumph. Another member of the family, Sir John de Byron, rendered good assistance in the battle of Bosworth to the Earl of Richmond, and contributed by his prowess to transfer the crown from the head of Richard III. to that of Henry. This Sir John de Byron was a man of honour as well as a brave warrior; he was very intimate with his neighbour, Sir Gervase Clifton; and although Byron fought under Henry, and Clifton under Richard, it did not diminish the friendship, but on the contrary, put it to a severer test. Previous to the battle, the prize of which was a kingdom, they had promised each other that "if either of them was vanquished, the other should intercede with the conqueror, that the estate of the loser might not be forfeited, but enjoyed by the family." While Clifton was bravely fighting at the head of his troop, he was struck off his horse, which Byron perceiving, he quitted the ranks, and ran to the relief of his friend, whom he shielded; but it was too late, for he died in his arms, on the field of battle. Sir John de Byron was as good as his word; he interceded with the king, the estate was preserved to the Clifton family, and is now in the possession of a descendant of the gallant Sir Gervase.

In the wars between Charles I. and his Parliament, the Byrons adhered to the royal cause. Sir Nicholas Byron, the eldest member and representative of the family, was an eminent loyalist, who having distinguished himself in the wars of the Low Countries, was appointed governor of Chester, in 1642. Lord Clarendon says he was "a soldier of very good command, who, being a person of great affability and dexterity, as well as martial knowledge, gave great life to the designs of the well-affected there; and

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with the encouragement of some gentlemen of North Wales, in a short time raised such a power of horse and foot as made often skirmishes with the enemy; sometimes with notable advantage; never with any signal loss."

He had two sons, who both died without issue; and his younger brother, Sir John, became their male heir: this person was made a Knight of the Bath, at the coronation of James I. He had eleven sons, of whom the major part distinguished themselves for their loyalty and gallantry on the side of Charles I. Sir Thomas, a younger son, commanded the Prince of Wales's regiment, at the battle of Hopton-heath; and Lord Clarendon calls him "a gentleman of great courage, and very good conduct, who charged with good execution."

At the battles of Edge-hill and Newbury, the Byrons rendered themselves very conspicuous; and the still more fatal contest at Marston Moor, where seven brothers of the Byrons were engaged: four of them fell in defence of the royal cause.

This circumstance has been feelingly alluded to in a poem written by their illustrious descendant, the late Lord Byron, entitled, an "Adieu to Newstead Abbey,"* the family residence of the Byrons from the year 1540, until within the last few years. In this poem, which was written when his Lordship was only fifteen years of age, he gives such a brief, but animated description of his ancestors, that we shall be excused for introducing it in his memoirs:—

"THROUGH thy battlements, Newstead, the hollow winds whistle;
Thou, the hall of my fathers, art gone to decay;
In thy once smiling garden, the hemlock and thistle
Have choked up the rose which late bloom'd in the way.

Of the mail-cover'd barons, who proudly to battle
Led their vassals from Europe to Palestine's plain,
The escutcheon, and shield, which with every blast rattle,
Are the only sad vestiges now that remain.

No more doth old Robert, with harp-stringing numbers,
Raise a flame in the breast for the war-laurel'd wreath;
Near Askalon's towers, John of Horistan† slumbers,
Unnerved is the hand of his minstrel by death.

Paul and Hubert too sleep in the valley of Cressy;
For the safety of Edward and England they fell;
My fathers, the tears of your country redress ye;
How you fought, how you died! still her annals can tell.

On Marston* with Rupert† 'gainst traitors contending,
Four brothers enrich'd with their blood the bleak field,
For the rights of a monarch, their country defending,
Till death their attachment to royalty seal'd.

Shades of heroes, farewell! your descendant, departing
From the seat of his ancestors, bids you adieu!
Abroad, or at home, your remembrance imparting
New courage, he'll think upon glory and you.

Though a tear dim his eye at this sad separation,
'Tis nature, not fear, that excites his regret;
Far distant he goes, with the same emulation,
The fame of his fathers he ne'er can forget.

That fame, and that memory, still will he cherish;
He vows that he ne'er will disgrace your renown;
Like you will he live, or like you will he perish;
When decay'd, may he mingle his dust with your own."

Sir John Byron, one of the survivors in that dreadful day, fatal alike to his family and the cause they espoused, was appointed to many important commands, and occupies a conspicuous figure in the pages of Lord Clarendon. "In truth," says this noble historian, "there was no gentleman in the kingdom of a better reputation among all sorts of men." On his appointment to the Lieutenancy of the Tower of London, the opponents of the court remonstrated; and the king answered, that "he did not expect, having preferred a person of known fortune and unquestionable reputation to that trust, he should have been pressed to remove him without any particular charge;" but afterwards, when Sir John himself desired to "be freed from the agony and vexation of that place," his majesty consented to the alteration.

He was created Lord Byron, Oct. 24, 1643, with a collateral remainder to his brothers, and after various honourable services, he was, on the decline of the king's affairs, appointed governor to the Duke of York; in this office he died in France, in 1652, without issue, when his brother Richard, who was knighted by Charles I. and had a command at the battle of Edge-hill, became second Lord Byron. He was governor of Appleby-castle, and also distinguished himself in the government of Newark. He died 1679, aged 74, and it is recorded on his tomb, in the church of Hucknal-Tokard, that, "with the rest of his family, being seven brothers, he faithfully served King Charles I. in the civil wars," and that they "suffered much for their loyalty, and lost all their fortunes; yet it pleased God so to bless the

* For an engraved view, and description of Newstead Abbey, see the *Mirror*, No. 67.

† Horistan Castle, in Derbyshire, an ancient seat of the Byron family.

* The battle of Marston Moor, where the adherents of Charles I. were defeated.

† Son of the Elector Palatine, and related to Charles I. He afterwards commanded the fleet in the reign of Charles II.

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honest endeavours of the said Richard, Lord Byron, that he re-purchased part of their ancient inheritance, which he left to his posterity, with a laudable memory for great piety and charity." This second Lord Byron was succeeded by his eldest son, William, who married Elizabeth, the daughter of John Viscount Chaworth, of the kingdom of Ireland, by whom he had five sons, all of whom died young, except William, whose eldest son, William, succeeded him to the title in the year, 1736.

A melancholy and unfortunate event, in which this nobleman was too fatally concerned, and which is already but too well known, induced him strictly to seclude himself from public notice; so that, beyond the boundaries of his domestic circle, his title, his estate, nay, even his existence, seemed to be entirely swallowed in the deep waves of black oblivion. The remembrance of this sorrowful circumstance is supposed to have had considerable influence at times on the mind of his late Lordship, and that it has cast its bleak shade, not only over many passages in his poems, but has tinged with its melancholy hue many of the scenes in which his moody and misanthropic imagination has been the chief actor. On the maternal side, the ancestry of Lord Byron is also very ancient and illustrious; his mother, from whom he derived the name of Gordon, having been the last branch of that noble family which descended from the union of the Princess Jane Stuart, daughter of James II. king of Scotland, with the Earl of Huntly.

The last Lord Byron, but one, had only one son, who held a commission in the army, and was killed in Corsica several years before the death of his father, which added not a little to the gloominess of the noble recluse, and accelerated the succession of his present Lordship, as the infant grandson of the celebrated Admiral Byron, who was the eldest brother of the late Lord. This nobleman died on the 19th of May, 1791, by which means our hero became entitled to the title and estates of his illustrious ancestry. His Lordship's father married first the Baroness Conyers, daughter of Lord Holderness, by whom he had a daughter; and after her demise the lady already alluded to, Miss Gordon, of Gight, the mother of the noble Lord.

His Lordship spent a considerable portion of his early life in Scotland, where it is supposed the wild and mountainous scenes which surrounded him, contributed not a little to elicit and strengthen the mighty energies of his mind, and to imprint on his vivid imagination those powerful and beautiful images of natural grandeur and wildness which are so observable in the whole of his writings. At times, his Lordship would exclude himself from his ordinary companions, and wander alone amidst the majestic and sublime scenery of the highlands, until his soul seemed tinged with those elements of real sublimity, and drank a species of inspiration from the mists of the mountains, the wild waves of the ocean, and the black adamant of its terrific boundaries.

The celebrated school at Harrow, and the University of Cambridge, had the honour of adding the polish of education to the innate powers of his mind, and several of his academic companions can relate not a few instances of the precocious talents and strange eccentricities, which even then characterised his Lordship. At this early period of his life he made many voluntary excursions to the Aonian Hill, and drank pretty largely of the Castalian stream, which, the work he published under the title of *Hours of Idleness, a Series of Poems, original and translated*, sufficiently proves; yet, premature as these poetic attempts might be considered, and notwithstanding the severity with which the great "Northern Luminary," the Editor of the Edinburgh Review, thought proper to handle them, there are numerous original beauties in many of the pieces, which those, whom a continuance of carping criticism has not blinded to the early glimmerings of genius, would denominate the probable harbingers of the splendid galaxy that succeeded them.

These poems were published at Newark in 1807, when his Lordship was nineteen years of age; and from the dates prefixed, it appears that the majority were written between his sixteenth and eighteenth year. This circumstance the reviewers thought proper to comment upon in very harsh and unbecoming language. They commence their critique by saying, "The poesy of this young Lord belongs to that class which neither gods nor men are said to permit. Indeed, we do not recollect to have seen a quantity of verse with so few deviations in either direction from that exact standard. His effusions are spread over a dead flat, and can no more get above or below the level, than if they were so much stagnant water. As an extenuation of this offence, the noble author is peculiarly forward in pleading minority. We have it in the title-page, and on the very back of the volume; it follows his name like a favourite part of his *style*. Much stress is laid upon it in the preface, and the poems are connected with this general statement of his case, by particular dates, substantiating the age at which each was written. Now, the law upon the point of minority, we hold

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to be perfectly clear. It is a plea available only to the defendant; no plaintiff can offer it as a supplementary ground of action. Thus, if any suit could be brought against Lord Byron, for the purpose of compelling him to put into court a certain quantity of poetry; and if judgment were given against him, it is highly probable that an exception would be taken, were he to deliver *for poetry*, the contents of this volume. To this he might plead *minority;* but, as he now makes voluntary tender of the article, he hath no right to sue, on that ground, for the price in good current praise, should the goods be unmarketable. This is our view of the law on the point, and we dare say so will it be ruled. Perhaps, however, in reality, all that he tells us about his youth, is rather with a view to increase our wonder than to soften our censures. He possibly means to say, 'See how a minor can write! This poem was actually composed by a young man of eighteen, and this by one only of sixteen!'—But, alas, we all remember the poetry of Cowley at ten, and Pope at twelve! and so far from hearing, with any degree of surprise, that very poor verses were written by a youth from his leaving school to his leaving college, inclusive, we really believe this to be the most common of all occurrences; that it happens in the life of nine men in ten who are educated in England; and that the tenth man writes better verse than Lord Byron."

How far this spirit of prophetic criticism has been verified, the public are already pretty well acquainted; and were it not for the influence which it had upon his Lordship's future conduct, and to display the sudden transition from severity to adulation, from gall to honey, on the part of his unmerciful castigators, we should not have distended our pages with these extracts.

This critique elicited from his Lordship's pen one of the bitterest and most powerful satires ever published; a satire in which his Lordship attacks the Reviewers and the Review in general terms, as will be seen by the following extracts:—

" To these young tyrants, by themselves misplaced,
Combined usurpers on the throne of Taste;
To these when authors bend in humble awe,
And hail their voice as truth, their word as Law;
While these are Censors, 'twould be sin to spare;
While such are Critics, why should I forbear?
But yet so near all modern worthies run,
'Tis doubtful whom to seek, or whom to shun;
Nor know we when to spare, or where to strike,
Our Bards and Censors are so much alike.

" Yet say! why should the Bard at once resign
His claim to favour from the sacred Nine?
For ever startled by the mingled howl
Of Northern wolves that still in darkness prowl:
A coward brood which mangle as they prey,
By hellish instinct, all that cross their way:
Aged or young, the living or the dead,
No mercy find,—these harpies must be fed,
Why do the injured, unresisting yield
The calm possession of their native field?
Why tamely thus before their fangs retreat,
Nor hunt the bloodhounds back to Arthur's seat?"

Not content, however, with these general attacks, his Lordship personally satirized some of the most popular poets of the day. As the poetic animadversions on several of these writers are eminently conspicuous for felicity of language, and severity of point, no apology is necessary for making a few quotations from the best of them:—

SOUTHEY.

" But if, in spite of all the world can say,
Thou still wilt verseward plod thy weary way;
If still in Berkeley Ballads most uncivil,
Thou wilt devote old women to the devil,
The babe unborn thy dread intent may rue:
'God help thee,' Southey, and thy readers too."

WORDSWORTH.

" Thus when he tells the tale of Betty Foy,
The idiot mother of 'an idiot Boy;'
A moon-struck silly lad who lost his way,
And, like his bard, confounded night with day,
So close on each pathetic part he dwells,
And each adventure so sublimely tells,
That all who view the 'idiot in his glory,'
Conceive the Bard the hero of the story."

COLERIDGE.

" If inspiration should her aid refuse
To him who takes a Pixy for a Muse,
Yet none in lofty numbers can surpass
The Bard who soars to elegize an ass.
How well the subject suits his noble mind.
'A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind!'"

His Lordship's pen, however, was not entirely dipped in gall; on the contrary, there are many very beautiful lines eulogizing the productions of Messrs. *Gifford, Kirke White, Sotheby, Macneil, Crabbe, Shee, Rogers*, and *Campbell*.

Lord Byron declares towards the termination of the poem, that it was his intention to close, from that period, his newly-formed connexion with the Muses, and that should he return in safety from the " Minarets " of Constantinople, the " Maidens of Georgia," and the " sublime snows " of Mount Caucasus, nothing on earth should tempt him to resume the pen.

Happily for the republic of letters this resolution was not preserved; and the noble Bard, with that generosity which usually accompanies true genius, has not only forgiven Mr. Jeffrey, the Editor of the Edinburgh Review, but thus flatteringly alludes to him in one of his poems:—

" And all our little feuds, at least, all *mine*,
Dear Jeffrey, once my most redoubted foe,
(As far as rhyme and criticism combine
To make such puppets of us things below,)
Are over; here's a health 'to Auld Lang Syne.
I do not know you, and may never know
Your face—but you have acted on the whole
Most nobly, and I own it from my soul.

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And when I use the phrase of 'Auld Lang Syne,'
'Tis not addressed to you—the more's the pity
For me, I would rather take my wine
With you, than aught, (save Scott,) in your proud city:

But, somehow, it may seem a school-boy's whine,
And yet I seek not to be grand nor witty,
But I am half a Scot by birth, and bred
A whole one, and my heart flies to my head."

This is not the only instance in which Lord Byron exhibits his attachment to Scotland. His remembrances of the scenes of his childhood are recorded in an early poem on *Loch na Garr*, a mountain which he describes as "one of the most sublime and picturesque amongst our Caledonian Alps." Though the verses were among his earliest poetical efforts they have much poetical force, and are by no means devoid of harmony, as may be seen from the following extract:—

"Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd,
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;
On Chieftains long perish'd my memory ponder'd,
As daily I strode through the pine-covered glade:
I sought not my home till the day's dying glory
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star,
For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,
Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch na Garr."

Among the early amusements of his Lordship, were swimming and managing a boat, in both of which he is said to have acquired a great dexterity even in his childhood. In his aquatic excursions near Newstead Abbey, he had seldom any other companion than a large Newfoundland dog, to try whose sagacity and fidelity, he would sometimes fall out of the boat, as if by accident, when the dog would seize him and drag him ashore. On losing this dog, in the autumn of 1808, his Lordship caused a monument to be erected, commemorative of its attachment, with an inscription, from which we extract the following lines:—

"Ye who, perchance, behold this simple urn,
Pass on—it honours none you wish to mourn!
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise—
I never knew but one, and here he lies."

His Lordship, when very young, was placed under the guardianship of Mr. Wh—te, an eminent solicitor, who, by a singular coincidence of circumstances, had likewise become the guardian of the accomplished Miss Ch—worth, whose father had formerly fallen a victim to the deadly resentment of a very near relative of his Lordship.

To this lady, notwithstanding the family feud, it was the wish of their guardian, Lord Byron should be united; and there are pretty strong grounds for supposing that the inclinations of his Lordship were not at variance with the intentions of his guardian. The lady, however, from family circumstances, and perhaps still more from an early-formed attachment to J. M—sters, Esq. then honoured, from his fashionable notoriety, with the more familiar appellation of "the gay Jack M—sters," was far from being a willing ward. His Lordship's pride would not suffer him to woo a reluctant fair one in *propria personæ*, yet he expressed the warmth of his feelings very frequently in his invocations of the Muses.

Mr. M—sters was a pretty constant attendant upon Miss C——th, and for the purpose of avoiding him, Mr. Wh—te, his two sisters, Lord Byron, and the unwilling fair, were dragged in rapid succession from one watering-place to another throughout the country, while he followed in pursuit. They first went to Buxton, thence to Matlock, and from there, much against the will of Miss C——th, they fled at his approach. At these places our noble hero entered with great cordiality into all the fashionable amusements of the time; and though he affected a wish not to be known, he was generally distinguished by the hilarity of his heart, the urbanity of his manners, and the buoyancy of his animal spirits and intellectual powers. His Lordship, however, was well known to be for one very fashionable and very frequent amusement naturally unfit; hence he always expressed, if not by language, yet by strong unequivocal symptoms, an utter abhorrence to dancing. In other respects he promoted every thing conducive to the conviviality of the company. One morning a party who were at the New Bath came somewhat later than usual to breakfast, and requested some tongue. They were told that his Lordship had eaten it all. "I am very angry with his Lordship," said a lady, loud enough for him to hear the observation. "I am sorry for it, madam," retorted Lord Byron, "but before I ate the tongue I was assured that *you* did not want it." A retort by no means gallant.

It was useless, however, contending with destiny. His Lordship's fate was not to be united with that of Miss C——th, notwithstanding the ardency of his attachment, and the influence of their guardian.

In the course of this amour, and particularly towards its termination, Lord Byron addressed some beautiful lines to the fair, wayward object of his affections. Many of those amatory *morceaux* display considerable poetical excellence, mingled with much richness and tenderness of

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feeling. The following stanzas are taken from *Hours of Idleness*, and although they are not clothed in that glittering drapery of language and imagery with which his Lordship's subsequent pieces are adorned, we think they display much of talent, and we know they contain much of truth :—

" Oh! had my fate been joined with thine,
As once this pledge appeared a token;
These follies had not, then, been mine,
For then, my peace had not been broken.

To thee, these early faults I owe,
To thee, the wise and old reproving;
They know my sins, but do not know
'Twas thine to break the bonds of loving.

For, once my soul, like thine was pure,
And all its rising fires could smother;
But now, thy vows no more endure,
Bestow'd by thee upon another.

Perhaps, his peace I could destroy,
And spoil the blisses that await him;
Yet, let my rival smile in joy,
For thy dear sake I cannot hate him.

Ah! since thy angel form is gone,
My heart no more can rest with any;
But what is sought in thee alone
Attempts, alas! to find in many.

Then fare thee well, deceitful maid,
'Twere vain and fruitless to regret thee;
Nor hope, nor memory yield their aid,
But pride may teach me to forget thee.

Yet all this giddy waste of years,
This tiresome round of palling pleasures;
These varied loves, these matron's fears,
These thoughtless strains to passion's measures.

If thou wert mine, had all been hush'd;
This cheek now pale from early riot,
With passion's hectic ne'er had flush'd,
But bloom'd in calm domestic quiet.

Yes, once the rural scene was sweet,
For Nature seem'd to smile before thee;
And once my breast abhorr'd deceit,
For then it beat but to adore thee.

But, now, I seek for other joys;
To think, would drive my soul to madness:
In thoughtless throngs, and empty noise,
I conquer half my bosom's sadness.

Yet even in these, a thought will steal,
In spite of every vain endeavour;
And fiends might pity what I feel,
To know, that thou art lost for ever."

The anguish produced by unrequited love and disappointed ambition on a mind like his Lordship's, may be more easily conceived than described ;—fits of gloominess and gaiety, desperation and dissipation, alternately prevailed in rapid succession, until the Muses, the invariable confidents of intense passion, gently soothed the irritation of his heart, by presenting to his over-credulous imagination a bright perspective of poetical honours and perennial triumphs. He shortly afterwards published his Minor Poems. Their fate and its consequences, in a literary point of view, have been already described. This last and long-cherished hope was apparently blasted for ever, and he could no longer look for consolation, under the extreme anguish of his feelings, to literary glory. The irrevocable decrees which successively destroyed his enraptured anticipations of love and fame, drove him to the verge of madness, his mind and conduct were entirely metamorphosed, naturally mirthful, he became suddenly melancholy; he shunned, despised, and hated every one; the sulkiness of his disposition was converted into the gall of misanthropy; and the conflicting passions, which like vultures preyed upon the tenderest fibres of his heart, goaded him to a determination to quit the scenes where circumstances and associations only served to awaken recollections which harrowed and tortured his soul to madness.

On arriving at the age of manhood, Lord Byron took a long leave of his native country, in the view of making a tour in foreign lands, but as the ordinary course of travelling through Europe, was then impeded by the war which prevailed between England and France, he embarked at Falmouth for Lisbon. In 1809, he passed through Portugal and Spain, touched at Malta and Sicily, and proceeded to the Morea and Constantinople, during part of which tour he was accompanied by Mr. John Cam Hobhouse, the present colleague of Sir Francis Burdett in the representation of Westminster. He was not of that class of travellers who go to learn, and his statements of fact are not always to be relied on, as they take the hue of his imagination, oftentimes brilliant and lively, sometimes splenetic and froward, but generally forcible and striking. A gentleman, at the request of a friend, furnished his Lordship with introductory letters to the principal persons at Malta. He presented the letters, and was waited on in return by the individuals to whom they were addressed; but he refused their invitations, shut himself up during the greater part of his stay there, and of course had little, if any opportunity of knowing any thing about the country or its inhabitants. Nevertheless, he presumes to say, " the crime of *assassination* is not confined to Portugal. In Sicily and Malta we are knocked on the head at a handsome average nightly; and not a Sicilian or Maltese is ever punished." Nothing can be more erroneous as regards Malta, and we are assured by a gentleman who resided there for four years, shortly previous to Lord Byron's visit, that out of a population of nearly 100,000 natives, with a garrison of 3 or 4,000 soldiers, and a harbour constantly frequented by great numbers of foreigners, only two persons were killed in all that time; one by a robber who broke into a house to plunder it, and the other in

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a drunken quarrel, in which he probably was the aggressor; and on both occasions the police displayed the most laudable activity in endeavouring to bring the offenders to justice. The Maltese, whatever they may be now, were certainly at that time as little given to assassination as any nation in Europe.

In like manner Lord Byron characterised the Portuguese as a cowardly race—

"Well doth the Spanish hind the difference know
'Twixt him and Lusian slave, the lowest of the low."

After the battle of Busaco, the glorious campaign of 1810, and the expulsion of Massena's army from Lisbon, his Lordship found he was mistaken; and his apology was curious. "As I found the Portuguese, so I have characterised them. That they are since improved, at least in courage, is evident."

It is somewhat singular that his Lordship should have then had a narrow escape from a fever in the vicinity of the place where he has just ended his life, and when he experienced the fidelity of the Albanians.

"When, in 1810," he says, "after the departure of my friend, Mr. Hobhouse, for England, I was seized with a severe fever in the Morea; these men (Albanians) saved my life, by frightening away my physician, whose throat they threatened to cut, if I was not cured within a given time. To this consolatory assurance of posthumous retribution, and a resolute refusal of Dr. Romanelli's prescriptions, I attribute my recovery. I had left my last remaining English servant at Athens; my dragoman, or interpreter, was as ill as myself, and my poor arnaouts nursed me with an attention which would have done honour to civilization."

While the Salsette frigate, in which Lord Byron was a passenger to Constantinople, lay in the Dardanelles, a discourse arose among some of the officers respecting the practicability of swimming across the Hellespont.—Lord Byron and Lieutenant Ekenhead agreed to make the trial; they accordingly attempted this enterprise on the 3rd of May, 1810. The following is the account given of it by his Lordship:—

"The whole distance from Abydos, the place from whence we started, to our landing at Sestos on the other side, including the length we were carried by the current, was computed by those on board the frigate at upwards of four English miles; though the actual breadth is barely one. The rapidity of the current is such, that no boat can row directly across; and it may in some measure be estimated, from the circumstance of the whole distance being accomplished by one of the parties in an hour and five, and by the other, in an hour and ten minutes. The water was extremely cold, from the melting of the mountain snows. About three weeks before, we had made an attempt; but having ridden all the way from the Troad the same morning, and the water being of an icy chillness, we found it necessary to postpone the completion till the frigate anchored below the castles, when we swam the Straits, as just stated, entering a considerable way above the European, and landing below the Asiatic, fort. Chevalier says, that a young Jew swam the same distance for his mistress; and Olivier mentions its having been done by a Neapolitan; but our Consul at Tarragona remembered neither of those circumstances, and tried to dissuade us from the attempt. A number of the Salsette's crew were known to have accomplished a greater distance; and the only thing that surprised me was, that as doubts had been entertained of the truth of Leander's story, no traveller had endeavoured to ascertain its practicability."

The result of this notable adventure Lord Byron recorded in some lively lines, comparing himself with Leander, and concluding thus:—

"'Twere hard to say who fared the best;
Sad mortals, thus the Gods still plague you.
He lost his labour, I my jest;
For he was drown'd, and I've the ague."

When Lord Byron and his company visited Athens, they were greatly mortified, and thoroughly indignant, to see the place dismantled of many of the beauties which had rendered the spot, even in its dilapidated state, sacred in the estimation of all travellers who possessed any reverence for the genius of antiquity. But the ravages of time, and those committed by barbarians, bore no comparison to the extent of the spoliation recently perpetrated in the name, and by the orders of an English ambassador at the Porte, who had exerted his influence so effectually as almost to demolish several of the finest of the temples that were then remaining. After this it was too much in the spirit of Erostratus for the same nobleman to cause his own name, together with that of his wife, to be inscribed on a pillar of the temple of Minerva. This extraordinary mark of vanity, however, was actually executed in a very conspicuous manner, and deeply engraved in the marble, at a considerable elevation. Lord Byron, on beholding this inscription, was so much hurt, and conceived such an abhorrence

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of this presumption, which he considered as almost amounting to sacrilege, that with great labour, and difficulty, he got himself raised up to the requisite height, and obliterated the name of the Earl, but gallantly left that of the lady untouched. Besides this act of zeal, he adopted another and severer method of humbling the pride of his brother peer; for, on the west side of the same temple, he caused the following monkish lines to be very deeply cut, in large characters:—

"Quod non fecerunt Goti,
Hoc fecerunt Scoti."

But, the resentment of Lord Byron was not limited to mere localities. He invoked his powerful muse on the occasion, and, as if he had been actually inspired by the genius of the place, he wrote a poem, the opening part of which, constitutes the introduction to the second canto of *Childe Harold*, but the remainder was suppressed as being too caustic for publication. The public has not, however, lost his Lordship's opinions on this subject, for in his short poem of the *Curse of Minerva*, he has been very severe on the conduct of the Earl of Elgin, in despoiling the Parthenon during his embassy to the Ottoman Porte. Minerva is described as recounting the spoliation of Athens by various hands, and particularly Lord Elgin, whom the goddess thus denounces:—

"Mortal! (the blue-eyed maid resumed once more)
Bear back my mandate to thy native shore;
Though fallen, alas! this vengeance yet is mine,
To turn my counsels far from lands like thine.
Hear, then, in silence, Pallas' stern behest,
Hear, and believe, for time will tell the rest:
First on the head of him who did the deed
My curse shall light, on him and all his seed;
Without one spark of intellectual fire,
Be all his sons as senseless as their sire:
If one with wit the parent-breed disgrace,
Believe him bastard of a better race;
Still with his hireling Artists let him prate,
And folly's praise repay for wisdom's hate.
Long of her Patron's *gusto* let them tell,
Whose noblest native *gusto*—is to sell:
To sell, and make (may shame record the day)
The State receiver of his pilfer'd prey!
* * * * * * *
And last of all, amidst the gaping crew,
Some calm spectator, as he takes his view
In silent admiration, mix'd with grief,
Admires the plunderer, but abhors the thief:
Loathed in life, scarce pardoned in the dust,
May hate pursue his sacrilegious lust;
Link'd with the fool who fired th' Ephesian dome,
Shall vengeance follow far beyond the tomb.
Erostratus and * * * * * e'er shall shine
In many a branding page and burning line.
Alike condemn'd for aye to stand accursed,
Perchance the second viler than the first.
So let him stand, through ages yet unborn,
Fix'd statue on the pedestal of scorn!"

In 1811, Lord Byron's mother died, and he regretted her loss in terms of filial affection, though some of the daily papers have asserted that Donna Inez in his poem of Don Juan was intended as a portrait of his mother, than which nothing can be more erroneous. Lord Byron always spoke of his mother in terms of affection. "In the short space of one month," says he, "I have lost *her* who gave me being, and most of those who had made that being tolerable. To me the lines of Young are no fiction:"—

'The shaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace was lain, &c.'

The other two individuals alluded to, were a Mr. Matthews of Cambridge, and the Hon. J. W. of the Guards. Of the latter he speaks thus feelingly:—

"Oh, known the earliest, and esteem'd the most!
Dear to a heart where nought was left so dear!
Though to my hopeless days for ever lost,
In dreams deny me not to see thee here!
And morn in secret shall renew the tear
Of consciousness awaking to her woes,
And fancy hover o'er thy bloodless bier,
Till my frail frame return to whence it rose,
And mourn'd and mourner lie united in repose."

After an absence of nearly three years, Lord Byron revisited his native shores, and exhibited the advantages of travelling in his "Childe Harold," the plan of which was laid in Albania and prosecuted at Athens, where it received some of its finest touches and most splendid ornaments. The hint of adapting the style and stanza of Spenser to a journal of travels and opinions, was taken from an observation of Dr. Beattie, on which Lord Byron formed the plan of giving to the world a poetical history of his observations in foreign lands. The way in which the appearance of the poem of Childe Harold was greeted by the Edinburgh Reviewers is amusing. "Lord Byron has improved marvellously," said they, "since his last appearance at our tribunal; and this, though it bear a very affected title, is really a volume of very considerable power."

It soon appeared that his Lordship had a great facility of writing. He published in rapid succession the *Giaour*, the *Bride of Abydos*, and the *Corsair*, the first inscribed to Mr. Rogers, the second to Lord Holland, and the third to Mr. Thomas Moore. The spirit and brilliancy of all these poems were great. In the dedication of the "Corsair," he said it was the last production with which he should trespass on public patience for some years—a sort of promise which poets are not much expected to keep, and are easily excused for breaking. This dedication so highly flattering to the talents of Mr. Moore, was as follows:—

"My dear Moore—I dedicate to you the last production with which I shall trespass on public patience, and your indulgence, for some years; and I own

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that I feel anxious to avail myself of this latest and only opportunity of adorning my pages with a name, consecrated by unshaken public principle, and the most undoubted and various talents. While Ireland ranks you among the firmest of her patriots; while you stand alone the first of her bards in her estimation, and Britain ratifies and confirms the decree, permit one, whose only regret, since our first acquaintance, has been the years he had lost before it commenced, to add the humble, but sincere suffrage of friendship, to the voice of more than one nation."

On the 2nd of January, 1815, Lord Byron married, at Seham, in the county of Durham, the only daughter of Sir Ralph Milbank Noel, Baronet, and towards the close of the same year, his Lady brought him a daughter, for whom he always manifested the strongest affection. Within a few weeks, however, after that event, a separation took place, for which various causes have been stated. This difference excited a prodigious sensation at the time, and was the last stab to the happiness of his Lordship. We would not aggravate the feelings of a widowed mother, but justice to the memory of the noble bard compels us to express our conviction, that the separation on his part was involuntary, and although he vented his spleen in some angry verses, yet how deeply he loved Lady Byron will be seen from the following stanzas, which he addressed to her a few months before their separation:—

TO JESSY.

"THERE is a mystic thread of life
So dearly wreathed with mine alone,
That Destiny's relentless knife
At once must sever *both* or *none*.

There is a *form* on which these eyes
Have often gazed with fond delight;
By day that form their joy supplies,
And dreams restore it through the night.

There is a *voice* whose tones inspire
Such thrills of rapture through my breast;
I would not hear a seraph choir,
Unless that voice could join the rest.

There is a *face* whose blushes tell
Affection's tale upon the cheek;
But pallid at one fond farewell,
Proclaims more love than words can speak.

There is a *lip* which mine hath prest,
And none had ever prest before;
It vowed to make me sweetly blest,
And mine, mine only press it more.

There is a *bosom*—all my own—
Hath pillow'd oft this aching head;
A *mouth* which smiles on me alone,
An *eye* whose tears with mine are shed.

There are two *hearts* whose movements thrill
In unison so closely sweet!
That, pulse to pulse, responsive still,
That both must heave—or cease to beat.

There are two *souls* whose equal flow,
In gentle streams so calmly run,
That when they part—*they part!*—ah, no!
They cannot part—*those souls are one.*"

Within a few weeks, however, after the separation took place, Lord Byron suddenly left the kingdom with the resolution never to return.

He crossed over to France, through which he passed rapidly to Brussels, taking in his way a survey of the field of Waterloo. He proceeded to Coblentz, and thence up the Rhine as far as Basle. After visiting some of the most remarkable scenes in Switzerland, he proceeded to the North of Italy.—He took up his abode for some time at Venice, where he was joined by Mr. Hobhouse, who accompanied him in an excursion to Rome, where he completed his *Childe Harold.*

During the residence of Lord Byron at Venice, the house of a shoemaker was destroyed by fire; and every article belonging to the poor man being lost, he was, with a large family, reduced to a most pitiable condition. The noble bard having ascertained the afflicting circumstances of this event, ordered a new and superior habitation to be immediately built for the sufferer; in addition to which he presented the unfortunate tradesman with a sum equal in value to the whole of his lost stock in trade and furniture.

Another trait of his Lordship's urbanity and beneficence may here be related:—

Previous to his Lordship's marriage, when he resided in the Albany, a young lady of poetical talent, but not successful in her literary attempts, found herself involved in difficulties, owing to the misfortunes of her family. Those friends who might have served her were abroad, and she knew not where to address them; her distresses accumulated, and she felt so severely the state of those who were most dear to her, that she resolved to apply to Lord Byron, on the plea of authorship, by soliciting his subscription to her poems. It is singular, that her idea of his character was formed from his works, the perusal of which made her conclude him of an amiable disposition, and one who was much misunderstood by the world. Such as her imagination had portrayed him, she found him in reality. She simply stated her motive for applying to him, and requested his subscription; when he, in the most delicate manner, prevented her from dwelling on any painful subject, by immediately entering into some general conversation, in the course of which he wrote a draft, which he folded up and presented to her, saying, "that was his subscription." She did not, of course, look at the paper while she remained with him, which was some

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time, as the pleasure of his discourse was too delightful to be soon relinquished, and, while he professed himself highly interested in her future welfare, from motives of delicacy, he refrained from taking any active part in promoting the subscription; for, as they were both young, he feared, from the well-known censoriousness of the world, he might rather injure than serve her by so doing. On her leaving him, she inspected the paper, and found it to be a draft on his banker for fifty pounds.

This is but one of the many generous acts which Lord Byron has done, both in his own country and since his voluntary exile from it, although he has never assumed the ostentatious character of a philanthropist.

His Lordship resided for some time at Pisa; and during his stay in Italy wrote numerous poetical productions, including his *Don Juan*, *Beppo*, *Mazeppa*, three or four tragedies, and, in conjunction with Mr. Percy Bysshe Shelley, and Mr. Leigh Hunt, commenced the *Liberal* to which he contributed some papers.

In most of his poems Lord Byron displays the most fond and ardent attachment to Greece, whose fate he thus beautifully describes in one of his poems:—

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,—
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' 'Islands of the Blest.'

The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dream'd that Greece might still be free;
For standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations;—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set *where were they?*

And where are they? and where art *thou*,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more.
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something in the dearth of fame,
Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

The poetry of the three concluding stanzas is not less exquisite nor less animated.

Trust not for freedom to the Frank
They have a king who buys and sells;
In native swords, and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells;
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
Would break your shields, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marble steep,—
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down the cup of Samian wine.

With such feelings though no soldier it will not excite surprise that Lord Byron should endeavour to assist the Greeks to shake off the yoke of Turkey; and with this view he repaired to Greece, where his personal counsels, his pecuniary aid, and his magnificent talents were all given to her cause.

He devoted himself to the redemption of that lovely and classic land, from the bondage of the infidel, which so long enthralled it. Lord Byron's personal influence reconciled the Greek chiefs, and banished discord from amongst them. He contributed largely from his private fortune to their wants, and his presence on those shores drew the attention of all Europe to the strife of the Christians against the Infidel crescent, and made the very Divan tremble. Encouraged by his name, foreigners of ability were crowding to the scene of contest, and giving to the Greeks the benefits of discipline and experience. The genius of the great poet would have immortalized the efforts of the Christians; and Greece, already distinguished by so many imperishable recollections, would have lived with new glory in his song. The names of Bozzaris and her modern heroes, by whose intrepid courage the bands of the infidel have been so often scattered, would have been joined with the patriots of Platea and Thermopylæ; and consecrated by the talents of Lord Byron, have gone down, in kindled memory, to succeeding days; but, unhappily for Greece, their champion has perished in the prime of youth, and in the midst of his exertions in her cause. This melancholy event took place at Missolonghi, on the 19th of April. On the 9th of that month, his Lordship, who had been living very low, exposed himself in a violent rain; the consequence of which was a severe cold, and he was immediately confined to his bed. The low state to which he had been reduced by his abstinence, and probably by some of the remaining effects of his previous illness, made him unwilling—or at any rate he

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refused to submit—to be bled. It is to be lamented that no one was near his Lordship who had sufficient influence over his mind, or who was himself sufficiently aware of the necessity of the case, to induce him to submit to that remedy, which, in all human probability, would have saved a life so valuable to Greece. The inflammatory action, unchecked, terminated fatally on the 19th of April. His last words, before delirium had seized his powerful mind, were, "I wish it to be known that my last thoughts were given to *my wife, my child, and my sister!*"

Had it pleased the Almighty to spare his valuable life, he would probably have seen his exertions crowned with success, and Greece again triumphant and free; but her liberation must now fall into other hands: but where can a man like Byron be found? In the magnificence of his genius he stood in Europe high above all competition. To Greece he had devoted all his energies, and the whole strength of his great mind. He has been snatched from amongst this interesting people just when they wanted his counsels and his talents most, and their universal regret has shewn how much they valued and respected him. The proclamation of the Provisional Government at Missolonghi, which we subjoin, is an affecting document; it has all the simplicity of real sorrow; there is about it no pomp of words; it speaks of the death of the great poet as "a most calamitous event for all Greece." "His munificent donations," it adds, "are before the eyes of every one, and no one amongst us ever ceased, or ever will cease, to consider him with the purest and most grateful sentiments as our benefactor." In future days, when the Greeks have trodden the crescent in the dust—when the Infidel, so long encamped in Europe, is driven across the Bosphorus, and the city of Constantine again in the Christian's hands,—events, however vast, which we may live to witness,—the name of Lord Byron will survive in the page of Greek glory, and his mausoleum may repose under the altar of St. Sophia, from whose minarets the Imaun now calls to prayers. Great as is his loss, it is a consolation that freedom in Greece does not perish with him.

The following is a letter from the Greek Prince Maurocordato, announcing Lord Byron's death:—

Missolonghi, 8th (20th) April, 1824.

"SIR, AND MY VERY DEAR FRIEND—It is with the greatest affliction that I fulfil the duty of giving you the sad news of the death of Lord Byron, after an illness of ten days. Our loss is irreparable, and it is with justice that we abandon ourselves to inconsolable sorrow. Notwithstanding the difficult circumstances in which I am placed, I shall attempt to perform my duty towards this great man: the eternal gratitude of my country will, perhaps, be the only true tribute to his memory. The Deputies will communicate to you the details of this melancholy event, on which the grief which I feel will not allow me to dwell longer. You will excuse, you will justify, my being overwhelmed with sorrow, and accept the assurance of my devotion, and the high consideration with which I have the honour to be, Sir, your very humble and very obedient servant,

"A. MAUROCORDATO.

"To J. Bowring, Esq.
"Secretary to the Greek Committee."

How deeply the loss of Lord Byron is felt in Greece will be seen from the following translation of the proclamation issued by the Greek authorities at Missolonghi to the inhabitants, who were by grief arrested in the celebration of their Easter festivities:—

"The present days of festivity are converted into days of bitter lamentation for all—

"Lord Noel Byron departed this life to-day, about eleven o'clock in the evening, in consequence of a rheumatic inflammatory fever, which had lasted for ten days.

"During the time of his illness, your general anxiety evinced the profound sorrow that pervaded your hearts. All classes, without distinction of sex or age, oppressed by grief, entirely forgot the days of Easter.

"The death of this illustrious personage is certainly a most calamitous event for all Greece, and still more lamentable for this city, to which he was eminently partial, of which he became a citizen, and of the dangers of which he was determined personally to partake, when circumstances should require it.

"His munificent donations to this community are before the eyes of every one; and no one amongst us ever ceased, or ever will cease, to consider him with the purest and most grateful sentiments, our benefactor.

"Until the dispositions of the National Government regarding this calamitous event be known, by virtue of the decree of the Legislature, No. 314, of date the 15th October, it is ordained—

"1. To-morrow, by sun-rise, thirty-seven minute-guns shall be fired from the batteries of this town, equal to the number of years of the deceased personage.

"2. All Public Offices, including all

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Courts of Justice, shall be shut for three following days.

"3. All shops, except those for provisions and medicines, shall also be kept shut; and all sorts of musical instruments, all dances customary in these days, all sorts of festivity and merriment in the public taverns, and every other sort of public amusement, shall cease during the above-named period.

"4. A general mourning shall take place for twenty-one days.

"5. Funeral ceremonies shall be performed in all the churches.

(Signed)

"A. MAUROCORDATO.

"GIORGIA PRAIDI, Secretary.

"Missolonghi, 19th April, 1824."

The Greeks have requested and obtained the heart of Lord Byron, which will be placed in a mausoleum in the country for whose liberation it last beat.

If we except Shakspeare, there is, perhaps, no writer in the English language from whose works an equal number of poetical beauties can be selected as from those of Lord Byron. He excels equally in the sublime and the pathetic. Every theme seemed to suit his genius, and he could vary his style with his subject in a manner, and to an extent, that our literature had before given no example of. In his *Don Juan* he has given a flexibility to our language of which it had never hitherto been thought susceptible. He has shown it capable of rivalling the Italian in the gracefulness of its inflections and the pliancy of its cadence. Some, we know, there are, who could go on poring through the maze of his mellifluous diction with no other aim than to find out a flaw in the sentiment. The numberless passages full of spirit and beauty that cross them in their scrutiny, pass with such objectors for nothing: while their eye follows him into the loftiest regions of poetry, they have no wish but to spy some spot upon his mantle. To such persons we would address ourselves in the mild and forbearing spirit of that admonition which we should all do well to remember—"*Let him that is without sin cast the first stone.*" Thus much we may be permitted to remark in behalf of Lord Byron, that they make a very erroneous estimate of his character who conceive he was capable of withholding his approbation from right principles and virtuous dispositions, wherever they were found. An individual to whom all his friends were attached with the strongest feelings of regard, must have had many private virtues, and those too of no common kind: for the rest, God is the searcher of hearts, and sees us all as we are. This recollection may check the severity of our sentence where human frailty is the subject. When *we* bring our fellow-creatures into judgment, our own consciousness may well inspire the best of us with moderation.

That "the paths of glory lead but to the grave," is a painful lesson to philosophy; it was a lesson with which,—melancholy as it is,—Lord Byron was familiar; but it never for a moment damped his spirit, or depressed his energy. His searching eye saw into the very inmost hearts of those "rulers of the world," who are struggling to arrest the progress of knowledge in Europe, and to erect again "the standard of ancient night." All the force of his talents, and all the splendour of his fancy, were put forth to strengthen the love of science and of freedom.

About two years ago Lord Byron wrote his own memoirs, which he presented to Mr. Moore, and Mr. Murray purchased the MS. for 2,000*l.* not to be published until the death of the noble poet: he has since given it up, and, at the wish of some of Lord Byron's relatives, it is said to have been destroyed. Mr. Moore, in his last poetical production, has written a poem on the subject, entitled, "Reflections on Lord Byron on reading his Memoirs written by himself." This poem is so apposite that we subjoin it:—

L——D B——'S MEMOIRS, WRITTEN BY HIMSELF—REFLECTIONS WHEN ABOUT TO READ THEM.

"Let me a moment,—ere with fear and hope
Of gloomy, glorious things, these leaves I ope—.
As one, in fairy tale, to whom the key
Of some enchanter's secret hall is given,
Doubts, while he enters, slowly, tremblingly,
If he shall meet with shapes from hell or heaven—
Let me a moment, think what thousands live
O'er the wide earth this instant, who would give,
Gladly, whole sleepless nights to bend the brow
Over these precious leaves, as I do now,
How all who know—and where is he unknown?
To what far region have his songs not flown,
Like Psaphon's birds, speaking their master's name,
In every language, syllabled by Fame?
How all, who've felt the various spells combin'd
Within the circle of that splendid mind,
Like pow'rs, deriv'd from many a star, and met
Together in some wond'rous amulet,
Would burn to know when first the light awoke
In his young soul,—and if the gleams that broke
From that Aurora of his genius, raised
More bliss or pain in those on whom they blaz'd—
Would love to trace th' unfolding of that power,
Which hath grown ampler, grander, every hour,
And feel, in watching o'er its first advance,
As did the Egyptian traveller*, when he stood
By the young Nile, and fathom'd with his lance
The first small fountains of that mighty flood.

"They, too, who, 'mid the scornful thoughts that dwell
In his rich fancy, tinging all its streams,

Bruce.

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As if the star of bitterness, which fell
On earth of old, had touched them with its beams,
Can track a spirit, which, though driv'n to hate,
From Nature's hands came kind, affectionate;
And which, ev'n now, struck as it is with blight,
Comes out, at times, in love's own native light—
How gladly all who've watch'd these struggling rays
Of a bright, ruin'd spirit through his lays,
Would here inquire, as from his own frank lips,
What desolating grief, what wrongs had driven
That noble nature into cold eclipse—
Like some fair orb that, once a sun in heaven,
And born, not only to surprise, but cheer
With warmth and lustre all within its sphere,
Is now so quench'd, that of its grandeur lasts
Naught, but the wide, cold shadow which it casts!

'Eventful volume! whatsoe'er the change
Of scene and clime—th' adventures, bold and strange—
The griefs—the frailties, but too frankly told—
The loves, the feuds thy pages may unfold,
If truth with half so prompt a hand unlocks
His virtues as his failings—we shall find
The record there of friendships, held like rocks,
And enmities like sun-touch'd snow resign'd—
Of fealty, cherish'd without change or chill,
In those who serv'd him, young, and serve him still—
Of generous aid, giv'n with that noiseless art
Which wakes not pride, to many a wounded heart—
Of acts—but no—*not* from himself must aught
Of the bright features of his life be sought.
While they, who court the world, like Milton's cloud*,
"Turn forth their silver lining" on the crowd,
This gifted Being wraps himself in night,
And, keeping all that softens, and adorns,
And gilds his social nature hid from sight,
Turns but its darkness on a world he scorns.'

*"Did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?"—
Comus.

We cannot perhaps better close our memoir, than by the following tributes to the memory of this distinguished nobleman, which appeared in the London papers:—

[FROM THE TIMES.]

WITH unfeigned regret we announce to our readers, that Lord Byron is no more. We know not how many of our countrymen may share the feelings with which this news has affected us. There were individuals more to be approved for moral qualities than Lord Byron—to be more safely followed, or more tenderly beloved; but there lives no man on earth whose sudden departure from it, under the circumstances in which that nobleman was cut off, appears to us more calculated to impress the mind with profound and unmingled mourning. Lord Byron was doomed to pay that price which Nature sometimes charges for stupendous intellect, in the gloom of his imagination, and the intractable energy of his passions. Amazing power variously directed, was the mark by which he was distinguished far above all his contemporaries. His dominion was the sublime—it was his native home; at intervals he plunged into the lower atmosphere for amusement, but his stay was brief. It was his proper nature to ascend; but on the summit of his elevation, his leading passion was to evince his superiority, by launching his melancholy scorn at mankind. That noblest of enterprises, the deliverance of Greece, employed the whole of Lord Byron's latter days—of his pecuniary resources, and of his masculine spirit. It was a cause worthy of a poet and a hero; and it is consolatory to find, that the people for whom he would have devoted his life, seem to have felt the full value of his exertions and his sacrifices. The affectionate veneration in which our deceased countryman was held, appears as well from the private letter of Maurocordato, as from the deep and universal mourning which was observed at Missolonghi from the hour at which his death was made public. Had he but died in battle against slaves and infidels, for a Christian people struggling to be free, his own fame would have received its full consummation, and his wishes, as is well understood, their complete fulfilment.

[FROM THE MORNING CHRONICLE.]

THUS has perished, in the flower of his age, in the noblest of causes, one of the greatest poets England ever produced. His death, at this moment, is, no doubt, a severe misfortune to the struggling people for whom he has so generously devoted himself. His character we shall not attempt to draw. He had virtues, and he had failings; the latter were, in a great measure, the result of the means of indulgence which were placed within his reach at so early a period of his life. "Give me neither poverty nor riches," said an inspired writer, and certainly it may be said that the gift of riches is an unfortunate one for the possessor. The aim which men, who are not born to wealth, have constantly before them, gives a relish to existence to which the hereditarily opulent must ever be strangers. Gratifications of every kind soon lose their attraction, the game of life is played without interest, for that which can be obtained without effort is never highly prized. It is fortunate for the great when they can escape from themselves into some pursuit, which, by firing their ambition, gives a stimulus to their active powers.—We rejoiced to see Lord Byron engaged in a cause which afforded such motives for exertions, and we anticipated from him many days of glory.—But it has been otherwise decreed.

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[FROM THE MORNING HERALD.]

A DEEPLY mournful sensation was excited by the intelligence of the death of Lord Byron. Thus has the poetical literature of England lost one of its brightest ornaments, and the age decidedly its finest genius. Much of the notice which he attracted, and the ascendency which he obtained, is no doubt attributable to certain singularities in his temper and character, and even in the events of his life. But the vulgar only were swayed by his eccentricity. The prodigious splendour of his genius won admiration from the liberal, the learned, and the wise. There is scarcely any instance of poetical power of the first order displayed under such a variety of forms. His early poems certainly gave no promise of his future greatness. But their feebleness was, perhaps, a happy circumstance—it provoked a memorable criticism, which, in its turn, met with a severer and more memorable retaliation. Lord Byron vented his resentment in the satire.—In the poem of *Childe Harold*, which soon followed, he vindicated the supremacy of his genius. It is in this poem, and the shorter poems, turning chiefly upon oriental scenes and circumstances, that Lord Byron is distinctively himself. He displayed, it is true, astonishing versatility as he advanced. He entered the domain of Italian and of the more modern German poetry—not as an imitator, but as a rival. It is hardly safe or discreet to speak of *Don Juan*, that truant offspring of Lord Byron's muse. It may be said, however, that with all its sins, the copiousness and flexibility of the English language were never before so triumphantly approved—that the same compass of talent—"the grave, the gay, the great, the small," comic force, humour, metaphysics, and observation, boundless fancy and ethereal beauty, and curious knowledge, curiously applied, have never been blended with the same felicity in any other poem. It would be easy to dwell upon some vices of taste—for it is with those only that we have to do—but they are not to be thought of at a moment when England has lost her first poet, not yet arrived at the meridian of his life—perhaps not even of his genius—one who might yet have atoned to his country and to literature for the errors of his youth, by producing works which would place his name incontestibly still nearer those of Milton and Shakspeare, by no longer affording a pretext to cant and cavil, and interested sycophancy.

[FROM THE BRITISH PRESS.]

THE death of Lord Byron, is an event which we little expected to record. It falls on the public ear like a shock of deep, private misfortune. He has sunk to rest in the prime of his days, and in the zenith of his fame; he has left the world when his services could ill be spared, and we may add with truth, when they cannot be supplied. A more calamitous event could not have happened to Greece; all his aid, personal and pecuniary—all the energies of his body and of his mind, were put forth for the restoration of her freedom; to her cause his loss is irreparable. Lord Byron's genius was of the very first order: he was one of those characters from whose existence new eras date their commencement: that fresh career of society which is beginning in Europe wanted the stimulus of a mind like his, to carry it onward to happiness and to glory: he was no lover of revolutions; he looked only to the improvement of which the political condition of mankind was capable, by the diffusion of knowledge, and the just estimate of independence. It was with these views that he aided Greece to the utmost of his means, to rescue herself from the claims of her oppressor, and rise again to life and liberty. We are not yet sufficiently recovered from the painful feelings with which the sudden intelligence of his death has impressed us, to enter into any detail of observation on his genius as a poet, or his character as a man. Now that his days are numbered, the world will do justice to both.

[FROM THE STAR.]

IT is with much regret we have to announce the death of that wayward, but highly-gifted genius, Lord Byron, which took place at Missolonghi, on the 19th ultimo. "There is a tear for all that die," as this noble poet observes in his elegy on the death of one of his friends; and whatever may have been his errors, he must be a rigid moralist indeed, who does not breathe a sigh for the fate of a poet, who, possessing talents of a transcendent nature, has perished in devoting them to the emancipation of Greece—for in this cause he has fallen, and deeply indeed will his loss be felt.

Although it would be impossible to defend some of the recent publications of Lord Byron, yet to us his failings always rather appeared those of education, and a yielding to the immediate society in which he mingled, than errors of the heart; and there are many acts of his, which not only do honour to his rank in life, but to humanity. His memory will, however,

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live in his works, and in his exertions in the cause of Greece, when his failings will be forgotten.

[FROM THE GLOBE AND TRAVELLER.]

ENGLAND is thus deprived of the man to whom even those who have felt the most violent enmity towards some of his recent writings have not denied the title of the first poet of the age. His death is the more melancholy at a time when he devoted himself to a cause in which, in common with all generous minds, he felt the deepest sympathy—a cause of which it is enough to say, that it would have been worthy of his muse. The character of Lord Byron has already been the subject of very strict and not very friendly investigation; but it will be acknowledged that if he fell into some of those errors which those who have too early an opportunity of gratifying all their wishes can scarcely escape from: and if in his mind there was occasionally something of that bitterness which arises in the very fountain of the Graces, he is now entitled to be remembered for the great qualities in which he has excelled all men of his age and rank—not for the failings which he has shared with so many of them. His brilliant talents, and his careful cultivation of them, his benevolent heart, his aspirations for the happiness and liberty of mankind; and finally, his noble devotedness in the noblest struggle which this age has witnessed, will cause him to be numbered among the great men of whose memory England is proud, and whose premature loss it has been her fate to lament.

[FROM THE EXAMINER.]

HOW strong and how universal is the melancholy sensation produced by the death of a man of genius! Every reader of his immortal writings is, at the least, an acquaintance—often an ardent and sympathizing friend. The favourite passages imprinted on the memory recur at such a moment, and touchingly remind us, that we have lost one who had been a companion in so many interesting hours, and had enriched our minds with so many beautiful and ennobling associations. Throughout Great Britain, North America, and our colonial dominions, will this event produce a sensation not weakened by distance or locality; and in a less degree in France, Germany, and all the more enlightened countries of Europe, to which the poet's genius had been communicated by translations. In Greece, indeed, the shock is probably more felt than even in England. Admiration and gratitude had combined to make Lord Byron, when present there, the object of a sort of personal affection; and his death is to the Greeks a sudden blighting of political hopes, a dark cloud overshadowing their glorious prospects, the loss of valuable substantive aid, and the more sensible loss of the lustre which his great name shed upon their cause.

Cut off in the prime of life, and in the very summer of his mental power, his death is on that account rendered additionally painful in itself; yet he certainly could not have died under circumstances more favourable to his fame. He had already established a reputation as the great poetical ornament of his age; and he had acquired, in spite of the prejudices of rank and wealth, that honour and esteem from mankind, which are ensured by a strong sensibility to their wrongs, and a vivid indignation against their oppressors. He was pursuing a career of glory, labouring hand and heart in the purest cause of modern times, on the most illustrious soil in the world. His celebrity as a patriot was bidding fair to rival his reputation as a poet—a rare conjunction of honours! He had the fortune which he thought Napoleon's reputation so much wanted, when he reproached him with not dying in the field of battle.

VERSES

ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON.

THYSELF had'st said, that in the cloudy clime
Which gave thee birth, thou willing would'st not die;
The wish thus breath'd in thy prophetic rhyme,
Has granted been by answ'ring destiny.

Greece saw thee die—Greece fully made thine own—
By all the ties thy genius could impose;
Greece claim'd thee living as her fav'rite son,
And dead, laments thee with a nation's woes.

Oh! well *Childe Harold* has his fame restored—
And well his wayward pilgrimage has clos'd;
In arms, for liberty, by Greece adored,
He died, to Moslem tyranny oppos'd.

Oh, had his sword but drank the oppressor's blood,
His dying voice but rais'd the victor's cry;
The pilgrim's glorious death would then have stood
A crowning, worthy of his poetry.

A HARROW SCHOOL-FELLOW OF LORD BYRON.

*** A Portrait of Lord Byron, from an approved likeness, is in the hands of an artist, and as soon as it can be engraved on steel, will be presented *gratis* to the readers of the *Mirror*.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. LXXXVI.] SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1824. [Price 2*d*.

Milford Haven.

Milford Haven, of which our engraving presents a good view, is the finest harbour in Great Britain—perhaps in Europe, and is capable of holding the whole British navy. It is situated in Pembrokeshire, in South Wales, and lies on the north-side of the British Channel. It is formed by an advance of the sea into the land, a distance of upwards of ten miles, and has the appearance of an immense lake. It has sixteen deep and safe creeks, five bays, and thirteen roads, all distinguished by their several names. The spring tide rises thirty-six feet, so that ships may, at any time, be laid a-shore; and the harbour is so safe and deep, that there is no danger of going in or out with the tide, or almost against any wind. If a ship comes in without a cable or anchor, she may run a-shore on the ooze, and there lie safe till she is refitted, and in an hour's time she may get out of the harbour into the open sea.

Another and a great convenience of this harbour is, that in an hour's time a ship may be in or out of it, and in the way between the Land's End and Ireland. As it lies near the mouth of the Severn, a ship, in eight or ten hours, may be over on the coast of Ireland, or off the Land's End, in the English Channel; and a vessel may get out here, westward, much sooner than from either Plymouth or Falmouth.

The Earl of Richmond, afterwards Henry VII., landed at Milford Haven, when he came to wrest the crown from the head of Richard III. It has always been considered a harbour of great importance, and in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, previous to the threatened invasion by the boasted invincible Armada, two forts were begun at its entrance. Of late years, Parliament has been very liberal in voting considerable sums of money for improving this harbour, which naturally possesses such decided advantages over almost every other port.

The town of Milford, situated on the north shore of the Haven, was founded by Act of Parliament, in 1790, in consequence of the importance of Milford Haven to the shipping interests. It is already a place of great resort; and among the inhabitants are a company of quakers from Nantucket, in the United States, who have erected a quay, and formed an establishment for the southern whale fishery

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THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY.

ALL our associations with May are delightful. It is the time of congratulation and hope. We rejoice that the winter has passed away, and we see summer approach towards us with his softest glance and most buoyant step: we forget the festivities of Christmas, and the sultry breath of June, and only recollect that bitter frosts and dark days are the companions of the one, and that the other has bright colours and the richest odours, and sunset lights and evening winds, to make us happy.

The first of May was a day pleasant to gods and men. It shone as welcome on Olympus as on Rome, and in the vallies of Tivoli. We have high intimation that Aurora was a patroness of the day, or, at any rate, that she mingled in the revelry. Who, when he hears of

> Zephyr with Aurora playing,
> When he met her once *a Maying*,

can hesitate to admit into the calendar of his holidays the one which was observed by such bright and airy deities?

Maia (May) is traced by some to the word *Majores*, and is said to have been adopted by Romulus out of respect to his senators, who were called *majores*. We prefer the pleasanter derivation, and acknowledge rather its origin in the starry Maia, one of the Pleiades, and mother of the feather-footed Hermes.

The Romans, who generally showed a great share of animal propensity in their amusements, observed May-day with but unseemly rites; they exhibited loose sports and extravagant postures, to stimulate the degraded appetite of Rome, in the same spirit that they administered to their own pampered vanity, by proclaiming all the world barbarians except themselves. These sports were acted in honour, as it was pleasantly called, of the goddess Flora, who (ousting Pomona from her golden seat) was worshipped as the deity of *fruits* and flowers.

> Floribus et *fructibus* præ-erat.

The ancients esteemed the month of May unfavourable, while the moderns deem it favourable, to love. Shakspeare, who may be considered as the best authority on points of this sort, speaks of

> Love, whose month is ever May.

For ourselves, we are of the modern faction; and while we think that glimpses from the young-eyed god might make bright even the fogs of November, yet when he shakes his wings "with rosie May-dews wet," and comes down upon us like a shape from heaven, not even Sir Piercie Shaftan himself that ingeniously tedious euphuist, may contend with him. This is but a strange comparison, especially as we confess our admiration of that romantic personage extends scarcely beyond his slashed doublet and collar of gems, and by no means carries us to the end of his speeches. Yet are we constrained to consider Sir Piercie as a favoured specimen of his kind; for we have seen some of the brightest eyes, that we know, glisten, though they were previously placid, and very sweet lips smile, at the passing mention of his name. We have felt that this was rather hard upon us, and our serious endeavours at liveliness; though the Elizabethan knight is certainly a sort of privileged person, and has written authority to rise with "mortal gashes" on his head, and to push men of this plain-spoken age from our stools, with as little ceremony as he used towards the honest family of Glendinning.

But to quit Cupid and Sir Piercie Shafton for our subject, from which we have been beguiled by the latter worthy, let us now say a word or two about our ancestors. They had better notions of May than the Romans, and observed it with as gay but more decorous rites. Although the processions and dances of the morning might degenerate into too free a carousal at night, yet the more objectionable parts of the sports were never, we believe, preconcerted: it is true, indeed, that good cheer was not wanting during the day; but it was not until evening that the bonfires were lighted, and the actual revelry commenced. At Rome, vice formed a striking and essential part of the day's festivity; in England it was either unfrequent or fortuitous; it was nourished with potent dews, and sprung up like an exhalation at the close of the day, when the spirit of gaiety began to languish.

May-day was celebrated as was fitting, by the young. They rose shortly after midnight, and went to some neighbouring wood, attended by songs and music, and breaking green branches from the trees, adorned them with wreaths and crowns of flowers. They returned home at the rising of the sun, and made their windows and their doors gay with garlands. In the villages they danced during the day around the May-pole, which afterwards remained during the whole year untouched, except by the seasons, a faded emblem and a consecrated offering to the goddess of flowers. At night the villagers lighted up fires, and indulged in revellings, which sometimes were "after the high Roman fashion," and might, indeed, have vied with those religious festivities with which the "true believers" are still accustomed to reward themselves, for their pious abstinence during the fasts of Rhamazan.

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ORIGIN OF THE TERMS WHIG AND TORY.

(For the Mirror.)

"THIS year (says Hume, History of England, 1680,) is remarkable for being the epoch of the well-known epithets, of Whig and Tory, by which, and sometimes without any material difference, this island has been so long divided. The court-party reproached their antagonists with their affinity to the fanatical conventicles in Scotland, who were known by the name of the Whigs. The country-party found a resemblance between the courtiers and Popish banditti in Ireland, to whom the appellation of Tory was affixed. And after this manner these foolish terms of reproach came into public and general use; and even at present seem not nearer their end than when they were first invented."

Bailey, in his dictionary, gives the following as the origin:—"Whig (Sax.) whey, butter-milk, or very small beer; also a name first applied to those in Scotland who kept their meetings in the fields, their common food being *sour milk*;* a nick-name given to those who were against the court-interest in the times of King Charles and James, and to such as were for it in succeeding reigns."

With regard to Tory, he tells us that it was a "word first used by the Protestants in Ireland, to signify those Irish common robbers and murderers who stood out-lawed for robbery and murder; now a nick-name to such as call themselves high church-men, or to the partizans of the Chevalier de St. George."

Johnson has—"Whig (Sax.) Whey. The name of a faction; and as for Tory, he supposes it to be derived from an Irish word, signifying a savage. One who adheres to the ancient Constitution of the State, and the apostolical hierarchy of the Church of England—opposed to a Whig."

Torbhee is the Irish appellation for a person who seizes by force, and without the intervention of law, what, whether really so or not, he alleges to be his property.

Daniel Defoe, in his "Review of the British Nation, 1709," thus defines Tory: "The word Tory is Irish, and was first made use of in Ireland, in the time of Elizabeth's wars there. It signified a kind of robbers, who, being listed in neither army, preyed in general upon their country, without distinction of English or Irish."

He then tells us a long story, in which he ascribes the invention of the term to *Titus Oates*. The word Whig, he informs us is *Scotch*, and was in use among the Cameronians, who frequently took up arms in support of their religion. It is said that the Duke of Monmouth, after his return from the battle of Bothwell Bridge (so admirably described in the "Tales of My Landlord") found himself ill-treated by King Charles, for having used the insurgent covenanters so mercifully. Lord Lauderdale is reported to have told Charles, *with an oath*, that the Duke had been so civil to the *Whigs* because he was a *Whig* himself in his heart. This made it a court-word, and in a little time all the friends and followers of the Duke began to be called Whigs.

F. R——Y

* In many parts of Scotland the term Whig is still commonly applied to a sort of sour liquid, which is obtained from milk or cream.

TOM AND HIS FRIENDS;

OR, SEVEN DAYS' WORK.

TOM GOODFELLOW came to his *fortune* on *Sunday*,
And *Friends* came to see him in dozens on *Monday!*
On *Tuesday* were with him to dinner and sup;
On *Wednesday* in *honour* of *Tom*, kept it up!
On *Thursday his Friends* set the *dice*-box a-float!
On *Friday*, by some means, *Tom lost* his *last* guinea!
And *Saturday*—Saturday—saw an end of the ninny.

UTOPIA.

MORE "MISERIES."

(For the Mirror.)

WALKING in the streets of London, after a heavy rain, adorned with a new pair of inexpressibles just come from your tailor; with your dress-shoes nicely blacked with Warren's best japan; on your way to join an evening party—mistaking (as I once did,) a huge assemblage of mud for a bank of solid earth; stepping into it up to your knees; to your own great annoyance, and the spoliation of your dress-shoes, silk stockings, and dandy inexpressibles.

Riding a mettlesome horse at a review, or on a race-course; which said horse takes fright and runs away with you *à-la-Gilpin*; thereby exposing you to a shout of derision from all the spectators.

Buying a lottery-ticket, after hesitating a long time in the choice of a number; drawing a blank; and finding that the next number gained the capital prize.

Travelling in a stage-coach on a very hot day, between a cross, fat old gentleman, and a woman with a sick child in her arms; the opposite side being occupied by a couple of ill tempered old

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maids, and a large poodle dog. After the first stage, you get out in high dudgeon, resolving to endure this complication of miseries no longer; but find that you have no alternative but to resume your original position, or accept the only vacant seat on the outside; the rest being filled with drunken sailors, and schoolboys going home for the Midsummer holidays.

Going rather late to one of the theatres, and finding the pit full—forced very reluctantly to pay the additional sum of three shillings and six-pence for a seat in the boxes, which are likewise full, or engaged—obliged at last to occupy the very worst seat in the second circle.

Coming out of the country on purpose to sell out stock—arriving at the Bank, and finding that you have come on a red-letter-day.

Going with a party of pleasure on the water; while in the act of handing a lady into the boat, your foot slips, and you tumble in up to your neck, dragging the affrighted fair-one after you.

In the interval between the dances at an asembly, while entertaining your partner (who, from your appearance and address, mistakes you for an officer,) with various fictitious incidents relative to the battle of Waterloo, &c.; to be accosted by a brother shopman, who inquires after your friends in Tooley-street, and asks whether huckabacks are cheaper than they were.

Dreaming that you have suddenly acquired a large fortune; stretching out your hand to grasp the welcome booty; waking, and finding nothing in your fist but the bed-post.

The last misery, though one to which I hope on the present occasion I shall not be subjected, is sending an article to the MIRROR and having it rejected

C. J. D.

PROVIDENTIAL CARE.

(For the Mirror.)

CATESBY says, "The sea-tortoises, or turtles, never go on-shore but to lay their eggs, which they do in April: they then crawl up from the sea above the flowing of high water, and dig a hole above two feet deep in the sand, into which they drop, in one night, above a hundred eggs, at which time they are so intent on Nature's work, that they regard none that approach them; but will drop their eggs into a hat if held under them: but if they are disturbed before they begin to lay, they will forsake the place, and seek another. They lay their eggs at three, and sometimes at four, different times; there being fourteen days between each time; so that they hatch and creep from their holes into the sea at different times also. When they have laid the complement of eggs, they fill the hole with sand, and leave them to be hatched by the heat of the sun, which is usually performed in about three weeks. It may be proper to add, that the eggs are about the size of tennis-balls—round, white, and covered with a smooth parchment, like skin."

P. T. W.

EMIGRATION OF THE STORK.

"The Stork in the Heavens knoweth her appointed times."

NATURALISTS have been much puzzled in assigning the winter abode of Storks. Many authors suppose that they go to the Nile in this season, in quest of food; to which purpose, Dr. Shaw observes, that in the middle of April he saw three flights of these birds, each of which took up more than three hours in passing by him extending itself more than half a mile in breadth. These, he says, were then leaving Egypt, where the canals and the ponds, that are annually left by the Nile, were become dry, and directing themselves towards the north-east. They return again a little after the autumnal equinox, when the waters of the Nile returning within the banks, leave the country in a fit state to supply them with nourishment. It is observed, that for the space of about a fortnight before they pass from one country into another, they constantly resort together from all the circumjacent parts in a certain plain, and there forming themselves every day into a *dou-wanne* (according to the phrase of the people), are said to determine the exact time of their departure, and the places of their future abodes:—

"Who bid the Stork, Columbus-like, explore,
Heavens not his own, and worlds unknown before?
Who calls the council, states the certain days,
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the ways."
POPE.

Though they are very silent at other times, on this occasion they make a singular clattering noise with their bills, and all seems bustle and consultation. It is said, that the first north wind is the signal for their departure, when the whole body becomes silent, and move at once, generally in the night; and, taking an extensive spiral course, they are soon lost in the air, when

"Each, with out-stretch'd neck, his rank maintains,
In marshall'd order through the ethereal void."

P. T. W.

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TRIBUTES TO THE MEMORY OF LORD BYRON.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON, IN GREECE.

He sleeps in the land of his earliest dream,
In the scene of his brightest story;
The language that kindled his patriot flame
Has chanted the dirge of his glory!

And the sons of the heroes of ancient days,
O'er the grave of their brother are mourning;
For he came to their succour, he came for their praise,
Like the might of their fathers returning.

Oh, his was a spirit, great, gloomy, and dread,
Where Hector and Homer were blended;
For the cloud of the grave round his brightness was spread,
When the flash of his thunder descended.

He haunted the patriot's earliest tomb,
And sung like an orphan his sadness;
For vainly he look'd o'er the vallies of gloom,
For the heirs of that freedom and gladness!

He has hallow'd their cause, it has hallow'd his name,
Their fame is embalm'd with his glory;
E'en the Turk, while he bleeds on his pages with shame,
Immortally lives in their story.

But Britain must mourn with a deeper distress
And silent and lonely her weeping;
For who can reply with a soothing address,
Like the song of the bard that is sleeping?

Oh, then, let the light of his pages be sought.
Let her breathe in his language her sorrow;
She cannot be wrung with one anguishing thought,
But there she its language may borrow.

The course of his spirit was awfully high,
Among the dread regions of thunder;
It flash'd through the deep and it flamed through the sky,—
It burst every trammel asunder!

He looked on the world,—it was splendour or gloom,
All midnight or noon, in his mirror:—
He search'd heaven and earth, and he rent every tomb,
For the stories of rapture and terror.

Yet think not the soft harp of passion unstrung,
In sympathy, sadness, or pleasure;
Like the syren he wept—like the syren he sung,
With a magical sweetness of measure.

The gloom and the tempest would pass from the sphere,
And the landscape bloom lovely and tender;
His genius would beam in the dew of a tear,
Or rise from the ocean in splendour.

But he rests in the chilly embraces of death,
And his soul to its home is taken;
The angel has hush'd the wild strain of his breath,
And who shall its slumbers awaken!

* * * * * * *

Thus far thrills the harp with a pensive regret,
As it tells of its master departed;
But dark with despair for the spirit that's set,
Is the land of the cross broken-hearted!

For, oh! that his tears with his song could cease,
That all was an halo of brightness;
But, ah! he too little has courted that peace,
For he thought on his MAKER with lightness.

He has waked into life,—doubt and hope are no more,—
He has look'd on eternity's pages;
All is awfully true that was fancy before,
And fate lifts the curtain of ages.

There is one who will ask of his talents their gain,
And judge without error his merits:
Then he who was *first* in the orders of men,
May be *last* in the kingdom of spirits!

Shrewsbury, May 18, 1824. C. A. HULBERT.

Literary Chronicle.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON.

LET Britain's muse, in deepest gloom array'd,
Now seek the shore where cold in death is laid
Her proudest boast—the bard whom fate design'd
With Shakspeare's self to share the human mind;
To stand the foremost on the roll of fame,
And dignify his country by his name.
Alas! while yet the force of genius fir'd,
While purest zeal to noblest deeds aspir'd—
While hope still promis'd fruits of glorious toil
From patriot conquests on a classic soil—
Has Byron sunk! e'en at the very hour
When manhood's prime discloses all its pow'r.
Not Britain only shall his fate deplore,
But ev'ry land where genius loves to soar;
Where souls can feel the full impassion'd glow
Of strains that from the fount of feeling flow.
Yet most of all shall one fair region mourn,
And grace with tears his lone distinctive urn;
That region where immortal heroes woke
A patriot race to break the tyrant's yoke—
Where freemen bade proud Persia's legions trace
At ev'ry step their ruin and disgrace;
Where poesy first tun'd the "living lyre,"
To charm the fancy and the soul inspire;
Where first she led within her sacred shrine
Maeonides in ecstacy divine,
And taught the world to wonder at his lay,
While raptur'd Greece confess'd the poet's sway.
Ah! yes, that land shall feel in bitter woe
So unexpected, so severe a blow;
And in her conflict with the Moslem host,
Bewail her greatest, best supporter lost.
A noble impulse urg'd his ardent soul—
An impulse which no dangers cou'd control,
The cause of Greece to succour and sustain,
To free her from the Saracen's domain,
To crush the crescent, and erect instead
Fair freedom's standard, wheresoe'er he led.
But wayward fortune will'd an adverse doom,
And now consigns him to an early tomb;
Yet shall the laurel, mingled with the bay,
Bloom o'er his grave till time's remotest day.
Who shall presume to criticise, or scan,
The faults or failings of so great a man?
The eye may trace the phases of the moon—
What eye can dare the solar disk at noon?

Morning Herald.

ON READING THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON.

WHO can refrain a *dewy* tear to shed,
To see *great Byron* 'midst the silent dead?
In Grecian bands he took a manly part,
And when he died, *they cried*,—*Give us his heart*,
In manhood's prime he clos'd his bold career,
Friend to the Muses, and to *Freedom* dear;
O, may his NOBLE spirit hence be flown,
T' enjoy *unvaried bliss*, on earth unknown
His *brilliant genius*, and his patriot toil,
Are priz'd in British and in Grecian soil

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And may his magnanimity and zeal
Inspire each Greek with love of country's weal.
I would an all-wise Deity implore
To aid the Greeks, *though Byron be no more.*
Southampton Chronicle. J. D. B.

The following Extract from a Letter written by a Schoolfellow of Lord Byron, contains some interesting recollections of his early life:—

"I AM almost alarmed when I think how many years ago it is since I was sent, a little urchin, to improve my morals and accomplishments at Harrow School. There were then, in that commonwealth of letters, about three hundred sturdy fellows who had roughed the accidents of a public school, and were for the most part diligently pursuing the cause of cricket and football, as a relief to the minor occupations of the classics. Some of these boys have since acquired some reputation as men. There was, first, Lord Hardwicke's son (the late Lord Royston,) who was drowned, to the sorrow of his friends, who augured very highly of him. There was the late Duke of Dorset, (a delicate boy,) the present Duke of Devonshire, and a host of Lords beside. Mr. Peel, the now Under-secretary of State, (who even then excited great hope,) and his secretary, the Hon. George Dawson, and his brother Lionel; some of the Drurys, who are now, I believe, masters there; Procter, who has since written verses under another name, as you know; and above all the celebrated George Gordon, Lord Byron. I remember the first (Royston) when he gained so much applause by his recitation of the famous speech of Antony; and Dawson, a proud-spirited boy, who reminded me of his youth the other day, when he opposed the encroachments of the clergy at Derry, and his bold and smiling brother Lionel; and Peel, clever and cynical, who made for me a copy of Alcaics, by which I gained a prize, the last line of one stanza being

"Deserit horrifici barathrum,"

which is all I remember of the matter. In regard to the last mentioned, and the most renowned of these Harrow boys, *he*, though he was lame, was a great lover of sports, preferred hockey to Horace, relinquished even Helicon for 'duck-puddle,' and gave up the best poet that ever wrote hard Latin for a game of cricket on 'the common.' He was not remarkable (nor was he ever) for his learning; but he was always a clever, plain-spoken and undaunted boy. I have seen him fight by the hour like a Trojan, and stand up against the disadvantages of his lameness with all the spirit of an ancient combatant. 'Don't you remember your battle with Pitt?' said I to him in a letter, (for I had witnessed it;) but it seems that he had forgotten it. 'You are mistaken, I think, (said he in reply;) it must have been with Rice-pudding Morgan, or Lord Jocelyn, or one of the Douglases, or George Raynsford, or Pryce (with whom I had two conflicts,) or with Moses Moore (the *clod*,) or with somebody else, and not with Pitt; for with all the above-named, and other worthies of the fist, had I an interchange of black eyes and bloody noses, at various and sundry periods. However, it may have happened, for all that."

LORD BYRON'S OPINION OF THE DRAMA.

"THE characters in a play are *never* the characters of life. It is impossible that they should be, for, after all, who will assert that he is capable of judging *exactly*, still less of drawing that of the nearest friend whom he sees daily. All characters on paper must be delineated with much of the author's perceptions rather than the truth. Historical characters are again doubly-distilled fiction,—the lie of the historian, and the lie of the poet. The drama of every writer must be from his own imagination; his *own mind* must be the *glass* of the telescope, and if that is dim or cracked, the objects seen through it will be distorted accordingly. But I am such a heretic upon the English Drama, that I shall merely bewilder without explaining my schism. I look upon Congreve (whom you mention) to have drawn comic characters superior to the other you mention;* and that the charge against him of having too much *wit*, is like that against Pope of having too much *harmony*. There can *never* be too much of that which is Intellect, or of that which is Beauty."

* Shakspeare.

Lit. Gaz.

THE VILLAGE MAIDEN.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—The peculiar species of blank verse which I now present you with, might warrant in its defence a greater share of time and paper than I can afford for it, and as from your general selection I am well convinced, that as you neither think the presence of rhyme alone the soul of poetry, so neither will you, I trust, deny the absence of it as excluding poetic ideas. I may, at some future period, not improbably give you a short essay, with examples, on the subject; however, laying his argument aside, I hope the novelty (and

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novelty generally attracts) of it will prove an excuse for its insertion in the MIRROR, though I should feel sorry if it should give rise to any unfavourable "reflections."—Yours, &c.

ALPHEUS.

Tell me, fair maiden, whither art thou going?
Why trip so fast o'er the dew-besprinkled meadow?
Scarce yet the sun, in all his orient beauty,
Silvers the mountains.

Grey breaks morn's twilight, herald of the day-star;
Mists that have long since veiled in murky darkness
Earth's fairest features, night's celestial curtains,
Draw from the vallies.

There, see him rise like wrestler from his slumbers,
Fresh and unwearied, all past toils forgetting,
Gaily prepared again to journey onward
Thro' Heaven's blue ether.

Yet 'tis a sight unknown, unseen by many,
But, oh! how rife with glory, pride, and gladness,
When first bright Phœbus from th' expanse of ocean
Slowly resurges!

Glory, and, ah! like Man's, not evanescent
Pride, for it was for man 'twas first created—
Gladness, for who the while he gazes on it,
Feels aught but gladness?

And thou, young maiden, fair in rural beauty,
Careless and griefless, self-taught child of nature,
Dost thou not own a gem, all gems surpassing,
Rare and unvalued?

Yes—for thine is the bosom free from anguish—
Free from the cares o'er richer heads that hover—
Free from the grief that oft-times thorns the pillow
Prest by the titled:—

Oh! 'tis not wealth that shields the heart from silent,
Secret forebodings—calms the brow of anger,
Banishes terror, deep despair, and anguish—
Riches' sad offspring!

Health flies far distant—and can Wealth recall her?
Hope's rays deceive us—Wealth, alas! how useless!
Friendship betrays us—Wealth, how more than futile
All thine endeavours!

No—'tis that pure, that unperverted feeling,
Guileless and guiltless,—all to life a stranger,
Life and its follies—then, farewell for ever
Earth's golden idol!

ALPHEUS.

LINES

On being cautioned against losing my heart at Covent Garden Theatre.

THOU bad'st me Cupid's shafts beware,
Nor with fond eyes o'er beauty rove;—
I did—for Cupid smiled not there,
But yet I fell a prey to.—Love.

Ibid.

THE RECLUSE OF SARNEN.

SIR,—Should the following narrative, founded on facts, suit the MIRROR, you are welcome to insert it.

I am, Sir,
Your's respectfully,
March 10, 1824. N.

TRAVELLING through the romantic country of Switzerland, I stopped one evening at an ancient monastery of Capuchins, situated on the banks of the river Aa, in the valley of Sarnen, in the canton of Underwald.

I was surprised to find the gates open, and the porter not appearing, I entered the ancient walls, and wandered on till the sound of the solemn chanting of the brotherhood guided me to the chapel, where I arrived in time to witness the funeral of one of the monks. After the mournful rites were closed, I introduced myself to the venerable superiors, who welcomed me with cordial hospitality, and gave me the following short history of the monk, whose obsequies were celebrating when I arrived at the convent:—

"He was an Englishman, about 30 years of age, and had only taken the vows a few months before his decease. After the usual noviciate, during which time, by his courteous and obliging manners and disposition, and his unaffected piety, he had gained the hearts of the whole community. He was a child of misfortune from his birth, at which period he lost his mother; his father married again in a short time, and a son by this latter marriage soon took the precedence of him in his father's affections, and in every thing else. These unfortunate circumstances, as he advanced in years, caused an increase of the melancholy tinge in his disposition, which he inherited from his mother, who was unhappy in her marriage. When at the age of 18, he received strong impressions in favour of the Roman Catholic religion; and on his coming of age, he made known his intentions of renouncing the Protestant Faith, and becoming a priest of the Romish Church. In this, however, he was opposed by his father, and the rest of his family, and after a great struggle was obliged to give up his intentions; but by this opposition his mind became unhinged, and he ran into a course of extravagance of conduct quite contrary to his former deportment; and disappointments in other plans for future life succeeding rapidly on each other, he at last left his country, unknown to his friends.

"After wandering across the continent, with scarcely any support but that of cha-

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rity, he found his way to Sarnen, and interested the Holy Fathers so much in his behalf as to be admitted into the fraternity."

ANECDOTE OF GEORGE MORLAND.

A MEMORABLE circumstance occurred to Morland during his retreat to Hackney, for in his retirement here he applied closely to his profession, remained singularly sober, and seemed about to recover that composure and serenity of mind to which he had long been a stranger. All the pictures sent from his easel while at Hackney are very carefully finished; his drawings also evinced a minuteness of attention which was wanting in many others produced under the pressure of immediate necessities. His works, in consequence of this great and obvious improvement, now rose very highly in value; and although, through the craft of picture-dealers, the artist himself derived from his paintings a small part only of the price which they produced, still Morland received such sums of money in his extreme privacy, as produced a suspicion that he was connected with a gang of coiners or forgers! Information was accordingly communicated to the Bank of England, and a party of officers were dispatched to the harmless dwelling of poor Morland, in order to secure the suspected criminal. He had notice of their approach, and having no doubt that they were coming to arrest him for debt, made his escape over the garden-wall, and effected his retreat undiscovered into London. The officers, after rummaging all his boxes, drawers, &c. discovered their error; and the directors, when the affair was represented to them, sent the terrified artist, as an indemnification for the inconvenience he had suffered, a paltry present of twenty guineas. The mischief to Morland, however, was irreparable; the spot which had afforded him an asylum was no longer secure, and the tranquillity he had begun to enjoy was destroyed. He took shelter at a carver and gilder's, in Leadenhall-street; thence he wandered from place to place in dreadful apprehension of discovery, till he received an invitation from Mr. Lynn, to pass a few weeks with him at his house at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight. His retreat was discovered within three days, and he was compelled to fly to Yarmouth, accompanied by a faithful friend, his servant, George Sympson, where, after having remained in quiet for a few days, he was arrested as a spy by a silly, military officer who commanded in that quarter, but was soon released.

THE CHILD SAVED

ABOUT the beginning of August, when the best fishing may generally be had in those rivers where the fish run from the sea, I was staying at the pleasant village of ———, in the Western Highlands of Scotland, for the purpose of a few days' amusement. It is now many years since, but a circumstance which then occurred made a deep impression on me.

It had rained incessantly since my arrival; and it is no depreciation of the beauties of the place, when I say I was heartily tired of my quarters. The river was from *bank* to *brae*,* and quite unfit for fishing; and the rain falling in torrents, would, had it been otherwise, have rendered it impossible. An idle fellow, who lived near the inn, was my only resource; but he was an expert angler, and that was a higher qualification, in the present instance, than if he had been a profound philosopher. I had again and again examined my tackle; every knot was tied, and every loop examined; doubtful pieces of gut rejected, and fresh ones substituted, with the same care and scruple as if I meant to bob for whales. The rain lashed the casements furiously; not a creature moved in the dirty lane; the fowls crowded for shelter to the out-houses, and the cattle, occasionally lowing in their stalls, broke, but did not dispel, that kind of indescribable silence which strikes so heavy on the mind when we feel it amid the haunts of men. At once a noise in the street burst on my ear, and my companion and myself were instantly in the middle of a crowd, now nearly opposite the door. "Good God, Donald! what do ye there with the gentleman, when your laddie is by this time half way into the river?" It was but too true: a brook, dreadfully swollen, ran down the street into the larger stream, and the child, unobserved, had dropt into it. From the height of the banks it was impossible to seize it, and it was now fast hurrying to a part, which was covered for the convenience of the road which passed that way, immediately above their junction. Relief was at this spot impossible, and all turned to the roaring pool below, where it was frightful to look at its violence and its agitation, whirling and eddying round the sides, and its dark, profound stillness in other places was not less horrid. The poor father, who at first was incapable of reflection, had been directed by some of his cooler friends to fetch his *leister* (fish-

* A phrase familiar in Scotland.

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spear,) and just at the moment when the child rushed with dreadful violence from the covered way already mentioned, and was about to be forced by the eddy into the centre of the river, where all assistance would have been unavailing, he seized him with his weapon, fastening it in his clothes, and had the unutterable pleasure of saving his own son, which, I believe, almost repaid him for the moments of torture to which he had been subjected. This event disturbed the quiet of the *clachan* for that evening. Donald was raised to consequence by his threatened misfortune; and in a land where whiskey and kindness flow in the same channel, enough of both was poured out to overset a better regulated head than that of my village crony. Not a victor at the Games was ever greeted with more welcome than Donald, on his returning from the side of the river with his son in his arms; not a window did he pass at which loud tapping was not heard, inviting him to come in and shew his *callant* to the impatient inmates, who stood ready with their bottle to eke out the full tide of their congratulation. It was an evening of revelling: there was less merriment and frolic than a wedding or a christening would have licensed, but I believe fully as much drinking, for the occurrence of the morning had given a tinge of gravity to their meeting, which on that account, perhaps, seemed to authorize deeper libations to dispel it. The next morning ushered in a day's sport, which might form the chronicle of a cockney sportsman's recollection for a whole life time.

The Sketch Book.

No. XX.

TO-DAY.

To-day is like a child's pocket money, which he never thinks of keeping in his pocket. Considering it bestowed upon us for the sole purpose of being expended as fast as possible in dainties, toys, and nicknacks, we should reproach ourselves for meanness of spirit were we to hoard it up, or appropriate it to any object of serious utility. It is the only part of life of which we are sure; yet we treat it as if it were the sole portion of existence beyond our control. We make sage reflections upon the past, and wise resolutions for the future, but no one ever forms an important determination for to-day. Whatever is urgent must be reserved for to-morrow; the present hour is a digression, an episode that belongs not to the main business of life; we may cut it out altogether, and the plot will not be the less complete. In spite, however, of its being a truism, it must be admitted that to-day is a portion of our existence. Granted, exclaims the idler, but, after all, what is a single day?—A question which is peevishly repeated three hundred and sixty-five times in a year, when we commence a new score of similar interrogatories; so that we might as well say at once, "What is a single life?" Short as the interval might be, and however indolently we may have passed it, to-day has not been altogether unimportant. Perched upon our goodly vehicle, the earth, we have swung through space at a tolerably brisk rate in the performance of our annual rotation round the sun; so many miles of life's journey have, at all events, brought us so much nearer to its end; they are struck off from our account; we shall never travel over them again. With every tick of our watch in that brief space of time, some hundreds or thousands have started from the great antenatal infinite to light and life; while as many have returned into the darkness of the invisible world. And we ourselves, though we sometimes exclaim, like the Emperor Titus, that we have lost a day, may be well assured that to-day has not lost sight of us. The footsteps of Time may not be heard when he treads upon roses, but his progress is not the less certain; we need not shake the hour-glass to make the sands of life flow faster! they keep perpetually diminishing; night and day, asleep or awake, grain by grain, our existence dribbles away. We call those happy moments when Time flies most rapidly, forgetting that he is the only winged personage that cannot fly backwards, and that his speed is but hurrying us to the grave.

Those individuals who seek happiness will withdraw themselves from this whirl and vortex of excitement. They will not aggravate the diseased enlargement of the public heart, and share the painful intensity of its pulsations, by residing in the capital. There is no holy calm, no sabbath of the soul, no cessation of strife, in that vast *arena* of the passions, where life is a ceaseless struggle of money-getting and money-spending; a contest of avarice and luxury; a delirium of the senses or of the mind. If we desire peace and repose, let us look out upon the variegated earth, ever new and beautiful—upon the azure doom of Heaven, hung around with painted clouds—upon the wide waters, dancing and glittering in the sun, or lying in the stillness of their crystal sleep. Let us listen to the music of the sky, when the boughs are singing to the wind, and the

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birds are serenading one another; or surrender ourselves to that more pleasing sensation, when the serenity of Nature's silence imparts a congenial balm and tranquillity to the heart. Gazing on the face of Nature, we shall encounter no human passions—no distrust—no jealousy—no intermission of friendship or attraction; even her frowns are beautiful, and we need not fear that death shall tear her from us. We look upon an immortal countenance. A morning thus dedicated is an act of the purest piety; it is offering to the Deity a heart made happy by the contemplation of his works; and if I can prevail upon a single reader to detach himself for a time from crowds and enthralments, and betake himself to the sunny meadows or the green twilight of the woods, I shall felicitate myself on not having quite unprofitably employed the morning of—"To-day."

Scientific Amusements.

No. V.

LIGHTNING—AURORA BOREALIS.

Partial flashes of lightning, aurora borealis, &c. are to be beautifully imitated by taking, in a spoon, about a drachm of the powder or seeds of liquipodium, and throwing it against a candle, all other light being excluded. Powdered resin is equally fit for the purpose, but from its adhesive quality sticks to the hand, or any thing on which it may fall. A very entertaining sort of corruscation of light is obtained by the use of phosphorised lime When a small quantity (twenty or thirty grains) is thrown into a glass of water, bubbles of gas are successively extracted from it, which, rising to the surface of the water, are inflamed in coming in contact with the air of the atmosphere, producing a flash of bright light; and as a succession of such bubbles is produced during a considerable time, a repetition of the flashes will continue for a quarter of an hour. In this experiment, the gas which is extracted from the preparation is a phosphorised hydrogen; and it is a property of this kind of gas to take fire the moment it comes in contact with the common or respirable air. As this gas has a disagreeable smell, it will be proper to place the glass either under a chimney or on the outside of a window, close to the sash. If a piece of thick brown paper be well rubbed in a dark room, the paper thus excited will dart flashes of electric light to the fingers, to a key, or to any other conductor of electricity that may be presented to it: but the paper must be thoroughly dry and warm. Wilson, in his experiments on phosphori, discovered that oyster shells thrown into a common fire, and calcined for about half an hour, and then brought to a person who had been previously some minutes in a dark room, many of them exhibit beautiful specimens of prismatic colours. Hence, Mr. W. contends, that these kinds of phosphori do not excite the light they had previously received, but that they are set on fire by the sun's rays, and continue for some time a slow combustion after they are withdrawn from the light.

Hull, May, 1824. T. A. C.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

POMPEII.

All the world knows the story of Pompeii; that it was a little Greek town of tolerable commerce in its early day; that the sea, which once washed its walls, subsequently left it in the midst of one of these delicious plains made by nature for the dissolution of all industry in the Italian dweller, and for the common places of poetry in all the northern abusers of the pen; that it was ravaged by every barbarian, who in turn was called a conqueror on the Italian soil, and was successively the pillage of Carthaginian and of Roman; until at last the Augustan age saw its little circuit quieted into the centre of a colony, and man, finding nothing more to rob, attempted to rob no more.

When man had ceased his molestation, nature commenced hers; and this unfortunate little city was, by a curious fate, to be at once extinguished and preserved, to perish from the face of the Roman empire, and to live when Rome was a nest of monks and mummers, and her empire torn into fragments for Turk, Russian, Austrian, Prussian, and the whole host of barbarian names that were once as the dust of her feet. In the year of the Christian era 63, an earthquake shewed the city on what tenure her lease was held. Whole streets were thrown down, and the evidences of hasty repair are still to be detected.

From this period, occasional warnings were given in slight shocks; until, in the year 79, Vesuvius poured out all his old accumulation of terrors at once, and on the clearing away of the cloud of fire and ashes which covered Campania for four days, Pompeii, with all its multitude, was gone. The Romans seem to have been as fond of villas as if every soul of them had made fortunes in Cheapside, and the whole southern coast was covered with

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the summer palaces of those lords of the world. Vesuvius is now a formidable foundation for a house whose inhabitants may not wish to be sucked into a furnace ten thousand fathoms deep; or roasted *sub aere aperto;* but it was then asleep, and had never flung up spark or stone from time immemorial. To those who look upon it now in its terrors, grim blasted, and lifting up its sooty forehead among the piles of perpetual smoke that are to be enlightened only by its bursts of fire, the very throne of Pluto and Vulcan together, no force of fancy may picture what it was when the Roman built his palaces and pavilions on its side. A pyramid of three thousand feet high, painted over with garden, forest, vineyard, and orchard, ripening under the southern sun, zoned with colonades, and turrets, and golden roofs, and marble porticos, with the eternal azure of the Campanian sky for its canopy, and the Mediterranean at its feet, glittering in the colours of sunrise, noon, and evening, like an infinite Turkey carpet let down from the steps of a throne,—all this was turned into cinders, lava, and hot-water, on (if we can trust to chronology) the 1st day of November, anno Domini 79, in the first year of the emperor Titus. The whole story is told in the younger Pliny's letters; or, if the illustration of one who thought himself born for a describer, *Dio Cassius*, be sought, it will be found that this eruption was worthy of the work it had to do, and was a handsome recompense for the long slumber of the volcano. The Continent, throughout its whole southern range, probably felt this vigorous awakening. Rome was covered with the ashes, of which Northern Africa, Egypt, and Asia Minor, had their share; the sun was turned into blood and darkness, and the people thought that the destruction of the world was come.

At the close of the eruption, Vesuvius stood forth the naked giant that he is at this hour—the palaces and the gardens were all dust and air—the sky was stained with that cloud which still sits like a crown of wrath upon his brow—the plain at his foot, where Herculaneum and Pompeii spread their circuses and temples, like children's toys, was covered over with sand, charcoal, and smoke; and the whole was left for a mighty moral against the danger of trusting to the sleep of a volcano.

All was then at an end with the cities below; the population were burnt, and had no more need of houses. The Roman nobles had no passion for combustion, and kept aloof; the winds and rain, robbers, and the *malaria*, were the sole tenants of the land; and in this way rolled fifteen hundred years over the bones of the vintners, sailors, and snug citizens of the Vesuvian cities. But their time was to come; and their beds were to be perforated by French and Neapolitan pick-axes, and to be visited by English feet, and sketched and written about, and lithographed, till all the world wished that they had never been disturbed. The first discoveries were accidental, for no Neapolitan ever struck a spade into the ground that he could help, nor harboured a voluntary idea but of macaroni, intrigue, monkery, or the gaming-table. The spade struck upon a key, which, of course, belonged to a door, the door had an inscription, and the names of the buried cities were brought to light, to the boundless perplexity of the learned, the merciless curiosity of the blue-stockings of the 17th century, and all others to come, and the thankless, reckless, and ridiculous profit of that whole race of rascality, the guides, cicerones, abbés, and antiquarians.

But Italian vigour is of all things the most easily exhausted, where it has not the lash or the bribe to feed its waste, and the cities slumbered for twenty years more, till, in 1711, a duke, who was digging for marbles to urn into mortar, found a *Hercules*, and a whole heap of fractured beauties, a row of Greek columns, and a little temple. Again, the cities slumbered, till, in 1738, a king of Naples, on whom light may the earth rest, commenced digging, and streets, temples, theatres opened out to the sun, to be at rest no more.

So few details of the original catastrophe are to be found in historians, that we can scarcely estimate the actual human suffering, which is, after all, almost the only thing to be considered as a misfortune. It is probable that the population of, at least, Pompeii had time to make their escape. A pedlar's pack would contain all the valuables left in Pompeii; and the people who had time thus to clear their premises, must have been singularly fond of hazard if they staid lingering within the reach of the eruption. But some melancholy evidences remain that all were not so successful. In one of the last excavations made by the French, four female skeletons were found lying together, with their ornaments, bracelets, and rings, and with their little hoard of coins in gold and silver. They had probably been suffocated by the sulphureous vapour. In a wine-cellar, known by its jars ranged round the wall, a male skeleton, supposed to be that of the master, by his seal-ring, was found as if he had perished in the attempt at forcing the door. In another, a male skeleton was found with

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an axe in his hand, beside a door which he was breaking open. In a prison, the skeletons of men chained to the wall were found. If it were not like affectation to regret agony that has passed away so long, it might be conceived as a palliation of that agony, that it was probably the work of a moment, that the vapour of the eruption extinguished life at once, and and that these unfortunates perished, not because they were left behind in the general flight, but were left behind because they had perished.

A large portion of Pompeii is now uncovered. This was an easy operation, for its covering was ashes, themselves covered by vegetable soil, and that again covered by verdure and vineyards. Herculaneum reserves its developement for another generation; its colour is *lava*, solid as rock; and that again covered with two villages and a royal palace; and the whole under the protection of a still surer guard, Neapolitan stupidity, poverty, and indolence. The Panorama gives a striking *coup-d'œil* of one of the two great excavations of Pompeii. The forum, the narrow streets, the little Greek houses, with their remnants of ornamental painting, their corridors and their tesselated floors, are seen, as they might have been seen the day before the eruption. The surrounding landscape has the grandeur that the eye looks for in a volcanic country. Wild hills, fragments of old lavas, richly broken shores, and in the centre the most picturesque and sublime of all volcanoes, Vesuvius, throwing up its eternal volumes of smoke to the heavens.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

STANZAS TO PUNCHINELLO.

Thou *lignum vitæ* Roscius, who
Dost the old vagrant stage renew,
Peerless, inimitable Punchinello!
The Queen of smiles is quite outdone
By thee, all-glorious king of fun,
Thou grinning, giggling, laugh-extorting fellow!

At other times mine ear is wrung,
Whene'er I hear the trumpet's tongue,
Waking associations melancholic;
But that which heralds thee recalls
All childhood's joys and festivals,
And makes the heart rebound with freak and frolic.

Ere of thy face I get a snatch,
O, with what boyish glee I catch
Thy twittering, cackling, bubbling, squeaking gibber—
Sweeter than syren voices—fraught
With richer merriment than aught
That drops from witling mouths, though utter'd glibber!

What wag was ever known before
To keep the circle in a roar,
Nor wound the feelings of a single hearer?
Engrossing all the jibes and jokes,
Unenvied by the duller folks,
A harmless wit—an unmalignant jeerer.

The upturn'd eyes I love to trace
Of wondering mortals, when their face
Is all alight with an expectant gladness
To mark the flickering giggle first,
The growing grin—the sudden burst,
And universal shout of merry madness.

I love those sounds to analyse,
From childhood's shrill, ecstatic cries,
To age's chuckle with its coughing after;
To see the grave and the genteel
Rein in awhile the mirth they feel,
Then loose their muscles, and let out the laughter.

Sometimes I note a hen-peck'd wight,
Enjoying thy martial might,
To him a beatific *beau ideal*;
He counts each crack on Judy's pate,
Then homeward creeps to cogitate
The difference 'twixt dramatic wives and real.

But, Punch, thou'rt ungallant and rude
In plying thy persuasive wood;
Remember that thy cudgel's girth is fuller
Than that compassionate, thum-thick,
Establish'd wife-compelling stick,
Made legal by the *dictum* of Judge Buller.

When the officious doctor hies
To cure thy spouse, there's no surprise
Thou should'st receive him with nose-tweaking grappling;
Nor can we wonder that the mob
Encores each crack upon his nob,
When thou art wreeling him with oaken sapling.

As for our common enemy
Old Nick, we all rejoice to see
The *coup de grace* that silences his wrangle
But, lo, Jack Ketch!—ah, wellada—!
Dramatic justice claims its prey,
And thou in hempen handkerchief must dangle.

Now, helpless hang those arms which once
Rattled such music on the sconce;
Hush'd is that tongue which late out jested Yorick;
That hunch behind is shrugg'd no more,
No longer heaves that paunch before,
Which swagg'd with such a pleasantry plethorick.

But Thespian deaths are transient woes,
And still less durable are those
Suffer'd by *lignum vitæ* malefactors;
Thou wilt return, alert, alive,
And long, oh, long may'st thou survive,
First of head-breaking and side-splitting actors!

H.

New Monthly Magazine.

DESCRIPTION OF LISBON.

(*Concluded from page* 223.)

Mendicancy is an interesting excrescence on the face of every civilized society; the systematic conduct of it in Lisbon, but renders it there more than usually amusing. We have two sets of beggars regularly in action—the day collectors, and those of evening; who have their exclusive hours for operation; their exclusive modes of obtaining charity; and who never, I believe, infringe upon the rights or copyholds of each other. The beggars of the day are the old monsters—like those of England or Ireland. Men or women, indiscriminately, working upon the ruder principles of the science—that is, taking care to be clamorous enough in their out-

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ary, and sufficiently filthy in their aspect; by which means they ensure a livelihood if they are moderately offensive, with the chance of a fortune where they are so lucky as to be unbearable. But the adventurers of evening consist entirely of females. Blind women, generally young, but always perfectly neat and clean, (loss of sight being an infirmity, from whatever cause, very common in this country,) and children from about four to eight years of age, picked out for this calling according to the degree of their personal beauty, and dressed to the greatest possible advantage, without any show of poverty at all. These night practitioners start altogether upon later lights than those of day,—to interest (a laudable improvement,) instead of disgusting you out of your money. The blind women are commonly led about by some female of creditable appearance; one sister very frequently, in this way, accompanying another. Many of them are handsome, and these, I suspect, do well. A man can hardly see a fine girl, of nineteen or twenty years of age, with all circumstances of beauty and desirableness about her, completely destroyed by such a visitation as blindness, without feeling disposed to do something in her favour. As for the little girls of five years old (with their red shoes and broad sashes), they are not the children, I understand, of persons immediately in distress; but the lower orders, very constantly, where they have an interesting child, are content to make a living by this disgraceful exhibition of her. This is very disgusting, but it succeeds wonderfully; and, *critically* speaking, it ought to do so. Girls, upon every principle of mendicity, should make incomparably better beggars (for instance) than old men. I have been conquered myself, in London, a hundred times, by the sight of half-starved twins, though I knew perfectly they were none of the woman's that carried them; and have given a shilling to a match-girl of fourteen,—cant, and rags, and dirt, and all,—when I should certainly have cried upon the beadle, if I had been waylaid by her great-grandmother.

This is not a season (1809) for amusements to flourish in Lisbon. There are no bull-fights now—in token of the national sorrow; nor any burning of heretics. Missing the first sight (except for once) does not vehemently distress me. I hate animal combats; and, still more, sports in which animals are tormented by men. Burney, in his "Musical Tour," (Germany, 1772,) gives a whimsical account, I recollect (from the "bill") of an exhibition of this kind at Vienna. After enumerating a number of combats between different ferocious animals—first, a wild boar to be baited—next, a great bear to be torn by dogs—then, another boar to be baited by very hungry dogs defended by iron armour—he concludes with, "lastly, a ferocious and hungry bear, which has had no food for eight days, (or words to that effect,) will attack a wild bull, and *eat him alive* upon the spot; and if he should be unable to *complete the business*, a wolf will be ready *to help him!*" This is not so offensive to me as our fights between domestic animals—taking the dog from under our chair, and compelling him to be worried till he dies;—but I will no more endure such an exhibition even as this, or allow it to be justified (the state apology) by a *tu quoque* reference to the sports of the chase, than I will allow the sabring an enemy in a charge, or in the heat of fresh pursuit, to justify the cutting prisoners' throats, or torturing them to death after the heat of the battle is over. Indeed, among a tolerable variety of brutal entertainments, which, thank God, are something upon the wane in England; and which (what is worse) are all made the subjects of wager too, and so carried to the extreme of cruelty by the spirit of gain, the only excuse I could ever find for our famous sport of prize-fighting was—not the courage which it demands—for the bull-fighter displays as much—but that the combatants certainly act advisedly (if not under durance) for the sake of a pecuniary recompense; add to which, in whatever way the contest may eventually terminate, the probability is, that two rascals get each of them a sound beating.

Diversions of an expensive cast, however, (I speak with reference to the Italian Opera,) can never be very successful here, for the multitude have not means to support them. If the people are not poor, looking at the extent of their own wishes, they are very poor, according to the estimate, and perceptions, of an Englishman. The mere climate of Portugal makes a man's wants one-half less than they are in Holland or in Germany and the arrangements of society make his artificial necessities very few, as compared with what they are with us. Your English travel-writer cries "out" on these poor knaves for pride and indolence, because they will not labour for those luxuries which he (the greedy rogue! finds indispensable; but, in truth, a man here may be rich with a very little. It is not necessary that he should have five hundred a-year to be received into society, and treated as a gentleman. The whole course of his habits and pleasures—

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politically, it would be better if the thing were otherwise, but certainly not better as regards the present comfort of individuals,—the whole scale of his habits and pleasures is less costly than among us. A man considers, here, not how much he can earn, but how little he can live upon. And what is the feeling that actuates our Saint-Monday-keeping artizan? only that he does not chose (the Englishman) to live upon so little.

Take it as you will, it amounts only to a different extent of desire? Your loiterer of Lisbon loves to sit in the sunshine; your English loiterer loves to sit in the public-house. The pleasure of the first is to be idle; the pleasure of the last is to be drunk. This very propensity to expensive enjoyments (by the exertion which becomes necessary to gratify it) tends mainly, I believe, to keep up that energy, which is the distinguishing characteristic of the lower English, as the absence, generally, of desires, which cost much labour or peril to content them, sinks the people here into habits of imbecility, apathy, and indifference. *J'enragé*, however, notwithstanding that their prodigality will point no way but to the gin shop. That weddings or funerals—holidays or facts—all occasions of joy or sorrow—of triumph or lament—can serve as no other than so many pretences for the discussion of given quantities of strong liquor. A writer, I recollect, of the day of Charles II. treating of the English (he was himself a German) as the "soakers" of Europe, declares, that they have even a song which accounts a drunkard to be as great as a king. And, afterwards, to prove the satisfaction which prevailed in England on account of Charles's return, he notices that, in the first five years after the Restoration, thirty-one new tavern and ale-house licenses were granted! and that six hundred thousand barrels of ale were brewed in that five years, and consumed, more than had been disposed of in the five years preceding.

REMARKS ON BEAUTY AND ON DRESS.

BEAUTY has been with very pleasing similitude called 'a flower that fades and dies almost in the very moment of its maturity;' but there is a kind of beauty which escapes the general mortality, and lives to old age, a beauty that is not *in* the features, but that shines *through* them. It is not merely corporeal or the object of mere sense, and is not easily discovered, except by persons of true taste and rentiment. There are strokes of sensibility and touches of delicacy, which, like the master-traits in a fine picture, are not to be discerned by vulgar eyes, that only are captivated with vivid colours and gaudy decorations. These are emanations of the mind which, like the vital spark of celestial fire, animate the form of beauty with a living soul. Without this, the most perfect symmetry in the bloom of youth only reminds us of a 'kneaded clod;' and with this, the features, that time itself has defaced, have a spirit, a sensibility, and a charm, which those only do not admire who want faculties to perceive.

By dress, beauty is adorned, and a want of that attraction is rendered less unpleasing. The rules of dress have been, not inaptly, compared to those of composition. It must be properly adapted to the person, as, in writing the style must be suited to the subject. A woman of quality should not appear in *doggrel*, nor a farmer's wife in *heroics*. The dress of a *handsome* female should be *epic;* modest, noble, and free from tinsel and all the luxuriances of fancy. To the *pretty* woman greater license may be allowed; she may dress up to the flights and fancies of the *sonnet* and the *madrigal*. One whose face is neutral, and whose personal charms reach no higher than *genteel*, should be *epigrammatic* in her dress,—neat, clever, and unadorned; the whole merit and attraction lying in the sting. But the *ugly* woman should by all means restrict her dress to plain humble *prose;* any attempt beyond that is *mock heroic*, and can only excite ridicule.

The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM *NEW WORKS.*

THE GRAND SIGNIOR.

"I WAS present at the hour that the Grand Signior, named Mahomet, landed at Scutari, on the opposite side of the Bosphorus from Constantinople, to proceed to Mosque, which he is legally bound to do every Friday, and in order, it is said, that his subjects may have ocular demonstration that he is in existence. On this occasion he was seated in a superb state barge of great length, having the figure of a golden cock at the stern, and a seat encircled with a railing of solid silver, followed by other barges, in which were his ministers, treasurer, chamberlain, master of the horse, officers, janissaries, and a train of servants. On landing, the Grand Signior and his officers mounted horses gorgeously capari-

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soned, and proceeded at a slow pace, followed by a train of black eunuchs, guards, and domestic attendants, all most superbly arrayed. The sumptuous dress, particularly the turban of the Grand Signior, surmounted by an aigrette, sparkled in the sun with an extraordinary degree of brilliancy and splendour, and the animal on which he was seated, a high-spirited Arabian, was covered with embroidery, supported on each side by chamberlains, decorated with enormous high plumes on their caps. Notwithstanding the immense crowd of Mahometans assembled at this time, who appear always delighted to view their ruler, and the shouts and noise necessarily occasioned, yet a dead silence reigned throughout at the moment the Grand Signior passed along, who preserved a proud, erect, and steady attitude, casting his eyes to and fro, an act presumed to be a distinguished mark of condescension towards his subjects. This man appeared to be about thirty-five years of age, who was of a sallow complexion, contrasted by a long beard dyed a black colour, and exhibited a striking gravity combined with the greatest *hauteur*. Notwithstanding his superior elevation in point of rank and consequence, it is a remarkable fact, that a restriction, in consequence of some particular law, is exclusively laid upon him as to the smoking of tobacco and taking snuff, one reason assigned for it is that the head of a personage in his elevated situation should always be kept in a perfectly clear and distinct state. These are luxuries, however, in the country which the most wretched infidel is permitted to enjoy."

Travels of Wm. Rae Wilson, Esq.

AUNT MARTHA.

ONE of the pleasantest habitations I have ever known is an old white house, built at right angles, with the pointed roofs and clustered chimneys of Elizabeth's day, covered with roses, vines, and passion-flowers, and parted by a green sloping meadow from a straggling, picturesque, village street. In this charming abode resides a more charming family: a gentleman,—

"Polite as all his life in courts had been,
And good as he the world had never seen,"

two daughters full of sweetness and talent; and aunt Martha—the most delightful of old maids! She has another appellation, I suppose,—she must have one;—but I scarcely know it: aunt Martha is the name that belongs to her—the name of affection. Such is the universal feeling which she inspires, that all her friends, all her acquaintances, (in this case the terms are almost synonymous,) speak of her like her own family:—she is every body's aunt Martha—and a very charming aunt Martha she is.

First of all, she is, as all women should be if they can, remarkably handsome. She may be—it is a delicate matter to speak of a lady's age!—she must be five-and-forty; but few beauties of twenty could stand a comparison with her loveliness. It is such a fulness of bloom, so luxuriant, so satiating; just tall enough to carry off the plumpness which at forty-five is so becoming; a brilliant complexion; curled, pouting lips; long, clear, bright grey eyes—the colour for expression, that which unites the quickness of the black with the softness of the blue; a Roman regularity of feature; and a profusion of rich brown hair.—Such is aunt Martha. Add to this a very gentle and pleasant speech, always kind, and generally lively; the sweetest temper; the easiest manners; a singular rectitude and singleness of mind; a perfect open-heartedness; and a total unconsciousness of all these charms; and you will wonder a little that she is aunt Martha still. I have heard hints of an early engagement broken by the fickleness of man;—and there is about her an aversion to love in one particular direction—the love matrimonial—and an overflowing of affection in all other channels, that seems as if the natural course of the stream had been violently dammed up. She has many lovers—admirers I should say—for there is, amidst her good-humoured gaiety, a coyness that forbids their going farther; a modesty almost amounting to shyness, that checks even the laughing girls, who sometimes accuse her of stealing away their beaux. I do not think any man on earth would tempt her into wedlock;—it would be a most unpardonable monopoly if any one should; an intolerable engrossing of a general blessing; a theft from the whole community.

Her usual home is the white house covered with roses; and her station in the family is rather doubtful. She is not the mistress, for her charming nieces are old enough to take and to adorn the head of the table; nor the housekeeper, though, as she is the only lady of the establishment who wears pockets, those ensigns of authority, the keys will sometimes be found, with other strays, in that goodly receptacle; nor a guest, her spirit is too active for that lazy post; her real vocation there, and every where, seems to be comforting, cheering, welcoming, and spoiling every thing that comes in her

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way; and, above all, nursing and taking care. Of all kind employments, these are her favourites. Oh, the shawlings, the cloakings, the cloggings! the cautions against cold, or heat, or rain, or sun! the remedies for diseases not arrived! colds uncaught! incipient tooth-aches! rheumatisms to come! She loves nursing so well, that we used to accuse her of inventing maladies for other people, that she might have the pleasure of curing them; and when they really come—as come they will sometimes in spite of aunt Martha—what a nurse she is! It is worth while to be a little sick to be so attended. All the cousins, cousins' cousins of her connexion, as regularly send for her on the occasion of a lying-in, as for the midwife. I suppose she has undergone the ceremony of dandling the baby, sitting up with the new mamma, and dispensing the caudle, twenty times at least. She is equally important at weddings or funerals. Her humanity is inexhaustible. She has an intense feeling of fellowship with her kind, and grieves or rejoices in the suffering or happiness of others with a reality as genuine as it is rare.

Her accomplishments are exactly of this sympathetic order; all calculated to administer much to the pleasure of her companions, and nothing to her own importance or vanity. She leaves to the syrens, her nieces, the higher enchantments of the piano, the harp, and the guitar, and that noblest of instruments, the human voice; ambitious of no other musical fame than such as belongs to the playing of quadrilles and waltzes for their little dances, in which she is indefatigable: she neither caricatures the face of man nor of nature under pretence of drawing figures or landscapes; but she ornaments the reticules, bell-ropes, ottomans, and chair-covers of all her acquaintance, with flowers as rich and luxurious as her own beauty. She draws patterns for the ignorant, and works flounces, frills, and baby-linen, for the idle; she reads aloud to the sick, plays at cards with the old, and loses at chess to the unhappy. Her gift in gossiping, too, is extraordinary; she is a gentle newsmonger, and turns her scandal on the sunny side. But she is an old maid still; and certain small peculiarities hang about her. She is a thorough hoarder: whatever fashion comes up, she is sure to have something of the sort by her—or, at least, something thereunto convertible. She is a little superstitious; sees strangers in her tea-cup, gifts in her finger-nails, letters and winding-sheets in the candle, and purses and coffins in the fire; would not spill the salt "for all the worlds that one ever has to give;" and looks with dismay on a crossed knife and fork. Moreover, she is orderly to fidgetiness;—that is her greatest calamity!—for young ladies now-a-days are not quite so tidy as they should be,—and ladies' maids are much worse; and drawers are tumbled, and drawing-rooms in a litter. Happy she to whom a disarranged drawer can be a misery! dear and happy aunt Martha!—*Mrs. Mitford's Village Sketches.*

The Gatherer.

I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

THE RING.

(For the Mirror.)

THE practice of marrying by a ring for the female, was adopted from the Romans: the bride was modestly veiled, and after receiving the nuptial benediction, was crowned with flowers. During the time of our commonwealth, it was customary for the banns of marriage to be proclaimed on three market-days in Newgate-Market, and afterwards the parties were married at the church, and the register states, that they were married at the place of meeting called the church.

T. A. C.

EPIGRAM

On a Sailor, who was thrown on the neck of his horse.

SPECTATOR, cease your cruel glee,
From taunting jests refrain,
Sure, 'tis no wondrous thing to see
A Sailor on the *mane!*

TIMOTHY QUAINT.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A *Correspondent*, on whose correctness we place great reliance, assures us, that Lord Byron was born in Holles Street, Cavendish Square.

Dr. Syntax is requested to call at our office for a letter.

We thank *Julian*, but the extensive sale of the MIRROR precludes it.

The Dissipated Husband displays good feeling, but nothing more.

A youth of eleven years of age can be no judge of female charms, and therefore should not attempt to describe them.

Byron's Riddle is too well known.

We thank *George Bland*, and shall be happy to hear from him.

The article alluded to by *E. B.* has appeared in the "Cabinet of Curiosities."

A *Constant Reader* wishes to know where he can obtain an Account of the Ancestors of Sir John Hawkins the great Admiral.

Communications from *T. E. C., Vivyan, W. E. W., H. L.*, (from whom we shall be happy to hear), and *Francisco*, are intended for early insertion.

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The Mirror
OF
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.
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Whitby Abbey.

THE Nunnery of Streonshalh, which was the original name of Whitby until the Anglo-Norman period, owes its existence to Lady Hilda, who was the foundress and first Abbess of this monastery. It was established about three or four years after that of Lestingham, and was founded under the patronage of King Oswy, whose daughter, Ælfleda, was the second Abbess. Before the great battle of Winwidfeild (or Leeds), in which Penda, King of Mercia, was overthrown by Oswy, the latter vowed, that if he should prove victorious, he would devote his infant daughter to the Lord, and at the same time give twelve manors or possessions of land for founding monasteries. In fulfilment of this vow, Oswy committed Ælfleda, who was scarcely a year old, to the care of Hilda, Abbess of Heruten, or Hartepool; and set apart, for the support of monastic institutions, twelve possessions of land, six in Deira, and six in Bernicia, each consisting of "ten families." As the battle was gained in the end of the year 655, the infant Ælfleda might be sent to Hartepool in the spring of 656; and two years after, that is, in the beginning of 658, Lady Hilda "having purchased a possession of ten families in a place called Streoneshalh, there built a monastery;" where she and the young princess, with many, if not all of the sisterhood who were at Hartepool, took up their abode.

This possession, though stated to be purchased by Lady Hilda, may be supposed to have been purchased at Oswy's expense, and to have been one of the twelve possessions before mentioned, as each of them consisted of "ten families." It appears that the monastery of Streoneshalh at the close of Lady Hilda's life was of great extent, comprising a variety of buildings adapted for different uses, some of which stood at a considerable distance from others. This Abbess died on the 17th of November, in the year 680, and was succeeded in the government of the Abbey by her royal pupil Ælfleda, then 26 years of age. Six years after the death of Lady Hilda, the Abbey was in a very flourishing condition, possessed of an extensive territory, in which were many congregations of monks and nuns; and these congregations were still on the increase as new settlements were formed, and new churches built and dedicated. The death of Ælfleda took place in the year 713, when she was 59 years of age.

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We have no account of the close of her life; but we are informed that she was interred at St. Peter's Church at Streoneshalh, close to the remains of her royal parents, and her venerable predecessor.

The history of the Abbey, from the death of Ælfleda to the Danish irruption, is irrecoverably lost; at least, we have no information relating to that period which can be depended upon. Some of the monkish authors, particularly Matthew of Westminster, and John Wallingford, inform us, that the monastery of Streoneshalh continued to be occupied by nuns till the Danish irruption in 867; but they vary a little in their account of the destruction of the monastery, the former intimating that the nuns were slain, while the latter only states, that they were driven out with violence, and their habitation laid waste.

The desolation of Streoneshalh was so complete, and of so long continuance, that when it began to be again inhabited, the original name was lost, and the place was distinguished by the new name of Whitby, (from the Saxon or Danish words Þhit, white, and bÿe, village): the new town being chiefly constructed of stone, taken from the ruins of the monastic buildings.

The restoration of the monastery was begun by a humble individual named Reinfrid, in the year 1074. This man was one of the three monks, who, in the year preceding set out from Evesham Abbey on a kind of pilgrimage to the north, to restore monastic institutions in Northumbria. They travelled on foot, with a little ass to carry their books and priestly garments. Having settled for a short time at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, then called Monkchester, they removed thence to Jarrow, where they built themselves huts among the ruins of the ancient Abbey, and erected a temporary place of worship. Here they collected a goodly number of followers, and with a view to diffuse the monastic spirit more extensively, they divided their forces; on which occasion, Reinfrid, with his share of the followers, travelled southward to Whitby, to revive the ancient monastery of St. Hilda. Reinfrid, we are told, had formerly been a soldier in the army of William the Conqueror, and as such had been known to William de Percy, Lord of Whitby, who readily granted him and his paternity, the site of the ancient Abbey. The monastery of Whitby obtained its principal endowments from the Percy family, ancestors of the Dukes of Northumberland, and other branches of the noble family of Percy. The son of William de Percy, Allan, endowed it with the whole of that extensive territory now denominated Whitby Strand.

Whitby Abbey was surrendered to the crown, December 14, 1539; it being stipulated, that annuities should be paid to the monks, according to their rank, during life, or until they could be otherwise provided for by the king.

At the dissolution, the site of Whitby Abbey, the manor of Whitby, and several parcels of the Abbey lands, were let for 21 years to Richard Cholmley, Esq. afterwards Sir Richard Cholmley. Before the expiration of this lease, the premises were bought of the king by John, Earl of Warwick, in 1550; and from him by Sir Edward York, in 1551; of whom they were purchased by Sir Richard Cholmley, the lessee, July 2, 1555. They have remained ever since in the possession of the Cholmley family; together with various rights and privileges in Whitby and Whitby Strand, which had been enjoyed by the Abbots of Whitby.

While the lands were thus disposed of, King Henry reserved to himself the furniture, plate, bells, &c. belonging to the monastery. Tradition reports, that the bells of the Abbey, having been shipped for London, sunk with the vessel which carried them, on the outside of Whitby rock, and were never recovered. The demolition of the walls of the Abbey Church was not attempted by the greedy plunderers, but was committed to the slow hand of time; and though that unsparing agent has done much towards completing the work of destruction, enough still remains, as will appear by our engraving, to bear witness to the extent and magnificence of the venerable fabric.

E. M. H.

THE TUNNEL UNDER THE THAMES;

A Conversation between the Thames and the Medway.

(For the Mirror.)

As the Medway and Thames were about to unite,
The former found Thames in a woe-begone plight.
In anguish he now tossed his waves to the sky,
Now sighed to the reeds as he slowly rolled by.
His tears had augmented the depth of his tide,
And he mourned to the pebbles that sprinkled his side.
Said Thames, "I've some very bad news to relate;
Was ever a River so ill used by fate!
These vile engineers (at least so 'tis said,)
Are about to make passages under my bed---
But that's if I'll let them---I'll have no Tunnel
To let out my water as fast as a funnel.
When Dodd once attempted to bore a hole through,
I told him at once that the thing would not do;
I shewed him his scheme was no more than a bubble,
And gave him a good *blowing-up* for his trouble."

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Then Medway---' This scheme is with folly so stamped,
I am certain, dear Thames, that their hopes will be *damped.*"
"O, yes," replied Thames, "before half way they've gone, it
Will be a good plan to *throw cold water on it.*"
"They say that they want to come under you---true
But I fear that they wish to *come over you* too."
"They have crossed me with Bridges, deformed me with Docks,
And fettered my stream with their *Quays* and their *Locks;*
And now, my dear Medway, the villains, od-rot'em,
Are preparing to bore a large hole in my bottom."
Then by splashing their waters they shewed their emotion,
And hastened to tell the sad tale to the Ocean.

W. D.

WELSH MUSIC.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

MR. EDITOR,—In looking over the preface to Thompson's Collection of Scotch Airs, interspersed with those of Wales and Ireland, I was surprised to find a remark which, with due deference to the authority for his statement, I must deny. The observation in question is something to this purpose:—"*The Welsh are not a singing people, but they will sit for hours listening to a harper, of which there is one in every village,*"—and this information he has on the authority of a lady resident in Wales. Now the fact is, that there is not a nation on the face of the globe more addicted to singing than the Welsh, and that, too, in a style as peculiar as it is curious and pleasing. I mean their mode of singing *Pennillion* to the harp; and I will say, that in North Wales most particularly, where there are a number of individuals present and a harper, there will be little silence, and very few persons who will not join in the singing. Whence this lady derived her information, then, I am at a loss to conceive.

Their mode of singing to the harp, which I have mentioned is very curious, it consists in singing *pennillion* or detached stanzas, of various lengths and metres, to any tune which the minstrel may play. By the laws of *pennillion*-singing, the singer cannot chuse his tune; this is left to the harper, who commences and plays probably three or four bars before the singer takes it up, and this is done according as his *pennill* or stanza suits the tune. He may commence at any part of the tune he pleases, but must end with it. It is then taken up by the next, and thus proceeds through as many as choose to join in the pastime,—twice round, and ending with the person beginning, who sings a third time; another tune is then played, and the neighbour of the person who commenced the last will begin this, which proceeds in the manner described before. Some tunes being more common than others, invite a greater number of vocalists.

Their *pennillion* or stanzas, of course, are in the ancient British language, and of all descriptions,—moral, satirical, loving, and so forth.

The following two stanzas are in imitation of the above kind of composition:—

Let others boast what they pride most,
The land that gave them birth;
Give me the man, come whence he may,
But who delights in mirth:
Give me the man, whose heart so warm,
Of Friendship knows the worth.

Two little things that teaseth most
This throbbing heart of mine,---
The first is Friendship few can boast,
The next is Love divine.
With them who'd not happy be;
Without 'em who'd not pine.

These, it may be as well to inform the vocalist, may be sung to the beautiful air of *Serch Hudol*, (The Allurements of Love), four of which will be required to go once through the tune.

Besides this mode of singing, they are not deficient in ballads, some of which, like those of our northern neighbours, are not remarkable for shortness.

I have seen Welsh songs of 15 and 16 verses, and but few longer, yet the Scotch possess those which can boast of 30 and 40 verses. *Kinmount Willie* has 46 verses; and one in Gaelic, called *Oran na Comhaichaig* (the Song of Lamentation) consists of 70 verses!—each verse 16 lines long, and sung slow to the dismal tune of *Creag Ghuanach:* the latter is to be found in the Perth collection,—the tune in Campbell's Albyn's Anthology.

Adverting once more to the subject of Welsh singing, I perceive there was an *Eisteddfod*, or congress of minstrels and bards, held in London, on the 22nd of last May, when, I have no doubt, the ancient mode of *pennillion*-chanting was shown with good effect.

GWILYM SAIS.

Caer Ludd, April 29, 1824.

THE LAMENT OF BOXOMA;

IN IMITATION OF ORIENTAL POETRY.

OH, Selim, come! my absent love,
Why give my heart this cruel pain,
I wearied pace the scented grove,
Where myrtles, citrons bloom in vain.

Reclin'd beneath the Banian tree,
Oh, cou'd'st thou hear Boxoma's lute,
In softest tone she'd chant to thee
Responsive to thy warbling flute.

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The humming-bird hath ceas'd her song,
Nor longer sips the nectar dew,
And zephyrs waft the breeze along
O'er spicy dells for love and you.

Yes, nature will with love unite,
Collecting ev'ry joy for me,
And from each source I'll cull delight,
And e'er be bless'd in blessing thee.

Thy couch is deck'd with nicest care;
Roses of Sharon shade the seat,
And choicest fruit in vases rare,
Boxoma lays at Selim's feet.

I'll steal the serpent's power to charm,
His emerald neck and burnish'd crest
Shall wave, nor have the will to harm,
My lute shall lull his eye to rest.

He hears me not, my soul! my king!
And I was once belov'd the best;
In vain the bul-bul now may sing
I heed her not, I know not rest.

And art thou then for ever gone!
My lamp of life, and must I die!
'Tis worse than death to wander lone;
Why was I dight to meet thine eye?

These pearls of Ormuz giv'n by thee,
And shawls of Cashmire they were thine;
Alas! they yield no charms for me,
If yet thy treasur'd heart's not mine.

Each good reflected from thine eye
I only felt, all else was naught,
From music, and from joy I fly,
To think of thee one only thought.

THEODOTIA.

PHENOMENA OF THE ATMOSPHERE.

(For the Mirror.)

MR. SALT, in his Voyage to Abyssinia, and Travels into the interior of that country, executed under the orders of the British Government, in the years 1809 and 1810, has noticed the curious and extraordinary phenomena, which form the subject of an article, or rather history of their cause and formation, in the 28th Number of the MIRROR, accompanied with an engraving illustrative of the picturesque appearance of these peculiarly formed "Fairy Castles," the title under which that account is inserted. The following extracts are, however, of much later date, and, being singularly different from those already mentioned, furnish some particulars not commonly duly appreciated in reference to the lower regions of th atmosphere, even by those whom they most intimately concern.

"At day-break we continued our route for Aden. As we approached the Peninsula, we were much struck with the singular appearances which the sun put on as it rose. When it had risen about half way above the horizon, its form somewhat resembled a castellated dome: when three parts above the horizon, its shape appeared like that of a balloon; and at length the lower limb suddenly starting up from the horizon, it assumed the general form of a globe flattened at either axis. These singular changes may be attributed to the refraction produced by the different layers of atmosphere through which the sun was viewed in its progress. The same cause made our ship in the bay look as if it had been lifted out of the water, and her bare masts seemed to be crowded with sail; a low rock also appeared to rise up like a vessel, and a projecting point of land to rest on no other foundation than the air; the space between these objects and the horizon having a grey, pellucid tinge, very distant from the darker colour of the sea. This deception of the atmosphere, as far as it affects the relative positions of the heavenly bodies with regard to the eye, is a subject which has been much attended to by astronomers, and tables have been constructed to obviate the errors it occasions, which are, perhaps, as accurate as the difficulties in which the subject is involved, will permit; but as the deception affects the visible horizon, and other objects on the earth's surface, it seems to merit a still more strict investigation, as it produces a great incorrectness, particularly in warm latitudes, with respect to all observations taken by means of the visible horizon, as well as those geometrical admeasurements which depend on a distant object, and are to be ascertained with a theodolite, or other instrument, onshore. On this account, an artificial horizon possesses decided advantages over the visible one in point of accuracy, and is, whenever it can be used, to be greatly preferred."

It was but a short time before, and in a latitude not very distant, that this gentleman had made observations of much the same nature, and proper to be connected with these. He says,

"In the evening we observed the sun before it set put on a very unusual appearance. At the moment of emerging from a dark cloud, when its disc touched the horizon, it seemed to expand beyond its natural dimensions, became of a paleish, red hue, and assumed a form greatly resembling a portion of a column. This is one of the many singular effects produced by the refraction of the atmosphere in this part of the world."

Mr. Salt takes occasion, by this "deception of the atmosphere," to illustrate a passage in Agatharcides, who mentions extraordinary appearances of the heavenly bodies, which occurred at the mouth of the Red Sea; an account "too hastily discredited by succeeding writers." Similar remarks are also made by Dr. Chandler, on his entrance into the Mediterranean, for he too vindicates the an-

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clients; and these instances would almost justify the opinion, that they were much better observers, and had better authority for what they affirmed, than some among the moderns have thought proper to allow. The following passage from Dr. Chandler's Travels into Asia Minor, under the patronage of the Dilettanti Society, are equally curious with the preceding, and afford much interesting information:—

"To complete this wonderful day, the sun before its setting was exceedingly big, and assumed a variety of fantastic shapes. It was surrounded first with a golden glory, of great extent, and flamed upon the surface of the sea in a long column of fire. The lower half of the orb soon after emerged in the horizon, the other portion remaining very large and red, with half of a smaller orb beneath it, and separate, but in the same direction, the circular rim approaching the lines of its diameter. These two by degrees united, and then changed rapidly into different figures, until the resemblance was that of a capacious punch-bowl inverted. The rim of the bottom extending upward, and the body lengthening below, it became a mushroom on a stalk, with a round head. It was next metamorphosed into a flaming cauldron, of which the lid, rising up, swelled nearly into an orb, and vanished. The other portion put on several uncircular forms, and, after many twinkling and faint glimmerings, slowly disappeared, quite red, leaving the clouds, hanging over the dark rocks on the Barbary shore finely tinged of a vivid, bloody hue.

"And here we may recollect, that the ancients had various stories concerning the setting of the sun in the Atlantic ocean; as, for instance, that it was accompanied with a noise, as of the sea hissing, and that night immediately followed. That its magnitude in going down apparently increased was a popular remark, but had been contradicted by an author, who observed thirty evenings at Gades, and never perceived any augmentation. One writer had affirmed, that the orb became a hundred times bigger than its common size.

"This phenomenon will vary, as it depends on the state of the atmosphere. It is likely to be most remarkable when westerly winds have prevailed for some time; these coming over the Atlantic ocean, and bringing with them the gross vapours, which arise continually, or are exhaled, from that immense body of water." F. R—Y.

ON DANCING.

"CHEERFULNESS," says Addison, "is the best promoter of health." Cheerfulness also rouses man from that selfish slumber which would (were it not checked by the occasional interposition of Psyche) throw such a melancholy cast over him, as to be not only derogatory to that high character which man ought to maintain, but injurious to health.

The dispositions of men are just as various as their faces. There are some persons who consider it almost an offence to allow a smile to play upon their countenances, while there are others, on the contrary, equally extravagant, who indulge in pleasure until it becomes a vice indeed, it is those characters who so frequently furnish materials for the opponents of pleasure.

It is not a little singular that those individuals who wear the garb of melancholy are so eager to point out the *little vices* that have, and ever will creep into our various pleasures, while the same evils, equally prominent, that exist in the more sombre institutions, are left *unnoticed*. If such seriously disposed individuals would think for one moment of what they must know to be the fact, that to find *perfection in any form whatever* is seldom or never met with in any congregated body, whether assembled for the purposes of pleasure or business, or to perform a more sacred task, they would not so eagerly, attempt to grasp the straw, which, when gained, is blown from them by the wind. For my own part, I have always endeavoured to maintain that pleasure, when properly used, (and the man convinced of his own importance will never use it otherwise,) is essential in a degree, and that the ingredients requisite to form a religious and virtuous life, are not impaired by an occasional engagement with national amusement.

Many persons have taken up the pen of censure against that highly-accomplished and pleasing amusement, Dancing, as being both destructive to morals and health;—others have laboured to prove its effect of an opposite tendency: and, indeed, it has been attempted to establish, that Dancing is *wise* by the following deduction:—

First—Dancing is exercise.
Second—Exercise is serviceable to life.
Ergo—Dancing is serviceable to life.
First—Dancing is serviceable to life.
Second—Whatever is serviceable to life is *wise*.

Hesiod is a great admirer of Dancing, and says, "that the Gods have bestowed fortitude on some men, and on others a disposition for Dancing."

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Of all amusements at present known in this country, Dancing is the most ancient, and of itself both innocent and refined—practised as it has been by the Egyptians, the Grecians, and the Romans. Men, too, celebrated in every respect for their virtues, so far from being averse to the art, have always been ready to cultivate this pleasing accomplishment. Socrates, Homer, Plato, and Professor Porson, were all its advocates; indeed Socrates admired Dancing so highly, that he learnt it when an old man. The man also to whose words we look with reverence and respect, and which are allowed to hold a lofty station in the sacred volume, has distinctly told us—"that there is a time to *mourn* and a time to *dance*."

In the first place *how* is Dancing injurious to morals or health? The only argument urged in support of this position is, that some few persons who have indulged in this art have been not only immoral, but unhealthy individuals. While I am willing to admit that some few persons have gone beyond the boundary of prudence, I cannot ascribe such to the evils of Dancing. Were I disposed to use such a weapon, I might apply it to the most sacred and valuable institutions. The existence of a Johanna Southcott, or a Judge Jefferies, does not bring religion or law into disrepute, but only shows the *natural disposition* of the individuals. Abuse is certainly evident in this art, and is equally so in other arts and institutions. But to be brief, every *virtue* has its *evil*, and gold has its dross, and before we disclaim against such a polite art, it would not prove unprofitable were we to minutely examine our own inclinations. I have already admitted, that abuse will force itself into the Dancing Academy, ("the world's a school of wrong"), but in no other degree than this, that dissipated and evil-disposed persons, who occasionally intrude themselves, manifest a disposition which is, in *themselves*, *already created*.

Since I have become capable of regulating my reasoning faculties, I have studiously endeavoured, as near as the infirmities of man will permit, to adhere to the laws of my God and my king, and, like the venerable vicar, admire a throw at chess, and seldom refuse to water the rugged paths of life, with a refreshing draught from the springs of innocent pleasure. Where is the sordid stoic, or the grave philosopher—the lofty king, or the lowly peasant—the busy citizen, or the retired merchant, who does not, sometimes, feel a *healthy* enjoyment in the amusement of Dancing, or pleasures of an equally harmless character?

Wherever vice exists it is impossible to be hidden, for any period, from the contempt of discerning men by any false means; and when discovered, no longer engrosses their patronage.

> "Vice is a monster of such odious mien,
> That to be hated needs but to be seen."

But is Dancing of this nature? or does it not receive nourishment from a very great number of individuals, whose lives are regulated by the rules of religion and morality? A. B. C.

THE MADAGASCAR BAT.

This Bat is called by the French "Ronsette," and is common in the islands of Madagascar, Bourbon, and Mauritius,—also in many parts of the East Indies, where it is called by the Europeans, from its great resemblance to a fox, "the Flying Fox," and by the natives, (in Hindoostan) "Chumguddal." This animal resembles the fox in the colour of its hair, shape of the head, ears, and teeth, which are perfectly of a canine or vulpine form. The female has two teats, and under each wing a bag to carry her young in. The male, in several respects, much resembles a dog or a fox. The wings are membraneous, like those of the common bat—have several joints in them, and generally measure, when extended, from one extremity to the other, from 4½ feet to 5 feet. The flesh of these animals (who live principally on fruit, guavres, mangoes, plantains, &c. &c.) is said to be delicious; and some of the lower casts of people in India, hunt for them with the same eagerness and avidity that we do for partridges, or other game.

WOMAN'S TEARS.

(For the Mirror.)

Hard is the heart that never felt for woman in distress,
And cold the breast that never throbb'd to make her sorrows less:
For *man's* caress, and *man's* delight, was lovely *woman* born,
And curst be he, where'er he moves, can treat *her worth* with scorn.

The *tear* that start from *virtue's* eye, like heavenly pleaders falls!
The breath that breathes in *virtue's* sigh, for *man's* protection calls;
And he who can those *tears withstand*, that *sigh unmov'd* can hear,
Should ne'er be blest with *woman's* smiles, to *woman ne'er be dear*.

Utopia.

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ADVANTAGES OF TEMPERANCE.

(For the Mirror.)

THE physicians of ancient Egypt, ascribed all diseases to the burthen of the stomach; and their prescriptions were limited to emetics, cathartics, and abstinence. The sure way to preserve constitutional health and vigour, is to eat less than we are able to digest with ease. Cheyne said well, that we must keep our stomachs clean, if we wish to keep our heads clear. A boy found in a forest, where his diet had been very simple, and his exercise strong, had a most acute sense of smell, by which he could distinguish all herbs and plants; this delicacy soon wore off, when he lived and fed like other men. A blind man is said to have distinguished colours by the touch, but could do this only when fasting. The ancient philosophers, from Pythagoras, all agreed to relieve the stomach by a careful abstemiousness, when they wished to call on reason, or the imagination, for the exercise of all their force. Mr. Pitt's dinner was cold mutton, before he went to the House to make his great orations. Mr. Burke was abstemious in eating. Law, the founder of paper credit, and a deep calculating financier, was remarkable for his temperance in eating; he carried his abstemiousness to a great pitch, when he wished to be clear and acute for the combinations of deep play. In this he is said to have been imitated in more recent cases. Newton confined himself to the slightest diet while he was composing his optics and dissertations on colours. Boerhaave remarked, that the oppression of food on the stomach, almost extinguishes the active powers of the mind. A mathematician will find that he can resolve a problem before dinner, which, after a full repast, he would be too dull and inactive to study, or demonstrate. Habitual over-eating causes dyspepsy, nausea, bile, head-ache, cholic, and surfeit; in some cases, sudden death. La Mitre fell dead at Lord Tyrconnel's, after gorging voraciously off a high-seasoned venison pasty. The *quality* of food and its preparation, are of as much influence, as its quantity; in this we err in using too much grease, pepper, cayenne, essences, rich gravies, and other poisonous and oppressive grossnesses. About fifty years since, a Hanoverian physician, Zimmerman, published a sensible treatise on the habit of our feeding, considered as the principal cause of diseases. Temperance and simplicity in food, are health and vigour alike for the physical and mental frame; when, as Mr. Malthus fears so much, the numbers of mankind shall press in any country on the means of their subsistence, they will be driven to discover new modes of economy in the preparation and use of food; and will be surprised to find that one half the substances they have been accustomed to waste in their solid and liquid diet, are sufficient to afford more strength of body, and vigour of intellect, than the *plethora* of eating, with which their fathers "offuscated" all their faculties, plagued themselves with bile, and "clothed melancholy"---in the lap of ease, luxury, and security.

T. A. C.

FEMALE COURTSHIP.

TWO or three looks when your swain wants a kiss,
Two or three noes when he bids you say "yes,"
Two or three smiles when you utter the "no,"
Two or three frowns if he offers to go,
Two or three laughs when astray for small chat,
Two or three tears, tho' you can't tell for what,
Two or three letters when your vows are begun,
Two or three quarrels before you have done,
Two or three dances to make you jocose,
Two or three hours in a corner sit close,
Two or three starts when he bids you elope,
Two or three glances to intimate hope,
Two or three pauses before you are won,
Two or three swoonings to let him press on,
Two or three sighs when you've wasted your tears,
Two or three hums when the chaplain appears,
Two or three squeezes when the hand's given away,
Two or three coughs when you come to "*obey.*"
Two or three lasses may have by these rhymes,
Two or three little ones,—two or three times.

My Common Place Book.
No. II.

POETRY.—WORDSWORTH.

I AM fond of poetry—"it is like the air I breathe, if I have it not"—why, I am obliged to go without it—for in good and sober truth, it is not, even in this poetical age, always a commodity easily to be procured. There is such an unspeakable charm in fairly escaping from this matter-of-fact world, and the common place bodies continually buzzing about one therein, that if it were practicable, I would evermore live in the "land of faery," except that I should feel disposed sometimes to descend from my eminence to spend an odd evening or so with some kind hearts and congenial souls whom I could name, and will never cease to remember. There are some sensible people in this sublunary scene, who think differently. "There is in every deed" (say they) "*nothing poetical*—it is all a fantasy—all raving—the idea is mischievous;—death to common sense,—to sober

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thinking." Now I do from the very kernel of my soul pity such worthy jog-trot individuals. They may be said only *half to live.* In the name of the common sense which they so continually invoke, is not the world, and "all that is therein," *poetical.* The glorious sun—the mild, effulgent moon—the everlasting hills—the smiling vale—the magnificent, the beautiful ocean—are not these never-ceasing and legitimate sources for the workings of lofty thought? And what is the thought that soars beyond the ground we trample upon and burns as it flies upwards, but *poetry?* We need not go a star-gazing—the flowers of poesy are always springing up about and around us: the themes to which man's immortal mind should most frequently recur, and upon which, it should most uninterruptedly dwell, are *essentially poetic.* We have many names in this, our day and generation, which stand high among the class of writers called poets. It is not my intention at present to run over them, nor dotch down my own very unimportant sentiments as to their respective merits; but there can be no harm in asserting that we have also a tremendous host of *verse-makers.* Because it is a solemn fact, every gentleman who fancies himself in love, and can count his fingers, speedily discovers, for want of something better to do, that he was born a poet—he scribbles accordingly,—makes a palpable hit,—gets, by some mischance, into print, and then it's all over with the public. I can well remember in my academy days, astounding the worthy Dr. I. and our redoubtable Knights of the Round Table, by actually writing a volume of "original poems," (the name I modestly affixed to them) in the space of one week! They were caught up and read, *pro bono publico*, and after the first stanza—

O, sweet Europa, thou no more art blest
With peace more lovely than the smiling morn;
Thy lands which fertile were, are now laid waste,
And by a mighty tyrant thou art torn!

Convulsions of laughter resounded on all sides—the table was literally in a roar:—but, as the reader proceeded, the shouts were not to be endured, and indeed there was no alternative, I put the best of all possible faces on the affair, and joined in the humour of the joke as well as could be expected, under all the circumstances of the case, and quietly resolved thenceforth to confine myself to humble prose. The example was not, however, totally lost upon some of our confraternity, who, (as became afterwards abundantly apparent,) regarded me as an actual phœnix. One especially came and whispered into my ear privately, the results of his inspiration, of which the first verse is altogether too rich to descend into oblivion, and can never be erased from my memory—

Oh, ye *dark* orbs, how *bright* ye shine,
And know this world to be
A world inhabited by men,
And none can set them free!

Resplendent genius!—I have never been yet able to ascertain, whether the talent was cultivated as it should have been; but certainly, nothing equal to it has since fallen under my observation—no, not that burst of rapturous feeling, which an excellent friend of mine, once upon a time, gave utterance to—

O! 'tis sweet while life doth last,
A radical to be!---

Enough of rhymesters—let us have a little genuine poetry. Wordsworth is the man that can furnish us with it.—Yes, Wordsworth—the man whose works have been grinned at, and written down at no allowance,—who, although he *has* sent "Peter Bell" and "Benjamin the Waggoner" into the world, is nevertheless always and exclusively a poet; or to use his own words—

"Thanks to the human heart by which we live
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears;
To me the meanest flower that blows, can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Every one must admire the imagination and harmony of the following lines:—

"Withered leaves---one---two---and three---
From the lofty elder-tree!
Through the calm and frosty air
Of this morning bright and fair,
Eddying round and round they sink
Softly, slowly; one might think,
From the motions that are made,
Every little leaf conveyed
Sylph or Faery hither tending,---
To this lower world descending,
Each invisible and mute
In his wavering parachute."

Nor do the following yield to them:—

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting,
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness;
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The youth who daily further from the east
Must travel, still is nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the common light of day."

Now this, although it may not be

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theologically orthodox, is most exquisite poetry; and then comes the sequel,—

"Hence in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us thither;
Can in a moment travel hither,—
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

I am as poor as any rat, and cannot indulge the hope of ever possessing Wordsworth s poems by actual purchase, or any other lawful means.—Now, I have no doubt that many good people are in the same predicament: if so, I shall receive thanks (which are no more than my deserts, and all I aspire to) for the foregoing excerpts, and the following, which must be the last:—

"If thou be one whose heart the holy forms
Of young imagination have kept pure,
Stranger! henceforth be warned; and know, that pride
Howe'er disguised inits own majesty,
Is littleness; that he who feels contempt
For any living thing, hath faculties
Which he hath never used; that thought with him
Is in its infancy. The man whose eye
Is ever on himself, doth look on one,
The least of nature's works; one who might move
The wise man to that scorn which wisdom holds
Unlawful ever. O, be wiser, thou!
Instructed that true knowledge leads to love,
True dignity abides with him alone
Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,
Can still suspect, and still revere himself,
In lowliness of heart."

EDGAR.

CHARACTER OF LORD BYRON.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE following warm-hearted tribute to the memory of Lord Byron, by an individual who ranked next to him as a poet, is a proof how much liberality is allied to true genius:—

Amidst the general calmness of the political atmosphere, we have been stunned, from another quarter, by one of those death-notes which are pealed at intervals, as from an archangel's trumpet, to awaken the soul of a whole people at once. Lord Byron, who has so long and so amply filled the highest place in the public eye, has shared the lot of humanity. His lordship died at Missolonghi, on the 19th of April. That mighty genius, which walked amongst men as something superior to ordinary mortality, and whose powers were beheld with wonder, and something approaching to terror, as if we knew not whether they were of good or of evil, is laid as soundly to rest as the poor peasant whose ideas never went beyond his daily task. The voice of just blame and of malignant censure are at once silenced; and we feel almost as if the great luminary of heaven had suddenly disappeared from the sky, at the moment when every telescope was levelled for the examination of the spots which dimmed its brightness. It is not now the question what were Byron's faults, what his mistakes; but how is the blank which he has left in British literature to be filled up? Not, we fear, in one generation, which, among many highly gifted persons, has produced none who approach Byron in ORIGINALITY, the first attribute of genius. Only thirty-seven years old:—so much already done for immortality—so much time remaining, as it seems to us short-sighted mortals, to maintain and to extend his fame, and to atone for errors in conduct and levities in composition: who will not grieve that such a race has been shortened, though not always keeping the straight path; such a light extinguished, though sometimes flaming to dazzle and to bewilder. One word on this ungrateful subject ere we quit it for ever.

The errors of Lord Byron arose neither from depravity of heart,—for nature had not committed the anomaly of uniting to such extraordinary talents an imperfect, moral sense,—nor from feelings dead to the admiration of virtue. No man had ever a kinder heart for sympathy, or a more open hand for the relief of distress; and no mind was ever more formed for the enthusiastic admiration of noble actions, providing he was convinced that the actors had proceeded on disinterested principles. Lord Byron was totally free from the curse and degradation of literature,—its jealousies we mean, and its envy; but his wonderful genius was of a nature which disdained restraint, even when restraint was most wholesome. When at school, the tasks in which he excelled were those only which he undertook voluntarily; and his situation as a young man of rank, with strong passions, and in the uncontrolled enjoyment of a considerable fortune, added to that impatience of strictures or coertion which was natural to him. As an author, he refused to plead at the bar of criticism; as a man, he would not submit to be morally amenable to the tribunal of public opinion. Remonstrances from a friend, of whose intentions and kindness he was secure, had often great weight with him; but there were few who could venture on a task so difficult. Reproof he endured with impatience, and reproach hardened him in his error,—so that he often resembled the gallant war-steed, who rushes forward on the steel that

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wounds him. In the most painful crisis of his private life, he evinced this irritability and impatience of censure in such a degree, as almost to resemble the noble victim of the bull-fight, which is more maddened by the squibs, darts, and petty annoyances of the unworthy crowds beyond the lists, than by the lance of his nobler, and so to speak, his more legitimate antagonist. In a word, much of that in which he erred was in bravado and scorn of his censors, and was done with the motive of Dryden's despot, "to shew his arbitrary power." It is needless to say that his was a false and prejudiced view of such a contest; and if the noble bard gained a sort of triumph, by compelling the world to read poetry, though mixed with baser matter, because it was *his*, he gave in return, an unworthy triumph to the unworthy, besides deep sorrow to those whose applause, in his cooler moments, he most valued.

It was the same with his politics, which on several occasons assumed a tone menacing and contemptuous to the constitution of his country; while, in fact, Lord Byron was in his own heart sufficiently sensible, not only of his privilege as a Briton, but of the distinction attending his high birth and rank and was peculiarly sensitive of those shades which constitute what is termed the manners of a gentleman. Indeed, notwithstanding his having employed epigrams, and all the petty war of wit, when such would have been much better abstained from, he would have been found, had a collision taken place between the aristocratic parties in the state, exerting all his energies in defence of that to which he naturally belonged. His own feeling on these subjects he has explained in the very last canto of Don Juan; and they are in entire harmony with the opinions which we have seen expressed in his correspondence, at a moment when matters appeared to approach a serious struggle in his native country:—

"He was as independent---ay, much more,
Than those who were not paid for independence;
As common soldiers, or a common------Shore,
Have in their several acts or parts ascendence
O'er the irregulars in lust or gore,
Who do not give professional attendance.
Thus on the mob all statesmen are as eager
To prove their pride, as footmen to a beggar."

We are not, however, Byron's apologists, for *now*, alas! he needs none. His excellencies will *now* be universally acknowledged, and his faults (let us hope and believe) not remembered in his epitaph. It will be recollected what a part he has sustained in British literature since the first appearance of "Childe Harold," a space of nearly sixteen years. There has been no reposing under the shade of his laurels, no living upon the resource of past reputation; none of that *coddling* and petty precaution which little authors call "taking care of their fame." Byron let his fame take care of itself. His foot was always in the arena, his shield hung always in the lists; and although his own gigantic renown increased the difficulty of the struggle, since he could produce nothing, however great, which exceeded the public estimates of his genius, yet he advanced to the contest again and again and again, and came always off with distinction, almost always with complete triumph. As various in composition as Shakspeare himself (this will be admitted by all who are acquainted with his "Don Juan,") he has embraced every topic of human life, and sounded every string on the divine harp, from its slightest to its most powerful and heart-astounding tones. There is scarce a passion or a situation which has escaped his pen; and he might be drawn, like Garrick, between the weeping and the laughing muse, although his most powerful efforts have certainly been dedicated to Melpomene. His genius seemed as prolific as various. The most prodigal use did not exhaust his powers, nay, seemed rather to increase their vigour. Neither "Childe Harold," nor any of the most beautiful of Byron's earlier tales, contain more exquisite morsels of poetry than are to be found scattered through the cantos of "Don Juan," amidst verses which the author appears to have thrown off with an effort as spontaneous as that of a tree resigning its leaves to the wind. But that noble tree will never more bear fruit or blossom! It has been cut down in its strength, and the past is all that remains to us of Byron. We can scarce reconcile ourselves to the idea—scarce think that the voice is silent for ever, which, bursting so often on our ear, was often heard with rapturous admiration, sometimes with regret, but always with the deepest interest:—

"All that's bright must fade,
The brightest still the fleetest."

With a strong feeling of awful sorrow, we take leave of the subject. Death creeps upon our most serious as well as upon our most idle employments; and it is a reflection solemn and gratifying, that he found our Byron in no moment of levity, but contributing his fortune and hazarding his life, in behalf of a people only endeared to him by their past glories, and as fellow-creatures suffering under the yoke of a heathen oppressor. To have fallen in a crusade for freedom and

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humanity, as in olden times it would have been an atonement for the blackest crimes, may in the present be allowed to expiate greater follies, than even exaggerated calumny has propagated against Byron.

The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM *NEW WORKS.*

ANECDOTE OF BURKE.

WALKING home late one evening from the House of Commons, Mr. Burke was accosted by one of those unfortunate women who linger out existence in the streets, with solicitations, which, perceiving they were not likely to have effect, she changed her manner at once, and begged assistance in a very pathetic and seemingly sincere tone. In reply to inquiries made, she stated herself to have been lady's maid in a respectable family, and being seduced by her mistress's son, had at length been driven, through gradations of misery, to her present forlorn state; she confessed herself to be wretched beyond description, and looked forward to death as her only relief. The conclusion of the tale brought Mr. Burke to his door: turning round with much solemnity of manner, he addressed her: "Young woman, you have told a pathetic story, whether true or not is best known to yourself; but tell me, have you a settled and serious wish to quit your present way of life, if you have the opportunity of so doing?"—"Indeed, Sir, I would do any thing to quit it."—"Then come in," was the reply. "Here, Mrs. Webster," said he to the housekeeper, who lived in the family for about 30 years, "here is a new recruit of the kitchen; take care of her for the night, and let her have every thing suitable to her condition, till we can inform Mrs. Burke of the matter." She remained a short time under the eye of the family, was then provided with a place, and turned out afterwards a well-behaved woman.—*Prior's Life of Burke.*

ESQUIMAUX TRAFFIC.

A VERY singular custom prevails amongst the Esquimaux in concluding the most trifling bargain; for no sooner have they received an article in exchange for their goods, than it is instantly applied to the tongue, and licked several times previous to being put away in security. Whatever might be the article given, even if a sharp razor, the bargain was not concluded until it had gone through the above ceremony; and I frequently shuddered at seeing the children draw a razor over their tongue as unconcerned as if it had been an ivory paper-knife. We had a convincing proof of the importance attached to the above custom, in one poor woman whom I detected going over the side with an ice-axe upon her shoulder, which, fancying she had stolen it, I ordered to be taken from her. This she loudly and firmly resisted, crying bitterly, and looking anxiously round for the person from whom she had received it, making signs that it had been given in exchange for a very handsome seal-skin jacket which she had been observed to wear, and at the same time licking every part of the axe, to show it had been a bargain. By this we were convinced that some one had been despicable enough to give this poor creature an article which he knew would be taken from her again. When a button or other trifle was given as a present, without demanding an exchange, it did not receive the customary licking. Nothing can equal the eagerness for barter evinced by these savages, or the frenzy they exhibited to possess a nail or any other trifle. To describe the various modulations of their screams of joy or anxiety would be absolutely impossible. We, however, in the general confusion, were of opinion, that the word used for barter was "Chi bo;" for it was repeated in every key to which the human voice can be raised. "Pille tay" was also clamorously and frequently repeated; and we had no doubt that it implied "give me," all ages and sexes being most indefatigable beggars. They were, however, traders as long as they had any stock. From the men we purchased oil, weapons, and ivory; the women supplied us with skins, ornaments, little pouches, &c.; and from the children were procured small toys and models, their parents directing them in their bargains and beggings also. There was one little child, who, having no merchandize to dispose of, ran about holding up the red legs of a dovekie, in hopes that their colour might attract a customer; but meeting with no success, the poor little trader was returning disconsolate to his mother, when a button which I gave him put the poor child quite into raptures, and underwent more kissing than button ever received before.

Both sexes eagerly sold their clothes, and some went away nearly naked, notwithstanding the severity of the weather. I must, however, say, in justice to the softer sex, that they were more correct in the choice of what parts of their clothing

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they would dispose of, than the men; for I do not remember to have seen a single lady part with her breeches, while the gentlemen were by no means so scrupulous, and evinced no shame at appearing nearly naked.

A nail was considered a fair equivalent for a spear with ivory head, and with line and bladder attached to it. Small pieces of iron hoop were equally valuable; and a knife might purchase any article. Saws, however, were the most eagerly inquired for; and, had any been produced at first, nothing else would have been taken. In all exchanges, the natives showed as much joy as if they had acquired the greatest riches, although, in many instances, they were losers by the bargain.—*Captain Lyon's Private Journal.*

THE AUDIENCE AND THE VISIT.

[The following article is from the *No me Olvides*, or Spanish "Forget me not." For the translation we are indebted to the *Literary Chronicle.*]

POSSESSED with a mania for projects and speculations, after having wasted all my patrimony in plans, morals, memorials, experiments, and schemes, I arrived at a certain metropolis (which I do not deem it prudent to name), with a plan of such vast importance and so feasible, that I conceived the government could do no less than furnish me with funds sufficient to carry it into execution, and that the nation would erect statues in honour of me, in every public place. My project was to unite two rivers by means of a navigable canal, which would not only greatly facilitate the communication between different provinces, and render considerable districts more fertile, but likewise extend commerce, promote navigation, and quadruple agricultural produce; in short, the reign of Saturn was to return once more upon the earth, attended with all those blessings which, with their usual veracity, poets have delighted to attribute to it. As I yielded to no former projector in the grandeur of my schemes, so was I behind hand with none in disinterestedness and generosity; for, in return for these public advantages, I demanded nothing—absolutely nothing, for myself. All that I required was, that government should advance me capital for the undertaking, and should give me the exclusive privilege of collecting the tolls and duties arising from the canal; than which nothing can assuredly be more reasonable, since we ought all of us to live by our own labours and I have read in some writer on political economy, that a man's ideas are as much his own property as an estate or any other possession.

I applied myself most studiously to carry my project into execution: I drew up a memorial, formed estimates and maps, and, thus prepared, presented myself at the minister's, of whom I requested an audience. At first, I had to address myself to a porter, who was not particularly affable or civil; next to an attendant, who seemed to think himself very condescending in even noticing me; and then to a secretary, who spoke only in monosyllables. At length, after repeated visits and applications, I obtained the desired interview, at which I presented myself with all the confidence of one who is already sure of success. I was so fortunate as to be ordered to read my memorial, which I forthwith did, in an emphatic tone of voice, while his excellency continued to play with a little terrier. As soon as I had finished reading, the following dialogue took place:—"Your project is utterly impracticable; nothing can be made of it."—"If your lordship would be so kind as to tell me your reasons for thinking so——"—"My reasons! there is no occasion for reasoning about it. I tell you it will not do."—"Yet I flatter myself——"—"To no purpose. In the first place, an exclusive privilege cannot be granted."—"Yet, in a project of such vast utility——"—"In the next place, these two rivers are dry nearly half the year."—"But I had been informed——" "Lastly, the canal would touch upon the royal park, and his majesty is passionately fond of game, which would thus be scared away."—"This last reason is an all-sufficient one. I now abandon the plan altogether, and beg your lordship to excuse me."

I returned home, struck with admiration of his excellency's extensive information on all that related to the subject, and of his zeal for the interests of his king; and having deposited my papers in my portfolio, went to the opera. I had hardly entered the house, when I perceived the handsome Marchioness ——— in her box, to whom I had been introduced some months before at Paris, and whom I knew to possess considerable influence with diplomatists, ministers, marshals, and journalists. I immediately went to her, and related my adventure. On hearing my story, the marchioness laughed heartily, telling me, however, at the same time, not to be discouraged, as the minister was a particular friend of hers, and that every thing should be arranged to my wishes. "Obtain for me, then, another audience——"—"By no means," returned the marchioness, "but

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you shall make him a visit. Come to me to-morrow evening, at nine o'clock; and leave the rest to me."

Accordingly, the following evening I was punctual to the hour, having dressed myself suitably to the occasion. We got into the marchioness's carriage, and drove to the minister's, where the attendants received us as the intimate friends of his excellency. Scarcely had we entered the saloon, when my protectress took the minister aside, and when the conference was ended, he condescended to call me to him, and the following dialogue took place:—"Well, Sir, and how does your plan go on?"—"Very badly, your excellency. The difficulties which I perceive will attend its execution——"—"Leave all preamble, and tell me at once what these great difficulties are."—"In the first place an exclusive privilege cannot be granted."—"To be sure we do not grant them on every occasion, but when a man of merit and a most useful project are concerned, there will be no difficulty in this respect."—"And then, as the rivers are apt to be dried up——"—"Who can possibly have told you such an idle story. They actually overflow every year, and occasion great damage by doing so."—"Yet his majesty is so passionately fond of game——"—"Aye, on the table,—but he has never, in all his life, even handled a fowling-piece. No, sir, these are idle objections. There is no difficulty whatever in the business. See my secretary in the morning, and he will adjust every thing."

In fact, I waited the next day on that personage, whom I found most eager to serve me: the attendant before of whom I before complained was most courteous, and even the porter seemed to have been studying politeness. In short, the project obtained the requisite sanction; and when I went to thank the marchioness for her kind services, not forgetting an elegant cachemire shawl and a diamond necklace, as trifling marks of my gratitude; she laughed heartily, and said, you now know the difference there is between an *Audience* of, and a *Visit* to, a great man.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

GREAT CAVERN IN NORTH AMERICA.

THERE has been lately discovered, on the northern bank of the Black River, in the grounds of Mr. Bayze, opposite the village of Watertown, Massachusetts, in the United States, an extraordinary cavern, the entrance to which is about 600 paces from the river. A traveller, who has descended into it, details the following particulars:—

Our first advance is by a path that has been dug five feet below the surface of the adjacent soil; there is then a descent, to a depth of sixteen feet and a half, to arrive at the first chamber, which is twenty feet long by sixteen broad. Opposite the entrance is a large flat stone or table, formed by a rock: it is from twelve to fourteen feet square, and two feet in thickness. Enormous stalactites descend from the vault to this stone. On the left is a vaulted path, 150 feet in length; and on the right another vaulted path, six feet broad, and as many in height, leading to a considerable chamber. Proceeding in this direction, we come to a hall a hundred feet long, by ten broad, varying in its height from eight to five feet. The vault is supported by columns and arcades, and the sides are covered with stalactites as white as snow, folded variously, like rich silver stuffs of elegant drapery. Towards the middle of this hall, facing the entrance, is an arched door-way, through which we pass into another large hall, which, like the former, is embellished with crystallizations.

Returning to the great hall, we enter, through another arcade, into an endless number of partitions, communicating with each other, and filled with stalactites. After this suite of apartments, there is a descent of ten feet; here we find a chamber of about twenty feet square, and twelve in height. In a corner of it is a small elevation, twelve feet in diameter, and three in height; the top is hollowed, and filled with water, which drops from the stalactites. Leaving this chamber, we enter a large gallery, where there is another basin filled with limpid water.

The number and extent of the compartments, the beauty of the stalactites that cover the walls,—the numberless crystallizations of the vault, distilling or dropping water,—the columns of spath resting on pedestals, that seem cut out artificially to support them,—the reverberation of the lights,—the various forms produced by the crystallizations, combined to give a magical effect to this wonderful cavern, and render it one of the most magnificent spectacles any where to be seen.

When first discovered, it attracted crowds of visitors to Watertown; but as many made free with what they found, breaking off and carrying away pieces of its contents, the proprietor blocked up the

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passage with a door, secured with a lock and key.

The cavern, at present, is but imperfectly known: only a small part of it has been penetrated, though several say they have traversed more than a hundred acres in it. *Monthly Magazine.*

SPURZHEIM *versus* LAVATER.

LAVATER was once quite "the go,"
And Noses and Eyes were the plan,
By which all the wise ones would know
The talents and thoughts of a man:
As for Noses, I know not, I vow,
What they really mean or import,
But all who read Sterne must allow
That a long one's preferr'd to a short.

But, oh! 'tis a glance of the Eye—
'Tis the radiance its flashes impart,
Gives the light that I love to read by.
When I study the Head or the Heart:
And who is so sightless or dull,
But could learn much more by one look,
Of what passes within heart or skull,
Than by studying Spurzheim's whole book?

There are eyes of all colours and hues
In the gentlest gradation, quite down
From the brightest of blacks and blues,
To the softest of hazel and brown:
And still as they vary in hue,
Expression or lustre you'll find
Each a vista of light to look through,
And study each thought of the mind.

The black eye, all sparkling and bright,
Shews a soul full of genius and fire;
Melting softly in love's tender light,
But flashing resplendent in ire.
The brown eye, bewitching and mild,
Speaks a heart that is gentle and true,
Than the black eye less fiery and wild,
More tender and fond than the blue.

Yet blue's a sweet colour, I own,
The bright, laughing hue of high Heaven,
Which to light and to gay hearts alone
By the young God of Love has been given.
Thus wicked blue eyes! to be sure,
What havock they'd make in the heart,
Were they not much more given to cure
Than to lengthen the pang of Love's smart.

But Lavater's no longer "the go,"
Now Spurzheim and Gall are the fashion—
By the shape of the Skull you're to know,
For the future, each talent and passion.
Your grandfather look'd for a wife,
With a face that was fair and purse-full;
But you, as you value your life,
Must look to the shape of her skull.

Her forehead, like Jove's, must be large,
Expansive, full, prominent too,
As if, proud of the brains in its charge,
It exultingly swell'd into view,
But shun a too prominent eye,
For the organ of language is there—
An organ which all men decry,
When developed too much in the fair.

There are some pleasant organs behind,
Seated just at the top of the neck:—
But if too large, 'twere hard, you would find,
To keep such a lady in check:—
For Love, who was once so sublime,
Has quitted his seat in the soul,
Where he lived, in the good "olden time,"
For a snug little spot in the poll.

But no longer on organs to dwell—
What need I of organs now speak?
Which it is to be hoped you'll know well
Before you are married a week.
Only this you will still bear in mind,
Unless you're confoundedly dull,
No beauty in shape you're to find,
Except in the shape of the Skull.

New Monthly Magazine. R. E.

Select Biography.

No. IX.

DROUET.

DROUET, the post-master, at St. Menehoud, who was narrow-minded and ignorant, owed to chance alone the part he played in the revolution, for having recognised Louis XVI. when he was passing through St. Menehoud to go to Montmedy; he got before him by a cross-road, and caused him to be stopped at Varennes on the 21st of June. On the 18th of August, 1791, the assembly, to reward his zeal, decreed him a grant of 30,000 livres, which he refused, soliciting rather a commission in the gendarmie, as he had been for sometime a dragoon in the regiment of Condé. In September, 1792, he was elected member of the convention, where he voted for the death of Louis XVI. his sole claim to this election being his stopping the King at Varennes; his appearance and gestures were coarse and displeasing, and the very words he uttered bore the marks of restless ferocity. Nevertheless, the violence of his temper not suffering him to refrain from speaking on subjects with which he was unacquainted, his ignorance and vulgar expressions perpetually exposed him to sarcasms from the legislative body, which irritated him to the highest degree. He strove to supply all defects by a constant display, throughout the whole of his political career, of great audacity, extravagance, and revolutionary fanaticism. Being a violent Montagnard, he took an active share in the 31st of May, attacked Lanjuinais in the tribune, and eagerly persecuted the Girondins. On the 20th of July, 1793, he proposed to condemn to death as spies all the English who should be found in France. On the 5th of September, he supported the scheme of creating a revolutionary army, and spoke with such violence as to excite the murmurs of the assembly. He also declared, that moderation and philosophical principles were insufficient, and added, "If it is necessary to the people's happiness to be robbers, let us be robbers." He afterwards proposed declaring to the suspected persons, that if liberty was in danger they should be massacred. On the 9th, he was sent to the army of the North, and in October, the same year, being shut up in Mauberge when it was blockaded by the Prince of Coburg, he endeavoured to

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escape with some dragoons to hasten the succours of which the city stood in need. He was taken, however, by the Austrians, and for some time confined at Brussels, where, according to several reports made to the convention, the Austrians kept him chained in an iron cage, purposing to let him die of hunger, which would have been the case had he not been relieved by a miller, named Gerard. He was afterwards removed to Spieberg, a fortress in Moravia; and on the 6th of July, 1794, jumped through a window of his prison, in order to escape, but he broke one of his feet, and was taken back to his chamber, where he had left a very insolent letter for the enemy. In November, 1795, he, Camus, Beurnonville, and some others, were exchanged at Basle, for the daughter of Louis XVI. and he then resumed his place in the convention, then converted into the council of five hundred. The species of moderation which then reigned in France displeased him, and he scrupled not to own, that had he been in his native country during the reign of terror, he would have followed the example of Robespierre and Murat, and regretting the termination of that revolutionary reign, he connected himself with Babeuf, and became one of the heads of the Jacobin society, organized by his associate. He was in consequence arrested in the night, between the 10th and 11th of May, 1796, and shut up in the Abbaye. The council of the ancients decreed that he should be tried before the high national court, at Vendome; but, in the night of August the 18th, he contrived to escape, and on the 20th published the particulars of his liberation, which had, he said, been effected by means of a tunnel in a chimney. It appears certain, that in the night between the 9th and 10th of September he was present at the attack made on the camp at Grenelle, where the terrorists were again routed, and he owed his safety solely to a milk-woman, whom he bribed to conceal him under the straw of her cart. Be that as it may, he retired to Switzerland shortly after his escape from the Abbaye, and he afterward found means to take shipping for the East Indies. His voyage terminated at Teneriffe, which the English, under the command of Admiral Lord Nelson, were attacking at the moment of his landing; the fight became general, and on this occasion Drouet gave proofs of valour. It was here that Lord Nelson lost his arm. On the 26th of May, 1797, the high court of Vendome acquitted him of any share in Babeuf's conspiracy; he returned to France, and was employed by the directory in his own department.—After the 18th of Brumaire, the Consuls appointed him sub-prefect at Manehoud, an office which he held till the restoration of Louis XVIII. in 1814. In 1805, the electoral college of Marne chose him a candidate to the legislative body, but his nomination was not approved of by Napoleon. During the hundred days he was not very conspicuously employed; but, having signed the *acte additionelle*, he was exiled as a regicide, on the king's return in 1815. He lately died at Macen, where he resided under a fictitious name. He was uncle of General Drouet, nick-named Count d'Erlon, a very able Buonapartean officer.

Miscellanies.

MINUTE INGENUITY.

(For the Mirror.)

GOLD-BEATERS can extend a single grain of gold into a leaf containing fifty square inches, which leaf may be divided into five hundred visible parts: these leaves are used in gilding; and they are so very thin, that 125,000 of them, laid on one another and pressed together, will not exceed an inch in thickness. It has been calculated, also, that a single grain of that metal, expended in covering gold lace, would spread over a surface of nearly thirty square yards.—See *Monthly Review*, May, 1824.

Mr. Reaumur says, "The flexibility of Glass increases in proportion to the fineness of the threads; and that, probably, had we but the art of drawing threads as fine as a spider's web, we might weave stuffs and cloths thereof for wear. Accordingly he made some experiments this way, and found he could make threads fine enough, as fine in his judgment as any spider's web; but he could not make them long enough to do any thing with them."

The following are "Ductile Metallic Bodies, arranged in the order of their ductility:"—

Gold,
Platina,
Silver,
Copper,
Iron,
Tin,
Lead.

See Glass Exhibition and Beckman's Inventions P. T. W.

JASMINE.

A DUKE OF TUSCANY was the first possessor of this pretty shrub in Europe, and he was so jealously fearful lest others should enjoy what he alone wished to possess, that strict injunctions were given

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to his gardener not to give a slip, not so much as a single flower, to any person. To this command the gardener would have been faithful, had not love wounded him by the sparkling eyes of a fair, but portionless peasant, whose want of a little dowry and his poverty alone kept them from the hymeneal altar. On the birth-day of his mistress, he presented her with a nosegay; and to render the bouquet more acceptable, ornamented it with a branch of jasmine. The girl, wishing to preserve the bloom of a new flower, put it into fresh earth, and the branch remained green all the year. In the following spring it grew, and was covered with flowers: it flourished and multiplied so much under the fair nymph's cultivation, that she was able to amass a little fortune from the sale of the precious gift which love had made her; when, with a sprig of jasmine in her breast, she bestowed her hand and wealth on the happy gardener of her heart. And the Tuscan girls to this day preserve the remembrance of this adventure, by invariably wearing a nosegay jasmine on their wedding-day; and they have a proverb, which says, a young girl worthy of wearing this nosegay, is rich enough to make the fortune of a good husband.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

A TURKISH PLUM-PUDDING.

When Lord Paget was on an embassy to Constantinople, his cook being taken ill, his Lordship was obliged to employ the natives to dress his dinners. Having one Christmas-day a large party, he desired to have a piece of roast beef and a plum-pudding. The first was not difficult to procure; but the last, not a servant in his kitchen knew how to make. They applied to him for a receipt: he said, he thought they must take ten or a dozen eggs and beat them up together, a certain quantity of good milk, so much flower, and all these ingredients to be mixed with a large quantity of the best raisins; then the whole to be boiled for four hours in four quarts of water. They listened attentively to his instructions; but when dinner was announced, two fellows appeared, bearing in a most enormous red pan, in which was what *they* called a plum-pudding. The instant it appeared Lord Paget exclaimed, "God bless me, but I forgot to tell them it was to be put in a bag!"

EPITAPH

In St. Margaret's church-yard, Westminster.

When Elizabeth died, O Lord, pray'd I,
Let me die too, and beside her lie.
The Lord was good, and heard my pray'r,
And here we lie, a faithful pair.

EPITAPH

In Maidstone church-yard, Kent.

Here Francis Jarrett lies: what then?
Frank, when his Master calls, will rise again. R. S.

ON A TOMB-STONE IN ESSEX.

Here lies the man Richard,
And Mary his wife;
Their surname was Prichard;
They liv'd without strife,
And the reason was plain—
They abounded in riches,
Nor care had, nor pain,
And the wife *wore the breeches.*

A GEM.

Accept, dear maid, this beauteous rose,
To deck thy breast so fair;
Observe its hue, nor wonder why
It blushes to be there!

DRINKING.

Three cups of wine a prudent man may take:
The first of these, for constitution's sake;
The second, to the girl he loves the best;
The third and last, to lull him to his rest;
Then home to bed. But if a fourth he pours,
That is the cup of folly, and not ours:
Loud, noisy talking on the fifth attends;
The sixth breeds feuds and falling out of friends;
Seven begets blows and faces stained with gore,
Eight, and the watch patrol breaks ope the door;
Mad with the ninth, another cup goes round,
And the swell'd sot drops senseless on the ground. T. A. C.

THE RETORT.

Tom call'd his friend a pimp, forsooth,
When warm engaged in strife,
Said Will, "I can't deny the truth,
But curse your tattling wife."

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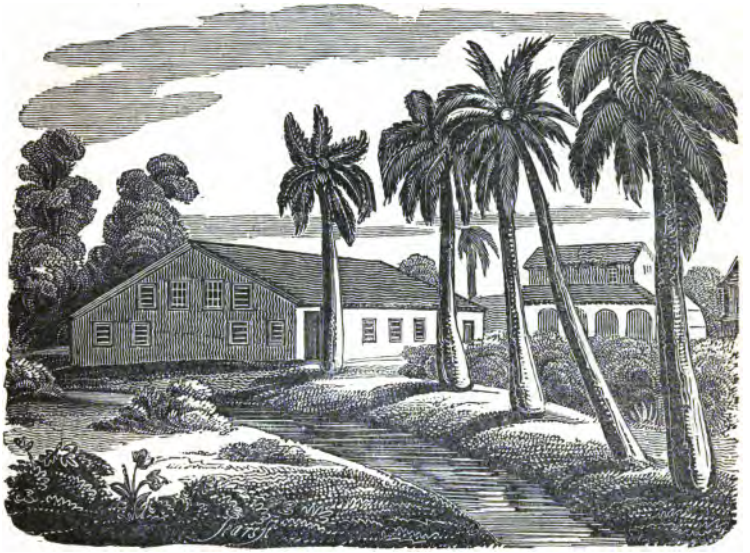
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. LXXXVIII.] SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1824. [PRICE 2*d.*

Chapel and House of Mr. Smith, at Demerara.



IF the eighty-seven Numbers of the MIRROR already before the public, had not been sufficient to prove that we equally avoid religious controversy and political discussion, some explanation might be necessary in introducing a subject intimately connected with both; but, as we shall not deviate from a course which has been so honoured with public approbation, our merely stating the fact will be deemed sufficient.

It is known to the public that Mr. Smith was the missionary at Demerara, during an insurrection of the Negroes in that colony in August last. He was accused of being privy to the revolt, and of assisting in the rebellion; was arrested, and tried by a court-martial, which continued for some weeks, found guilty, and condemned to death, but recommended to mercy to his Majesty, who was no sooner acquainted with the circumstances, than a free pardon was sent out for Mr. Smith. Unhappily it arrived too late; for his health, which had been long in a bad state, got worse, and he sunk under his confinement a few hours before the royal mercy reached Demerara. This event has excited great interest in the religious world, and numerous petitions have been presented to Parliament, praying that the sentence on Mr. Smith may be reversed. For reasons already stated we decline entering into any examination as to the extent of Mr. Smith's guilt or innocence, nor shall we deviate from our accustomed rule next week, when we shall give a memoir of his life, and a fac-simile of his hand-writing in the last letter he ever wrote. This week we present a view of the Chapel, and the House in which he resided, at Demerara, and we doubt not they will prove acceptable to all our readers.

The colony of Demerara, to which Mr. Smith was sent out a missionary, in December, 1816, is situated in Dutch Guiana, on the east coast of South America. It is bounded on the east by the colony of Berbice, and on the west by that of Essequibo. For about 20 miles inland, along the banks of the river Demerara, the country consists of extensive meadows Plantations, chiefly of sugar, coffee, and cotton, are regularly ranged on each side of the river. The culture of rice has also been introduced. The river, which is about two miles in breadth at its mouth, affords an excellent harbour for ships; but a bar prevents the sailing of large ships up the river, which, however, is

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navigable for smaller vessels nearly 100 miles. The population of the united colony of Demerara and Essequibo is estimated as follows:—

Whites, (among whom there are probably not more than 150 ladies,) about	3,000
Free blacks, and coloured people, about	3,000
Slaves	72,000
Total,	78,000

The mission to Demerara was undertaken by the London Missionary Society in the year 1808, in consequence of an application of Mr. Post, a respectable Dutch planter, who possessed the estate called Le Resouvenir, situated about eight miles from the principal town, then called Staarbrook, but now George Town.—On this estate stand the Chapel and dwelling of the late Mr. Smith, surrounded by colonial scenery, as represented in the prefixed engraving.

Prior to the establishment of this mission, Mr. Post had taken much laudable pains with his slaves, and for a considerable time he kept a schoolmaster purposely to instruct them. The directors of the Missionary Society, having some knowledge of these circumstances, considered his application for a missionary as a call, which they durst not disregard. They accordingly sent out Mr. John Wray, who, on his arrival, was received by Mr. Post with true christian hospitality.

Mr. Wray immediately entered upon his work, and found the poor Negroes very ready and willing to hear sermons, so that additional seats were, from week to week, provided for their accommodation. The congregation increased so much, that it was soon found necessary to build a Chapel, which was opened Sept. 11, 1808. About 700 people assembled, and Mr. Wray preached from Luke xix. 9. "This day is salvation come to this house." This Chapel was erected chiefly at the expense of Mr. Post, who laid out for the place of worship, and the minister's House, more than *a thousand pounds!*—a noble example of liberality! This good man, who did not live long to enjoy the pleasure of witnessing the increasing fruits of his labours, died on the 23rd of April, 1809; and within the building, at the west end, a stone, bearing a suitable inscription, has been erected to his memory.

The Chapel itself, in which a gallery has lately been erected, like all other buildings in the colony, is entirely of wood. It is 70 feet long, and, in the widest part, about 50 broad, but in the narrowest not more than 40. Its exact shape cannot easily be described. It is neither round nor octagonal, neither square nor a parallelogram. The pulpit is at the east end. There is only one glass window, and this is small, and so situated, that the light it admits is thrown on the top of the sounding-board, on which account it is rendered nearly useless. The other windows, which resemble Venetian blinds, but are much longer, the colonists call *jeloucies*. They do not open and shut like windows, but merely turn up and down, as blinds are turned to admit the light or exclude the sun. Hence, when rain descends during the service, the *jeloucies* are shut, and both minister and congregation are nearly in the dark. The situation of the Chapel is in a populous district, being surrounded with plantations containing multitudes of slaves. Extending along the coast eastward about four miles, and just about the same distance in a westwardly direction, the enslaved negroes belonging to the different plantations have been estimated at 10,000, of whom the greater number were permitted to attend public worship.

Those who compose the congregations present a motley appearance. Some of the free black girls come to the Chapel in fine white lace veils and silk stockings, with a reticule to hold their pocket handkerchiefs, and their fingers sparkling with gold and diamond rings. Many of the slaves, on the contrary, come almost naked.

The attention of the blacks to religious instruction, and its happy influence on their hearts and lives, were such as to encourage the directors to send another missionary, Mr. John Davies, who settled at George Town, and built a Chapel there. He was afterwards joined by Mr. Elliot, who had previously laboured in the island of Tobago, and who has built a second Chapel in George Town, and also recently erected another on the west coast of the Demerara river. Both the congregations are large. The members of the churches diligently employ themselves in the instruction of others, by teaching them the catechism. The scriptures are highly valued, and read by many. Auxiliary missionary societies have been established at all the Chapels, and considerable sums cheerfully contributed by the slaves, from their scanty pittances, for the general cause of missions.

In the year 1813, Mr. Wray having received an invitation from some gentlemen, who had the management of the crown estates in the neighbouring colony of Berbice, removed from Demerara, with the consent of the directors, to establish a

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mission there, and has since built a Chapel at New Amsterdam.

Mr. Smith, whose melancholy fate we have had to record, succeeded Mr. Wray at Resouvenir, where he continued his ministerial labours with the most encouraging prospect of success, until the late revolt among the slaves, the consequence of which cost him his life. In the course of two years he baptized about one hundred and eighty adults, and his congregations were large and attentive.

A SONG OF A FINE SCOT, OR "JOCKIE IS GROWN A GENTLEMAN."

(To the Editor of the Mirror.

SIR,—In the course of some researches which I have lately made, amongst a splendid collection of the invaluable, literary treasures of this country, I found the following version of the ballad "*Jockie is grown a Gentleman*," published in your 84th Number, from Collet's Relics of Literature. It differs much from your copy, and as I conceive from the language, as well as the place in which I met with it, that it is perhaps more likely to be from *the original* than *that given by Collet*, who, by the way, gives *no authority for his ballad*, I have sent it to you; if on perusal you think the subject worth a second reflection in your MIRROR, it is at your service. The thing itself is trifling, but I think in all matters which refer to the political and popular feelings of past ages, we should be as correct as possible,—the proper alternative is to be silent.

The ballad I send you is extracted "*verbatim et literatim*" from the MS. diary of a Mr. John Sanderson, an English merchant, who, in the reign of Elizabeth, resided for many years in the east, as factor for the Turkey Company; he returned to England in 1602, and his diary, which embraces a period of fifty years, 1560 to 1610, is an interesting compendium of amusement and information, and is preserved among the Lansdown MSS. in the British Museum; it is chiefly in his own hand writing, and contains a little of every thing, and there are some very pretty touches of poetic feeling interspersed. At the top of the leaf which contains the ballad, he has written, "*A Songe of a fine Skott, given me by Sir H. Boyer.*"—This, from its place in the MS., was probably in 1607, but there is no date on the page.

May I, while I am thus trespassing, express a wish for you to suggest to your correspondents *T. A. C. p.* 292, *No.* 82, and *W. F. p.* 325, *No.* 84, that if they will take the trouble of looking to Bishop Milner's elaborate History of Winchester, in 4to., or to Ball's Historic Guide and Descriptive Walks through that royal and ancient City, published in 8vo., 1818, they will find all their doubts as to the place of interment of the glorious Alfred, solved upon authorities that are unimpeachable, without being necessitated to rely upon the questionable statements of Biographical Dictionaries, some of which, like other works of a general nature, frequently advance matters incapable of authentication.

I am, &c. C. H.

June 1, 1824.

"A SONGE OF A FINE SKOTT.

"How now Joky---whither awaye?---a wourde or twoe, I pray thee staye---
For thow arte in thy rich araye---moste like a gallant freshe and gaye.
By my Fay---and by Saint Ann,
Joky will prove a Gentillman.

"The Showes thow had on, when thow went to Plowe, was made of the Hide of some oulde Cowe,
Is turn'd to Spanish Leather nowe---bedect with Roses I knowe not howe.
By my Fay, &c.

"Thy Stockinges made of the Northern hewe---which scarce cost xijd. beinge newe,
Is turned nowe to Silken blewe---which semeth strainge untoe my vewe.
By my Fay, &c.

"Thy Garters made of the List full graye---which yow from the Taylor didst stele eche daye,
Is turned nowe to Silke full gaye---with Tassells of Gould and Silver I saye.
By my Fay, &c.

"Thy Hose and thy Dublett, which were full playne---whereof great store of Lice contayne,
Is turned nowe, well fare thy braine---that can by begginge, this maintayne.
By my Fay, &c.

"Thy Jerkin made of the Northern Gray--which thow hast wore this manie a daye,
Is turned nowe to Spruce fuil gay---more sweeter than the Flowers in Maye.
By my Fay, &c.

"Thy Gerdill madeof the whitt-lether-whange---which thow hast wore God knows how lange,
Is turned nowe to Velvett strange, imbrathered with Gould and Pearles amange.
By my Fay, &c.

"Thy Band, which thou didst use to weare---which scarce was washed iii times a yeare,
Is turned nowe to Cambricke clere---with broad Bone Lace up to the Eare.
By my Fay, &c.

"Thy blew Bonnet when thou came hether---which kept thy Pate from winde and wether,
Is throwne away, and who can tell whether---And thou arte in thy Bonnet and Fether.
By my Fay, &c.

"The Breakfast thow gott every daye---was but Pease bread and kele full graye,
Is turned nowe to chere full gaye---serv'd to thy Tabel in rich araye.
By my Fay, &c.

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" Thy Diner thow gott at xii a clock---for wante
of Meate went twise to the Pott,
Is turned nowe---most happie lott---that such
good luck lighth on a Skott.
By my Fay, &c

" When Super time did come at night---yow
wente to bedd with Stomach lighte
But nowe a second course in sighte---is seene
appon thy Table righte.
By my Fay, &c.

" Butt yf this happ doe still indure---Inglande
att lengthe will growe full poore,
Therefore, good Kinge, graunt them no more---
for itt afflicts thy subjects sore.
Yf this be trewe---by Sweet St. Ann,
Joky will be noe Gentillman."

ON VEGETABLE REVIVIFICATION.

(For the Mirror.)

In the 77th and 80th Numbers of the Mirror, some cases of "Animal Revivification" were inserted; by way of sequel, the following instances are now given to show the existence of a similar property in vegetables.

The *byssus* is possessed of this property in an eminent degree. It is that green-matted, fibrous substance, which is seen to cover the surface of stagnant water, and, by an inattentive observer, may not unfrequently be taken for the aquatic lentil, commonly called *duck-weed*, from which, however, it materially differs. It consists of an immense variety of fibres possessing neither roots, nor leaves, nor any regular structure, but shooting forth in all directions, and so strongly intermingled with each other, as to form a compact matting, which, although it may be torn asunder, no art can disentangle. It is not only capable of propagation by the most minute fragments, however rudely detached, but it also retains the principle of revivification for years together when in a desiccate state. If the water in which the *byssus* is found be withdrawn from it,—dried, shrivelled up, and broken into innumerable fragments, it appears utterly destroyed: suffer, however, the water to be replaced, it speedily resumes its former healthful appearance, nor can any lapse of time deprive it of this property.

The *tremella*, although its history is not so well understood as is that of the *byssus*, is classed as a variety of the latter, which it in many particulars resembles. Some writers, however, from its fibres admitting of a great diversity of movements, seemingly spontaneous, have been induced to refer it rather to the class of animal, than of vegetable, existence. It is considered to possess the principle of revivification equally with the *byssus*; and may, probably, be not inaptly deemed a link of that chain which so intimately connects the animal with the vegetable kingdom.

The *lichen* is another class of vegetables, which, although bearing seed, will admit of being propagated also by small fragments of the leaves. These fragments retain their vegetative power in a dry state for a very considerable period; and being scattered by the winds, are abundantly deposited upon every substance calculated to promote their growth. To the multiplicity of minute plants, thus produced, which individually elude the naked eye, is that discolouration so perceptible on trees, walls, and other objects, attributable.

Another kind of vegetable production to which we shall refer, is that commonly called *mouldiness*, which is found in great profusion on certain decaying substances. This vegetable appears to be endowed with the power of propagating itself more universally, and by maturing its growth more rapidly, than, perhaps, any other substance in nature. A seed will spring up and perfect itself in less than three days; and it has been computed that from one single seed in this short space of time, one million of seeds are produced. So indestructible is the vegetative quality of these seeds, that they have been found to retain that principle, after having been experimentally exposed to a strong degree of heat, by being roasted over red-hot coals.

A most extraordinary power of vegetable revivification has been attributed to *the rose of Jericho;* but, as we are not possessed of details sufficiently accurate to enter into a description of this production, we may, perhaps, be allowed to solicit an account of it from some one of the intelligent correspondents of the Mirror, who, with the ability, may possess the inclination to devote a short portion of his lucubrations to a subject which, though comparatively trifling, is not the less calculated to lead the mind through nature up to nature's God.

May 21, 1824. Liolett.

ARITHMETIC.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

Sir,—In your interesting account of Arithmetic, you observe that the inventor of decimals is unknown, and you also mention Regiomontanus to be the man who first used them; permit me to inform you, that I have the authority of a very old standard work to say, that Johannes Regiomontanus was the first inventor as well as user of decimals,

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which he employed in the room of sexagesimals, in the construction of his tables, &c. A. D. 1464; that our countryman Bucklæus was the next who used them, but that the first who wrote an express treatise on decimals, was Stevinus, in the year of our Lord, 1580. I beg pardon for taking up so much of your room, but my wishing to afford every information in my power will, I hope, plead the excuse of LECTOR SPECULI.

ON THE DEATH OF A BLOOMING GIRL TWENTY YEARS OF AGE.

ALL sounds of Music, Mirth, or Harmony,
Have ceased to dwell upon the list'ning ear:
Within those walls, dull Melancholy hath
Usurp'd the seat of joyous greeting, all
There is silent gloom and sadness.
The lyre, whose strings were wont to tremble 'neath
Her snowy fingers, and swell to rapture
By her touch in sweet, delicious concord,
Alas! now silent, yet more eloquent
Than all the rhet'ric of pedant schools
Proclaims th' eternal absence of---CHARLOTTE.
Behold, yon tow'ring oak, amid the blast
Of many a hurricane hath stood
Proudly erect, now bow'd beneath the shock
That tore his lovely acorn from its bed,
It is her Father.---See again, that form
In melancholy clad, pensive she sits,
Nor seems to know ought else but sorrow.
'Tis *deep*, tho' *still*, alas! no voice so sweet
As that which vibrates in her list'ning ear
Can e'er restore her lost, her envied happiness.
Her form and visage now seem bending o'er
The recollection of her darling child:
She is the mother of that fair one---*Death*
Hath robbed her of her only comfort. T. W. W.

SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

For the Mirror.)

MR. EDITOR,—A constant reader of the MIRROR wishes to know, where he can obtain an account of the ancestors of Sir John Hawkins, the great Admiral. I should recommend him to search "Prince's Worthies of Devonshire,"—"Polwhele's History of Devonshire,"—and "Tenures and Titles by which Estates were anciently held in England," which was written in French; and a translation of it, with a Commentary, form the first book of Coke's "Institutes." The author was Sir Thomas Littleton, an English lawyer and judge, who flourished in the fifteenth century, eldest son of Thomas Westcote, Esq. of Devonshire, by the heiress of Littleton, of Frankley, in Worcestershire, whose name he assumed. Sir John Hawkins was born at Plymouth, in 1520, (therefore some trace may be found in the above works) he is said to have been the first person who set on foot the infamous traffic in slaves, which at that period, does not seem to have militated against the feelings of the most enlightened and humane of our countrymen—he even bore the badge of this wicked trade in a crest of arms granted him by patent, consisting of a "*demi-moor in his proper colour, bound with a cord.*" In 1588, he was appointed Rear-Admiral, on-board the Victory, to confront the famous Armada. He died in 1595, it is said of vexation, on account of an unsuccessful attempt on the enemies' possessions in the West Indies and the Canaries. He possessed great courage, and was much beloved by his seamen, to whom he was extremely affable. He left a son, who was brought up to a maritime life, and distinguished himself in the action against the Spanish Armada. He died in 1622, as he was attending on business in the privy council.—See also *Campbell's Lives of the Admirals.* P. T. W.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

(For the Mirror.)

As the Man in the Moon,
On a dull afternoon,
Lay dozing in his elbow-chair;
A noise at the door,
Shook the roof and the floor,
And set the whole house on a stare.

Cried he to his wife,
"As sure as life,
Those thieves from old Mars would come in
To plunder the house,
So go my dear spouse,
And fetch out that bottle of gin.

"Let's all have a drop,
Our courage to prop,
Before we begin to resist
Those vagabond foes,
And then, by Old Jo'es,
We'll shew them the use of a fist.

"But make fast the lock,
Then thy ear just cock
To the key-hole, (but mind you're not seen,)
And give me to know,
In a minute or so,
Where you think that the caitiffs have been."

On tip-toe she hied,
And her ear applied
(Such ladies may often be seen,
When they'd get at the root
Of a secret on foot,
At the risk of each bone in their skin.)

But not satisfied
With list'ning, she spied
Through a crevice beside the door post
When she saw a grim figure,
Tall, ghastly, and meager,
And scream'd out, "By jingo, a GHOST!"

This made the brats squall---
The old ones to bawl---
Loud enough to be heard at the Nore;
Till with a dread knock,
Off flew the old lock,
And smack on the ground came the door:

When a stranger stalked in
With a horrible grin,
Like that which old Milton describes
And ask'd, "What's the matter
Why make all this clatter?
Come, be not so free with your gibes;

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" Assuage your alarm,
I mean you no harm,
But would give you a word of advice,
Which, if you could take,
A fortune you'd make,
As some have below in a trice.

" You must know that on earth
There was a great dearth,
Of what is there called moon-light,
And folks would remark,
' To be left in the dark
For a week in each month is not right:

" We'll try, if we can,
To hit on a plan,
That shall this inconvenience remove,
By having a light
That will shine *ev'ry* night,
In lieu of that dull thing above.'

" In profound consultation
They assembled one nation
In all its great cities *en masse:*
When men of invention
Declar'd their intention,
To light up old *Terra* with gas."

This was no sooner said,
With a nod of the head,
Then the *Old One* began to look glum.
" With GAS, Sir," said he;
" What the deuce can that be:"
But the stranger on this head was mum.

" Why, you only thus joke,—
'Tis a *bottle of smoke;*
There's naught that can equal a Moon
To be sure it is worn,
And, in some places, torn,
With the scrubbing it gets every noon:

" Yet, to lighten your mazes,
I've turn'd all the phases
That have any locker left on;
But as to its blotches—
Its bulges, and notches,
Why, all things will have them when gone.

" I can swear that I have
Ever work'd like a slave,
And worn off my fingers each nail,
In making it shine,
And, I thought, to look fine;
But to please *all* we're sure to fail.

" As I can't satisfy,
Then let them just try
This gas-light, whatever it be:
I shall have the same wages
As I've had for these ages;
So, therefore, 'tis nothing to me!"

" This may be all true,
And nothing to you,"
Said the stranger, " how things go below;
Yet, of this I am sure
(And my motive is pure)
You're to blame if you let them be so."

" So he is," said the wife;—
" The quarrel and strife
We've had 'bout that clumsy machine;—
The thrashings *I've* had,—
The lass, and the lad,
Have made us asham'd to be seen.

" We've endur'd quite enough
Of usage so rough,
And *will not* go on in this way
And if our friend Gas
Can his scheme bring to pass,
To do it we'll not lose a day."

" I am sure I can,'
Replied the wise man,
" In a twelvemonth or so from this date;
And as certain it would
Be of infinite good,
If you do not delay till too late

" Well, do as you will,
I'll not pay the bill,"
Said the old one, " however it end:
Invent what you please,
I'll sit at my ease,—
To meddle will never pretend."

'Twas left to these two
The job to get through
Of producing perpetual light;
But some have a notion
This *perpetual motion*
Will end in perpetual night:

And we must not wonder,
If by some strange blunder,
They blow up themselves and the place,
And send the moon twirling,
And this world a-whirling,
Like comets through infinite space:

Till the sulphur and gas
Blend the both in one mass,
And run foul of some other world;
When, in wild conflagration,
This beauteous creation
To chaos again shall be hurl'd!

Now all those who fear
May-day the next year,
Should Parl'ament humbly petition,
To stop this mad plan,
As soon as it can,
By prompt and wise interposition.

INCOMPRE.

THE TONGA LEANDER;

A ROMANTIC STORY.

THERE is a cavern in the island of Hoonga, one of the Tonga islands, in the South Pacific Ocean, which can only be entered by diving into the sea, and has no other light than what is reflected from the bottom of the water. A young chief discovered it accidentally while diving after a turtle, and the use which he made of his discovery will probably be sung in more than one European language, so beautifully is it adapted for a tale in verse.

There was a tyrannical governor at Vavaoo, against whom one of the chiefs formed a plan of insurrection; it was betrayed, and the chief, with all his family and kin, was ordered to be destroyed. He had a beautiful daughter, betrothed to a chief of high rank, and she also was included in the sentence. The youth who had found the cavern, and had kept this secret to himself, loved this damsel; he told her the danger in time, and persuaded her to trust herself to him. They got into a canoe; the place of her retreat was described to her on the way to it,—there women swim like mermaids,—she dived after him, and rose in the cavern; in the widest part it is about fifty feet, and its medium height is guessed at the same; the roof hung with stalactites. Here he brought her the choicest food, the finest clothing, mats for her bed, and sandal-wood oil to perfume herself; here he visited her as often as was consistent

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with prudence; and here, as may be imagined, this Tonga Leander, wooed and won the maid, whom, to make the interest complete, he had long loved in secret, when he had no hope. Meantime he prepared, with all his dependants, male and female, to emigrate in secret to the Fiji islands. The intention was so well concealed, that they embarked in safety, and his people asked him, at the point of their departure, if he would not take with him a Tonga wife; and accordingly, to their great astonishment, having steered close to a rock, he desired them to wait while he went into the sea to fetch her; jumped overboard, and just as they were beginning to be seriously alarmed, at his long disappearance, he rose with his mistress from the water.

This story is not deficient in that which all such stories should have, to be perfectly delightful,—a fortunate conclusion. The party remained at the Fijis till the oppressor died, and then returned to Vavaoo, where they long enjoyed a tranquil and happy life. A Poem, "The Ocean Cavern," has been founded on this story.

M. N.

LINES

Said to have been written by a Lady to her Lord, soon after his quitting England.

STILL, still away, my Edgar, still
Absent from her, thy wedded love?
Oh! when wilt thou again fulfil
Those hopes that none but lovers prove.

What say I? absence may have changed
The generous feelings of thy soul;
Thou may'st from fair to fair have ranged,—
Can love seduction's lure control?

"Can it?" methinks I hear thee cry,
"Not oft in Man—in Woman ne'er:
It is but flattery, swear, and sigh—
And whose is then the flower so fair?

"'Tis thine—'tis mine—'tis his, and now
Her smiles some other eye may meet;
Affection gilds, as wont, her brow;
What sways her bosom? dark Deceit."

Forbear, dear Edgar, oh! forbear,
I feel thy satire—own it true,
For thou *hast* been deceived—yet spare
Nor lash the many for the few.

There *have* been—*may* be—*are*, who smile
Upon the man that most they hate,
With sighs and looks of love beguile
His fears, deceive—and call it—Fate.*

Yes—there *are* such, but 'tis not those
That own the sacred name of wife;
Still pure, for ever, ever flows,
Unsullied flows *their* stream of life.

The mistress, whom but Passion binds
At Passion's call may faithless prove,
But she enchained by Hymen finds
In one alone an equal love.

Then haste thee to thy wife's fond arms,
Haste, haste, forego the wreath of fame—
Still strong her love, if faint her charms,
And Delia lisps her father's name.

* But when weak woman goes astray
The stars are more in fault than they.
Pope's Rape of the Lock.

Tempt, tempt no more the watery plain,
No more to distant regions roam;
But, seek thy native fields again,
Thy wife, thy daughter, and thy home.

ALPHEUS.

FASHIONABLE BLINDNESS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

MR. EDITOR,—I am not averse to the good folks of the present age, paying due attention to fashion; but, when it is carried to an extravagant degree, it makes me exclaim, *O, tempora O, mores.* Zimmermann says, "Folly sways the sceptre of the world, and all, more or less, wear her livery, her fools' caps, and the insignia of her order." So I thought the other day, when I observed a friend of mine, with a quizzing-glass dangling before him; not for the purpose of remedying a defect in the organs of vision, but because he considered it fashionable. I lately met with the following lines, on the subject which, perhaps, may amuse some of your numerous readers:—

Our fashionable belles and beaux,
With all their sight entire,
Stick up a glass before their nose,
And each becomes a *spier.*
Hail, times! hail, ton! hail, taste refined
Which make e'en failings please,
And finds a joy in being *blind*
To every thing one sees.

Borough, June 1, 1824.

S. W.

BALLOONS.

BALLOONING has got into bad hands—no one adventures for the purposes of science, but to get money, hence, with the exception of using common gas, there has been no improvement. An intrepid, but unskilful adventurer, Mr. Harris, who had the additional folly to take up with him a romantic maid-of-all-work, has, within the last fortnight, been killed in ballooning. A more successful adventure followed, that of Mr. Graham, on Wednesday the 2nd inst. He is so uxorious, that he even took his wife with him; and after travelling, from White Conduit House, a distance of forty miles, landed safely at Cuckfield, in Sussex, performing the same in one hour and forty minutes.

In No. 47 of the MIRROR, we gave some account of Balloons and Parachutes, and the following particulars from the *Percy Anecdotes* will now be read with interest:—

During the darkness of the middle ages, every one at all distinguished by his knowledge in physics, was generally reputed to have attained the power of flying in the air; this idea, however, which men of the first genius had once entertained,

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appears to have gradually descended to a lower class of projectors, many of whom perished in their unskilful attempts.

We need not, however, remark on the extravagant projectors of former times, since, so late as the year 1755, and not long before the invention of balloons, a very fanciful scheme, for navigating the atmosphere, yet on the grandest scale, was made public by Joseph Galien, a Dominican friar, and professor of philosophy and theology at Avignon. This visionary proposed to collect the fine, diffuse air of the higher regions where hail is formed, above the summit of the loftiest mountains, and to enclose it in a bag of a cubical shape, and of the most enormous dimensions, extending a mile every way, and composed of the thickest sail cloth.—With such a vast machine, far outrivalling in boldness and magnitude the ark of Noah, it would be possible he thought to transport a whole army, and all their munitions of war!

The principles on which a balloon could be constructed had long been known to men of science; but to reduce these principles to complete effect, was still an enterprise of the most dazzling kind. This triumph over matter was at length achieved by the skill and perseverance of Stephen and Joseph Montgolfier, sons of the proprietor of an extensive paper manufactory at Annonay. The two brothers had long contemplated the project, and after some experiments, the first public ascent of a balloon was exhibited at their native town, on the 5th of June, 1783, amidst a very large concourse of spectators. They afterwards constructed a balloon on a larger scale at Paris. It reached the height of one thousand five hundred feet, where it appeared for a while suspended; but in eight minutes dropped to the ground, two miles from Paris. A sheep, a cock, and a duck, which had been put into the basket, the first animals ever carried up into the air, were found perfectly safe and unhurt by the journey: the sheep was even feeding at perfect ease.

The first aërial voyage ever made by man, was on the 21st of November, 1783, when Pilatre de Rozier, a young naturalist of great promise, and full of ardour and courage, accompanied by the Marquess d'Arlandes, a major of infantry, who volunteered to accompany him, ascended from the Chateau de Muette, belonging to the Court of the Dauphin. About two o'clock the machine was launched, and it mounted with a steady and majestic pace. Wonder, mingled with anxiety, was depicted in every countenance; but, when from their lofty station in the sky the navigators calmly waved their hats, and saluted the spectators below, a general shout of acclamation burst forth on all sides. As they rose much higher, however, they were no longer discernible by the naked eye; they

> . . . . . In the surging smoke
> Uplifted spurn the ground; thence many a league,
> As in a cloudy chair ascending, ride,
> Audacious.

This balloon soared to an elevation of more than three thousand feet, and traversed by a circuitous route the whole of Paris, whose gay inhabitants were all absorbed in admiration and amazement.—The daring aëronauts, after a journey of twenty-four or twenty-five minutes, in which they described a track of six miles, safely alighted beyond the Boulevards.

Such was the prosperous issue of the first aërial navigation ever performed by mortals. It was a conquest of science which all the world could understand; and it flattered extremely the national vanity of the French, who hailed its splendid progress, and enjoyed the honour of their triumph

Other experiments were now made in rapid succession, in which Messrs. Chas. and Robert Montgolfier, Andreani, Blanchard, Rozier, Proust, the Duke of Orleans, (Egalité), and Guyton Morveau, were the adventurers; some of whom soared to the immense height of thirteen thousand feet.

But the aërial voyage the most remarkable for its duration and adventures, was performed on the 18th of June, 1786, by M. Testu, in a balloon constructed by himself, furnished with auxiliary wings, filled as usual with hydrogen gas. He ascended at four o'clock P.M. and after reaching the height of three thousand feet, he softly alighted on a corn-field, in the plain of Montmorency; and without leaving the car, began to collect a few stones for ballast, when he was surrounded by the proprietor of the field and a troop of peasants, who insisted on being indemnified for the damage he had occasioned. Anxious now to disengage himself, and persuading them that his wings being broken, he was wholly at their mercy; they seized the stay of the balloon, which floated at some height, and dragged their prisoner through the air in a sort of triumph to the village; but M. Testu suddenly cut the cord, and took an abrupt leave of the clamorous and mortified peasants, and rose to the height of two thousand four hundred feet. He now heard the blast of a horn, and descried huntsmen below in full chase. Curious to witness the sport, he pulled the valve and de-

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ascended at eight o'clock between Etouen and Varville, when he set himself to gather some ballast. While he was thus occupied, the hunters galloped up to him. He mounted a third time, and passed through a dense body of clouds, in which thunder followed lightning in quick succession: but he

> With fresh alacrity and force renewed,
> Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire,
> Into the wild expanse; and through the shock
> Of fighting elements, on all sides round
> Environ'd, wings his way.

At half-past nine o'clock, when the sun had finally set, M. Testu was traversing the air at an altitude of three thousand feet. He was now quickly involved in darkness, and in the thickest mass of thunder clouds. The lightnings flashed on all sides, the cloud claps were incessant, and snow and sleet fell all around him. In this tremendous situation, the intrepid adventurer remained the space of three hours, the time during which the storm lasted. A calm at last succeeding, he had the pleasure to see the stars, and embraced this opportunity to take some refreshment. At half-past two o'clock the day broke in; but his ballast being nearly gone, and the balloon again dry and much elevated, he resolved to descend to the earth, and ascertain to what period he had been carried. At a quarter before four o'clock, having already seen the sun rise, he safely alighted near the village of Campreni, about sixty-three miles from Paris.

Almost the only useful purpose to which balloons have hitherto been applied with success, had for its object that of military *reconnoissance*; and in the early period of the French revolution, they were frequently used for that purpose with considerable advantage.

Select Biography.

No. X.

THE MARQUIS OF WORCESTER.

In the 49th Number of the Mirror, there is an interesting account of the discovery of the steam-engine, illustrated with a curious engraving, and necessarily connecting the Marquis of Worcester with the invention, as the individual to whom "this wonderful machine has generally been ascribed." The following article, devoted to that celebrated man, may not, therefore, be uninteresting.

Collins traces this ancient house to Geoffrey Plantagenet, Earl of Anjou, son of Foulk, king of Jerusalem, by Maud, the empress, his wife, daughter of Henry I. Edmonds says, "This illustrious family, whose blood has flown through the veins of kings, dukes, marquises, and earls, for more than 700 years, is lineally descended from John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, who gave the surname of Beaufort to all his children, by Catharine Swinford, (whom he afterwards married, and legitimated her children,) from the Castle of Beaufort, in Anjou, the place of their nativity. The present surname of Beaufort was assumed by Charles, natural son of Henry Beaufort, duke of Somerset, in whose brother Edmund, his successor, beheaded May 7, 1741, terminated the legitimate issue of John of Gaunt. This Charles Somerset was created Earl of Worcester by Henry VIII. in 1514. Charles I. created Henry, the fifth earl, Marquis of Worcester, in 1642; and Henry, the third marquis, was created Duke of Beaufort by Charles II., in 1682."

Edward Somerset, marquis of Worcester, but better known under the title of the earl of Glamorgan, enjoyed the confidence of Charles I., by whom he was employed on several very delicate and important state matters. But this nobleman is still more celebrated as a philosopher than a statesman, he having, in 1663, published a pamphlet, entitled, "A Century of the Names and Scantlings of Inventions, &c." To this work, which contains evident marks of the most extensive genius, or at least to the hints contained in it, we are thought to be indebted for the steam-engine, &c. of the present day. In the dedication of this work to the members of both houses of parliament, he informs them, that he had already sacrificed ten thousand pounds in his experiment, a sum so large as to astonish all readers, who are acquainted with the poverty to which he was reduced by the profuse assistance he (and his father before him) had rendered to the royal cause. This account, however, is cleared up by the following letter, from which we may conclude that he raised a considerable sum from his friends and others, by dividing his project into joint shares. It is addressed to Christopher Copley, Esq., a colonel in the army of the north, under General Fairfax. On the back is written, in Col. Copley's hand, "My Lord of Worcester's letter about my share in his engine."

"Dear Friend,—I knowe not with what face to desire a curtesie from you, since I have not yet payed you the five powndes, and the mayne businesse soe long protracted, whereby my reality and kindnesse should with thankfullnesse appeare; for though the least I intende you

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is to make up the somme already promised to a thousand pownds yearly, or a share ammounting to four more, which, to nominate before the perfection of the woorke, were but an *individuum vagum;* and, therefore, I deferre it, and upon noe other score. Yet in this interim, my disappointments are soe great, as that I am forced to begge, if you could possible, eyther to helpe me with tenne pownds to this bearer, or to make use of the coache, and to go to Mr. Clerke, and if he could this day helpe me to fifty pownds, then to paye your selfe the five pownds I owe you out of them. Eyther of these will infinitely oblige me. The alderman has taken three days' time to consider of it. Pardon the great trouble I give you, which I doubt not but in time to deserve, by really appearing

'Your most thankfull friend,

"WORCESTER.

"*28th of March*, 1656.

"To my honoured friend, Collonel Christopher Coppley, these."

Such was the pecuniary distress of the ancestor of one of the wealthiest and most noble families in the kingdom. But it is well known that projectors of public works, seldom receive from them that remuneration to which they are most justly entitled. Sir Hugh Middleton was ruined by the New River, wonderfully beneficial as that undertaking has since proved; and, if any one invention were to be pointed out, as that to which Britain is most deeply indebted, it would be the steam-engine. What was the fate of its almost generally allowed inventor, the above letter declares. F. R—Y.

Scientific Amusements.

No. V.

Intoxicating power of Nitrous Oxide Gas.

THOUGH this gas is not fitted to support life, yet it may be respired for a short time, and the effects produced by it upon the animal frame, are its most extraordinary properties. The manner of breathing it is this: put nitrous oxide gas that has been purified by standing over water, into a large bladder, or varnished silk bag, having a wide glass tube, or a stop-cock with a large bore, affixed to its neck. Then, hold the bladder by the tube (closing the mouth of the tube by applying the thumb) in the right hand; close the nostrils with the left hand; expel the air contained in the lungs by a long expiration; and instantly apply the tube of the bladder to the mouth, and breathe the gas from, and into, the bladder as long as possible, which, perhaps, will be about two or three minutes. What effects will be produced? Why, it is impossible to say; for they differ greatly according to the constitutions of the persons by whom the gas is respired. In general, however, they are *highly pleasurable*, and resemble those attendant on the agreeable part of intoxication. "Exquisite sensations of pleasure — an irresistible propensity to laughter—a rapid flow of vivid ideas—singular thrilling in the toes, fingers, and ears—a strong incitement to muscular motion"—are the ordinary feelings produced by it. The celebrated Mr. Wedgewood "after breathing the gas some time, threw the bag from him, and kept breathing on laboriously with an open mouth, holding his nose with his fingers, without power to remove them, though aware of the ludicrousness of his situation; he had a violent inclination to jump over the chairs and tables, and seemed so light, that he thought he was going to fly." What is exceedingly remarkable, is, that the intoxication thus produced, instead of being succeeded by the debility subsequent to intoxication by fermented liquors, does, on the contrary, generally render the person who takes it cheerful and high-spirited for the remainder of the day.

To cause Water to boil on the surface of Ice.

To effect this, first freeze a quantity of water in the bottom of a long glass tube, closed at one end, either by exposure to cold air, or by means of a *freezing mixture;* say equal parts of nitrate of ammonia and water. Then cover the cake of ice by a quantity of water, and hold the tube (without handling the part of it containing the ice) in such a manner over a lamp, that the surface of the water may be heated to the point of boiling: for this, the tube requires to be placed in a diagonal direction, which is such as allows the water at the top of it to be heated, while the ice remains unheated below.

A Metal which bursts into flame when thrown upon cold water.

PLACE a piece of potassium of about two grains' weight, upon cold water in a basin, when it will inflame.

To make Waves of Fire on the surface of Water.

ON a lump of loaf sugar, let fall a few drops of phosphorized ether, and place

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the sugar in a glass of warm water; a very beautiful appearance will be instantly exhibited, and the effect is increased, if the surface of the water is made to undulate, by blowing gently with the breath.

To make Faces and Hands Luminous; so that, in the Dark, they appear as if on Fire.

THOUGH the phosphorized oil and ether are luminous in the dark, yet they have not the power to burn any thing; so that either of them may be rubbed on the face and hands without danger; and the appearance thereby produced is most hideously frightful. All the parts of the face that have been rubbed, appear to be covered with a luminous, bluish flame, and the mouth and eyes appear as black spots. — When the bottles containing phosphorized oil and ether are opened in the dark, light enough to tell the hour on a watch is evolved.—*Chemical Recreations.*

The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM *NEW WORKS.*

THE LEE PENNY.

A NEW Romance, called "The Witch-Finder," from the pen of the author of "The Lollards," "Other Times," and "Calthorpe," has just issued from the press. It contains many singular pictures of the state of the Drama, from the time of Queen Elizabeth to that of Charles the Second; and Lowen, one of the original actors in some of Shakspeare's plays, is a principal character. The veteran is here brought forward as landlord of the sign of *The Three Pigeons*, at Brentford, which house he actually kept during the Protectorate. It, besides, contains some very minute accounts of the proceedings then had recourse to for the purpose of detecting Witches, with a variety of occult information, brought together from different sources. Many romantic facts connected with the history are here in a manner dramatised—such as the compelling a suspected murderer to take the murdered person by the hand—the binding of an association of villains by a bond signed with their own blood—and the horrid mercy of sparing a person condemned, on condition of his becoming the executioner of his friend and brother offender. Among other things, "*The Lee Penny*" is described, and the following facts are stated respecting it, which are really true,—at least those which go to prove the high estimation in which its virtues were held, and which once the people of Newcastle believed could save them from the plague:

"And what," demanded Challoner, "is the *Lee Penny*?"

"It is this which you see," replied Thorpe, exultingly displaying a small, dark, red stone, of a triangular shape, rudely set in a piece of silver, which had once been in circulation as a coin, and which, from the cross and the letters still visible, appeared to have been a shilling of the time of Edward the First.

Challoner examined the *Lee Penny* with some attention, but soon returned it, with a look of surprise and expression of countenance which spoke him reluctant to indulge in any comment on this subject.

"Have you seen it before?" Thorpe inquired.

"I do not know. This is one of those objects which, without any great effort of forgetfulness, might be speedily dismissed from memory."

"Then know, Sir, that this stone has been in the same family for nearly three hundred and forty years."

"Sir, I am too vulgar in my ideas to esteem a worthless man on account of his being of an old family, and I am not more disposed to attach importance to a paltry stone for its antiquity, than to a fellow creature who can boast of nothing but his genealogy."

"But this stone's least claim to notice is that which rests on its age. When Sir Simon Locard, of Lee, carried the heart of King Robert Bruce to the Holy Land, it was his fortune to make a Saracen prisoner on his way. The wife of the prisoner came to ransom him, and while telling over the sum to be paid, this stone fell from a purse of jewels which she carried. The impatient eagerness with which the lady sought to recover it attracted the notice of Sir Simon, who, being a man of great discernment——"

"Perceived all its wonderful virtues at once," said Challoner, sarcastically anticipating the sequel of a narrative which almost provoked, from its extravagance, a mirthful smile even from him.

"I do not state that," said Thorpe, "but Sir Simon saw that great importance was attached to it, and he, therefore, refused to liberate the Saracen unless that stone were handed over to him. The lady expostulated, but in vain, and at length she gave it to the knight, first instructing him in the many virtues which belonged to it."

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"Indeed! and what were they?"

"By dipping this stone into the water from which cattle are permitted to drink, all disease among them will be prevented. It thus most effectually counteracts some of the charms of those who have commerce with the devil, for the purpose of harming their neighbours' property.—Used in the same way, it is, moreover, a sovereign cure for the bite of a mad dog. No words are to be uttered when the stone is dipped, and therefore no mistake can be made."

"I dare say not. And can you really have faith in this nonsense?"

"Nay, if I am imposed upon, it is in very good company. Many have gone wearisome journeys to seek relief from the wonder-working powers of this same stone; nor is the period remote when the inhabitants of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, finding the plague very prevalent in their town, applied to the Laird for the loan of the *Lee Penny*. Their prayer was granted, a large sum of money being deposited in trust for the same, and its powerful effects were soon so visible, that the borrowers would gladly have given a great price for it, if the Laird had been disposed to sell it."

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

SECRETS OF THE MODERN SPANISH INQUISITION.

FERDINAND VII. in his re-appearance on the summit of the Pyrenees, after his exile, might well be compared to a disastrous comet, boding every species of plague to the unhappy Spaniards. He destroyed, in his ingratitude, the constitutional system, to which he was indebted for his personal liberty. Ignorance, superstition, and every kind of feudal abuse, were fostered by him into poisonous vigour. He re-established with alacrity the tribunal of the Holy Office, for no purpose of religion (his character is destitute of it), but, as an instrument of terror and vengeance—as a means of subduing, by the horrors of incarceration, all that was virtuous, liberal, and enlightened. From that fatal moment, not a day passed but some unfortunates were torn from the bosom of their families, to be plunged into the vaults of the Inquisition; and, in some instances, to undergo every refinement in the art of torture. Such was the rage for the finding or making the victims, that the dungeons were speedily crowded. A single accusation at Valencia sufficed for the committal to the Inquisition, of twenty-five individuals, together with the accusing party. At Murcia, the arrest of at least two hundred persons was occasioned by a single charge. At Madrid, at Granada, at St. Jacques, every where, in short, were victims seized upon, without regard to age, sex, condition, or services rendered. A Spanish nobleman (the Count de Montigo) who was immured in the cells of the Holy Office, recovered his liberty only through the Revolution of 1820, the interests of which, however, he subsequently betrayed. Two generals, MM. Torrigo and Almedovar, who had received many wounds during the war for independence—various superior officers, persons belonging to the finance department, priests and monks, women and children, all were hurried away into the same dreadful confinement.

Out of a number of facts which we could cite, the following anecdote, to the authenticity of which we pledge ourselves, may suffice for an example:—Mr. E——, distinguished as a man of letters, and attached to an important branch of the state administration, was arrested and conducted to the Inquisition at Madrid, for having expressed, as was alleged, irreligious opinions; but, in reality, liberal opinions. Moreover, as it was expected to be shewn that these expressions had been uttered in presence of his wife, who had not denounced him to the Holy Office, she was likewise committed to the same dungeon. This unfortunate couple had a young and only child, whom Madame E—— brought with her, and who died in the Inquisition through cold and improper food. The king, who from a dearth of occupation, sometimes took a fancy to prison-sights, chanced to present himself at the door of the cell where the scarcely cold corpse of the child was lying. Madame E—— threw herself at his feet, and with tears implored release from a place, where every thing would inflict on her memory the last agonies of her child. Her youth, beauty, and virtue, the eloquence of her grief, and the force of her despair, moved to pity all who heard her except Ferdinand, who brutally turned away!

We cannot refrain from noting down here the famous mandate of M. Miery Campillo, the Inquisitor-general, which was read in every church in Spain, on the first Sunday in Lent, 1815:—"*His Excellency, the Grand Inquisitor, enjoins all Confessors, under pain of excommunication, to denounce to the Holy Office such persons as may have confessed themselves to belong to the order of Freemasonry!*" Is it possible for baseness

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to proceed farther than this? Yes; several confessors were found to comply with the order of his excellency!! The king took an undisguised part in all these infamies, and appointed judges belonging to the criminal tribunals to aid in the inquisitorial examinations.

With regard to trials like these, it may easily be imagined that contradictions, absurdities, and falsehoods, were their customary foundation. Whether a prisoner denied the pretended crime, or in despair suffered himself to avow it, he was sure to be sent back to his confinement. The only indulgence shewn was to those who were base enough to denounce fresh victims.

Some account remains to be given of the inhuman conduct of the jailors towards the incarcerated on Ferdinand's revival of the Inquisition. What shall we say when we hear the case of an unhappy chaplain, in the regiment of Lorena, whilst in Murcia, who, after a popular commotion had restored him to liberty, took the violent alternative of drowning himself in a well rather than return to the Inquisition? What shall we say when informed, that a young officer of the same regiment was driven to madness and suicide at Valencia? The most complete information, however, with which we can supply our readers on this head, will be a condensed account of what has been communicated to us by a patriotic magistrate, who was shut up during fifteen months in the Inquisition at Valencia, and is at this moment in London.

M. G—— was arrested the 27th or January, 1819, whilst in bed, at two o'clock in the morning. His papers were sealed up, and all explanation was withheld. He was conducted to the Inquisition, distant only fifty paces from his house, by endless turnings and windings. When there, he was made to halt suddenly before a little private door. The chief of the escort, a judge of the criminal court, gave a mysterious and preconcerted kind of knock. A jailor presented himself, and demanded, with solemnity of utterance, which was the judge and which the accused. This point ascertained, he took the two in with him, leaving the others outside. The door closed on them, and all was involved in darkness and silence. The jailor, groping along, and without a syllable of speech, conducted his two companions through the intricate labyrinth of corriders, now ascending staircases, and now descending. This course of involutions occupied about twenty minutes. Their conductor suddenly stopped, and clapping thrice with his hands, was answered in like manner from above. Two folding-doors opened with a startling sound, and wide, well-lighted staircase was displayed to view. This brought them to a hall hung with black velvet, having a table in its centre covered with the like sable colour, a silver crucifix, and two candles of green wax. At this table stood two inquisitors, habited in full ceremony—the square cap, the cross of honour, green neck-kerchiefs, and green sleeves. One of these personages was recognised by M. G—— as one of the friends of his boyhood, a fellow-collegian; the other was a man whom he was in the daily habit of seeing, and who had, indeed, discoursed with him but a few hours before in the most amicable way. Neither of them, however, gave him the least sign of recognition, or shewed, either then or in the sequel, the least disposition to soften his state of suffering. They began by gravely chanting forth some verses of the Psalm *Exsurge Dei, &c.* and then demanded of the *criminal* his name and profession. The jailor was thereupon told to *do his duty.* This consisted in conducting M. G—— to a dungeon, eight feet square, (having a grated skylight without glass), and in leaving him there without a candle, or even a pitcher of water. After remaining thus for three days, he was supplied with a wretched mattress and a chair. These formed, during fifteen months, the whole of his furniture. His sustenance was a dish of rice every twenty-four hours, with half-a-pound of brown bread, and, in the mornings, a cup of diluted stuff miscalled chocolate. His jailors, seen only at these periods, always maintained the silence of statues. The light of the day in this living tomb was but of five hours' duration.

On one occasion, the barber who was sent to shave the unfortunate prisoner, contrived to slip into his hands a letter from his wife, together with a pencil and a bit of paper to facilitate a reply. Delighted at this unexpected consolation, M. G—— perused and kissed a thousand times the cherished lines. His reply was soon prepared—but, alas! the Argus-eyed turnkeys had conceived suspicions, the result of which was a discovery, and the consignment of the poor barber to one of the prison-rooms, where he was kept until 1820. His successor in office shewed none of the zeal of pity. After three months' incarceration, M. G—— underwent his first regular examination in the same hall, and with the same ceremony. One of the inquisitors made a sort of opening oration on the justice and

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benignity of the Holy Office (these were wonderfully borne witness to by the livid and haggard countenance of their victim), and proceeded to tell him that the tribunal knew already *the whole*, even to the precise day, place, and hour, when M. G—— had been present, with other accomplices, at a masonic meeting; that it was, consequently, useless to deny it; and that the tribunal, in calling on him now for his confession, desired merely to find a pretext for extending towards him the indulgence allowed to penitents, &c. &c. M. G——, not to be duped by this mode of address, protested openly against it. The addition of menaces and insults could not shake his firmness; and he was taken back to his confinement. Some months afterwards he was again summoned into the same presence, but with the like result; and from that period he was no longer interrogated. Being seized with illness, through the various miseries and horrors of his situation, he several times implored the aid of a physician; but was answered that when his life should be in danger, that would be granted him! When reduced to the extreme of weakness, and no longer able to rise from his mattress, he requested the presence of the inquisitors, and besought them most touchingly for some nourishment of a more wholesome kind, adding that his family would remunerate such attention. "Your family has abandoned you, Sir," replied these impostors; "they will listen to no application on the part of a reprobate; and, as for the tribunal, it has no funds for the amelioration of your treatment!!"

Such a series of infamous usage must inevitably have proved fatal to M. G——, had not these dens of horror been thrown open by the effect of the king's oath to the Constitution on the 9th of March, 1820. The following day brought the decree to Valencia, and the people went *en masse* to burst open the gates of the Inquisition. Half an hour previously, and when the news was already known every where, one of the jailors had the inhuman assurance to tell M. G—— that he, at least, should never escape from his place of lodging!—*New Monthly Magazine.*

THE GHOST.

In all ages, persons of weak intellects have believed in apparitions: yet we may confidently affirm, that stories of ghosts are mistakes, or impositions, and that they may always be detected by a proper exercise of the mental faculty. In all narations of this kind, there is manifestly an endeavour to make the events as supernatural, wonderful, and as well attested as possible, to prevent the suspicion of trick, and to silence all objections which might be made to their credibility. In compliance with this custom, we will recount a story of a ghost, which seems to possess all the desired requisites.

At a town in the west of England, twenty-four persons were accustomed to assemble once a week, to drink, smoke tobacco, and talk politics. Like the academy of Rubens, at Antwerp, each member had his peculiar chair, and the president's was more elevated than the rest. As one of the members had been in a dying state for some time, his chair, whilst he was absent, remained vacant.

When the club met on the usual night, inquiries were naturally made after their associate. As he lived in the adjoining house, a particular friend went to inquire after him, and returned with the melancholy intelligence, that he could not survive the night. This threw a gloom on the company, and all efforts to turn the conversation from the sad subject before them were ineffectual. About midnight the door opened; and the form, in white, of the dying or the dead man, walked into the room, and took his seat in his accustomed chair. There he remained in silence, and in silence was he gazed at. The apparition continued a sufficient time in the chair to assure all who were present of the reality of the vision. At length he arose, and stalked towards the door, which he opened, as if living—went out, and shut the door after him. After a long pause, some one, at last, had the resolution to say, "If only *one* of us had seen this, he would not have been believed; but it is impossible that so many of us can have been deceived." The company, by degrees, recovered their speech, and the whole conversation, as may be imagined, was upon the dreadful object which had engaged their attention. They broke up, and went home. In the morning, inquiry was made after their sick friend. It was answered by an account of his death, which happened nearly about the time of his appearance in the club-room. There could be little doubt before; but, *now*, nothing could be more certain than the reality of the apparition, which had been simultaneously seen by so many persons. It is unnecessary to say, that such a story spread over the country, and found credit even from infidels; for in this case, all reasoning became superfluous, when opposed to a plain fact, attested by three-and-twenty witnesses. To assert the doctrine of the *fixed* laws

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of nature, was ridiculous, when there were so many people of credit to prove that they might be *unfixed*. Years rolled on, and the story was almost forgotten.

One of the club was an apothecary. In the course of his practice, he was called to an old woman, whose business it was to attend sick persons. She told him that she could leave the world with a quiet conscience, *but for one thing*, which lay upon her mind. "Do you not remember Mr. ***, whose ghost has been so much talked of? I was his nurse. On the night of his death, I left his room for something I wanted. I am sure I had not been absent long; but, at my return, I found the bed *without my patient!* He was delirious, and I feared that he had thrown himself out of the window. I was so frightened that I had no power to stir; but, after some time, to my great astonishment, he entered the room, shivering, and his teeth chattering, laid himself down on the bed, and died! Considering my negligence as the cause of his death, I kept this a secret, for fear of what might be done to me. Though I could have contradicted all the story of the ghost, I dared not to do it. I knew, by what had happened, that it was *he himself* who had been in the club-room (perhaps recollecting it was the night of meeting): but I hope God and the poor gentleman's friends will forgive me, and I shall die contented."—*Lady's Magazine.*

Miscellanies.

A LOVE LETTER OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

"*To my right well-beloved cousin, John Paston, Esq. be this letter delivered, &c.*

"Right worshipful and well-beloved Valentine.

"In my most humble wise, I recommend me unto you, &c. And heartily I thank you for the letter, which that ye send me by John Beckerton, whereby I understand and know, that ye be purposed to come to Topcroft in short time, and without any errand or matter, but only to have a conclusion of the matter betwixt my father and you; I would be the most glad of any creature alive, so that the matter may grow to effect. And thereas [whereas] ye say, and [if] ye come and find the matter no more towards you than ye did aforetime, ye would no more put my father and my lady, my mother, to no cost nor business, for that cause a good while after, which causeth my heart to be full heavy; and if that ye come, and the matter take to none effect, then should I be much more sorry, and full of heaviness.

"And as for myself, I have done, and understand in the matter that I can or may, as God knoweth; and I let you plainly understand that my father will no more money part withal in that behalf, but an 100*l.* and five marks, [3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*] which is right far from the acomplishment of your desire.

"Wherefore, if that ye should be content with that good, and my poor person, I would be the merriest maiden on ground; and if ye think not yourself so satisfied, or that ye might have much more good, as I have understood by you afore; good, true, and loving Valentine, that ye take no such labour upon you, as to come more for that matter. But let [what] is, pass, and never more to be spoken of, as I may be your true lover and beadwoman during my life.

"No more unto you at this time, but Almighty Jesu preserve you both body and soul, &c.

"By your Valentine,

"MARGERY BREWS."

"*Topcroft*, 1476-7."

THE BEGGAR OF ALGIERS.

ABOUT the beginning of the last century, a Greek merchant resided at Algiers, who used every year to make a voyage to Tunis, or Egypt, to dispose of the commodities he had purchased from the Moors and the trading ships from Europe. While he continued to carry on this branch of commerce, a countryman of his paid the debt of nature, left him his executor, and, among his legacies, ordered a certain sum of money to be disposed of among the indigent and distressed. One morning, as the merchant was passing through the street, he saw a Moor sitting on a piece of mat, lame, and almost blind Struck with an object that seemed an epitome of human miseries, the Greek listened to his moving tale, and beheld, with a pleasing satisfaction, that this deplorable object employed himself in making thread laces, by which, and the charity of the benevolent, he procured a scanty subsistence. So unusual a sight, where wretchedness and industry were so remarkably blended in the same object, excited the compassion of the merchant, who, with a generous tear of humanity, dropped him a handful of aspers. Astonished at so unexpected an instance of kindness, the beggar followed the merchant on his crutches, calling upon Heaven

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to shower down its choicest blessings on his head. He told all he met how exceedingly bountiful that christian had been to him. Struck with this instance of liberality, the populace joined the cripple in his applauses. This, said they, is indeed an instance of universal benevolence, because extended to a person whose religion is different from his own.

The beggar followed his patron till he discovered the house in which he resided, and took his post for the future in a place where the merchant passed daily by him. Next day the beggar repeated his request, and the merchant his charity. He was persuaded he could not discharge the will of his late friend better than by giving to this distressed object, as it seemed to have a tendency to make the infidels in love with the benevolent tendency of the gospel; he therefore continued his daily benevolence, till the time of his departure for Egypt.

The beggar still kept his post, but, missing his benefactor, he made inquiry after him, and had the mortification to be informed that he was not in the kingdom. Whenever his clerk passed by the beggar, he always lifted up his hands to Heaven, and prayed for his master's safe return which did not happen till near six months after. The beggar expressed his joy at seeing him; but, when the merchant, in return for his kind expressions, was going to repeat his usual benevolence, the cripple declined accepting it, saying it was better to pay him all his arrears at once. Confounded at so strange a refusal, the merchant asked what he meant by arrears? To which the Moor replied, that, as he had been absent near six months, his daily benevolence, which had been omitted during his voyage, now amounted to one hundred and eighty rials, which was the sum he now owed him. The Greek smiled at the impertinent answer of the beggar, and was for some time in doubt whether it merited contempt or chastisement. But, thinking the latter would be considered as cruel by the people, he left him without deigning to return him an answer.

The beggar, however, laid his complaint before the Dey, and the merchant was sent for to make his defence.—The Moor alleged that the merchant, during a whole month, had daily given him a rial, but that his charity had not been thrown away; it had greatly augmented the number of his customers, and proved to him an increasing fund of riches; that so considerable an income had induced him to lay aside his business of making thread laces, which was to him a very painful operation, as he had almost lost his sight; that the merchant went away without giving him the least warning that his pension was to cease, and he had, therefore, constantly kept his post, where he had daily offered up his prayers for his safe return; that, relying on the payment of his pension, he had contracted some debts which he was unable to discharge; and that, when he had demanded his arrears, he had laughed at him, and even threatened to chastise his insolence. The merchant admitted that the account given by the Moor was literally true; but insisted that, alms being a voluntary action, its continuance depended wholly on the donor. After a discussion of the affair in council, the merchant was condemned to pay the beggar a rial for every day since his departure to the time of this decision, with a piaster extraordinary as a recompense for his reproaches. But he was told he was at liberty to declare that his intention was not to give him any alms or gratuity for the time to come. This the merchant many times protested, adding, that such a sentence would not soon be forgotten.

The Gatherer.

'I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."---*Wotton.*

ANECDOTE OF DR. YOUNG.

In the war in Flanders, the celebrated Dr. Young, author of the "Night Thoughts," attended the English army in the quality of almoner. One day, being deeply engaged in reading the tragedies of Eschylus, he entered, in his reverie, the camp of the enemy. He was surprised to find himself seized: he was taken as a spy, and conducted to the general. The Doctor informed him of his name, which he was no stranger to, and told, with the greatest simplicity, the circumstances of his adventure; on which he was received with the greatest distinction, and had soon the liberty of returning to the English camp.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND READERS.

The *Portrait of Lord Byron* which we promised, is just finished, and is an admirable likeness of the illustrious bard. It is engraved on steel, and will be presented *gratuitously* with an early number of the MIRROR as soon as the requisite number of copies can be worked off, which, however, on account of the extent of our circulation, will be three weeks.

The following communications have been received: and many of them will have immediate insertion, and the others will be decided on in a few days:—

Edgar, Taber, H. L., Proteus, Historicus, G. B., M. N., J. M. C., H. B., Neger, Nemo, H. C., George Bland, Criticus, C. Mortimer, &c. &c.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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View in Sierra Leone.

THE recent intelligence from the Gold Coast, as to the defeat of the British troops at Accra, by the Ashantees, has drawn the public attention to our settlements on the coast of Africa, and we have, therefore, determined to give some account of them, and also an interesting view in Sierra Leone, which is remarkable for the colony formed there by the British nation, rather from motives of generosity and philanthropy, than from those of political and commercial advantage. It is traversed by a large river, derived from an unknown source, in the interior, called the Mitomba, or Sierra Leone. The country fully equals in point of fertility and population any other part of Africa, but there is scarcely any principle of unity among the natives, who are divided into several independent tribes. Cultivation has made little progress, unless where introduced by Europeans. It consists, in general, of one vast and almost impenetrable forest, only particular spots of which have been cleared and cultivated. The houses are low, little huts, built with wooden posts fastened in the ground, and thatched with straw: they are moved, without the least difficulty, from place to place. There is a great abundance of the most delicate fruits; and the palm-tree yields a liquor which is eagerly drank, and possesses intoxicating qualities. The woods and mountains are much infested with wild animals, particularly lions.

It was not until towards the close of the 18th century, that the British nation began to turn their attention towards Sierra Leone, with a view towards colonisation, and in order to provide for such negroes as, having been dismissed from the army and navy, found their way to London during the American war. The first colony consisted of 400 blacks and 60 whites, who arrived at Sierra Leone, on the 9th of May, 1787; but it was very unfortunate, for after their numbers had been much reduced by a dreadful mortality, the town which they had raised was plundered by an African Chief, in 1789, and they were dispersed. Such, however, was the zeal felt at home for the civilisation of Africa, that fresh slaves were sent out, the colonists collected together, and an addition of 1,200 free negroes, who had adhered to the loyal standard during the American revolution, and taken refuge in Nova Scotia, were

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sent out to reinforce the infant colony in 1791. In September, 1794, the town was plundered and entirely destroyed by a French squadron, but was afterwards rebuilt, when the African Institution was formed, and since this time it has continued to increase, principally by the negroes, captured on their way to the West Indies; several new towns have been formed, and missionaries sent out.—Freetown is the capital; and, according to the census of 1820, the population of Sierra Leone, exclusive of the military, natives, and Europeans, and their families, was 12,509. It is, however, an affecting circumstance, that notwithstanding all our exertions to civilise Africa, the slave-trade continues to such an extent, that in the year 1819, not less than 60,000 Africans were forced from their country, principally under the colours of France.

ON AERIAL TRAVELLING.

(For the Mirror.)

WHILST one half the metropolis teems with eulogy on the intrepidity displayed by the aeronauts, Mr. and Mrs. Graham, during their late brilliant ascent, the remaining moiety as liberally censure the temerity of these courageous individuals, so indifferent about the precedaneous catastrophe which cost the unfortunate experimentalist, Mr. Harris, his life.

With reference to science, I am but slenderly prepared to venture an opinion; yet, to a common observer, the meager gleanings of atmospheric phenomena usually resulting from such undertakings, seem too unimportant to deserve serious attention. Such adventurers may justly be characterised as the jackalls of more scientific intellect on *terra firma*; the pioneers of a trackless desert, from whose scanty stores a very bare return is found to compensate the peril attached to the enterprise, yet whose observations, though crude and indecisive, may, it is to be hoped, develope some novelties whereon to found useful theories.

I would be far from undervaluing the merit of men, willing to risk their lives in the furtherance of knowledge; but I fear the undertaking aerial voyages resolves itself on ordinary occasions, merely into firmness of nerve and hardihood of temperament.

Yet there are feelings to gratify and notoriety to obtain, which stimulate exertions, however wild and dangerous: the enjoyment of these are, of course, deemed adequate to the danger encountered.

Notwithstanding the editor of the John Bull's joke about the unprecedented fall of Stocks,* I apprehended that unlucky girl would have shuddered at the idea of being *fun-ded*† at the termination of her rash undertaking. Alas! Curiosity, to what grievous dilemmas does it expose us!—How apposite our divine bard's description of the same propensity in the mother of all living.—In her dream, after, in imagination, tasting of the fatal fruit, she says of the tempter—

. . . . . "Forthwith up to the clouds
With him I flew, and underneath beheld
The earth outstretch'd immense, a prospect wide
And various: wond'ring at my flight and change
To this high exaltation; suddenly
My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down
And fell asleep. But, O, how glad I wak'd,
To find this but a dream."

May this imprudent girl's miraculous escape from such imminent danger, effectually dissipate the fumes of a romantic imagination, by turning the current of her thoughts to a rational channel, and rendering her an useful member of society.

Admiration generally rises in proportion to the arduousness of an undertaking, and it is no slight proof of the prevalence of this auxiliary of curiosity, that the collective wisdom of the nation, our senate itself, should be susceptible of an impulse often deridingly ascribed exclusively to the fair sex. I am half inclined to infer, that most of the male descendants of our great primogenitor would compromise their dignity, were they subjected to the test of our first parent; for notwithstanding this dearly-prized sovereignty, they are not infallible, and but *one* act of disobedience is on record to our prejudice, the obloquy of which to this day we have to encounter.

Although aerial travelling must ever be exposed to manifest disadvantages, let us inquire if there appertain no redeeming pleasures—only conceive the delight to a fine woman to engross the exclusive observation of *all* the gay fellows as long as she chooses to remain visible—to know that there are thousands of hearts palpitating with apprehension for her safety—that her return will diffuse indescribable joy, and give her undying celebrity—the superlative rapidity of her course, as it were a comet darting through the hemisphere, the wonder of the age—affording practical instruction to the rising generation of the rotatory motion of our planet, which is epitomised by the whirling action of the air on the vehicle, in its course through that transparent element.

If the pleasure of the spectators is to be

* The name of the female who accompanied Mr. Harris.

† "Found dead," we presume is meant.—*Printer's Incubus.*

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consulted, where, I would ask, is the utility of disappearing from them so speedily, or, indeed, of coveting an elevation beyond what is requisite to preserve the machine from contact with terrestrial inequalities? To the uninitiated, the fact of hovering within view of mortal gaze seems to be the desideratum; and we may reasonably assume, that the pleasure of the voyage must be greatly enhanced, by the microscopic effect of the soil beneath in its varied diversities. The scenery of the clouds we may command on earth, and, perhaps, as satisfactorily as the aeronaut; but, to behold at a glance, during the rapid transit, the varieties of nature unobstructedly, is a species of enjoyment those who have never participated in can scarcely appreciate.

We have yet to contrast this mode of travelling with that in ordinary rides, over which it maintains a vast *ascendency*.—You have not to tolerate those perpetually recurring delays occasioned by changing the cattle, turnpikes, &c.—no tiresome tax is levied by coachmen or guards—you are free from imposition on the part of innkeepers, for the uncomfortable snatches of refreshment they may choose to provide, which, however, unpalatable, you are obliged to discuss with irksome dispatch amidst a heterogeneous assemblage, as diverse in their tastes as in their appearance and manners; and ere you have half finished your uncomfortable meal, comes the not-to-be-questioned-hasty-matter-of-course-summons to resume your journey. Thanks to good roads and an improved system, we can accomplish now-a-days a moderate journey without needing refreshment in the interval it occupies.—All these disagreements are so well known as not to need dilating upon. All things considered, if we further consider the risk of an overturn or set-off against the most serious mischance that can befall the aeronaut, the conveyance of the latter would appear to be the most eligible, provided (and there is much importance in a proviso) the winds could but be rendered subservient to a choice of route, and the degree of ascent mastered with more precision. These impediments once surmounted, there is no doubt an aerial voyage would excite as little alarm in the most apprehensive female bosom as does, in this age of mechanical proficiency, a trip to Ramsgate, or the northern metropolis, in that *rara avis* in *terrâ*, a steam-packet.

June 5, 1824. JANET.

HEILAN HEATHER.

Air, "Roy's Wife."

HEY! for the Heilan hills;
Hey! for the Heilan heather;
Let me see, ere yet I dee,
Heilan hills an' Heilan heather!

Though Nature smiles on Indian isles
Wi' finer flowers an' warmer weather,
Their sunbeams beat wi' feverish heat,
But halesome is the Heilan heather.
Hey! for the Heilan hills, &c.

The moss-muir black an' mountain blue,
Whare mantlin' mists at gloamin gather,
The craigs an' cairns o' hoary hue,
Whare blooms the bonie Heilan heather.
Hey! for the Heilan hills, &c.

Whare monie a wild bird wags his wing,
Baith sweet o' sang an' fair o' feather,
White cavern'd cliffs wi' echo ring
Amang the hills o' Heilan heather!
Hey! for the Heilan hills, &c.

Whare lads an' lasses hie o' heart,
To birrin' bagpipes dance thegether,
Devoid o' fashion's spish art,
Amang the hills o' Heilan heather.
Hey! for the Heilan hills, &c.

The broom an' brake, the linn an' lake,
The strath an' stream, my mountain mither,
Are dear to me, as dear can be,
But doubly dear the Heilan heather!
Hey! for the Heilan hills, &c.

ARCHIE ALIQUIS.

RULES

For the Behaviour of Young People in company:—

ALWAYS wipe your mouth with the table-cloth, for that must be soiled at all events, and will save your host's napkins, or your own pocket-handkerchief.

Always observe the Abyssinian custom—never to speak, nor to drink, unless your mouth be quite full.

Champ whatever you eat, making as much noise as possible, which will shew you relish, and are pleased with what you are eating.

Should any thing at dinner stick in your teeth, do not allow yourself to suffer from it *for a moment*; but use a *pin*, or if you have not such a thing about you, a fork will be a good succedaneum.

Always begin to speak before another has finished what he, or she has to say, as it will serve to shew the quickness of your perception in being able to understand a thing before it is uttered, and give the company a great opinion of your good breeding.

Be sure, on leaving a room, to turn your back on the company; and if the door be open when you go out, be sure to leave it open, particularly if the weather be cold.

Should you have occasion to use your handkerchief in company, do not *mince* the *matter* as the *fastidious* are wont to do, by slightly compressing the nose; but *boldly* and *decidedly* blow it, (*particularly*

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if at meal-time,) until relieved from the inconvenience, and the louder and more violent the different propulsions of sound are, the more *genteel, easy,* and *agreeable* you will be considered.

When in company, should you ever be at a loss what to do with your hands and feet, (as is often the case with young people,) you can occasionally put one foot over the other; sit cross-legged, *(particularly if a young lady);* pick your ears with the head of a pin; run your fingers through your hair; pare your nails with a pen-knife; remove superfluous hairs with your nails; blow your nose, and look at your handkerchief; beat a tattoo on the table; bite your nails; gape now and then; stretch yourself to open your chest; loll back and tilt your chair; cut a notch or two in the arm of it with your pen-knife, (which should always be in your hand ready for use); scratch your head, or any other part that may happen to itch, and in so doing you will convince the company that you have been well brought up, and are perfectly free from *vulgar habits.*

THE BEACON.

'Twas scene was more beautiful far to my eye,
Than if day in its pride had array'd it;
The land-breeze blew mild, and the azure-arch'd sky
Look'd pure as the Spirit that made it;
The murmur rose soft as I silently gaz'd
On the shadowy wave's playful motion,
From the dim, distant isle, till the beacon-fire blaz'd
Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

No longer the joy of the sailor-boy's breast
Was heard in his wildly breath'd numbers;
The sea-bird had flown to her wave-girdled nest;
The fisherman sunk in his slumbers:
One moment I look'd from the hill's gentle slope,
(All hush'd was the billow's commotion,)
And I thought that the beacon look'd lovely as hope,
That star of life's tremulous ocean.

The time is long pass'd, and the scene is afar,
Yet, when my head rests on its pillow,
Will memory sometimes rekindle the star
That blaz'd on the breast of the billow.
In life's closing hour, when the trembling soul flies,
And death stills the heart's last emotion,
Oh, there may the Seraph of Mercy arise,
Like the star on eternity's ocean.

GREENWICH FAIR.

LONDON is a vile place after all; and its smoke is never so manifest as when seen half a dozen miles off—besides it is so pretty to walk to the Tower and ship yourself for Greenwich, making a perilous way through cords, anchors, and colliers—the Scylla and Charybdis of Father Thames—and when all these dangers are past, to catch a glimpse of the noble hospital, stretching its broad front along the water, just as you have made that distant land—the Isle of Dogs—after having been cramped up in a wherry for an hour. "Remember poor Jack!" is no disagreeable sound, and almost forces open your purse-strings to the extent of a penny, or even two-pence before you step on-shore, and once again set at naught the perils of the waves.

The situation of the Fair is somewhat altered. It has become more straggling and less neat, for there do not appear to be more booths, and yet they extend over a greater surface, reaching almost to Deptford Creek, where, as a finish, a gallant steam-boat has been brought to, and lies dormant, half in water and half in mud, to receive the visits of the tea-and-toast people, who are sensible of the delight of performing a meal out of the common way. Alas, what an alteration has taken place on the deck! The broad-sail, that should have been spread aloft, is degraded into an awning; the rudder lies useless at the stern! and the helm, that was wont to be occupied by the steady pilot, is now taken possession of by an old woman, who deals out the only steam on-board from the spout of the tea-kettle. We walked a little further, and we thought we had hit on the identical pilot that had been banished from his birth-right, for there was a poor fellow singing some doleful ditty of a fell enchantress,

"Who the poor tar from his true love tore,"

while he seemed to cast an eye, "more in sorrow than in anger," on the interlopers in the vessel.

But the Fair is nothing when compared to the Park. Gay groups were scattered through the scene, evidently determined to make the most of their holiday; all the colours in and out of the rainbow were combined to diversify their gay-day dresses, and each gentle rise had its summit crowned with drones busy about nothing. One-Tree-Hill was the great resort, however, on the top of which stood the solitary tree from which it has taken its name, and under the shade of which the good folks were stowed eight to the square yard, for the purpose of getting cool: every son of Cockaigne knows the delightful prospect from this spot; on the left appears the city of the world, crowned with an everlasting wreath of smoke, through which the great Cathedral determinedly makes its way like a constable marching through a crowd, capable of resisting any thing short of authority. Immediately beneath the hill stands the hospital, with the river stealing on the eye, between the intervals of the building, and to the right, far away,

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stretches the stream, continually widening and gaining strength till it rushes to meet the great devourer; the immediate vicinity gave great tokens of a military strong hold prepared by the ladies; at the only two feasible points of attack a most determined and impenetrable ring was formed of lads and lasses to celebrate that most ancient and honourable divertisement, yclept "kiss in the ring," while between these two grand points, running fires of Cupid's darts were kept up from maidens' eyes, to the great peril of his majesty's lieges, who were fain to surrender on honourable terms.

We must not forget to mention our old friend Punch—honest Punch—kind Punch, who is worth a hundred of the fashionable kickshaws that are daily palmed upon us to be admired, and whose good-humoured efforts to please at the expense of a broken pate can never be sufficiently praised: as we turned a corner, a Pandean pipe was getting on as well as it could with "the conquering hero," and Punch's pavilion stood in the rear: we were naturally anxious to know which act of Punch's life claimed that honour, and we approached: it was that affecting scene where our old favourite is about to make his exit from this transitory world by a line, but contrives—for what cannot he contrive?—to substitute the official in his place: we acknowledge the justice of the allusion.

As the evening drew on, the crowds quitted the Park, and concentrated in the neighbourhood of the Fair. The Crown and Anchor (not in the Strand) was crowded to excess by aspirants to pirouetting celebrity, and the neighbouring booths echoed and re-echoed with the oft-repeated sound "a pot of heavy;" the consequences of which may be easily divined — those that had been deadly lively by degrees became deadly noisy, and finished the affair by being dead drunk; but, however,

De Mortuis nil nisi bonum.

LINES, PRESENTED, WITH A ROSE, TO CHARLOTTE.

O, GAZE upon this lovely flow'r,
Its blushing beauty tells,
That modesty's enchanting pow'r,
An innate virtue dwells.

And while you view the dew-fraught bloom
Or breathe the scented gale,
Thy breast will sigh at Rose's doom,
For soon those charms will fail.

The graceful droop no more display'd,
The crimson hue departs,
Though wither'd in death's silent shade,
Sweet fragrance it imparts.

O, lovely Maid! that fate is thine,
Thy beauty will decay;
But virtuous actions ever shine
Bright to eternal day. CLAVIS.

RECOLLECTIONS OF NEWINGTON GREEN;—A SKETCH.

(For the Mirror.)

NEWINGTON GREEN is a village between Islington and Stoke Newington, consisting of a handsome Square, with a grass-plat in the centre. It is memorable for having been the residence of persons of distinguished talents. An academy, which was some years since pulled down, formerly (1747) belonged to the celebrated James Burgh, which he supported with great reputation to himself, and benefit to his scholars, for nineteen years. He was the author of "The Dignity of Human Nature, or a brief Account of the certain and established means of attaining the true end of our existence;"—"Thoughts on Education;"—"A Hymn to the Creator;"—"A Warning to Dram-drinkers;"—"Political Disquisitions," &c. Those who were in habits of intimate acquaintance and frequent intercourse with him, highly esteemed him for his piety and integrity, his social, cheerful temper, and the benevolent ardour with which he devoted himself to the promotion of the public good. He was born in 1714, at Madderty, in Perthshire, and terminated his useful life in 1775. The last occupier of this academy was the late Dr. James Lindsay, who suddenly expired at Dr. William's library, Red Cross Street, whilst advocating the cause of public education, a subject dear to his heart,—thus he fell in his own field with glory, displaying

"The ruling passion strong in death."

His remains were interred in Bunhill Fields' burial ground, attended by a great number of his scholars, who testified their esteem for him whilst living, by their sincere grief at his grave. A monument is to be erected to his memory, at the expense of his pupils; but his virtues and public spirit will outlive the fragile stone. He was long pastor of the dissenting meeting upon the Green, whose pulpit has been adorned by the virtues and talents of Dr. Price, Dr. Towers, &c.

On this spot resided Mary Wollstonecraft. Two white houses, on the south side of the Green, (it is said,) were formerly inhabited by King Henry VIII.; one contains the Arms of England in front, and a lane in the neighbourhood is called "King Henry's Walk." In the parlour of one of these houses I have passed many happy hours; here resided a member of the Society of Friends, (I. Fry,) whose garden-wall I have often scaled. His son, with whom I lived many years, a man of estimable soul, (now dead,)

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married my eldest sister, and they shortly afterwards crossed the Atlantic; but

"From earthly cares he's gone to heavenly rest,
Regretted most by those who knew him best."

At that early period of life, I was musing upon the "History of the Buccaneers of America," and fancied in that region nothing was to be seen but desolation and carnage; that my sister was gone to a nation of marauders, and I should see her no more. At present, when I turn my thoughts to that rising world, my mind depicts a different scene:—so delusive are early impressions. The site of the academy is now occupied by a gardener, (honest old Crook,) who will talk and dwell with delight upon old pranks;—there still remains an old door, &c., with names long since cut, which call to mind the deeds of school-fellows, whose exploits will long live in my mind. Here I endeavoured

. . . . . "To trace
The few fond lines that time may soon efface,"

and I may say with Rogers, in his "Pleasures of Memory,"

"As through the garden's desert paths I rove,
What fond illusions swarm in every grove,
Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,
Quickening my truant feet across the lawn.
All, all are fled; yet still I linger here!
What secret charms this silent spot endear!"

Often, when a boy, have I lingered over the Green, and on this revered spot: youth have been educated from and for various parts of the world; some of whom are now in distant regions, and when turning their thoughts to the place of their early days, they may, perhaps, say with a sigh,

"Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fickle, belov'd in vain,
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain."

Others have fallen in the field of battle, and some by the bitterness of climate. Oh! how sweet, yet painful, to trace the remembrance of early days, and call to mind the deeds of juvenility!

Painful the remembrance of past pleasures never to return. Yet,

"The present joys of life we doubly taste,
With looking back with pleasure on the past."

Cowper, beautifully says,

"Be it a weakness, it deserves some praise,
To love the play-place of our early days;
The scene is touching, and the heart is stone
That feels not at that sight, and feels at none.
The wall on which we tried our graven skill,
The very name we carv'd subsisting still;
The bench on which we sat while deep employ'd,
Though mangled, hack'd, and hew'd, not yet destroy'd."

Again,

"This fond attachment to the well-known place,
Whence first we started into life's long race,
Maintaining its hold with such unfailing sway,
We feel it e'en in age, and at our latest day."

These lines I sensibly feel when I visit the Green, where the names of Lynch, Hutton, Gliddon, Huggins, Hetherington, Wyatt, Atkins, Allingham, Courtney, Barclay, Mallet, Heggart, Macloud, Fry, Brown, Westcott, &c., formerly re-echoed to the annoyance of the worthy doctor; some of which are now sounding on the shores of the Leeward Isles; others on the sultry banks of the Ganges, or the shores of the Majestic Thames.

Thus time glides silently away, like a river which is lost in the immensity of the ocean, and the little frolics of early life, are partly forgotten in the grand drama of human existence—Manhood.

P. T. W.

PETER PINDARICS;

OR, JOE MILLER VERSIFIED.

PIOUS FRAUDS; OR, THE KNIGHT AND THE FRIAR.

A MONK was standing at a convent gate,
With sanctimonious phiz, and shaven pate,
Promising, with solemn cant,
To all that listen'd to his rant,
A full and perfect absolution,
With half-a-dozen hallowed benedictions,
If they would give some contribution,
Some large donation supererogatory,
To ransom fifty murder'd christians,
And free their precious souls from purgatory:
When (he asserted) they would gain
A passport from the realms of pain,
And find a speedy passage to the skies.
A knight was riding by, and heard these lies:
He stopp'd his horse. "*Salve,*" the parson cried;
And "*Benedicite,*" the youth replied.
"Most reverend father," quoth the knight,
Who, it appears, was sharp and witty,
"These martyr'd christians' wretched plight,
Believe me, I sincerely pity:
Nay, more—their sufferings to relieve,
I will these fifty ducats give."
This was no sooner said than done;
The priest pronounc'd his benison.
"Now, I presume," the soldier said,
"The spirits of these christians dead,
Have reach'd their final place of rest?"
"Most true," replied the rev'rend friar,
"(Unless Saint Francis is a liar;)
And, to reward the pious action
Of this most christian benefaction,
You will, no doubt, eternally be blest."
"Well, then," exclaim'd the soldier-youth,
"If what you say indeed be truth,
And those same pieces that I've given,
Have snatch'd their souls from purgatory's pains,
And bought them a snug place in heaven,
No further use for them remains."
He said thus much, to prove, at least,
He was as cunning as the priest:
Then, put the ducats in his poke,
And rode off, laughing at the joke.

C. J. D.

Select Biography.

No. XI.

MR. SMITH, THE MISSIONARY.

JOHN SMITH, of whose Chapel and House, in Demerara, we gave an engraving and description in our last, was born

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June 27, 1790 in the village of Rothwell, Northamptonshire. He had the misfortune, at a very early age, to lose his father, who fell while fighting the battles of his country on the plains of Egypt. His mother being then left destitute, he was deprived of the advantages of an early education, except that which he derived from an occasional attendance at a Sunday-school. His mind, naturally vigorous, being placed under few restraints, he soon contracted the detestable habit of swearing. But this vice, though dreadful in itself, was not followed in him by others, which tended to impeach his character for honesty, veracity, and a strict attention to the duties of his station.

At about the age of fourteen, he entered into an engagement with the late Mr. Blunden, St. John's-lane, Clerkenwell, intending, as an apprentice, to learn the business of a biscuit-baker. His master, however, dying, he was succeeded in his shop and calling by Mr. Davies, in the month of March, 1806. To him, John Smith was recommended by his former mistress, as a lad well acquainted with the customers, and one that was likely to be serviceable. On this recommendation, Mr. Davies consented to take him, and both the lad and his mother approving the terms, he was bound an apprentice for six years, which he regularly served; and after the expiration of that term, he continued in the employment of his master, until his engagement with the Missionary Society, which took place in the year 1816. From this time, to the period of his decease, he continued to correspond with Mr. Davies; and in the last letter which he sent, prior to his imprisonment, he enclosed five pounds for his mother, to whose necessities he was ever attentive, and who, residing in the vicinity of London, has to deplore the loss of one of the best of sons.

At the time of his being bound an apprentice, so much had his education been neglected, he was unable to write his name, and only made a mark, as the sign of his assent to the agreement. His master, on perceiving that he appeared ashamed of his inability to write, kindly offered to instruct him. A copy-book was accordingly purchased, and copies were set by Mr. Davies, under whose fostering care, the improvement he made was exceedingly rapid, but no marks whatever of piety had hitherto appeared.

He was not inattentive to reading; and had one night been reading while in bed, (a practice though but too common, that cannot be too much reprobated,) when, falling asleep, the candle caught the bed clothes, which were instantly in a flame. The sensations which the heat occasioned, roused him from his repose, just in time to save his own life, and to preserve the house from destruction; but the greater part of the bedding was consumed.

In the course of divine providence, he was led, by a fellow workman, to hear the Rev. John Stevens, of Prescot-street, Goodman-fields, and in what was delivered on that occasion, he seemed to feel some interest.—This friend repeated his invitation, and he again consented to accompany him: until, at length, invitations became unnecessary, and he gave decided proof, that religion had gained an ascendency in his estimation. Nearly all his former books were quickly discarded. Some few, that were of a moral tendency, he sold, and with the money purchased a Bible, and other religious books. The others, that they might not extend their contaminating influence, he consigned to the flames. He now found, that he had every thing to learn; and under this conviction, was as diligent in the acquirement of useful knowledge, as he had previously been in the acquisition of that which tended to debase his moral and intellectual powers.

After having for some time attended preaching at Tunbridge chapel, he applied for admission, and was received as a member of that church. Here a Sunday-school being formed, he became a teacher; and, in this capacity, discharged his duty with conscientious exactness, being rarely absent, or scarcely ever five minutes behind the time appointed for assembling.

In the science of music, he also made a considerable proficiency, with scarcely any other assistance than that which imparted its first rudiments; and in the higher walks of literature, which he soon began to tread, an ardent desire for classical attainments was kindled, which no obstacle could ever repress.

In the present state of the religious world, it is not to be supposed, that diligence and talents like these could long remain unnoticed, by those who are actively engaged in sending labourers in the missionary cause. He was soon distinguished as a person well qualified for the missionary department, and as such was accepted by the London Missionary Society, who placed him under the care of the late Rev. Mr. Newton, of Witham, preparatory to his going abroad. On Thursday evening, December 12th, 1816, Mr. John Smith was ordained a missionary to Demerara, to supply Le Resouvenir, the station occupied by Mr. Wray, before his removal to Berbice. He sailed from Liverpool, in the ship William Neilson,

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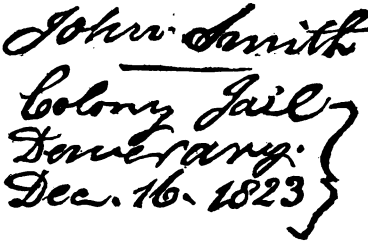
on the 30th of December, 1816, for Demerara, which colony he reached on the 23rd of February in the following year; and in this place he continued to labour until his death.

Scarcely had he landed, before he received a specimen of the light, in which, as a missionary, he was surveyed. On waiting on the governor, he was met with a degree of coldness bordering on hostility; his excellency observing,—"If ever I know you, Sir, to teach a negro to read, I will send you out of the colony immediately." But though watched with all the suspicious vigilance which this salutation was calculated to inspire, such was the care with which Mr. Smith conducted himself, that not even his most inveterate enemies were ever able to fix a blot on his character, until the fatal revolt, which lately took place among the negroes; when, on the charge of being *suspected* of having promoted dissatisfaction among them, he was seized, committed to jail, tried by a court-martial, and condemned to death. Fearful, however, of carrying this awful sentence into execution, without the sanction of his majesty, it was sent to England for that purpose; but meeting with the royal negative, his reprieve was immediately transmitted to the colony, where it is said to have arrived a few hours after he had breathed his last.

From his long residence in Demerara, and the fatigues necessarily attendant on the duties of his station, Mr. Smith's health had been somewhat impaired, prior to the revolt, his constitution having suffered from the enervating effects of the climate. The charges brought against him, therefore, occasioned a shock which he was badly able to withstand, and his long and close confinement tended to press with peculiar severity on a weakened frame, which nothing but relaxation and indulgence could restore. To this must be added, the agitation which his trial occasioned, the painful sensations resulting from his sentence, and the state of suspense in which he remained, before his majesty's pleasure could be known. All these, in their combined effect, were more than his frame could support. He languished in confinement from August, 1823, until February, 1824, when "the weary wheels of life stood still."

From Mr. Smith's numerous letters transmitted to his friends in England, during his residence in Demerara, materials might easily be collected, sufficient to fill an interesting volume.

In his last letter to Mr. Davies, and perhaps the last that he ever wrote, he thus expresses the state of his mind in its concluding paragraph, to which we have subjoined a *fac-simile* of his hand-writing: "I feel pretty happy in my mind. I know not what judgment awaits me. Sometimes I think my decaying frame will not hold together long enough for it to affect me. I am in the Lord's hand, and feel quite willing he should do with me what he pleases. Indeed, I often feel anxious for the period to arrive, when I shall inhabit 'a house not made with hands.' Pray for me."



My Common Place Book.

No. III.

"Fare thee well, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee well, thou best and dearest!
One fond kiss, and then we sever—
One farewell, and that for ever!" *Burns.*

Being somewhat pensive this evening, and considering that such a state of the mind should be rather encouraged sometimes, as it may be productive, not only of sober trains of thought, relative to past days, but likewise of good resolves, as to the future, I began ruminating on the names that now, alas! live only in the deeply affectionate remembrances of one, who, (as it were) commenced the career of life with them, and has been spared to follow their mortal remains to the "house appointed for all living." The place of my residence and every particular connected with it, brought keenly to my mind's eye, a most beloved female rela-

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tive.—She flitted before my imagination, in all the delightfully innocent gaiety of her youth. In the very short space of an hour, I lived over, (if the expression may be used,) the last three years of my life, of the former part of which, she was one chief charm and comfort.—Yes, I saw her again, the same wit, good sense, and unceasing liveliness sparkled in her eye, and I believe the illusion was so strong that my lips were about to utter an address to her,—when memory transported me to her death-couch, and there I stood, wrapped in sorrow too deep for tears, beholding existence quickly ebbing from one who was so eminently fitted to enjoy the boon, and use it to good purpose There was indeed much of comfort to reflect that her immortal spirit was just about to take the wings of a dove, to fly away and be at rest for ever—to know that like the bird cowering for a very moment on the branch which begins to shew the sear leaf of incipient autumn, ere it wings its way to more genial climes, her soul was only bursting the thrall of its earthly shackles, to hasten to the lovely "land that is afar off;" but, oh, thou eternal God!—"Thy ways are in the sea, and thy paths in the deep waters, and thy footsteps are not known."

The door opened, and candle-light interrupted my twilight reverie; so I took up the second volume of the "Etonian," and turning over its leaves carelessly, fixed my eyes upon the following lines, which, in general idea, have often flitted through my own mind, as singularly applicable as elegy could possibly be to the circumstance, and very sweetly expressed.

STANZAS.

THOU hast left us, dearest spirit, and left us all alone,
But thou thyself to glory and liberty art flown;
And the song that tells thy virtues, and mourns thy early doom,
Shall be gentle as thy happy death, and peaceful as thy tomb.

Thy place no longer knows thee beside the household hearth,
We miss thee in our hour of woe, we miss thee in our mirth;
But the thought that thou wert one of us, that thou hast borne our name,
Is more than we would part with for fortune or for fame.

Thy dying gift of love, 'twas a light and slender token,
And thy parting words of comfort were few and faintly spoken;
But memory must forsake us, and life itself decay,
Ere those gifts shall lie forgotten, or those accents pass away

Farewell, our best and fairest! a long, a proud farewell!
May those who love thee follow to the place where thou dost dwell;
Like the lovely star that led from far the wanderers to their God,
May'st thou guide us in the pathway which thy feet in beauty trod.

ADELBERT.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

PLACES OF ENTERTAINMENT FOR TRAVELLERS IN INDIA.

MARCHING from Datchapilly, and proceeding in a somewhat northerly direction, after going over a distance of about eight miles, the progress of the traveller is suddenly intercepted by the Kistna river, whose banks are exceedingly high and steep in the dry season, when the water is remarkably low, though it is not fordable in any one place without boats, which here are made of baskets, covered with thick, black, seasoned leather, and of a circular form. These ferries being of a large size, are capable of transporting not only luggage of every kind, but also palanquins, with their complement of bearers, and even carriages with their cattle. Owing to the peculiarity of their construction, they do not admit of being paddled in a strait-forward course, but go with a whirling motion, which not a little retards their progress, and is always very disagreeable. On the opposite banks of the Kistna, whose current, from the face of the surrounding country intersected with lofty mountains on every side, joined to the natural declivity and steepness of its banks, runs smoothly throughout the year, stands the village of Warrapilly, marking the boundary of the Nizam's dominions. I once passed close to the Kistna, in the worst period of the monsoon, when the rains poured down in torrents, filling up every creek and nullah, and swelling the Kistna almost to overflowing, while the wind roared with a fury approaching to a storm, and yet I do not remember that this beautiful river was agitated in any extraordinary degree.

At Warrapilly, the traveller, for the first time, meets with a choultry, with which the extensive possessions of the Soubah of the Dekhan abound. These edifices exhibit no proud specimens of architectural elegance suited to European taste, as they are of the simplest and most ordinary construction, and built after the Mahomedan style. Their extreme length is from two to three hundred feet, and they are half that space in breadth. These serais consist of a vast number of little rooms adjoining one another, barely sufficient for the accommodation of a single person. The mosque stands facing the east, and was originally appropriated to religious purposes, though now all think themselves privileged to invade its quiet and sanctity. The centre of these choultries is an open space, overgrown with grass and shrubs, probably consigned for the

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use of cattle, and in some of them suitable apartments are appropriated for the exclusive convenience of native females. The lofty minarets of the mosques may be distinctly seen at the distance of two or three miles, and more if the country happen to be blessed with an open prospect: and at the time when these erections were originally finished, a faqueer had been attached to each, not only for the purpose of guarding the mosques from profanation, but also of keeping the buildings clean, and in proper order. This description of service was usually rewarded by the voluntary contribution of Mahomedan pilgrims, who only were suffered to enter these sacred edifices, in order to perform their morning and evening devotions; but now hardly a traveller arrives but he is sure to take possession of the very mosque itself, the walls of which are most shamefully disfigured with scraps of writing, both in prose and verse, in all languages; perhaps, left as lasting memorials of the gratitude of those who find shelter in them from the fatigues of peregrination, the scorching beams of a vertical sun, or the peltings of a furious storm.

It may not be irrelevant to mention here, that the serais or choultries in question were originally founded by Meer Allum, late Minister to his Highness the present Nisam of Hydrabad, from his own private means. These buildings are not composed of common brick and mortar, like the bungalows erected under the auspices of the Madras Government, but of materials as different in quality as the edifices themselves are different in style and construction. Meer Allum, who had the envied reputation of being considered an able minister and a shrewd politician, combined with the possession of unlimited power, exalted rank, and eminent station, all the milder and more cherished qualities of a generous and charitable disposition, a tender and confiding art, benevolent feelings, and great integrity of principle. A few years, therefore, prior to his demise, desirous of leaving to an admiring posterity the most durable monument of his munificence, as during his life his uprightness of conduct in the impartial administration of justice and universal benevolence of character, which his very name significantly denoted, had shed a bright lustre on his reputation, and diffused an unfading radiance around his earthly career, he felt anxious of perpetuating his fame by an act that would not only exalt his renown among his contemporaries while the vital spark continued to animate his corporeal frame, but, at the same time serve to immortalize his name in after ages. Accordingly, imparting his designs to his brother courtiers, or those satellites which are ever to be found crowding round the favourite of fortune, emitting a feeble splendour for a transient hour, and then withdrawing their diminished rays before the brighter effulgence of a rising sun, like the ignited insect that, attracted by the brilliancy of a glowing taper, heedlessly flutters round its lambent flame, and is then annihilated for ever; he set about carrying his laudable scheme into immediate execution. It was necessary for him only to issue his mandates to be peremptorily obeyed. Proper architects having been, therefore, provided, and the requisite funds raised, they were soon dispersed over the whole of the Nisam's country, with the strictest orders to proceed with the work *instanter*. Large massy slabs cut out of the adjacent rocks were transported, at an immense expense, to the different sites where the edifices I have above alluded to, were to be respectively erected in the manner described, no other material being employed on the occasion except *chunam*, for the internal and external coating of the choultries, which must have been completed at a vast labour and expense, and after the lapse of several years; no doubt presenting at the commencement a grand and magnificent appearance, contrasted with the desolate state of the country around. The spires of some of the mosques are of beautiful, carved work, whilst the gateways of a few, being rather lofty and roomy, afford additional accommodation to travellers. The rooms are extremely small and confined, having no wicket to prevent intrusion, and very much incrusted with a black soot, in consequence of native pilgrims being allowed to dress their victuals in them, and there being no vent for the egress of smoke; while the interior of the mosques exhibit frightful marks of ravages committed by the rude hands of heedless travellers, who, as a return for the kindly shelter they had received, have wantonly destroyed every vestige of the little elegance which these stately structures ever possessed, by idly indulging in that reprehensible propensity—the *cacoethes scribendi*.—*Asiatic Journal.*

A CATCH FROM THE GERMAN.

PHILEMON to Miranda came
With tongue in wrath, and eyes of flame,
And loudly cried, "Restore
My lamb, my lute, my kerchief rare;
This hour we part—by Heaven I swear
I'll never see thee more!"

"'Tis well," she said—"but you forget
Some little gifts of yours, my pet:
To leave them out were sin;
I will restore you, one by one,
Ten thousand kisses—and that done,
You may walk off.—Begin."

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LONDON BRIDGE.

HAVING transcribed the following poetical *paraphrase* from "HOWEL'S LONDINOPOLIS," printed in 1657, where the original *Latin* composition also is inserted, I beg to transmit it to you at a time when the erection of a New Bridge, is so prevailing a topic. It will, perhaps, surprise your readers, that London Bridge, which is now considered in the light of a nuisance, was in the 17th century reckoned among the wonders of the world. Nothing, indeed, can more strongly mark the pre-eminent character this Bridge maintained at the time, than these commendatory lines:—and *present* curiosity may be gratified by Howel's quaint comment, contained in his Table of Contents, article 13, which is as follows:—

"Of London Bridge, and her admired structure; which, nevertheless, would *see* better, had she fewer eyes, and that her *nineteen* arches were reduced to *nine*."

"*Of London Bridg, and the stupendous site and structure thereof.*

When Neptune from his billows London spyde,
Brought proudly thither by a high spring-tyde;
As through a floating Wood he steer'd along
And dancing Castles cluster'd in a throng;
When he beheld a mighty Bridg give law
Unto his surges, and their fury awe;
When such a shelf of *cataracts* did roar,
As if the *Thames* with *Nile* had chang'd her shoar:
When he such massy walls, such tow'rs did eye,
Such posts, such irons upon his back to lye;
When such vast *arches* he observed, that might
Nineteen Rialtos make for depth and height:
When the *Cæruleam God* those things survay'd,
He shook his trident, and, astonish'd, said,
'Let the whole earth now all her wonders count,
This Bridg of Wonders is the paramount.'"

The following passages from Pennant, relative to the *present* Bridge, may possibly form an appropriate conclusion to this little account:—

"By the year 1163, it grew (the original Bridge) so ruinous as to occasion its being rebuilt, under the care of one *Peter*, curate of *St. Mary, Colechurch*, a celebrated architect of those times. It was soon afterwards determined to build a Bridge of stone, and about the year 1176, the same *Peter* was employed again. It proved a work of thirty-three years:—the architect died four years before it was completed; and another clergyman, *Isenbert*, master of the school of *Xainctes*, was recommended to the citizens by King *John*, for the honour of finishing it; but they *rejected* their prince's choice, and committed the work to three merchants of *London*, who completed it in 1209. *Peter* was buried in a beautiful chapel, probably of his own construction, dedicated to *St. Thomas*, which stood on the East side, in the ninth pier from the North end, and had an entrance from the river, as well as the street, by a winding staircase. It was beautifully paved with black and white marble; and in the middle was a tomb, supposed to contain the remains of *Peter* the architect.

"This great work was founded on enormous piles, driven as closely as possible together. On their tops were laid long planks ten inches thick, strongly bolted; and on them were placed the base of the pier, the lowermost stones of which were bedded *in pitch*, to prevent the water from damaging the work: round all were the piles which are called the *sterlings*, designed for the preservation of the foundation piles. These contracted the space between the piers so greatly, as to occasion, at the retreat of every tide, a fall of five feet, or a number of temporary cataracts, which, since the foundation of the Bridge, have occasioned the loss of many thousand lives. The water at spring tides rises to the height of about eighteen feet. The length of this vast work is nine hundred and fifteen feet, the exact breadth of the river. The number of arches was nineteen, of unequal dimensions, and greatly deformed by the *sterlings*, and the houses, on each side, which overhung and leaned in a most terrific manner."

Mr. Pennant records other particulars and circumstances connected with the Bridge; the most striking of which are, that in

"One division of the Bridge there had been a *draw-bridge*, useful by way of defence, or for the admission of ships into the upper part of the river; which was defended by a strong tower."—"The top of this tower, in the sad and turbulent days of this kingdom, used to be the shambles of human flesh, and covered with the heads or quarters of unfortunate partizans. Even so late as the year 1598, *Hentzner*, the *German* traveller, counted on it above thirty heads. The old map of the city, in 1597, represents them in a most horrible cluster."

"At the South end of the Bridge, one *Petey Corbis*, a Dutchman, in the year 1582, invented an engine to force the water of the *Thames* into leaden pipes, to supply many of the adjacent parts of the city."

Mr. Pennant proceeds:—

"I must not quit the Bridge without noticing an unparalleled calamity, which happened on it four years after it was finished. A fire began on it at the *Southwark* end:—multitudes of people rushed out of *London* to extinguish it:—while they were engaged in this charitable design, the fire seized on the opposite

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end, and hemmed in the crowd. Above three thousand persons perished in the flames, or were drowned by overloading the vessels which were hardy enough to attempt their relief." — *Gentleman's Magazine.*

The Novelist.

No. LV.

THE WHITE ROSES.

As soon as our regiment—thus wrote Captain R—— to his mother—had entered the grand-duchy of Posen, I hastened, according to your desire, to Kalisch, in quest of your unfortunate friend: but all my inquiries after the widow of the Prussian Captain, Tannenberg, and her daughter, proved in vain. Though I knew that this officer had fallen at Auerstädt; that he had left his wife, a native of Silesia, but who had no longer any opulent relations there, together with a grown-up daughter of extraordinary beauty, totally unprovided for; that both of them, zealous professors of the Catholic religion, and acquainted with the Polish language, had resolved to remain in Poland, and to remove from the little town where the captain's squadron had formerly been quartered, to Kalisch; though, I say, I was acquainted with all these circumstances, they did not furnish me with the least clue. Partly, however, from a wish to survey the environs of Kalisch, which are not wholly destitute of interest in a military point of view, and partly because it had been suggested to me, that your friend might possibly be living in some Polish family of distinction as companion or governess, I determined to stay here a few days, and to endeavour to make some acquaintance in the neighbourhood.

In a ride which I took with this design, I met with a man on horse-back, who seemed to have the same object with myself. He was a Prussian, who, at the time this country belonged to the Prussian monarchy, had settled here with his father. He told me that his name was Müller; and that he had business with Salinski, the chamberlain, whose elegant mansion he pointed out to me in the distance, which would not detain him above half an hour. As I was pleased with the young man, and he seemed to be not displeased with me, it was soon agreed that I should accompany him, and wait for him at the inn, and that we should return together.

On our way thither he was as talkative and cheerful, as on our return he was pensive and reserved. I would not be obtrusive, and thus for some time we rod, silently along. My companion at length addressed me. "I trust," said he, "that you will pardon my neglect. I have been to see a most unfortunate mane whose son I esteemed and loved. The young man had received an excellent education; he had studied at a Prussian university; and from the excellence of his character and his superior talents, he might have calculated upon one of the highest appointments under government, had we continued to belong to Prussia, to which state he was warmly attached. The loss of this flattering prospect caused him no small mortification. He fixed his residence on a small estate bequeathed to him by a relative, where he devoted himself to the cultivation of the sciences; and at my father's house, he accidentally became acquainted with a friend of my sister's, a young lady of equal beauty and worth. He had attained, as he thought, the object of his wishes, when his proud and hard-hearted father dissolved the connection. The excellent girl died of grief, and poor William, my play-fellow and school-fellow, is, as I have just been informed by his father, worse than dead."

During this explanation, we approached the city. Müller invited me to call at his father's the following day. A considerable part of the afternoon was yet left, and I resolved to employ it in examining the churches of the city. I found little to admire in them. So much the more was I struck by the appearance of a young lady, who was engaged in tying up to sticks some white rose-trees that were planted on a grave. She had a sweetly interesting countenance, and her fine eyes exhibited traces of recent tears. My sympathy was deeply excited. Unfortunate girl, thought I, how many of thy fair hopes, perhaps, slumber in this grave! The sexton, to whom I had given a small gratuity, and who accompanied me out of civility, remarked my attention. "This lady," said he, "is the daughter of a German merchant; her name is Müller." The name penetrated to my heart. Perhaps, thought I, the sister of my new acquaintance; and on mentioning to the sexton the direction I had received, I found that I was right in my conjecture.

"And it is her lover, I suppose, who is interred here?"

"O, no! a poor young lady, pious and virtuous as a saint. Miss Müller planted the roses on this grave, and tends them with particular care."

I waited with the more impatience for

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the arrival of the hour of my intended visit to this family. I was received with great cordiality. As soon as decorum permitted, I turned to the daughter. "I had yesterday," said I, "the good fortune to meet accidentally with your brother, and soon afterwards I enjoyed the pleasure of making your acquaintance also."—"Mine?" asked Maria, with some surprise; on which I related that I had seen her in the church-yard, and in what manner I had learned her name.

"Oh!" said her father, "that grave is a favourite spot with my daughter; and much as I wish that she would not continue to seek fresh food there for her sorrow, so little can I find fault with her for the affection which she cherishes for her excellent and unfortunate deceased friend."

"I have already heard much in praise of the lady, but am not acquainted with the circumstances which rendered her so unfortunate."

"If," said Maria, in a solemn and pathetic tone, "the disappointment of the fairest hopes on earth—of those to which our whole soul cleaves—renders a person unhappy, then she was so in a supreme degree: but if a conviction that one is the victim of duty, affords high consolation—if a manifest token of the favour of heaven alleviates the hour of death——"

She seemed to recollect herself, and paused. My curiosity was too strongly excited, and I begged her to proceed, and to communicate to me the history of her friend. Her brother seconded my entreaties, and she thus began:—

"In those turbulent times, when, on the arrival of the French army, the insurrection commenced in South Prussia, Madame Berg removed hither with her daughter Hannah, and took a small house near the church-yard. Both soon became known for the excellent quality of their works, by the sale of which they lived. I was desirous of learning some of these kinds of work, and hence originated my acquaintance with these worthy people, whose manners and whole demeanour convinced every one at first sight that they were destined for a higher lot. They seemed to be fond of solitude, never went abroad but to church, and kept no company: but when, as I had occasion to go often to them for the sake of instruction in the works to which I have alluded, my love for both increased daily, and the strongest friendship soon united me to Hannah; still it was not without the greatest difficulty, and after repeated solicitations from my father, that they were prevailed upon to come to see us. Every little present, however, by which I sought to render their situation more comfortable, they declined in such a manner, that, though deeply mortified at the frustration of my good intentions, still I could not put an unfavourable construction on their noble pride. When, indeed, the mother fell sick, and was afflicted with the most violent pains, Hannah, merely with a view to cheer her suffering parent with music and singing, accepted the piano-forte, which she had before constantly refused, upon pretext that business would not permit her to devote even a few moments to amusement. She also allowed me, to my great joy, to bring the patient occasionally a bottle of Hungarian wine, or something else of that kind. She had discontinued her visits to our house previously to the illness of her mother, because she had once or twice accidentally met here the son of Mr. Salinski, a juvenile friend of my brother's, and remarked the extraordinary attention which he paid to her.

"The mother grew worse from day to day. Hannah sat up all night by her bed, and nevertheless redoubled her industry, that nothing might be wanting to the comfort of her beloved parent. With her modesty and unaffected humility this might have passed undiscovered, had it not been observed by the physician and the confessor. The commendations of both rendered her the object of general conversation, and mothers held her up as an example to their daughters.

"Salinski now acknowledged to my brother what an impression Hannah had made on his heart: since he had met her in our house, he had seen her only at church, where fervent devotion while praying for her mother had heightened her charms. My brother communicated the matter to my father, and both used all possible arguments to shake poor William's resolution. They talked of his father's wealth. 'I need it not,' replied he; 'I have a sufficient fortune of my own to keep a wife, if not in profusion, at least above want.'—They hinted at the character of his father. 'Oh!' said he, 'I am no longer a child: I have never been guilty of any indiscretion, and therefore hope my father will not stand in the way of my happiness, as Hannah is my equal in rank. I was particularly apprehensive of an objection on this score; but as nothing can well remain concealed from love, I have already discovered that Hannah's mother, merely on account of her poverty, concealed her rank, and is the widow of the Prussian Captain, von Tannenberg.'"—"Gracious Heavens!" cried I, "my cousin Tannenberg!"—As soon as my agitation would permit me, I in-

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formed them that I had come to Kalisch for no other purpose than to make inquiry concerning Madame von Tannenberg and her daughter; adding, that in consequence of her change of name, all my efforts would most probably have proved fruitless. After this explanation, Maria proceeded with her narrative.

"William found no opportunity to obtain access to the house of the patient, but Hannah frequently saw him at church; she remarked that his eyes were fixed upon her, and expressed to me displeasure and surprise, that the person whom my brother had described to her as his friend, and as one of the most excellent of men, should have so little delicacy as thus to disturb her devotions. In answer to my remark, that she did not look well, she had already confessed to me, that her strength was exhausted by constant attendance, night and day, on her mother, and that she trembled at the idea lest she should be overcome by the fatigue, and perhaps herself confined to a sick-bed. I felt the less scruple to acquaint her with William's declaration to my father and brother, and entreated her not to reject the hand of the young man, which might serve to cheer the last days of her mother, and to brighten her own future prospects. A blush overspread her face; she heaved a gentle sigh, and said, 'I have taken no step in this matter; I have given no occasion to it: God direct every thing according to his holy will!'

"In order to avoid him, she had for some time gone only to matins; and on account of the increased illness of her mother, had during the last days not quitted the house at all. As the latter seemed the next night to be somewhat better, and continued in the morning to enjoy a sound slumber, Hannah hastened, when the bell rung to matins, to return thanks to heaven for the mitigation of her mother's pain. As she left the church, William approached her; he implored her pardon for addressing her there, as he had no other opportunity of speaking to her; offered her his heart and his hand; and entreated her to conduct him to her mother, for whom, as a dutiful son, he was determined to provide. His solicitations were so urgent that Hannah was moved: she declared that she would leave every thing to her mother's decision; and he obtained permission to call upon her at noon, to learn what that decision might be. She was just breaking the matter to her mother when I entered. How great was my joy when I heard that the matter had proceeded thus far! I launched out in praise of the numberless good qualities which I knew my brother's friend to possess, and repeated what he had said to my father and brother concerning his intentions. A tear of joy trembled in the eye of the mother; she grasped her daughter's hand. 'I should feel supremely happy,' said she, 'to see thee provided for: but sacrifice not thyself to filial duty; let thy heart alone decide.'" Hannah, deeply affected, kissed the hand of her mother. At this moment William entered the room. His respectful behaviour to the patient, and his modest, yet earnest, application for Hannah's hand, the possession of which he declared to be his highest felicity, prepossessed both mother and daughter in his favour. All objections respecting his father were silenced by the assurance, that he would not oppose the happiness of his only son; and the promise that, as his father would be in town in three days, he would take that opportunity of obtaining his consent. On this condition he received the blessing of the mother, who seemed to forget all her sufferings; and from his every expression, Hannah was convinced that she was about to become the wife of one of the most excellent and amiable of men. She had never yet loved, and this passion now opened her heart to the most delightful and the most joyous emotions.

"Thus passed three days, the happiest of Hannah's life. On the fourth, a magnificient equipage suddenly stopped before the humble habitation. Under the idea that the father's visit was the clearest proof of his consent, the patient raised her feeble hands in gratitude to Heaven, and Hannah hastened to meet the man whom she hoped to salute with the name of father: but she trembled in every limb, and could scarcely support herself, when the fury expressed in old Salinski's face announced but too plainly the dreadful tidings. In a paroxysm of rage, he declared that he would seek the protection of the laws against the seducer of his son, that if this were not sufficient, he would prevent by his curse his union with a beggar; and that nothing should make him swerve from this resolution. Hannah had by this time collected herself. With all that lofty dignity which innocence and virtue confer, she stepped up to the boisterous old man, and solemnly assured him, that she never would give her hand to one who had not his father's blessing; adding, that she was convinced she had not deserved insult, but respect.

"The mother all at once uttered a loud shriek. The fright had snapped the frail thread of life. Hannah's whole attention was now directed to her expiring mother. William, unacquainted with his father's intention to marry him to the daughter

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of one of his wealthy friends, had not expected this opposition. He hurried after him; he saw his father's threat to put an end to this connection accomplished; he observed the carriage stop before Hannah's door, and hastening forward, in hopes of appeasing his indignation, he entered the room at the moment his father was quitting it. Hannah was kneeling beside the bed of her dying parent; she heard him come in, and gave him a look of ineffable anguish. 'We must part for ever!' were the only words that, with tremulous voice and throbbing heart, she had power to utter. She drew from her finger the ring with which he had presented her, and handed it to him with averted face. His father caught him by the arm, and dragged away his son, who was scarcely sensible, along with him.

"In vain did William try all possible means to obtain the consent of his father. Now that he was acquainted with the full value of the excellent girl, he lived solely for her: but Hannah declined his visits, and when he ventured to write to her, she returned his letter unopened, with these lines: 'If you love me, William, avoid me, and set me an example of fortitude and resolution to crush a passion, which, as our consciences cannot now approve it, would only lead to misery. Then, in a better world we may yet be happy together.'—To this declaration she stedfastly adhered. In vain did my father and I entreat her to remove to our house, where she should be regarded as my sister. 'William,' said she, when I closely pressed her on the subject,' 'is your brother's friend; but I wish while I live to be reminded of nothing but the grave. In this humble dwelling I spent the three happiest days of my life, and there'—pointing to the church-yard—'I see the spot where the bones of my dear mother repose.'

"Grief soon undermined her constitution, and in a few weeks the bloom of health and youth was fled. 'My dear Hannah,' said I, one day when I called to see her, and my eye dwelt with sorrow on her pallid countenance, 'how quickly have the roses faded from these lovely cheeks!' She heaved a sigh and smiled. Next morning I found her in a high fever; the physician declared her state to be dangerous. She drew me gently to her bed. 'Last night,' said she, in a faint voice, 'an angel appeared to me in a dream:' 'The roses of thy cheeks,' said he, 'are faded, because thou hast striven on earth to perform thy duty: receive in their stead the flowers of Paradise, which never fade.'—He presented to me three white roses, and the moment I touched them the angel vanished.'—She now thought of nothing but death, for which she sought earnestly to prepare herself, and on the third day she was no more.

"A grave was dug for her beside her mother, on the spot where I have planted the white rose-trees in memory of my beloved friend. Early in the morning, my brother and I followed her without noise to the grave. Just at the moment when I had caused the coffin to be opened for the last time, William, who had known nothing of her illness, and had hoped to see her again at matins, came unexpectedly to us from the church. With fixed eye and looks of unutterable horror, he threw himself on his knees beside the corpse: not a tear dropped from his eye, not a word from his lips; he only kissed her clasped hands, and we had some difficulty to remove him. Every morning at sunrise he continued to visit the grave; and there he tarried till the moment when the sexton was about to lock the gate of the church-yard. He never spoke to any one, but would look wildly up to Heaven, and then fix his eyes for hours together immoveably on the grave. His father imagined that a change of scene might mitigate his sorrow, and had him conveyed, but not without the most obstinate resistance, to an eminent physician at Warsaw. The resources of art, however, failed; the increasing derangement of his mind proved incurable. His father's remorse now comes too late—poor William! he is confined in a mad-house!"

Miscellanies.

NEWSTEAD ABBEY,

THE SEAT OF LORD BYRON.

After quoting an account of Walpole's visit to Newstead Abbey, the Edinburgh Review of 1818, No. 91, remarks, "This is a careless but happy description of one of the noblest mansions in England, and it will *now* be read with a far deeper interest than it was written. Walpole saw the seat of the Byrons, old, majestic, and venerable—but he saw nothing of that majestic beauty which *fame* sheds over the habitations of *genius*, and which now mantles every turret of Newstead Abbey. He saw it when decay was doing its work on the cloister, the rectory, and the chapel, and all its honours seemed mouldering into oblivion. He could not know that a voice was soon to go forth from those antique cloisters, that should be heard through all future ages, and cry, 'Sleep no more to all the house.'"

Whatever may be its future fate, New-

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stead Abbey must henceforth be a memorable abode. Time may shed its wild flowers upon the walls, and let the fox in upon the court-yard and the chambers. It may even pass into the hands of unlettered pride or plebeian opulence—but it has been the mansion of a mighty poet. His name is associated to glories that cannot perish, and will go down to posterity in one of the proudest pages of our annals.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

At the English Opera House, last summer, a gentleman fell suddenly in love with a young lady, who sat with her mother and sister a few seats from him—tearing a blank leaf out of his pocket-book, he wrote with a pencil, "may I inquire if your affections are engaged?" and handed it to her, which she shewed to her mother. Shortly afterwards she wrote underneath his question, "I believe I may venture to say *they are not*, but why do you ask?" and returned him the paper. The gentleman then wrote on another leaf—

"I love you dearly,
I am single
I have a 1000*l.* a year,
I am not in debt,
I have a good house, and
I only want a good wife to make me completely happy—

Will you be mine? if you will, I promise (and with every intention of keeping my word) to be an affectionate, indulgent, and faithful husband to you, and what more can I say?"

The young lady was so much pleased with the declaration that they immediately became acquainted, and in the course of four months afterwards he led her, with the consent of her parents, to the hymeneal altar.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

A smart, dapper little fellow whose name was *Parr*, was very much in love with a young lady of the name of *Anne Marr;* but as impudence nor even the "modest assurance" were exactly his *forte*, he was exceedingly puzzled how to pop the question, and the poor fellow put it off from day to day, being only able to look unutterable at the dear object of his affections. At last, however, chance or fortune (which you will) befriended him, for dining one day in company with "her his soul held most dear," he happened to have a *Parmesan cheese* before him, and the lady a plate of *Marmalade*. *Nunc aut nunquam*, now or never, says Parr to himself, and "screwing up his courage to the sticking place," and making all proper use of his eyes as auxiliaries in this momentous affair, he ventured to say to her, "Pray will you have *a little Parr Miss Anne?*" to which the lady (her eyes instantly sparkling with delight) replied "yes, if you are for *Marr my Lad.*" The awful business of "popping the question" being thus happily got over, the delighted couple shortly afterwards entered into the silken bonds of matrimony, and on the anniversary of their wedding-day, never fail to have Parmesan cheese and Marmalade on the table, when the happy husband tells his friends the story of his "popping the question."

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

EPIGRAMS

Translated from the French of Piron, by J. Lunn, Esq.

Piron standing one day beneath a portico to avoid a violent shower of rain, observed two young ladies at a window near him, laughing at the people who were running for shelter; he addressed them as follows:—

Ladies your tittering mood this truth discovers,
From rain, like others, you'd run helter skelter;
But should the heavens pour down a shower of lovers,
You'd run a race down stairs to quit your shelter.

THE WEEPING WIDOW.

Lady Bel, who, in public bewails her dead spouse,
While in private her thoughts on another are turning,
Reminds us of lighting a fire with green boughs,
Which weep at one end while the other is burning.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

ON Saturday next, we shall commence publishing an Elegantly-Engraved Portrait (on steel) of Lord Byron. This print, which is a beautiful and highly-finished likeness, will be given with the *Mirror* without any additional charge. On the same day we shall publish the first Number of a new volume of the *Mirror*, containing several articles of peculiar interest; and we modestly, but confidently, calculate on a large accession of subscribers.

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Recollections of Lord Byron.

WHATEVER may have been the opinion of a portion of the public with respect to Lord Byron, while living, there is not we feel confident, a human being possessing the feelings of humanity that does not lament his fate, nor an Englishman that does not feel proud to call Byron his countryman. With a genius that has not been equalled since the time of that bard, "who was not for an age, but for all time," Byron could sway his readers, could raise a laugh, or elicit tears as he pleased.—Sometimes the desolate misanthropy of his mind rose, and threw its dark shade over his poetry like one of his own ruined castles—and we felt it to be sublime; at others, we are astonished by the sparkling humour, the well-pointed satire, and the severe sarcasm of his muse. Byron's character, indeed, produced his poems; and it cannot be doubted that his poems are adapted to produce such a character. His heroes speak a language supplied not more by imagination than consciousness. They are not those machines that, by a contrivance of the artist, send forth a music of their own; but instruments through which he breathed his very soul, in tones of agonized sensibility, that cannot but give a sympathetic impulse to those who hear.

Such was Byron; and although we have already devoted one number of the MIRROR exclusively to a memoir of him, yet we are sure we shall be excused if, on presenting to our readers a most spirited and elegantly-engraved likeness of this illustrious poet, we add a few recollections of Byron—particularly of his youth.

It has been erroneously stated that Lord Byron was born in Scotland; and our northern friends, with a due watchfulness over the honour of their country, are proud of adding the name of Byron to the poets of Scotland. We certainly have no wish to deprive Scotia of one laurel, though she is rich enough to spare more than one, but truth compels us to state that Lord Byron was born in London, and that the place of his birth was Holles-street, Cavendish-square.

At the age of seven years young Byron, whose previous instruction in the English language had been his mother's sole task, was sent to the Grammar School, at Aberdeen, where he continued till his removal to Harrow, with the exception of some intervals of absence, which were deemed necessary for the establishment of his health, by a temporary removal to the Highlands of Aberdeenshire, his constitution being always (while a boy) uncommonly delicate, his mind painfully sensitive, but his heart transcendently warm and kind. Here it was he delighted in "the mountain and the flood," and here it was that he imbibed that spirit of freedom, and that love for "the land of his Scottish sires," which nothing could tear from his heart. Here it was that he felt himself without restraint, even in dress; and on his return to school, which, by the bye, he always did with the utmost willingness, it was with much difficulty that his mother could induce him to quit the kilt and the plaid, in compliance with the manners of the town; but the bonnet he would never leave off, until it could be no longer worn.

At school his progress never was so distinguished above that of the general run of his class-fellows, as after those occasional intervals of absence, when he would in a few days run through (and well too) exercises, which, according to the school routine, had taken weeks to accomplish. But when he had overtaken the rest of his class, he contented himself with being considered a tolerable scholar, without making any violent exertions to be placed at the head of the first form. It was out of school that he aspired to be the leader of every thing. In all the boyish sports and amusements he would be the first, if possible. For this he was eminently calculated. Candid, sincere, a lover of stern and inflexible truth; quick, enterprising, and daring, his mind was capable of overcoming those impediments which nature had thrown in his way, by making his constitution and body weak, and by a mal-conformation of one of his feet. Nevertheless, no boy could outstrip him in the race, or in swimming. Even at that early period (from eight to ten years of age) all his sports were of a manly character; fishing, shooting, swimming, and managing a horse, or steering and trimming the sails of a boat, constituted his chief delights; and to the superficial observer, seemed his sole occupation.—This desire for supremacy in the school games, which we have alluded to, led him into many combats, out of which he

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always came with honour, almost always victorious. Upon one occasion, a boy, pursued by another, took refuge in his mother's house; the latter, who had been much abused by the former, proceeded to take vengeance on him, even on the landing-place of the drawing-room stairs, when young Byron came out at the noise, and insisted that the refugee should not be struck in his house, or else he must fight for him. The pursuer, "nothing loath," accepted the challenge, and they fought for nearly an hour, when both were compelled to give in, from absolute exhaustion.

It is the custom of the Grammar School at Aberdeen, that the boys of all the five classes, of which it is composed, should be assembled for prayers in the public school at eight o'clock in the morning, previous to which a censor calls over the names of all, and those who are absent are fined.

The first time that Lord Byron had come to school after his accession to his title, the rector had caused his name to be inserted in the censor's book—Georgius Dominus de Byron, instead of Georgius Byron Gordon, as formerly. The boys, unused to this aristocratic sound, set up a loud and involuntary shout, which had such an effect on his sensitive mind, that he burst into tears, and would have fled from the school, had he not been restrained by the master. A school-fellow of Byron's had a very small Shetland pony, which his father had bought him, and one day they were riding and walking by turns, to the banks of the Don, to bathe. When they came to the bridge, over that dark, romantic stream, Byron bethought him of the prophecy which he incorrectly quotes (from memory, it is true), in one of his latter cantos of Don Juan—

> "Brig o' Balgownie! wight's thy wa'
> Wi' a wife's ae son, and a mare's ae foal,
> Down shalt thou fa."

He immediately stopped his companion, who was then riding, and asked him if he remembered the prophecy, saying, that as they were both only sons, and as the pony *might* be "a mare's ae foal," he would rather ride over first, because he had only a mother to lament him should the prophecy be fulfilled by the falling of the bridge, whereas the other had both a father and a mother to grieve after him.

In our memoir of Lord Byron we stated that his Lordship had written his own life, and that the MS. had been destroyed. This is an event deeply to be lamented, and can only be justified on the ground that it was the last wish of Byron himself. On this subject we perfectly agree with the observations of an able writer in the last number of a contemporary publication.* Speaking of the destruction of the memoirs of Byron, the writer observes:—

"Whatever may be the opinion of the present generation, I am at least convinced that the future will think with me, and cry out aloud against the perpetrators of a deed which can never be repaired.—Of all the works given by that mighty mind, that lofty genius (which alike rode in the whirlwind, or sparkled in the sunbeam), not one, perhaps, would have been found more deeply interesting, more intensely commanding, than the history of his own heart,—the developement of energies, passions, and peculiarities, all marked by sublimity and talent; and which, like the stricken rock in the wilderness, would flow from the fountain of memory in a distant land more fully and purely, less 'mixed with baser matter,' than they could have done when surrounded by persons and objects calculated to distract and harass him.

"If Lord Byron was an erring man, of which we can have little doubt, since he has told us so himself, surely there is the more reason to listen to his apology, if he is able to make one; to detect the fallacy of his reasons, if he is not, and point out anew to ourselves the distinction between the genius we must admire and the virtue we ought to venerate. These are not times in which the most dazzling talents, the most alluring sophistry, can injure any but willing victims; and it would be the perfection of cant for any man to say 'that he could not in conscience' read any work which Lord Byron could or would write. In fact, we all know that more has been said on this point already than the subject warranted. It is, however, no bad sign of the times, that a holy jealousy, a vigilant guarding of the public mind, even towards *him* who was the master-spirit of the age, the prince of our princely race of poets, has been evinced; but, since we have done so much in the way of warning him and guarding ourselves, surely we might have joyfully, thankfully, accepted from him the most endearing of all legacies—his *own portrait* by his *own pencil*.

"Over this legacy, so desired, whether intended to sting to the heart a country he had renounced, or to prove he had yet reluctantly-owned, but fondly-nurtured, recollections of love for her, it is alike evident no private considerations or personal feelings could in justice decide.—Byron could not fail to be aware of his own importance; he knew his country had

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an interest in him; knew, too, that she was proud of him, even when angry with him; and was aware that, as persons and incidents died away in her memory, that pride and love would increase, and, of course, that every circumstance, every thought, which recalled his genius, his opinions, his misfortunes, even his faults, to view, would possess an attraction, similar to that he had himself felt for Tasso and Pope. In writing his life, he might be said to propitiate kindly feelings, to reward friendly exertions, to deprecate censure, to punish malignity, if it had existed, or to give the falsely-accused power of reply; to re-unite himself with his country and his kindred, and submit to their censure, or claim their support, as a man and a brother, no longer alienated by the stern sullenness of pride brooding over its wrongs, or the consciousness of sins which were, perhaps, falsely imputed."

This is not only a charitable, but a just estimate of a transaction, which has excited such an astounding interest in the literary world. That a work of Byron's, and that of so interesting a character, as the memoirs of himself, should be destroyed, is a sacrilege better becoming the harpies of the inquisition, than a country which boasts of its freedom and of the liberty of the press.

It has somewhat surprised us, that there have been no tributes to the memory of Byron by our eminent poets. They can feel no jealousy now, and although we certainly could not expect Southey, nor even Wordsworth, to tune their lyres on such an occasion, yet, surely Scott, Moore, and Campbell, might have done homage to that master spirit they were eager to follow, though they could not approach him. Sir Walter Scott, perhaps, may be excused, since he has paid a warm tribute to Byron's talents in prose.* Byron, however, was indifferent to such honours, if we may judge from the wish expressed by him in one of his poems, in which he says,

"When my soul wings her flight,
To the regions of night,
And my corse shall recline on its bier,
As ye pass by the tomb,
Where my ashes consume,
Oh! moisten their dust, with---a tear!

"May no marble bestow,
That splendour of woe,
Which the children of vanity rear:---
No fiction of fame,
To blazon my name.
All I ask,---all I wish,---is---a tear!"

Is there a Greek—is there a man who will refuse this tributary tear? We believe not. This was Byron's wish: his own Epitaph he may also be said to have written; and the following lines which he wrote on the death of Sheridan are singularly applicable to himself, and more appropriate than any that have been written on his own death.

"E'en as the tenderness that hour instils,
When summer's day declines along the hills,
So feels the fulness of our heart and eyes,
When all of Genius, which can perish, dies.
A mighty spirit is eclips'd---a power
Hath passed from day to darkness---*to whose hour*
Of light no likeness is bequeath'ed; no name,
Focus at once of all the rays of fame!
The flash of wit, the bright intelligence,
The beam of song, the blaze of eloquence,
Set with their sun---but still have left behind
Th' enduring produce of immortal mind;
Fruits of a genial morn, and glorious noon,
A deathless part of him who died too soon!"

Byron, during his residence abroad, avoided English society very much, less, we are assured, from a want of respect for his country or countrymen, but because he knew how eager the public was to catch at any thing that related to his private life. In an Appendix to his *Doge of Venice*, he mentions that some traveller had asserted, that he had repeatedly declined an introduction to him while in Italy.

"Who this person may be," says Lord Byron, "I know not, but he must have been deceived by all or any of those who 'repeatedly offered to introduce him,' as I have invariably refused to receive any English with whom I was not previously acquainted, even when they had letters from England. If the whole assertion is not an invention, I request this person not to sit down with the notion that he *could* have been introduced, since there has been nothing I have so carefully avoided as any kind of intercourse with his countrymen—excepting the very few who were a considerable time resident in Venice or had been of my previous acquaintance. Whoever made him any such offer was possessed of impudence equal to that of making such an assertion without having had it. The fact is, that I hold in utter abhorrence any contact with the *travelling English*, as my friend the Consul General Hoppner, and the Countess Benzoni (in whose house the *conversasions* most frequently by them is held) could amply testify, were it worth while. I was persecuted by these tourists, even to my riding-ground at Lido, and reduced to the most disagreeable circuits to avoid them. At Madame Benzoni's I repeatedly refused to be introduced to them; of a thousand such presentations pressed upon me, I accepted two, and both were to Irish women.

"I should hardly have descended to

* See Mirror, No. 87.

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speak of such trifles, publicly, if the impudence of this 'Sketcher,' had not forced me to a refutation of a disingenuous and gratuitously impertinent assertion; so meant to be; for what could it import to the reader to be told that the author had repeatedly declined an introduction? Even had it been true, which, for the reasons I have above given, is scarcely possible. Except Lords Lansdowne, Jersey, and Lauderdale; Messrs. Scott, Hammond, Sir Humphrey Davy, the late M. Lewis, W. Bankes, M. Hoppner, Thomas Moore, Lord Kinnaird, his brother, Mr. Joy, and Mr. Hobhouse, I do not recollect to have exchanged a word with another Englishman since I left their country: and almost all these I had known before. The others, and God knows there were some hundreds, who bored me with letters or visits, I refused to have any communication with, and shall be proud and happy when that wish becomes mutual."

When residing at Mitylene, in the year 1812, he portioned eight young girls very liberally, and even danced with them at the marriage feast; he gave a cow to one man, horses to another, and cotton and silk to several girls who live by weaving these materials. He also bought a new boat for a fisherman who had lost his own in a gale, and he often gave Greek testaments to the poor children.

We have already noticed Lord Byron's exploit in performing Leander's exploit, that of swimming across the Hellespont, nor did he consider it a very extraordinary feat, as will be seen by the following extract of a letter, written by his Lordship, in February, 1821.

"My own experience, and that of others, bids me pronounce the passage of Leander perfectly practicable: any young man in good health, and with tolerable skill in swimming, might succeed in it from *either* side. I was three hours in swimming across the Tagus, which is much more hazardous, being two hours longer than the passage of the Hellespont. Of what may be done in swimming, I shall mention one more instance. In 1818, the Chevalier Mingaldo, (a gentleman of Bassano,) a good swimmer, wished to swim with my friend, Mr. Alexander Scott, and myself; as he seemed particularly anxious on the subject, we indulged him.—We all three started from the Island of the Lido, and swam to Venice.—At the entrance of the grand canal, Scott and I were a good way a-head, and we saw no more of our foreign friend; which, however, was of no consequence, as there was a gondola to hold his clothes, and pick him up. Scott swam on till past the Rialto, where he got out—less from fatigue than *chill*, having been four hours in the water without rest, or stay, except what is to be obtained by floating on one's back,—this being the condition of our performance. I continued my course on to Santa Chiara, comprising the whole of the grand canal, (beside the distance from the Lido,) and got out where the Laguna once more opens to Fusina. I had been in the water, by my watch, without help or rest, and never touching ground or boat, four hours and twenty minutes. To this match, and during the greater part of the performance, Mr. Hoppner, the Consul General, was witness, and it is well known to many others. Mr. Turner can easily verify the fact, if he thinks it worth while, by referring to Mr. Hoppner. The distance we could not accurately ascertain; it was of course considerable.

"I crossed the Hellespont in one hour and ten minutes only. I am now ten years older in time, and twenty in constitution, than I was when I passed the Dardanelles; and yet two years ago, I was capable of swimming four hours and twenty minutes; and I am sure that I could have continued two hours longer, though I had on a pair of trowsers—an accoutrement which by no means assists the performance. My two companions were also four hours in the water. Mingaldo might be about thirty years of age, Scott about six-and-twenty. With this experience in swimming, at different periods of age, not only on the spot, but elsewhere, of various persons, what is there to make me doubt that Leander's exploit was perfectly practicable? If three individuals did more than passing the Hellespont, why should he have done less?"

Lord Byron is succeeded in his title by a cousin of his, Captain Byron, of the Royal Navy; he has left a daughter, to whom he appears to have been most ardently attached, and whose birth called forth the following effusion from his magic pen:—

TO MY DAUGHTER

ON THE MORNING OF HER BIRTH.

HAIL to this teeming stage of life;
Hail, lovely miniature of life!
Pilgrim of many cares untold!
Lamb of the world's extended fold!
Fountain of hopes, and doubts, and fears!
Sweet promise of extatic years!
How could I fainly bend the knee
And turn idolater to thee!

'Tis nature's worship---felt---confess'd,
Far as the life which warms the breast;
The sturdy savage, 'midst his clan,
The rudest portraiture of man,

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In trackless woods and boundless plains,
Where everlasting wildness reigns,
Owns the still throb—the secret start—
The hidden impulse of the heart.

Dear babe! ere yet upon thy years
The soil of human vice appears,
Ere passion hath disturb'd thy cheek,
And prompted what thou dar'st not speak:
Ere that pale lip is blanch'd with care,
Or from those eyes shoot fierce despair,
Would I could wake thy untun'd ear,
And gust it with a father's prayer.

But little reck'st thou, oh, my child!
Of travail on life's thorny wild!
Of all the dangers, all the woes,
Each tottering footstep which enclose;
Ah! little reck'st thou of the scene
So darkly wrought, that spreads between
The little all we here can find,
And the dark mystic sphere behind!

Little reck'st thou, my earliest born,
Of clouds which gather round thy morn,
Of acts to lure thy soul astray,
Of snares that intersect thy way,
Of secret foes, of friend untrue,
Of fiends who stab the hearts they woo—
Little thou reck'st of this sad store—
Would thou might'st never reck them more!

But thou wilt burst this transient sleep,
And thou wilt wake, my babe, to weep;
The tenant of a frail abode,
Thy tears must flow, as mine have flow'd;
Beguil'd by follies every day,
Sorrow must wash the faults away,
And thou must wake perchance to prove
The pang of unrequited love.

Unconscious babe, tho' on that brow
No half-fledg'd misery nestles now,
Scarce round thy placid lips a smile
Maternal fondness shall beguile,
Ere the moist footsteps of a tear
Shall plant their dewy traces there,
And prematurely pave the way
For sorrows of a riper day.

Oh! could a father's pray'r repel
The eye's sad grief, the bosom's swell;
Or could a father hope to bear
A darling child's allotted care,
Then thou, my babe, should'st slumber still,
Exempted from all human ill;
A parent's love thy peace should free,
And ask its wounds again for thee.

Sleep on, my child; the slumber brief
Too soon shall melt away to grief;
Too soon the dawn of woe shall break,
And briny rills bedew that cheek;
Too soon shall sadness quench those eyes,
That breast be agonized with sighs,
And anguish o'er the beams of noon
Lead clouds of care,—ah, much too soon!

Soon wilt thou reck of cares unknown,
Of wants and sorrows all their own,
Of many a pang, and many a woe,
That thy dear sex alone can know—
Of many an ill untold, unsung,
That will not—may not find a tongue,
But kept conceal'd without control,
Spread the fell cancers of the soul.

Yet be thy lot, my babe more blest!
May joy still animate thy breast!
Still, 'midst thy least propitious days,
Shedding its rich, inspiring rays,
A father's heart shall daily bear
Thy name upon its secret pray'r,
And as he seeks his last repose,
Thine image ease life's parting throes.

Then, hail, sweet miniature of life!
Hail to this teeming stage of strife!
Pilgrim of many cares untold!
Lamb of the world's extended fold!
Fountain of hopes, and doubts, and fears!
Sweet promise of extatic years!
How could I fainly bend the knee,
And turn idolater to thee!

How much it is to be regretted that a father, who displayed so much parental affection, should by any circumstances be separated from the child of his heart!

Nothing now remains for us but to add a few more tributes to the memory of this distinguished individual, to whose genius, foreigners, as well as Englishmen, pay a willing homage. The Nuremberg Gazette of May 26, has the following article from Greece:

"There is no doubt, that if the life of Lord Byron had been prolonged, he would have done incalculable service to the Greeks, by his enthusiastic zeal and his extensive connections. Not only his own countrymen in unexpectedly large numbers, but other foreigners from all parts of Europe, were called together under the Ægis of his much-respected name. The differences which were likely to arise between the Porte and Great Britain, from the connection of a man of so much importance with the Greeks, allowed us to hope for events, in the course of which, Greece might, perhaps, all at once, have acquired a tranquil existence, have completely organized its internal constitution, and her fields, drenched with the blood of her children, would have rewarded the peaceful labours of the husbandman. The loss of this magnanimous Nobleman is most deeply felt. At Missolonghi, the inhabitants of which had the best opportunity of seeing and admiring the extent of his activity, every body is plunged in the most profound affliction. If we had lost a great battle, the grief at such a misfortune would not have been so general: our country has still sons enough to repel the invading enemy; a defeat would only animate them to new victories; but this loss is irreparable, and the animating spirit of a man like Lord Byron, whom fortune, and, perhaps, his own previous mode of life, had placed in a state of mind, in which life had no charms for him, unless enhanced by something extraordinary—such a spirit dwells in very few men, and in them, perhaps, not to their own good."

A more ardent tribute to the memory of Byron has been paid by M. Charles Dupin, member of the French Institute.

"The cause of a people," he says, "whose ancestors have acquired immortal renown—of a people who, inspired by this

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recollection, also take up arms to conquer independence and honour—this cause, so just and so glorious, has been sufficient to animate generous hearts and vivid imaginations. All men, whose elevated minds pay to the Muses a homage worthy of them, have united their hopes and applauses in favour of a feeble, but courageous people, who are braving the danger of destruction, and paying with their blood the price of the liberty they adore. Poets, historians, authors, orators, all the children of genius, whose names enlightened nations pronounce with pride, have consecrated a portion of their talents in honour of modern Greece. Their eulogies have saved these noble efforts from the opprobrium which is attached to impious or factious rebellions. But amongst all those illustrious characters, who has distinguished himself like Lord Byron? Who has equalled him—I will not say in his poetry, in his prose, or in his oratory; but in his sacrifices! Who, like him, in the full sway of his passions, in the flower of his age, in the bosom of luxury, of pleasure, and of a dignified retirement, could at once tear himself from the delights of life, from a voluptuous country, and proceed to a soil impoverished by despotism, and desolated by intestine war? He lands in Greece, to encourage the timid—to animate the brave—to consecrate his fortune to noble purposes—and his genius to painful efforts; above all, to appease already rising dissensions, and to double, by union, the power of a people whose very existence is in danger. This is what has been done by Lord Byron. Such greatness of mind had no example; and hitherto it has had no imitators.

"Doubtless, at some future day, when victory shall have restored peace to Greece, and leisure to her hereditary genius—at some future day, the Peloponnesus will again be the theatre of the panegyrics, the festivals, and the games of Delphi, of Nemea, and of Olympia, and the descendants of Pindar will re-awaken the lyre which celebrated the glory of the conquerors of Marathon, of Platæa, and of Salamis. Then the most harmonious of languages will consecrate the memory of the immortal poet who terminated his career by an act of illustrious devotion, as imperishable as the most beautiful of its own strains. Then, the posterity of Eschylus, and of Tyrtæus, of Themistocles, and of Aristides, will repeat chants which will ascend to Heaven, accompanied by the unanimous praises of a whole nation, grateful, as a free people know how to be.

"Already have the inhabitants of Greece worthily paid the first sepulchral honours to the generous man who thus espoused their cause. The entire nation is clad in mourning, and the people and the army, in the train of the senate and magistrates, have solemnized his obsequies; as in modern times, and in another hemisphere, the countrymen of an Adams and a Franklin, celebrated those of the heroes of their independence. Poetry will seize upon so noble a theme. In all enlightened states, they, who dedicate their muse to magnanimous actions, will consecrate their most noble strains to the last deeds and to the memorable end of Lord Byron.

"For ourselves, we know how subject we all are to error and to weakness, in our actions as well as in our thoughts; let us leave to another age, and to other men, the painful task of exposing some faults, and of scrutinizing some deviations in the career of him who has never committed a crime—of him who sinned rather in abstaining from respecting some duties, but who at least never wished to tarnish that liberty, and degrade that social dignity, which all elevated minds entertain for all human-kind. This is what the writers of every age and of every nation are bound to honour with unanimous homage.

"Certain it is that France will not delay to reap this noble harvest. The muse which recorded the misfortunes of Parga,* and the poet of Messeniennes,† will here find a worthy subject for excellence—for the inspiration of new ideas, calculated to elevate the heart of man, and to excite him to great and generous deeds.

"I resided amongst the Greeks at the period when our triumphant eagles took, along the Hellenic coasts, a flight which was the signal for the awakening of a whole people. Then my feeble voice was heard among those which proclaimed to the descendants of Harmodius and Aristogiton, the first cry of deliverance and regeneration. I now offer my homage of respect and gratitude to the memory of one of their benefactors. Far from being unworthily jealous of a glory which illustrates a country emulous of my own, I deposit my humble palm at the foot of the monument which a great genius has raised for posterity by the noble termination of his career."

Several anecdotes might be related of the generosity of Lord Byron, although he was one of those who wished

"To do good by stealth, and blush'd to find it fame."

Campbell, the author of the "Pleasures of Hope," in the last number of the "New

* M. Viennet. † M. C. de la Vigne.

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Monthly Magazine," in a brief memoir of Byron, says, " Lord Byron resembled an ancient Greek in many points: as has been observed, ' he reminds us of those better days of Grecian story when valour bowed at the shrine of wisdom, and never appeared more engaging than when scattering incense over the tomb of genius. Enslaved and degraded as the Greeks have become, they are still the descendants of that wonderful race that first gave elevation to the human mind; and if there be one pageant more sublime than another, it is undoubtedly the funeral of an illustrious foreigner consigned to the tomb amidst scenes and associations such as exist in no other country—who merits the regrets he so spontaneously calls forth —whose pall is supported by warriors who hoped to have fought or fallen by his side—whose bier is strewed with flowers, and his requiem chanted by the vestals of liberty, and his funeral knell answered by echoes that may have smote the ear of Socrates and Plato. That such a distinction awaits all that remains of the noble author of ' Childe Harold ' we can as little doubt as that he richly deserved it. Even when a mere boy his Lordship was a perfect enthusiast in the cause of Greece. Again and again he braved all the perils of Turkish jealousy to linger amidst scenes which his youthful studies had taught him to revere—he climbed Parnassus—swam the Hellespont—bathed his burning brow in the waters of Helicon—penned sublime verses on the plains of Marathon; and, in a word, resigned himself so completely to classic association, that he seemed a Greek in spirit, though a Briton in name."'

GREECE—LORD BYRON.

THE waves that fall upon the strand
Of exiled Glory's native land,
Receding, bear to distant climes
The tales of deeds of former times;
When they, the noble and the free,
Bled in the cause of liberty;
And to their offspring left a name
Encircled by the wreath of fame.

Again upon that lovely shore
Was lately heard the battle's roar,
When, emulating deeds of yore,
Each Grecian bondsman firmly stood,
And sought his freedom with his blood;—
Then Turkish chains away were cast,
And then, like echoes of the past,
Arose the shouts of victory,
Arousing dull Thermopylæ,
That flung them on to Marathon:
Thus freedom's battle was begun,
And shall it not by Greece be won?

Land of the lovely and the brave,
Upon thy heroes' verdant grave,
Flowers, as of Eden, drop their dew,
And consecrate the air around
With fragrance sweet as is their hue;
Upon thy shores the guitar's sound
Has joined the murmuring waves at even,
And in a low, unearthly strain,
Has told of some far distant heaven
Where comes not slavery or pain.
But, now thy armed sons disclaim
The tyrant's yoke, the Craven's name;
Now shun the guitar's peaceful tone
To hear the music of a groan,
And seek once more to render thee
The dwelling-place of Liberty.

There is a name that will survive
Royalty's monumental stone,
And, long as history can give
Deserved renown, must deathless live;
BYRON, it is thine own.
Greece was the subject of thy muse,
The object which by thee was loved
The land that thou thyself didst choose
To be thine ages resting-place:
To finish there thy mortal race
Was thy young wish, and Death approved.
There, on that loved and classic ground,
A monument to thee is reared,
On which a Poet's name is found,
By friends beloved, by despots feared;
And in it is the noblest heart
That ever warmed the breast of man:
Alas! that genius must depart,
That life is but a span!

Yet not in vain did BYRON die
From home and scenes of youth afar:
For, as a standard floating high,
Amid the clashing ranks of war,
Whene'er it meets the soldier's sight,
Gives him fresh courage for the fight;
His name, if once in battle spoken,
Shall nerve each heart with firmer zeal;
Whilst to each Greek it does betoken
The friend that perished for his weal.

TIMO.

FROM A POEM ENTITLED " RETROSPECTION."

BUT, hark!—a dreadful knell has met mine ear;
It sounds of death—it tolls the death of one,
Who had mark'd out as glorious a career
As ever, ev'n in Greece, by man was run.
Ev'n he, alike to Game and Freedom dear—
The noblest spirit of the World, is gone,
BYRON, ev'n *he*, lies *passionless*, and cold—
As lifeless as Leonidas of old.

When I took up my too presumptuous pen,
To trace those Stanzas, ah! I little thought
That ere I'd lay it down, that first of men,
Should be reduced unto a thing of naught.
" We ne'er shall look upon *his* like again;"
His intellectual part its home has sought;
His soul unto its maker has arisen,
" This world to *his* great spirit was a Prison."

Greece, keep his heart—whilst living it was thine;
Plant Cypress-trees around his hallow'd Urn;
In years to come, it shall be Freedom's Shrine,
To which her Pilgrims shall with rev'rence turn.
To pay the heart's pure homage—Would 'twere mine
To go on such a Pilgrimage—to spurn
All other hopes, there, 'mid that sacred gloom,
To pass one lonely night by Byron's Tomb.

But, oh! upon Mankind he has a claim;
Posterity shall turn to Hist'ry's page,
Which shall be brighten'd by the splendid name
Of him, who *was* the wonder of this Age.
Fair Liberty shall oft, aloud, proclaim
Her loss—and Poet, Patriot, and Sage,

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Shall mourn with her---and, ah! the Sisters Nine,
Shall place green Chaplets round his sacred Shrine.

ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON.

Weep, Greece! for the bard who sang freedom so sweetly,
Who sooth'd the fierce soul by the touch of his lyre,
Has sunk down to rest in the midst of his glory,
While he sigh'd for your land, and re-kindled your fire.

Weep, England! thou rock, in the midst of the ocean,
Whose sons, as the billows of ocean, are free;
For thy bard shed one tear, e'en one tear of devotion,
Oh! pity thy Byron, who oft sigh'd for thee.

His sun rose majestic, his sky was unclouded,
His course, for a season, ran gloriously on;
But his sun set too soon and the poet enshrouded;
The radiance, the splendour, the proud soul are gone.

Farewell to thee, Byron! but mem'ry shall linger,
And time rolling onward proclaim thy sweet lays;
And when Freedom's banners are flying---her finger
Shall point to thy grave, and rehearse thy past days.

C.

LINES ON LORD BYRON.

"O! what a noble mind is here o'erthrown."
SHAKSPEARE.

Best friend to sacred Freedom and the free,
Who shall, in terms deserving speak thy praise
What to thy manes can an offering be,
Worthy at such a shrine its head to raise?
Thy soul-inspiring muse alone could frame
A verse, to honour such a deathless name.

Yet would'st thou not despise my humble lay;
The heart's warm incense of a virgin muse;
A glow-worm's taper, to refulgent day---
A speck thy sun-like glory'd not refuse;
Here at thy altar, then, I'd bow my head,
And, what adored while living, praise when dead.

Thine's not the fame, by battles earn'd,
The blood-stained glory of a victor's name;
No! round the fire where Byron is inurn'd,
No murderous record's seem to dim its flame;
Bright as the cause in which thy life was plighted
Clear as the pyre where freedom's torch is lighted.

Thou sought'st for knowledge in the ways of death,
And early found it---ere the usual span
Of mortal life---relinquishing thy breath,
Eager to gain the secret, none will know,
'Till death's resistless hand has laid them low.

Thy philanthropic spirit glanc'd upon
The mighty mass of suff'ring man, and shame
Lighted thine eyes, as they indign look'd on
The "fantastic tricks" of those who dared to claim
A "right divine," despotic rule to gain,
And round a struggling world throw slav'ry's chain.

Against Oppression thou wast ever arm'd
Wielding the thunder of thy giant mind;
Labouring t' improve a nation yet unform'd,
And from tyrannic thraldom free mankind
Thy name shall shine with Greece and Liberty,
Best friend to sacred freedom and the free.

Southampton Chronicle. R. B.

We shall conclude with two original pieces with which we have been favoured, others have reached us for which we have no room.

ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON.

(For the Mirror.

Weep, weep ye nations of the earth,
In sack-cloth now be drest,
Throw ashes on your heads and mourn,
For England's Bard's at rest.

Cease, cease ye birds of joyful notes,
Your morn and evening song,
And deepest notes of sorrow sing,
For England's Bard is gone.

Sun, Moon, and Stars, in heaven high,
Your lustre fail to shed,
Surround the globe in night's dark cloud,
For England's Bard has fled.

Ye trees that tower aloft in pride,
Bow down your heads and weep,
As willows bending o'er the brook,
For England's Bard's asleep.

Ye flowers and herbs of various kinds,
Your weeping now begin,
For his whose eye flash'd heavenly fire,
Alas! too soon's grown dim.

E. L.

ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON.

(For the Mirror.)

The harp of the Poet is silent in death
(That harp which so oft with love's witchery rung,)
Ne'er again shall it waken in magical breath,
Or sing in that grandeur which lately it sung.

Yes, the bard has "fell pale" in a far, foreign land,
With "no mother to weep" o'er the patriot bier,
Tho' honour'd his corse by each freeman's command---
Tho' hallow'd his tomb by Achaia's cold tear.

He has left all lonely in sorrow and sadness,
As the Sun shall depart when earth's reign is no more,
He has left us in Spring without one thought of gladness
To wean us away from the "Childe" or the "Giaour."

Ah, long shall the lyre hang mute in the hall,
Ere it soar in those strains that in "Lara" it soar'd,
Ah, long shall it rest o'er the "canopied fall,"
Ere it burst forth again as a conqueror's sword.

His name "for all time" shall be wreathed with green,
And to Britons be dear as their country and kin---
While the maid shall oft weep o'er his Haidee unseen,
Tho' they tell her the measure be woven in sin.

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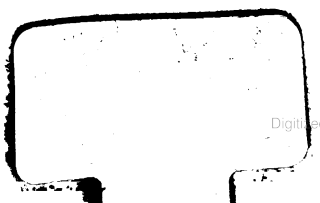
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